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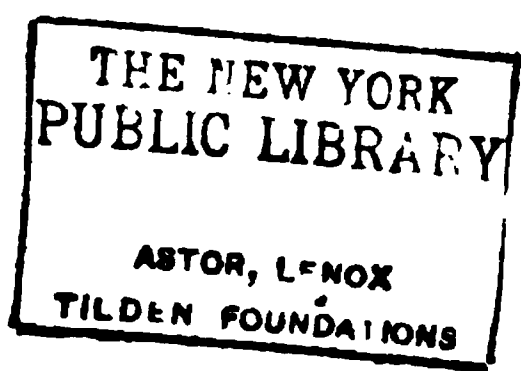
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Edw Lytton Bulwer

New York, Taylor & Francis

P E L H A M:

-OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN.

BY

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ.

"Je suis peu sévère, mais sage—

Philosophe, mais amoureux—

Mon art est de me rendre heureux ;

J'y réussis—en faut-il davantage !"

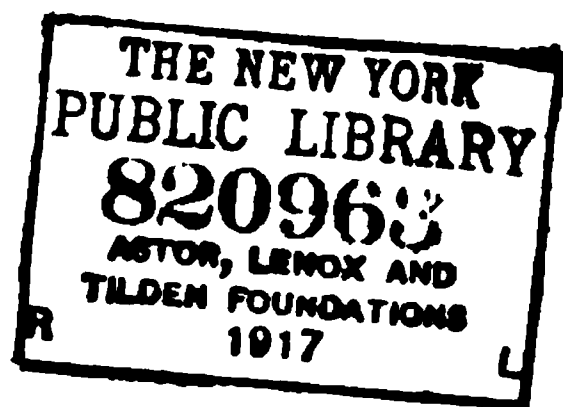
"A complete gentleman, who, according to Sir Fopling, ought to dress well, dance well, fence well, have a genius for love-letters, and an agreeable voice for a chamber."—ETHEREGE.

WITH A NEW INTRODUCTION, ETC.

NEW-YORK:

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P R E F A C E

TO

THE EDITION OF 1835.

When a certain wit was informed how St. Denis took a walk with his head under his arm, he wisely observed that it was one of those cases in which the first step was half the journey. Now this observation is almost equally true with respect to the progress of a novel in the pilgrimage to posterity. The fiction that, in these days, amid so great a crowd of competitors, and so general a desire for novelty, is still read and still alive at the end of six years, has a very tolerable chance of being still read and still alive at the end of sixty. It is one of those cases in which the first step is half the journey!

The favour which Pelham has met with and retained, may, perhaps, render a short sketch of its origin and history not without interest to the reader; and that account of his labours which would have been uncalled for, if not presumptuous, in a young author, is natural enough in one who has served an apprenticeship as long as that of the ingenious Wilhelm Meister; and who has arrived at a period of his literary life when, in gratifying a common curiosity among readers, he may throw out some hints not without use to those of his brethren who are entering the same career.

When I was yet a boy in years, but with some experience in the world, (which I entered prematurely,) I had the good fortune to be confined to my room by a severe illness, towards the end of a London season. All my friends were out of town, and I was left to such resources as solitude can suggest to the tedium of sickness. I amused myself by writing with incredible difficulty and labour (for till then prose was a country almost as unknown to myself as to Monsieur Jourdain) some half a dozen tales and sketches. Among them was the story called "Mortimer; or, Memoirs of a Gentleman," which the reader will find appended to this preface. Its commencement is almost word for word the same as that of "Pelham;" but the design was exactly opposite to that of the latter and later work. "Mortimer" was intended to show the manner in which the world deteriorates its votary, and "Pelham," on the contrary, conveys the newer, and I believe sounder, moral, of showing how a man of sense can subvert the usages of the world to himself instead of being conquered by them, and gradually grow wise by the very foibles of his youth.

This tale, with the sketches written at the same period, was sent anonymously to a celebrated publisher, who considered the volume of too slight a nature for separate publication, and recommended me to send the best of the papers to a magazine. I was not at that time much inclined to a periodi-

cal mode of publishing, and thought no more of what, if *nugæ* to the reader, had indeed been *difficiles* to the author. Soon afterward I went abroad. On my return I sent a collection of letters to Mr. Colburn for publication, which, for various reasons, I afterward worked up into a fiction, and which (greatly altered from their original form,) are now known to the public under the name of "Falkland."

While correcting the sheets of that tale for the press, I was made aware of many of its faults. But it was not till it had been fairly before the public that I was sensible of its greatest; namely, a sombre colouring of life, and the indulgence of a vein of sentiment which, though common enough to all very young minds in their first bitter experience of the disappointments of the world, had certainly ceased to be new in its expression, and had never been true in its philosophy.

The effect which the composition of that work produced upon my mind was exactly similar to that which (if I may reverently quote so illustrious an example) Goëthe informs us the writing of Werter produced upon his own. I had rid my bosom of its "perilous stuff,"—I had confessed my sins, and was absolved,—I could return to real life and its wholesome objects. Encouraged by the reception which "Falkland" met with, flattering, though not brilliant, I resolved to undertake a new and more important fiction. I had long been impressed with the truth of an observation of Madame de Staël, that a character at once gay and sentimental is always successful on the stage. I resolved to attempt a similar character for a novel, making the sentiment, however, infinitely less prominent than the gayety. My youthful attempt of the "Memoirs of a Gentleman" occurred to me, and I resolved upon this foundation to build my novel. After a little consideration, I determined, however, to enlarge and ennoble the original character: the character itself, of the clever man of the world corrupted by the world, was not new; it had already been represented by Mackenzie, by Moore in Zeluco, and in some measure by the master genius of Richardson itself, in the incomparable portraiture of Lovelace. The moral to be derived from such a creation seemed to me also equivocal and dubious. It is a moral of a gloomy and hopeless school. We live in the world; the great majority of us, in a state of civilization, must, more or less, be men of the world. It struck me that it would be a new, a useful, and perhaps a happy moral, to show in what manner we might redeem and brighten the common-places of life; to prove (what is really the fact) that the lessons of society do not neces-

sarily corrupt, and that we may be both men of the world, and even, to a certain degree, men of pleasure, and yet be something wiser—nobler—better. With this idea I formed in my mind the character of "Pelham;" revolving its qualities long and seriously before I attempted to describe them on paper. For the formation of my story, I studied with no slight attention the great works of my predecessors, and attempted to derive from that study certain rules and canons to serve me as a guide; and, if some of my younger contemporaries whom I could name would only condescend to take the same preliminary pains that I did, I am sure that the result would be much more brilliant. It often happens to me to be consulted by persons about to attempt fiction, and I invariably find that they imagine they have only to sit down and write. They forget that art does not come by inspiration, and that the novelist, dealing constantly with contrast and effect, must, in the widest and deepest sense of the word, study to be an artist. They paint pictures for posterity without having learned to draw.

Some future opportunity, probably in a new edition of the "Disowned," will enable me to speak of what I consider the different kinds of prose fiction. Of the two principal species, the Narrative and Dramatic, I chose for "Pelham" my models in the former; and when it was objected, at the first appearance of that work, that the plot was not carried on through every incident and every scene, the critics evidently confounded the two classes of fiction I have referred to, and asked from a work in one what ought only to be the attributes of a work in the other. The dazzling celebrity of Scott, who deals almost solely with the dramatic species of fiction, made them forgetful of the examples equally illustrious in the narrative form of Romance, to be found in Smollett, in Fielding, and Le Sage. Perhaps, indeed, there is in "Pelham" more of plot and continued interest, and less of those incidents that do not either bring out the character of the hero, or conduce to the catastrophe, than the narrative order may be said to require, or than is warranted by the great examples I have ventured to quote.

After due preparation, I commenced and finished the first volume of "Pelham." Various circumstances then suspended my labours, till several months afterward I found myself quietly buried in the country, and with so much leisure on my hands, that I was driven, almost in self-defence from *ennui*, to continue and conclude my attempt.

It may serve perhaps to stimulate the courage and sustain the hopes of others, to observe, that "the reader" to whom the MS. was submitted by the publisher pronounced the most unfavourable and damning opinion upon its chances of success,—an opinion fortunately reversed by Mr. Otlier, the able and ingenious author of "Inesilla," to whom it was then referred. The book was published, and I may add, that for about two months it appeared in a fair way of perishing prematurely in its cradle. With the exception of two most flattering and generously indulgent notices in the Literary Gazette and the Examiner, and a very encouraging and friendly criticism in the Atlas, it was received by the critics with indifference or abuse. They mistook its purport, and translated its satire literally. But about the third month it rose rapidly into the favour it has since continued

to maintain. Whether it answered all the objects it attempted I cannot pretend to say; one at least I imagine that it did answer: I think, above most works, it contributed to put an end to the satanic mania,—to turn the thoughts and ambition of young gentlemen without neckcloths, and young clerks who were sallow, from playing the Corsair, and boasting that they were villains. If, mistaking the irony of "Pelham," they went to the extreme of emulating the foibles which that hero attributes to himself—those were foibles a thousand times more harmless, and even more manly and noble, than the profession of misanthropy, and the mawkish sentimentalities of vice."

Such was the history of a publication which, if not actually my first, was the one whose fate was always intended to decide me whether to conclude or continue my attempts as an author.

I can repeat, unaffectedly, that I have indulged this egotism, not only as a gratification to that common curiosity which is felt by all relative to the early works of an author, who, whatever be his faults or merits, has once obtained the popular ear, but also as affording, perhaps, the following lessons to younger writers of less experience but of more genius than myself. First, in attempting fiction, it may serve to show the use of a critical study of its rules, for to that study I owe every success in literature I have obtained; and in the mere art of composition, if I have now attained to even too rapid a facility in expressing my thoughts, it has been purchased by a most laborious slowness in the first commencement, and resolute refusal to write a second sentence until I had expressed my meaning in the best manner I could in the first. And, secondly, it may prove the very little value of those "cheers," of the want of which Sir Egerton Brydges so feelingly complains, and which he considers so necessary towards the obtaining for an author, no matter what his talents, his proper share of popularity. I knew not a single critic, and scarcely a single author, when I began to write. I have never received to this day a single word of encouragement from any of those writers who were considered at one time the dispensers of reputation. Long after my name was not quite unknown in every other country where English literature is received, the great quarterly journals of my own disdained to recognise my existence. Let no man cry out then for "cheers," or for literary patronage, and let those aspirants who are often now pleased to write to me, lamenting their want of interest and their non-acquaintance with critics, learn from the author, (insignificant though he be,) who addresses them in sympathy and fellowship, and who cheerfully allows that the favour he has received, so far from being less, is greater than his merits, that a man's labours are his best patrons,—that the public is the only critic that has no interest and no motive in underrating him,—that the world of an author is a mighty circle, of which enmity and envy can penetrate but a petty segment, and that the pride of carving with our own hands our own name is worth all the "cheers" in the world. Long live Sidney's gallant and lofty motto, "*Aut viam inveniam aut faciam!*"

* Sir Reginald Glenville was drawn purposely of the Byron school as a foil to "Pelham." For one who would think of imitating the first, ten thousand would be unawares attracted to the last.

MORTIMER;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF A GENTLEMAN.

"This is the excellent frippery of the world."

SHAKESPEARE.

I AM an only child. My father was the youngest son of one of our oldest earls; my mother the dowerless daughter of a Scotch peer, who was universally esteemed the most gentlemanlike man of his day. My father was a moderate whig, and gave sumptuous dinners; my mother was a woman of taste, and particularly fond of diamonds and old china.

Vulgar people know nothing of the necessities required in good society, and their credit is as short as their pedigree. Six years after my birth there was an execution in our house. My mother was just setting off on a visit for a week to the Dutchess of D——; she declared it was impossible to go without her diamonds. The chief of the bailiffs declared it was impossible to trust them out of his sight. The matter was compromised—the bailiff went with my mother to C——, and was introduced as my tutor. The world was not then so inconveniently learned as it is now. The bailiff was frightened, and the secret was kept. At the end of the week the diamonds went to the jeweller's, and my mother wore paste.

I think it was about a month afterward that a sixteenth cousin left Lady Frances twenty thousand pounds. My father said it would pay off the worst mortgage, and equip him for Melton. My mother said it would just redeem her diamonds, and new furnish the house; the latter alternative was chosen.

Just at this time Seymour Conway had caused two divorces; and of course all the women in London were dying for him. He took a fancy to my mother, who could not but feel highly flattered at his addresses. At the end of the season Mr. Conway persuaded my mother to take an excursion to Paris.

The carriage was at the end of the square. My mother, for the first time in her life, got up at six o'clock. Her foot was on the step, and her hand next to Mr. Conway's heart, when she remembered that her favourite china monster and her French dog were left behind. She insisted on returning—entered the house, and was coming down the back stairs with one under each arm, when she was met by my father and two servants. My father's valet had discovered (I forget how) the flight of his mistress, and awakened his master.

When my father was convinced of his loss, he called for his dressing-gown—searched the garret and the kitchen—looked in the maid's drawers and the cellaret—and finally declared he was distract-

ed. He had always been celebrated for his skill in private theatricals. He was just retiring to vent his agony in his dressing-room, when he met my mother. It must altogether have been an awkward *rencontre*, and, indeed, a remarkably unfortunate occurrence to my father,—as Seymour Conway was immensely rich, and the damages would, no doubt, have been proportionably high. Had they met each other alone, the thing might easily have been settled, and the lady gone off in tranquillity;—those d—d servants are always in the way!

I have, however, often thought that perhaps it was better for me that the affair ended thus,—as I know, from many instances, that it is frequently extremely inconvenient to have one's mother divorced.

A good face was set upon the matter, and of so forgiving a disposition was my father, that Mr. Conway afterward became one of his most intimate friends. Mr. Mortimer, with a delicacy which conquered his pride, condescended to borrow of him a few thousand pounds; he could not have chosen a better or more grateful expedient to convince him how completely he pardoned his presumption.

Not long after this, by the death of my grandfather, my eldest uncle succeeded to his title and estates. He was, as people justly observed, rather an odd man, built schools for peasants, forgave poachers, and diminished his farmer's rents; indeed, on account of these and similar follies, he was thought rather idiotic, especially as he never entered into public life, nor kept up his country connexions, and it was therefore no object to him to be popular,—*mais chacun à son goût*. He paid my father's debts, and established us in the secure enjoyment of our former splendour. This piece of generosity was done, however, in the most unhandsome manner, for he obtained a promise from my father to retire from Brooks's, and give up hunting; and prevailed upon my mother to take an aversion to diamonds and to china monsters.

We also obtained shortly afterward another increase of income; for my father, observing, with his usual dignified patriotism, that we should be all guillotined if he did not accept a place in the treasury, accompanied Mr. Burke on a visit to the prime minister, and was fifteen hundred a year richer ever afterward. The French revolution was no unfortunate event for us.

At ten years old I went to Eton. The day after my arrival I was told to wash teacups; I rejected so ungentlemanlike an office with becoming scorn, and was answered by a blow which felled me to the ground. Although my tyrant was much bigger and older than myself, I prepared for an engagement, in which I lost two teeth (luckily first teeth,) and received, as a compensation, two black eyes. My mother called to see me the next day, and was naturally shocked by my appearance. Her tears and entreaties obtained from me a promise that I would submit to such derogations from my dignity as a gentleman, rather than fight and maul myself like the children in the street. "Some years hence," said she, "it may be necessary to defend your honour by a personal contest, but it is a very different thing to fight with pistols as a man, or to fight with fists as a boy." So logical an argument, assisted by the more powerful rhetoric of gold, prevailed upon me to forego the pleasure of being beat at present, for the honour of being shot hereafter.

Of shy habits, and averse to games in which, as my mother sagely remarked, one tore one's clothes without any adequate recompense, I became insensibly fond of reading; my time was given wholly to my books, and I was repaid by the first place in the ensuing examination, and a public compliment on my premature ability. Fortunately for me, or I might have become a bookworm, or an author, I went home after this epoch in my academical career. We had people at dinner: I was permitted to join them. "Observe," said my mother, "Mr. Fitzdonnel; he is the most elegant man in London, the delight of every circle, the very reverse of *your* father, the very pattern of *mine*; in short, exactly what I wish you to be." I riveted my eyes on the object of this eulogium; I surveyed him from head to foot: there was nothing particular in his exterior, but I persuaded myself that he was an Apollo. At dinner he spoke much and badly, but all present laughed at his jests, and seemed pleased when he spoke to them. "Who is Mr. Fitzdonnel?" whispered I to my father, next to whom I had squeezed myself. "Lord Merivale's second son," was the answer. Now Lord Merivale was the third in descent from a rich tradesman, who had already dissipated his fortune. Young as I was, I could not help thinking that the younger son of a man of no family and no fortune must have some merit of his own to obtain such distinction, and Mr. Fitzdonnel rose proportionately in my opinion. I was then ignorant by what chances a man comes into fashion, and when there, what high, though, alas! what brief reputation he enjoys. The conversation turned upon one of the literary lions of the day, I think it was Mr. G——. "Ah," said Fitzdonnel, "I never thought much of him, quite a bookworm, not the least a man of the world; I don't know how it is, but it seems to me that learning only confuses real ability; the fire perishes by too much fuel; the more we study books the less we study man; and for persons in a certain station of life,—for diplomats—for statesmen—for gentlemen, in short, mankind is the only study. I grant you," added Mr. Fitzdonnel, with a slight smile and an almost imperceptible bow to my mother, "that at certain times the study of man is forgotten—but for what! the admiration of woman!"—"Henry," said my mother, when I joined the ladies, "did

you ever see so agreeable and so sensible a man as Mr. Fitzdonnel?"—"Never," said I,—and thenceforth I determined to shut up my books, and take to Mr. Fitzdonnel's. I am sure I owe almost as much to my mother in this respect as in all others put together, for she entirely blunted my appetite for knowledge; a thing which daily experience has since taught me only ruins our constitution and our prospects,—makes one content upon little, and prefer the preservation of our independence to the making of our fortunes.

During the rest of the time that I spent at Eton I indulged in fanciful meditations on Arabian barbs and court-dresses, (court was then the fashion,) made six bosom friends all of my own way of thinking, except one, (of whom more hereafter)—ran into debt—praised Mr. Pitt—abused the French revolution—and skimmed through the Anti-jacobin. I was transplanted in the vigour of eighteen to Cambridge, where I bloomed for two years in the blue and silver of a fellow-commoner of Trinity. At the end of that time, being of royal descent, I became entitled to an honorary degree: I suppose the term is in contradistinction to an honourable degree, which is obtained by pale men in spectacles and cotton stockings after thirty-six months of intense application. I do not exactly remember how I spent my time at Cambridge; I had a pianoforte in my room, and a private billiard-table at Chesterton. Between these resources I managed to yawn through the intermediate hours of breakfast and dinner with more spirit than I could have expected in so low a place. For, to say truth, it was an awful congregation of bores. The men drank malt by the gallon, and ate cheese by the hundred weight; wore jockey-cut coats and talked slang, rode for wagers and swore when they lost, smoked in your face and expectorated on the floor. Their proudest glory was to drive the mail, their mightiest exploit to box with the coachman, their most delicate amour to leer at the bar-maid. I speak, too, of those who constituted the best society one could get. The Dons talked to you about fellowships and fluxions, and the reading under-graduates would scarcely talk to you at all; neither was the loss to be regretted, for their linen was a week old; and if you asked them for the wine, they started as if out of a revery, and said, "You will find it in Hydrostatics." At twenty I removed to London, where I profited much by my excellent education and the lessons of my mother. Although I could not afford an appearance of splendour equal to many of my rivals, yet I acquired the art of making a great deal out of a little; moreover, the coolness of my temper made me a fortunate gamester. As for my own person, I was tall and slender, without any real pretensions to beauty; but my air, my carriage, and my assurance did for me all which fine features and figure could effect for a person less accomplished.

At the end of the season, I was admired, courted, and very little in debt. I had the prudence, however, to take that debt, small as it was, as a hint that I must increase my ability of payment; but how was this desirable object to be accomplished? Professions are certainly less gentlemanlike than indolence. The church is the best. The army, notwithstanding all the titles it counts in its list, is abstractedly and positively vulgar. I grant that it is idle enough; but then one is "under

command, and has to do duty." What duty can a gentleman possibly have except to pay his debts of honour?

The law is too bustling and businesslike a pursuit; it makes our very mind professional, and we learn to consider even a duel or an intrigue illegal. The church is really a gentlemanlike, good, younger-brotherish profession; but then one must renounce waltzing and pleasure, if one hopes for a bishopric, and what other hope could induce a gentleman to become a reverend?

"Marry an heiress," said my mother. "It is a good thought," said I; and accordingly the next season I had got the six best down in my betting-book.

The first, Miss Biddulph, was the daughter of a stock-broker, and had 100,000*l*. She was a fine showy girl; with a high colour, a loud laugh, and overflowing with the most excruciating animation and health. She was pleased with my addresses, and at the end of a fortnight, I said, as I went to dine with my father, "I will propose after dinner, if the d—d city cook does not poison me with his paraphrase of French dishes." But happily it was a family party; the relations were present; her uncle was a pastry-cook—a most worthy person, who never pronounced the *h*'s. I could not bear the thought of his little grandnephews calling for tartlets—it would have been an insult to the good man—I spared him the possibility of incurring it, and the next morning rode out for the first time with Miss Melvil, heiress the second on my list. She was young, pretty, and of good family, which went far with me, and of 5000*l*. a year in Gloucestershire, which went much further. She was a sensible, clever young lady, and I therefore made some impression upon her at first; most unaccountably this impression appeared to wear away. I told my mother to observe her, and see what I had to hope. She did so, and assured me that Miss Melvil blushed at my name, caressed my dog, and almost fainted when she heard a false rumour that I had fallen from my horse. Upon this hint I resolved to speak. I repaired to Miss Melvil's house: she was alone; I took the opportunity—proposed, and was rejected. There was a tear in her eye and a softness in her voice which destroyed the stunning severity of the negative. "What," I entreated to know, "what could be the reason of her decision? Could it never be overcome?" Miss Melvil "feared not, but it depended upon me." "Upon me! if so, what wonders could not be accomplished by a love like mine!" The tale was told, and what do you think was the mighty objection? Why, my morals forsooth. She required me to renounce gaming, and forswear my "profligate acquaintance." I could only take this as a hint to cut my own father and mother! Could I fail to be horror-struck at so unnatural a proposal?

Miss Melvil owned that she could love me, but said it was necessary that she should also esteem me—she never would blush for her husband. It was too late for me to go to school again, and too early for me to commence hypocrite; so after obtaining a promise that the rejection of my suit should not be divulged,—a promise granted with extraordinary ease, and some inexplicable appearance of contempt,—I took my hat and retired, overwhelmed with astonishment and chagrin. My next love was for the 50,000*l*. of Lady Jane Car-

ver. I had three rivals, each handsomer, richer, and nobler than myself. Fortunately Lady Jane was blest with a spirit of contradiction; her father, though no Solomon, had sufficient penetration to discover that I was the worst match his daughter could make; he behaved to me accordingly. His rudeness, of course, attracted the kindness of Lady Jane; the more the earl frowned, the more her ladyship smiled; the cooler he was in his own house, the warmer became his daughter at the houses of others; till at length, by the aforesaid spirit of contradiction alone, I, the plainest, poorest, least attractive, and least deserving of all my rivals, reached the summit in the lady's affection, and looked down with the most refreshing contempt upon my toiling, baffled, and wrathful competitors.

It will be remembered that I said, among my school friends there was only one whose way of thinking differed from my own; it is strange that of all those friends he alone became linked with the thread of my future existence; it is still more strange that he, differing from me in every thing, pleased and fascinated me far more than my most congenial companions. I loved him, indeed, with a warmth which frequently astonished myself. Frederick Morland was the son of a merchant, celebrated for the extraordinary amount of his wealth: of the same age with myself, he had singled me out at Eton as the object of his particular affection; I have said how I returned it.

He was of a very singular disposition—he never thought about himself! He had one foolish darling propensity which actuated every thought, word, and action; it was zeal for the happiness of others. He was not of a light joyous temper, but there was an appearance of *heart* in his look and voice which gave him a peculiar and indescribable charm. Yet having been less fortunate than myself in a preceptress at home, his notions of society were frequently any thing but dignified and acute. For instance, when we were about fourteen, we were walking once in Pall Mall—a child was run over by a servant in a curicle,—the man passed on without any other remark than an oath: a crowd collected, no one knew any thing respecting the infant, who were its parents, where it came from, how it got there; but every one saw from its dress that it must be of that class from which no reward could be expected; and so man, woman, and fellow child merely stared and said, "What a pity!" Morland sprang forward, took the poor devil in his arms, and instead of carrying it to the next public house, which would have answered the same purpose, ran with it, bleeding and dirty as it was, down Bond-street to his father's in Grosvenor-square, weeping and muttering over it all the way like a madman. Luckily I managed to escape. Two years before I would have done the same thing myself, but nobody knows my obligations to my mother! I have only to add with regard to Morland's character, which I am taking the trouble to sketch because he is shortly to make his appearance, that the same susceptibility of temper which led him to acts of kindness and benevolence, made him also deeply sensible of injury; and his attachment to all whom he once loved was so vivid, that although he might pardon an offence against himself, he never forgave an insult to them.

One night, at Lady H——'s, when I was paying my court to Lady Jane, I suddenly perceived her attention diverted from my conversation, with that appearance of agitation on her countenance which can rarely be called to the cheek of ladies in a certain station, except by the fault of a lover or the superiority of a rival; the latter was now the affliction of Lady Jane. "Pray," said she, with a sour sneer, "do you think that girl so very handsome?" I turned round, and saw the most exquisite creature I had ever beheld, leaning on the arm of my stately and unaltered Achates, Frederick Morland. My eye met his; we knew each other in one moment, and in the next we had joined hands, and felt that the men were mutually as dear as the boys had been. I had left my lady companion, he had quitted his—we were forced to retreat. "You will breakfast with me to-morrow," said I; "but are you married?" "No." "Who then is that beautiful creature?" "My sister: shall I introduce you?" "I shall be too delighted; but I must first disengage myself;" and in truth it was time to soothe Lady Jane, for I observed that flashing eye and that frowning brow, which are such agreeable accompaniments to the face of the lady you intend to marry.

I soon made my peace; went with Lady Jane down one dance, which seemed almost interminable, yielded her to Lord Belton with the most edifying resignation, and in five minutes afterward was consoling myself with Miss Morland. After one has been jaded for two months with playing the agreeable to faces which half a dozen seasons of dissipation have despoiled of all freshness, and to minds worn perfectly threadbare in the same dull and unvarying routine of flirting and folly, it is something vastly refreshing to meet with features one has never seen before, whose animated and expressive loveliness would alone make them seem constantly new, and a mind as yet unblunted and unhackneyed—an intellectual kaleidoscope constantly changing, brilliant and beautiful in every change! Miss Morland was just *out*. I do love young ladies who are just *out*! all the remarks they make, if they are not too shy to make any, have a most delicious and racy freshness about them—the sparkle of the soda water before it becomes insipid by standing. They have not got into the beaten round of question and answer; they have not yet learned the art of jingling the same bells fifty different ways—harsh variations in monotony. Miss Morland and I became the best friends in the world, and I went home as soon as she left the ball, as much in love as a sensible man can be before he knows the exact fortune of his mistress. Morland came the next morning, and that fortune was ascertained: 80,000*l.* on the day of her marriage, 20,000*l.* more at her father's death. It is impossible to describe the excess of my passion on hearing this intelligence! I owned to Morland how his sister had smitten me. His eyes glistened, he seized my hand, his sister was dearer to him than his life; his hopes, his wishes, were centred in her. What delight should he experience if the happiness of his earliest friend became by the dearest ties linked and entwined through existence with his own! "I will live with you," he said; "for I shall never marry. I loved once, but she whom I loved is dead, and love sleeps in her tomb; our fortunes, like our affections, shall be in common;

we will distribute them so that others may be sharers in our bliss. From the centre of our happiness the circle shall widen and extend its protection over all who enter the limits of its influence, and when we are weary of the blessings of our own hearth, we will go forth and feast upon the blessings we have given to our fellow creatures."

I was so affected by the enthusiasm with which these words were uttered, that I felt my heart melt within me. I threw myself into Morland's arms, and could almost have wept with a delicious sensation which I had never experienced before. For two months I was daily with the Morlands. The father was of a bold, speculative, restless nature, constantly engrossed with business, and thoughtful and reserved even in his scanty hours of relaxation. The mother was a woman of masculine mind and strong sense, cold in her manners, even to her nearest relations, but concealing beneath her freezing exterior a spring of deep and energetic feeling. Her ruling passion was love for her children, for her son in particular; perhaps indeed it was rather pride than love,—pride for his talents, for his virtues, for his personal beauty, for his high reputation among the few who had already earned it from the many. Of course, I dropped my amour with Lady Jane, who soon after married Lord Belton. Since her marriage we have been on the most intimate footing—"Honi soit qui mal y pense!"

I had much difficulty in winning the affections of Miss Morland. She saw in her brother a being whom she considered the epitome of every perfection; and as there was little in my character resembling his, she remained unmoved by my attentions, flattering as they must have been: insensibly and inconceivably I slid into a new character—owned my follies, talked of my unfortunate education, hinted at the certainty of reform, if the one whose control over my heart was so unlimited would deign to direct and inspire me. To this day I know not whether I was in counterfeit or earnest, but my metamorphosis had a wonderful effect. A woman may often resist the most *admired rake*; but very seldom when, while he keeps his claims to *be admired*, he offers for her sake to renounce his pretensions to *be a rake*. I do believe that at the end of the season I was loved with all that deep and spiritual truth and tenderness of which woman is capable. Women are so silly!

I made a formal proposal to the father, and was as formally accepted, if wife and daughter approved. Of the consent of the latter I was certain; for the consent of the former I tried to insinuate that there was no particular necessity. Mr. Morland begged leave to undeceive me; he left all those trifling domestic arrangements wholly to his wife; he had resolved never to interfere with them. He wished me a good morning—he was going to negotiate a loan with government—he hoped to see me at dinner. I went to Miss Morland; it is needless to speak of the smiles and blushes which gave new charms to the most beautiful face in the world; suffice it to say that by Ellen I was not rejected; yes! that was certainly the happiest moment of my life; happier than when, at an earlier period, I first rode a horse of my own; happier than when, in later life, in the full flush of triumph and success, I exultingly seduced away Lord H——'s celebrated cook.

I next repaired to Mrs. Morland. She told me coldly that she perceived her daughter's happiness was centred in me, and that she would not therefore object to our marriage; though she candidly confessed I was not exactly the person she would have chosen. Her son's friendship for me went however a great way in my favour; but as Ellen and myself were still very young, she required me to go abroad for two years, and if at the end of that time we both still wished for the connexion, she would feel most happy to see it cemented. In vain I petitioned for a shorter probation—in vain I talked to Ellen of unnatural parents and Gretna Green—in vain I solicited the brother's interference—in vain I interrupted the speculations of the father; the fiat was despotic. I took an affectionate leave of my parents, was persuaded by Frederick Morland to suffer my creditors to make his acquaintance, and set off one fine morning for Dover. I had scarcely reached the continent before Peace, like a raw recruit, put on a red coat and clamoured for war. I managed, with my usual good fortune, to avoid being taken prisoner—got over to Germany—saw whatever I could see—was politely requested to fight against Bonaparte—declined the offer—returned home some months before the end of the two years in a smuggling vessel—having managed to leave every sentiment unworthy of a gentleman to take care of my debts on the continent. Before I left England I was an English rake; I was now refined into a foreign debauchee: the initiated will know the vast difference between the two! I arrived in town, and had a most affecting interview with my mother, who only recovered from her swoon at my return, to go into hysterics at the beautiful shawls I had brought her. My first inquiry was for Ellen—short answers and long faces: sifted the matter, and ascertained that her father, being a considerable loser by the recommencement of war, had entered into mercantile speculations unusually bold; had failed; and on receiving the intelligence three weeks ago, had given his razor a wrong turn, and had left his family the honour of his name, and the reputation of having once been extremely rich agreeable people. What a miserably ungentlemanlike thing, to send a man on his travels for two years on the promise of giving him 100,000*l.*, and then to get rid of the promise with the same instrument by which one would get rid of a beard!

With some difficulty I saw that family, poor, wretched, deserted, whom I had left in the honour and envy of the world. I threw myself at the feet of her whom I still loved, not indeed with the love of my earlier youth, but with the burning passion of manhood. How beautiful were her tears, how innocent her thoughts, when she asked if I was indeed as unchanged as I declared; if I would indeed take a beggar to my heart, and be contented with the inexhaustible riches of her affection. Mrs. Morland lost all her coldness of manner when I told her I was come to claim my reward. She did not, she must confess, expect such generosity from my character. She must own that she was deceived; I was now indeed worthy to be the friend of her son, and the chosen of her daughter. But where was that son? he met me with a step as proud, and a brow, if not so calm, at least as lofty, as when he stood in the princely halls of his father in the zenith of his

prosperity. I was soon restored to my former footing, and it was understood that at the end of the year my betrothed was to be my bride. And now, dear and sagacious reader, dost thou think that my travels had so softened my wits, that all the dictates of common sense had no weight against the romance of my honour or the purity of my love? If thou dost, then the Lord enlighten thee—I will not continue the quotation. The fact is, that I still had a marvellous affection for Ellen; in my travels I had seen none equal to her in beauty, in grace, in tenderness. I returned, and even in her grief could not but see how the lapse of time had unfolded the blossoms of her loveliness. Now, although the loss of her fortune prevented my thinking of her as a wife, yet, thank Heaven, marriage is not the only method of enjoying the woman one adores; but there was no prospect of any alternative save by those opportunities of free and constant intercourse, which could only be obtained by the intimate friendship and confidence of the whole trio. This, also, there was no other way to acquire but by renewing my former matrimonial offers; neither was there any fear of matters being too closely expedited. Nearly a whole year of mourning had yet to take place before even I could with any propriety press for the happy day; during this intervening time, with such advantages as I possessed, and with such increased experience in these matters as I had acquired, it would indeed be strange if I could not effect my purpose.

As it was by no means desirable to be seen in public intimacy with the son of a ruined suicide, as moreover I wished to get rid as much as possible of so clear-sighted an observer as Frederick Morland, I took care to procure for him, through my father's interest, a place under government, not indeed very lucrative, but most honourably laborious. To make short a tale already much too long, I spared no pains to increase and inflame Ellen's pure and girlish attachment to her lover; but there was such an innocence in her every thought, that I could never succeed in corrupting in her even that passion which is the most sensible of corruption. Time flew away, several months had elapsed, and I had made no progress. "The fort" (how I love old metaphors—there is no trouble in them) "must be carried by a *coup de main*," said I. It was the middle of summer, I had not been able to leave Ellen, but in order to avoid the disreputable appearance of staying in town at that time of the year, I had hired a house in those fields now honoured by the name of "the Regent's Park." There were a few agreeable families in the neighbourhood, a few more still staying in town; "I will give," said I, "a bachelor's feast, I will have tents on my lawn, and lamps on my poplars, and supper in my house, and people shall come masked, and I will call it, in newspaper language, a *fete champêtre*." With the greatest difficulty I prevailed upon Ellen to quit home for the first time since her father's death, and grace my festival with her presence; Mrs. Morland would as soon have thought of going to the cider cellar. So Ellen was put under the protection of a mutual acquaintance. I said, on the important day, (as I was taking up my hat to depart from Mrs. Morland's house,) "If Frederick likes to come, of course he will; but as I know his aversion to such things, I thought it would be

an idle compliment to ask him." Mrs. Morland was, as I had foreseen, piqued at my cavalier invitation. "You may depend upon it, Mr. Mortimer," said she, "Frederick will not trouble you with his presence." "Well, I know he is somewhat cynical," was my answer, as I left the room. Poor Ellen! as I looked up to the window from the street I caught her gaze, so full of the fondness of her love!

Well, the evening came, and with it came my guests. I went with considerable patience through the ordinary insipidity of such entertainments; wrapped in a dark domino I mingled with the crowd, and for once heard myself canvassed, blamed and praised, ridiculed and admired, without a single feeling of depressed or elated vanity; my whole soul was indeed bent with the concentrated force of flame upon the one thought—that that night I was to be completely happy. So certain was I of success, that fear did not for a moment mingle with my feelings; I joined Ellen, I danced with her, I talked with her in the glowing language of love, I led her to the refreshment table, I drugged the wine and water which I gave her, she drank it without a thought or suspicion; "She is mine!" I exclaimed inwardly, and my eye flashed at the thought. "Beautiful Ellen," said I, "there is one room which I have just fitted up, I have not yet shown it you;" I put her arm through mine, we turned to a passage which led to a part of the house wholly unfrequented, and through which the servants had strict orders to allow no one but myself to pass. Just as we got to it, I accordingly turned round—a mask was close behind me. He appeared, however, to have wandered there only through curiosity, for he passed on in an opposite direction. "On your life," I whispered to my Swiss valet, whom I had stationed at the entrance of the passage, "on your life suffer no one to pass." We went through the passage, I felt Ellen's hand tremble in mine, her bosom heaved;—the drug works, I thought. "Here is the room," I said, as we entered one prepared for my purpose; in a moment I had, unperceived by her, bolted the door, in the next I was at her feet. The agitation of my voice—the fire of my eyes alarmed her, she retreated to the other end of the room; I followed her; my charm was at its operation; never had I known the woman who could resist it; but Ellen was more than woman. "Leave me, Mortimer," she cried, and burst into tears; "if ever I was dear to you—if ever you prized my peace, my life, my eternal happiness—if ever you felt respect for all that was valuable, and precious, and sacred to my soul, do not approach me by another step!" I paused, but only for an instant; I clasped her in my arms; faint and struggling, she had still the strength to scream; at that moment I heard the loudness of voices in wrath—the expostulation of my faithful Swiss—the sudden silence of that expostulation,—at the same time that a heavy noise, like the falling of a body, shook the house. I heard the rush of steps; I heard three violent assaults at the door of the apartment; at the fourth it gave way, and the dark figure which I had seen in the passage stood before me. He tore the mask from his face—it was Frederick Morland; Ellen lay on the floor in a swoon, the only sign of guilt was in my confusion. "Wretch!" cried Morland, sternly, "if I had been too late,

you would only have left this chamber as a corpse." I now saw a pistol in his hand. "Mr. Morland," said I, "your sister—your—your sister—is innocent!" "Quit the room, sir," whispered Morland, in a voice unnaturally low, "or—" and his pistol was levelled at my breast. Like all gentlemen, education had made me brave; I did not feel so much alarm at my danger, as an internal sinking at my own littleness. I believe that was the only time in my life in which I ever quailed to an enemy. I turned to quit the room—a thought struck me; even in that moment of shame, and confusion, and peril, I am proud to say that I had not forgotten the lessons of my youth: "Do not make an *exposé*," said I; "remember the world." "I will remember," said Morland, with the muttered tone of that suppressed wrath which shook him like a whirlwind; "I will remember my sister's fame, and I will remember the vengeance which is due to him who would have dishonoured it!" I left the house, I wandered into the garden, groups were scattered over the grass, their laughter smote my ear, their revelry sickened my very soul, I could have roared aloud in the agony of my heart; there, one by one, I saw my guests depart. Insensibly the night melted into day. The bright sun shone forth, exulting in the glory of his summer strength, the green earth glittered in his lustre—but the blight of the winter, and the darkness of the midnight, and the wrath of the tempest, were warring on my spirit. God bless me, dear reader, how excessively poetical! I think I must have been reading my contemporary Lord Thurlow lately, and borrowing his style; well, I got to bed at last, slept not very quietly, but at least for several hours; and when I awoke the following note from Ellen was put into my hands:—

"Yes, Mortimer, it is my handwriting. Again, and for the last time, you hold communication with one who once asked only to be yours for ever. I do not write to upbraid you; I have enough to do in stifling the reproaches of my own heart; neither will I complain, if I can command myself, for indeed I have cause to be grateful. Shame, it is true, I must feel for ever, but the curse of guilt I have been spared. Time, they say, cures all evils, but I think at present that my heart is broken,—I have nothing on this side the grave to which I can look forward with pleasure. I have so long been accustomed to love you, to carry every fonder thought, every idea of future happiness as offerings to one shrine, that it seems to me that I have now to tear myself from my past life, and enter, spiritless and hopeless, upon a new existence. I have to lay aside what has literally become a part of my nature. Alas! the effort shall cost me dear, but it shall be made—if it does not succeed, I have no other choice than to lie down and die. But I said I would not upbraid you, nor complain—you will smile to see how I have kept my word; why, indeed, should I utter complaints either to or against you? Henceforth I am to you as nothing; I even think that I must always have been utterly indifferent to you, or you would not have resolved to lose me for ever,—for, think you, that even if your designs had succeeded, I would have survived my disgrace? No, I should only have lived to curse,—not you, Mortimer, but myself. My shame, my

agony, would have killed me on the spot. But you are wondering why I write to you now. Believe me, Mortimer, it is no common incentive which induces me to do so; it is nothing less than the life of my brother and your own. I know, from what he could not conceal, that Frederick will seek his revenge after the fashion of the world. You know how ungoverned and terrible is his anger, whenever he conceives that those whom he loves have been injured. Do not, do not meet him; I do not ask you to incur any reproach from that world to which you are so devoted,—you can leave town immediately, before he has time to see or to send to you: in a few days the mist of his passion will be cleared, and I shall have nothing to fear; it is only for the first moment that I dread. I know, Mortimer, that you will not willingly lift your hand against the friend of your childhood, against one who has loved you as tenderly as a brother; I know that you will not utterly destroy the happiness of my poor mother; I know that you will not ruin the fair fame, and blast the slender hopes of comfort which remain to her whom you have sworn so often to cherish and love. Grant me this one request, and though I now say farewell for ever, yet I will pray for you with the same fervour as in happier moments. Dare I trust in you, Mortimer? I would fain believe it—see how the paper is blistered with my tears; they are the first that I have shed since we parted; let them speak for me, let them save my brother, my mother, and yourself, and I shall be contented if they flow for ever. Grant me this, Mortimer, and when I am on my death-bed I will remember you, and send you my blessing.

“ELLEN MORLAND.”

I rung my bell, and ordered four horses to my carriage immediately. “You shall be obeyed, Ellen,” said I; “it is not by me that your brother shall fall.” “Sir,” said my Swiss servant, entering the room, “there is a gentleman below who insists upon seeing you.” “Blockhead, why did you let him in?” Poor Louis had had enough of playing the sentinel the night before! “Go and tell him I am just setting off to Devonshire, and can see no one.” “Sir,” said Louis, returning, “I have told him so, and he says he has the more reason for immediately—and, *Diab! here he is, sir.*” And, in sober earnest, in stalked a military-looking figure, whom I immediately recognised as a Colonel Macnaughten, an old friend of Morland’s. “Sir,” said he, “you will excuse this intrusion.” “No, sir, I will not excuse it,—be gone.” My visiter stared, took a chair with infinite *sang froid*, told Louis to leave the room, and shut the door, and then quietly taking snuff, said, with a smile, “Mr. Mortimer, you cannot affront me now; I am utterly impervious to insult till I have fulfilled my errand; and now I am sure you will not insult me.” This errand was, of course, a challenge from Morland. I refused it at once, but said to Macnaughten, who elevated his eyebrows a little superciliously, “Sir, if you are disposed for fighting, and it will oblige you, I will fight *you* instead, with all the pleasure imaginable.” My gentleman, who was a Scotchman, laughed for ten minutes at this proposal, and, when he was able, he told me that Morland had foreseen my refusal, had bid him say that he would be satisfied with no excuse, that he would post me

in every coffee-house, that he would follow and insult me wherever I went, if I refused; that, in short, no earthly method but *the sword* would satisfy him. “The pistol, you mean,” said I. “True,” replied Macnaughten, “if you prefer it; but my principal says that his skill as a shot is so much greater than yours, and he is so determined to prosecute the duel to the utmost, that he cannot resolve to take so unfair an advantage as the use of the orthodox weapon would give him. He tells me that you have often practised the small-sword together before you went abroad, and that you are very even antagonists: for myself, I made some demur, as the weapon was now becoming so completely out of use; but seeing my principal so determined, I could scarcely, as a swordsman by profession, withhold my consent. However, it is for you to choose, Mr. Mortimer.” I could not but feel that this was generous conduct in Morland, for at that very moment I saw a penknife on the table upon which he had split a bullet but three days before. His generosity was, however, a proof of the deadliness of his anger and his intentions. I must confess, that upon hearing the sword proposed, my refusal was much staggered. I had practised fencing abroad, with very considerable diligence and success, and believed myself equal to the most redoubted opponent. Now, with that great superiority which I must possess over Morland, who was scarcely a match for me even before I went abroad, nothing could be more easy than to disarm, or slightly wound the sword-arm of my antagonist; in either case the duel would be at an end, and without any fatal results. To gain time for consideration, I told the colonel that I would consult with a friend, and inform him that evening as to my determination. To cut short a long story, finding it did not interfere with the remotest punctilio of honour to avail myself of my choice of weapons, terrified by the idea of being posted and cut, persuaded of my skill being able to prevent any possibility of danger, and resolved, at all events, that no consideration should tempt me to stand upon any ground but the defensive; I took the only measure which a gentleman really *could* take, and accepted the challenge. I despatched an equivocating note to Ellen, informing her of her brother’s safety, and then waited with tolerable patience for the next morning. That morning came,—I was upon the ground first; Morland was only three minutes behind me. His countenance was composed and firm, but of a deathlike paleness. When I saw him advancing, I felt my heart melt within me; I thought of our boyish attachment, of his generous temper, of his reverse of fortune, of his noble conduct in the very strife which was about to ensue, and I longed to rush into his arms, to acknowledge my fault, to beseech him to let my future life atone for the past, regain me the hand of his sister, and the esteem of himself: but I was doubtful how my advances would be received; fearful of the misinterpretation which might be put upon them; conscious that the world would talk of Mr. Mortimer being bullied into marrying a girl without a sixpence;—and resolved that I would never lose that reputation more dear to a gentleman than his life.

Our eyes met as we took our station. In Morland’s there was a collected ferocity which mine quailed beneath. The duel began with consider-

able caution on either side: by degrees Morland warmed; he made some fierce but well-directed thrusts, which called forth all my skill; I had him twice in my power, but he was not aware of his danger, and I wished only to disarm or disable his vengeance. At length the opportunity came, he made a pass with more strength than science, his sword was struck from his hand and fell at the distance of several yards, the point of mine was at his breast. He strove to regain himself, his foot slipped, his bosom came upon my blade, and with a thrill of intense and indescribable horror, I saw him bathed in his blood upon the earth. He writhed in the pangs of death, he tore up the grass convulsively with his hands; his countenance, stamped with agony, wrath, and the last struggle of life, glared full upon me. It was but for a moment—the catastrophe was over. He was dead! The only friend who ever truly loved me, the warm-hearted, the gifted, the generous, was no more. They hurried me away, I knew not whither; I was encompassed by a terrible dream. If a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet it would not have awakened me. For a month, so they told me afterward,—for to me there was no knowledge or division of time,—for a month I was in a delirious fever.

They sent for my father; he had the gout, how could he come! They sent for my mother; she was on a visit to her brother in Essex. There was a large party of "*distinguished fashionables*" there; nevertheless she tore herself away. Her carriage stopped for five minutes at my door; my fever she found was infectious—how could she stay? She got me an excellent nurse, sent me two more physicians, made them promise to write to her every day, returned to London Park, looked charmingly interesting, and talked of nerves and maternal anxiety. I recovered. When I became perfectly sensible of the past, my first question was for the Morlands. My attendants were silent, they pretended to be ignorant, they enjoined me to be quiet and mute; something was evidently concealed beneath this apparent disguise. For some days I remained in this state of ignorance, but such was the vigour of my constitution, that, notwithstanding the restless agitation of my mind, my bodily health hourly amended. When I found myself able to walk without assistance, I discharged my nurse, sent out my faithful servant, let myself out at the door, despatched a boy who was playing at marbles (happy dog!) for a coach, threw myself into it, and drove to Mrs. Morland's. The house was shut up; I knocked three times before any one opened the door, and at length an old woman of most ominously ill-favoured appearance came forth. "Where is Mrs. Morland?" said I. "In Pancras church-yard," said the hag, with a horrid laugh. "Good God," cried I, shuddering, "is she dead?" "Ay, she died this very day three weeks. When they told her as how her son was shot dead, she was seized with a paralytic; never spoke for twenty days, till just before her death she cried out, '*My son, my son*;' and when the doctor called again, an hour afterward, she was quite dead. But Lord, sir, how ill you look; if so be as you are going to die, don't die here. We have had quite funerals enough, I'm thinking." I leaned against the railing, so sick at heart that for some moments I was perfectly unconscious. The old woman got me a glass of

water. "I suppose, sir, you knew Mrs. Morland well, and poor Miss Ellen, mayhap?" "What of her?" I asked in a calm tone—the terrible calmness of despair; "she is dead too, I suppose?" "No, sir, no; she be out of her mind—mad, sir; they have taken her to Dr. ———." I heard no more. I knew no more for several weeks; my delirium returned. Fortunately the hackney-coachman had not left the door. How he found my house out I know not, but I was carried there. My life was totally despaired of, but it was not a trifle that could break my heart: I again opened my eyes upon the things of this world, but my constitution was shattered, the freshness of my youth was gone; I have never been the same person since. I will pass over the gradual steps of my recovery. I paid my physician his last fee, promised to take care of myself, ordered my carriage, and drove to Dr. ———'s. It was there where the woman had told me Ellen was confined. My mind and soul were filled but with one idea—"I shall see her again," I said; and repeated the same words, without ceasing, till I was at the dreadful gates. There came forth a man of a smiling and rosy aspect; he was the head of the establishment; never did I meet with any one half so polite; but at times, when the smirk left his lip and he was not exerting himself to be agreeable, there was a cruel and sinister expression in his countenance which betokened a disposition fitting his profession.*

I asked for Miss Morland. "She is too unwell to see any one, sir," said the doctor. I was prepared for this. I knew something of the nature of private mad-houses. I placed in his hand a draft for no inconsiderable sum. "I am one of her nearest relations; oblige me by accepting this for your attentions, and permit me to see her." The man looked at me and the note; he saw from my pale and debilitated appearance that I was not a Hercules likely to disarrange his Hell, and he was too happy to oblige me. I entered, I passed through a long passage; shrieks smote my ear, they were silenced by the lash. "If Ellen's voice—" I dared not pursue the terrible idea. My guide went on, talking of himself and his humanity, but I answered him not. We came to a small door at the right-hand, it was the last but one in the passage, we stopped before it. I trembled so that I entreated him to wait for a minute before he opened it. I heard a low moan; "Now," said I, "I am ready, sir." The doctor opened the door; I was in the same apartment with Ellen! Oh, God! who but myself could have recognised her! Her long and raven hair fell over her face in wild disorder; she put it aside; her cheek was as the cheek of the dead; the hueless skin clung to the bone; her eye was dull; not a ray of intellect illumined its glance; she looked long at me. "I am very cold," she said, "but if I complain you will beat me:" she fell down again upon the straw, and wept. The man turned to me—"This is her way, sir," said he; "her madness is of a very singular description; she never laughs, rarely says more than two or three words during the day, and is always in tears: it is impossible to calculate her madness: I cannot say even whether she is, or is not, conscious of the past." I did not

* The reader will observe that the description of the mad-house, &c. is retained in "*Peigham*," though applied to a very different tale.

stay long in the room. I bribed the doctor to allow me to carry my victim to my home. Night and day for six weeks I was by her side; she knew me not—not till one night; the moon, which was at its full, shone into the chamber; we were alone, she turned her face to me, and a bright ray shot across her eye and played in smiles upon her lip. "It is over," she said; "God forgive you, Henry Mortimer, as I do!" I caught her in my arms. I am choking at this moment with the recollection—I cannot tell you—you can guess! We buried her that week by the side of her mother.

Sixteen years since that event have passed over my head. By the death of my relations I have succeeded to the titles and estates of my family. I have never married; and, except that I suffer from occasional hypochondria and headaches, I am tolerably happy. Of late, too, I have been somewhat troubled with three or four innovating gray hairs; I had a twinge of the gout at Easter, and

last Sunday I went to church. Perhaps I may marry soon, but girls are such flirts! and there is a coarseness in the present age which I find it difficult to tolerate. Women are not soft enough! they eat too much luncheon, and ride too hard. I think I am becoming a *bon vivant*. I have an excellent taste in wines, and am hand-in-glove with Lord ——. Such, reader, is my character and my life; if you are in good society, you must often have met me. Had I married *her*, perhaps I might have been different—but—bring me the laudanum drops, Louis!

[There are a thousand things in this boyish sketch which I should have altered, had I not wished to gratify rather the curiosity than the taste of the reader, by presenting to him, uncorrected and untouched, almost the first prose tale of an author who has since so frequently demanded the indulgence of the public; and the original germ of that Novel which forms the subject-matter of these volumes.]

PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION OF PELHAM.

I BELIEVE if we were to question every author upon the subject of his literary grievances, we should find that the most frequent of all complaints, was less that of being unappreciated, than that of being misunderstood. All of us write perhaps with some secret object, for which the world cares not a straw: and while each reader fixes his peculiar moral upon a book, no one, by any chance, hits upon that which the author had in his own heart designed to inculcate. It is this impression in my individual case that calls forth, in the present edition of "*PELHAM*," that prefatory explanation, which I deemed it superfluous to place to the first.

It is a beautiful part of the economy of this world, that nothing is without its use; every weed in the great thoroughfares of life has a honey, which Observation can easily extract; and we may glean no unimportant wisdom from Folly itself, if we distinguish while we survey, and satirize while we share it. It is in this belief that these volumes have their origin. I have not been willing that even the common-places of society should afford neither a record nor a moral; and it is therefore from the common-places of society that the materials of this novel have been wrought. By treating trifles naturally, they may be rendered amusing, and that which adherence to *Nature* renders amusing the same cause also may render instructive: for *Nature* is the source of all morals, and the enchanted well, from which not a single drop can be taken, that has not the power of curing some of our diseases.

I have drawn for the hero of my work such a person as seemed to me best fitted to retail the opinions and customs of the class and age to which he belongs; a personal combination of antitheses—a fop and a philosopher, a voluptuary and a moralist—a trifier in appearance, but rather one to whom trifles are instructive, than one to whom trifles are natural—an Aristippus on a limited scale, accustomed to draw sage conclusions from the follies he adopts, and while professing himself a votary of Pleasure, in reality a disciple of Wisdom. Such a character I have found it more difficult to portray than to conceive: I have found it more difficult still, because I have with it nothing in common, except the taste for observation, and

some experience in the same scenes among which it has been cast;* and it will readily be supposed that it is no easy matter to survey occurrences the most familiar through a vision, as it were, essentially and perpetually different from that through which oneself has been accustomed to view them. This difficulty in execution will perhaps be my excuse in failure, and some additional indulgence may be reasonably granted to an author who has rarely found in the egotisms of his hero a vent for his own.

With the generality of those into whose hands a novel upon manners is likely to fall, the lighter and less obvious the method in which reflection is conveyed, the greater is its chance to be received without distaste and remembered without aversion. This will be an excuse, perhaps, for the appearance of frivolities not indulged for the sake of the frivolity; under that which has most the semblance of levity I have often been the most diligent in my endeavours to inculcate the substances of truth. The shallowest stream, whose bed every passenger imagines he surveys, may deposit some golden grains on the plain through which it flows; and we may weave flowers not only into an idle garland, but, like the thyrsus of the ancients, over a sacred weapon.

It now only remains for me to add my hope that this edition will present the "*ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN*" in a less imperfect shape than the last, and in the words of the erudite and memorable Joshua Barnes,† "So to begin my intended discourse, if not altogether true, yet not wholly vain, nor perhaps deficient in what may exhilarate a witty fancy, or inform a bad moralist."

THE AUTHOR.

October, 1828.

* I regret extremely that by this remark I should be necessitated to relinquish the flattering character I have for so many months borne, and to undeceive not a few of my most indulgent critics, who in reviewing my work have literally considered the author and the hero one flesh. "We have only," said one of them, "to complain of the author's egotisms; he is perpetually talking of himself!"—Poor gentleman! from the first page to the last, the author never utters a syllable.

[The few marginal notes in which the author himself speaks, were not added till the present Edition.]

† In the Preface to his *Gerania*.

PELHAM;

OR,

ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?
French Song.

I AM an only child. My father was the younger son of one of our oldest earls; my mother the dowerless daughter of a Scotch peer. Mr. Pelham was a moderate whig, and gave sumptuous dinners;—Lady Frances was a woman of taste, and particularly fond of diamonds and old china.

Vulgar people know nothing of the necessities required in good society, and the credit they give is as short as their pedigree. Six years after my birth, there was an execution in our house. My mother was just setting off on a visit to the Dutchess of D——; she declared it was impossible to go without her diamonds. The chief of the bailiffs declared it was impossible to trust them out of his sight. The matter was compromised—the bailiff went with my mother to C——, and was introduced as *my tutor*. “A man of singular merit,” whispered my mother, “but so shy!” Fortunately, the bailiff was abashed, and by losing his impudence, he kept the secret. At the end of the week, the diamonds went to the jeweller’s, and Lady Frances wore paste.

I think it was about a month afterward that a sixteenth cousin left my mother twenty thousand pounds. “It will just pay off our most importunate creditors, and equip me for Melton,” said Mr. Pelham.

“It will just redeem my diamonds, and refurbish the house,” said Lady Frances.

The latter alternative was chosen. My father went down to run his last horse at Newmarket, and my mother received nine hundred people in a Turkish tent. Both were equally fortunate, the *Greek* and the *Turk*; my father’s horse *lost*, in consequence of which he pocketed five thousand pounds; and my mother looked so charming as a sultana, that Seymour Conway fell desperately in love with her.

Mr. Conway had just caused two divorces; and of course all the women in London were dying for him—judge then of the pride which Lady Frances felt at his addresses. The end of the season was unusually dull, and my mother, after having looked over her list of engagements, and ascertained that she had none remaining worth staying for, agreed to elope with her new lover.

The carriage was at the end of the square. My

mother, for the first time in her life, got up at six o’clock. Her foot was on the step, and her hand next to Mr. Conway’s heart, when she remembered that her favourite china monster, and her French dog, were left behind. She insisted on returning—re-entered the house, and was coming down stairs with one under each arm, when she was met by my father and two servants. My father’s valet had discovered the flight, (I forget how,) and awakened his master.

When my father was convinced of his loss, he called for his dressing-gown—searched the garret and the kitchen—looked in the maid’s drawers and the cellaret—and finally declared he was distracted. I have heard that the servants were quite melted by his grief, and I do not doubt it in the least, for he was always celebrated for his skill in private theatricals. He was just retiring to vent his grief in his dressing-room, when he met my mother. It must altogether have been an awkward *rencontre*, and, indeed, for my father, a remarkably unfortunate occurrence; for Seymour Conway was immensely rich, and the damages would, no doubt, have been proportionably high. Had they met each other alone, the affair might easily have been settled, and Lady Frances gone off in tranquillity;—those d—d servants are always in the way!

I have, however, often thought that it was better for me that the affair ended thus, as I know, from many instances, that it is frequently exceedingly inconvenient to have one’s mother divorced.

I have observed that the distinguishing trait of people accustomed to good society, is a calm, imperturbable quiet, which pervades all their actions and habits, from the greatest to the least: they eat in quiet, move in quiet, live in quiet, and lose their wife, or even their money, in quiet; while low persons cannot take up either a spoon or an affront without making such an amazing noise about it. To render this observation good, and to return to the intended elopement, nothing farther was said upon that event. My father introduced Conway to Brookes’s, and invited him to dinner twice a week for a whole twelve-month.

Not long after this occurrence, by the death of my grandfather, my uncle succeeded to the title and estates of the family. He was, as people rather justly observed, rather an odd man: built schools for peasants, forgave poachers, and diminished his farmers’ rents; indeed, on account of these and similar eccentricities, he was thought a fool by some, and a madman by others. How-

ever, he was not quite destitute of natural feeling ; for he paid my father's debts, and established us in the secure enjoyment of our former splendour. But this piece of generosity, or justice, was done in the most unhandsome manner : he obtained a promise from my father to retire from Brookes's, and relinquish the turf ; and he prevailed upon my mother to take an aversion to diamonds, and an indifference to china monsters.

CHAPTER II.

Doctrina sed vim promovet instans,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.
HORAT.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.
The Soul's Errand.

At ten years old I went to Eton. I had been educated till that period by my mother, who, being distantly related to Lord ———, (who had published "Hints upon the Culinary Art,") imagined she possessed an hereditary claim to literary distinction. History was her great *forte* ; for she had read all the historical romances of the day ; and history accordingly I had been carefully taught.

I think at this moment I see my mother before me, reclining on her sofa, and repeating to me some story about Queen Elizabeth and Lord Essex ; then telling me, in a languid voice, as she sank back with the exertion, of the blessings of a literary taste, and admonishing me never to read above half an hour at a time for fear of losing my health.

Well, to Eton I went ; and the second day I had been there, I was half killed for refusing, with all the pride of a Pelham, to wash tea-cups. I was rescued from the clutches of my tyrant by a boy not much bigger than myself, but reckoned the best fighter, for his size, in the whole school. His name was Reginald Glanville : from that period we became inseparable, and our friendship lasted all the time he stayed at Eton, which was within a year of my own departure for Cambridge.

His father was a baronet, of a very ancient and wealthy family ; and his mother was a woman of some talent and more ambition. She made her house one of the most *recherchée* in London. Seldom seen at large assemblies, she was eagerly sought after in the well-winnowed *soirées* of the elect. Her wealth, great as it was, seemed the least prominent ingredient of her establishment. There was in it no uncalled-for ostentation—no purse-proud vulgarity—no cringing to great, and no patronising condescension to little people ; even the Sunday newspapers could not find fault with her, and the querulous wives of younger brothers could only sneer and be silent.

"It is an excellent connexion," said my mother, when I told her of my friendship with Reginald Glanville, "and will be of more use to you than many of greater apparent consequence. Remember, my dear, that in all the friends you make at present, you look to the advantage you can derive from them hereafter ; that is what we call know-

ledge of the world, and it is to get the knowledge of the world that you are sent to a public school."

I think, however, to my shame, that notwithstanding my mother's instructions, very few prudential considerations were mingled with my friendship for Reginald Glanville. I loved him with a warmth of attachment, which has since surprised even myself.

He was of a very singular character : he used to wander by the river in the bright days of summer, when all else were at play, without any companion but his own thoughts ; and these were tinged, even at that early age, with a deep and impassioned melancholy. He was so reserved in his manner, that it was looked upon as coldness or pride, and was repaid as such by a pretty general dislike. Yet to those he loved, no one could be more open and warm ; more watchful to gratify others, more indifferent to gratification for himself ; an utter absence of all selfishness, and an eager and active benevolence, were indeed the distinguishing traits of his character. I have seen him endure with a careless good-nature the most provoking affronts from boys much less than himself ; but directly I, or any of his immediate friends, was injured or aggrieved, his anger was almost implacable. Although he was of a slight frame, yet early exercise had brought strength to his muscles, and activity to his limbs ; and his skill in all athletic exercises, whenever (which was but rarely) he deigned to share them, gave alike confidence and success to whatever enterprise his lion-like courage tempted him to dare.

Such, briefly and imperfectly sketched, was the character of Reginald Glanville—the one, who, of all my early companions, differed the most from myself ; yet the one whom I loved the most, and the one whose future destiny was the most intertwined with my own.

I was in the head class when I left Eton. As I was reckoned an uncommonly well-educated boy, it may not be ungratifying to the admirers of the present system of education to pause here for a moment, and recall what I then knew. I could make fifty Latin verses in half an hour ; I could construe, *without* an English translation, all the easy Latin authors, and many of the difficult ones, *with it* : I could read Greek fluently, and even translate it through the medium of a Latin version at the bottom of the page. I was thought exceedingly clever, for I had been only eight years acquiring all this fund of information, which, as one can never recall it in the world, you have every right to suppose that I had entirely forgotten before I was five-and-twenty. As I was never taught a syllable of English during this period ; as, when I once attempted to read Pope's poems out of school hours, I was laughed at, and called "*a sap*," as my mother, when I went to school, renounced her own instructions ; and as, whatever schoolmasters may think to the contrary, one learns nothing now-a-days by inspiration : so of every thing which relates to English literature, English laws, and English history, (with the exception of the said story of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Essex,) you have the same right to suppose that I was, at the age of eighteen, when I left Eton, in the profoundest ignorance.

At this age, I was transplanted to Cambridge, where I bloomed for two years in the blue and silver of a fellow commoner of Trinity. At the

end of that time (being of royal descent) I became entitled to an *honorary* degree. I suppose the term is in contradistinction to an *honourable* degree, which is obtained by pale men in spectacles and cotton stockings, after thirty-six months of intense application.

I do not exactly remember how I spent my time at Cambridge. I had a pianoforte in my room, and a private billiard-room at a village two miles off; and, between these resources, I managed to improve my mind more than could reasonably have been expected. To say truth, the whole place reeked with vulgarity. The men drank beer by the gallon, and ate cheese by the hundred weight—wore jockey-cut coats, and talked slang—rode for wagers, and swore when they lost—smoked in your face, and expectorated on the floor. Their proudest glory was to drive the mail—their mightiest exploit to box with the coachman—their most delicate amour to leer at the barmaid.

It will be believed, that I felt little regret in quitting companions of this description. I went to take leave of our college tutor. "Mr. Pelham," said he, affectionately squeezing me by the hand, "your conduct has been most exemplary; you have not walked wantonly over the college grass-plats, nor set your dog at the proctor—nor driven tandems by day, nor broken lamps by night—nor entered the chapel in order to display your intoxication—nor the lecture-room, in order to caricature the professors. This is the general behaviour of young men of family, and fortune; but it has not been yours. Sir, you have been an honour to your college."

Thus closed my academical career. He who does not allow that it passed creditably to my teachers, profitably to myself, and beneficially to the world, is a narrow-minded and illiterate man, who knows nothing of the advantages of modern education.

CHAPTER III.

Thus does a false ambition rule us,
Thus pomp delude, and folly fool us.

SHENSTONE.

An open house, haunted with great resort.
BISHOP HALL'S *Sattres*.

I LEFT Cambridge in a very weak state of health; and as nobody had yet come to London, I accepted the invitation of Sir Lionel Garrett to pay him a visit at his country seat. Accordingly, one raw winter's day, full of the hopes of the reviving influence of air and exercise, I found myself carefully packed up in three great-coats, and on the high road to Garrett Park.

Sir Lionel Garrett was a character very common in England, and, in describing him, I describe the whole species. He was of an ancient family, and his ancestors had for centuries resided on their estates in Norfolk. Sir Lionel, who came to his majority and his fortune at the same time, went up to London at the age of twenty-one, a raw, uncouth sort of young man, with a green coat and lank hair. His friends in town were of that set whose members are *above ton*, whenever they do not grasp at its possession, but who, whenever they do, lose at once their aim and their equi-

brium, and fall immeasurably below it. I mean that set which I call "*the respectable*," consisting of old peers of an old school; country gentlemen, who still disdain not to love their wine and to hate the French; generals who *have served* in the army; elder brothers who succeed to something besides a mortgage; and younger brothers who do not mistake their capital for their income. To this set you may add the whole of the baronetage—for I have remarked that baronets hang together like bees or Scotchmen; and if I go to a baronet's house, and speak to some one whom I have not the happiness to know, I always say, "*Sir John*."

It was no wonder, then, that to this set belonged Sir Lionel Garrett—no more the youth with a green coat and lank hair, but pinched in, and curled out—abounding in horses and whiskers—dancing all night—lounging all day—the favourite of the old ladies, the Philander of the young.

One unfortunate evening Sir Lionel Garrett was introduced to the celebrated Dutchess of D. From that moment his head was turned. Before then, he had always imagined that he was somebody—that he was Sir Lionel Garrett, with a good looking person and eight thousand a year; he now knew that he was nobody, unless he went to Lady G.'s, and unless he bowed to Lady S. Disdaining all importance derived from himself, it became absolutely necessary to his happiness, that all his importance should be derived solely from his acquaintance with others. He cared not a straw that he was a man of fortune, of family, of consequence; he must be a man of *ton*! or he was an atom, a nonentity, a very worm, and no man. No lawyer at Gray's Inn, no galley slave at the oar, ever worked so hard at his task as Sir Lionel Garrett at *his*. *Ton*, to a single man, is a thing attainable enough. Sir Lionel was just gaining the envied distinction, when he saw, courted, and married Lady Harriet Woodstock.

His new wife was of a modern and not very rich family, and striving like Sir Lionel for the notoriety of fashion; but of this struggle he was ignorant. He saw her *admitted* into good society—he imagined she *commanded* it; she was a hanger on—he believed she was a leader. Lady Harriet was crafty and twenty-four—had no objection to be married, nor to change the name of Woodstock for Garrett. She kept up the baronet's mistake till it was too late to repair it.

Marriage did not bring Sir Lionel wisdom. His wife was of the same turn of mind as himself: they might have been great people in the country—they preferred being little people in town. They might *have chosen friends* among persons of respectability and rank—they preferred *being chosen as acquaintance* by persons of *ton*. Society was their being's end and aim, and the only thing which brought them pleasure was the pain of attaining it. Did I not say truly that I would describe individuals of a common species? Is there one who reads this, who does not recognise that overflowing class of the English population, whose members would conceive it an insult to be thought of sufficient rank to be respectable for what they are?—who take it as an honour that they are made by their acquaintance?—who renounce the ease of living for themselves, for the trouble of living for persons who care not a pin for their existence—who are wretched if they are not dictated

to by others—and who toil, groan, travail, through the whole course of life, in order to forfeit their independence?

I arrived at Garrett Park just time enough to dress for dinner. As I was descending the stairs after having performed that ceremony, I heard my own name pronounced by a very soft, lisping voice—"Henry Pelham! dear, what a pretty name. Is he handsome?"

"Rather *distingué* than handsome," was the unsatisfactory reply, couched in a slow, pompous accent, which I immediately recognised to belong to Lady Harriet Garrett.

"Can we make something of him?" resumed the first voice.

"Something!" said Lady Harriet, indignantly; "he will be Lord Glenmorris! and he is son to Lady Frances Pelham."

"Ah," said the lisper, carelessly; "but can he write poetry, and play *proverbes*?"

"No, Lady Harriet," said I, advancing; "but permit me, through you, to assure Lady Nelthorpe that he can admire those who do."

"So you know me then?" said the lisper: "I see we shall be excellent friends;" and, disengaging herself from Lady Harriet, she took my arm, and began discussing persons and things, poetry and china, French plays and music, till I found myself beside her at dinner, and most assiduously endeavouring to silence her by the superior engrossments of a *béchamelle de poisson*.

I took the opportunity of the pause, to survey the little circle of which Lady Harriet was the centre. In the first place, there was Mr. Davison, a great political economist, a short, dark, corpulent gentleman, with a quiet, serene, sleepy countenance, which put me exceedingly in mind of my grandmother's arm-chair; beside him was a quick, sharp little woman, all sparkle and bustle, glancing a small, gray, prying eye round the table, with a most restless activity: this, as Lady Nelthorpe afterwards informed me, was a Miss Trafford, an excellent person for a Christmas in the country, whom everybody was dying to have: she was an admirable mimic, an admirable actress, and an admirable reciter; made poetry and shoes, and told fortunes by the cards, which *actually came true*!

There was also Mr. Wormwood, the *soli-metangere* of literary lions—an author who sowed his conversation not with flowers but thorns. Nobody could accuse him of the flattery generally imputed to his species; through the course of a long and varied life, he had never once been known to say a civil thing. He was too much disliked not to be *recherché*; whatever is once notorious, even for being disagreeable, is sure to be courted in England. Opposite to him sat the really clever and affectedly pedantic Lord Vincent, one of those persons who have been "*promising young men*" all their lives; who are found till four o'clock in the afternoon in a dressing-gown, with a quarto before them; who go down into the country for six weeks every session, to cram an impromptu reply; and who always have a work in the press which is never to be published.

Lady Nelthorpe herself I had frequently seen. She had some reputation for talent, was exceedingly affected, wrote poetry in albums, ridiculed her husband, (who was a fox hunter,) and had a particular *penchant pour les beaux arts—et les beaux hommes*!

There were four or five others of the unknown vulgar, younger brothers, who were good shots and bad matches; elderly ladies, who lived in Baker-street, and liked long whist; and young ones, who never took wine, and said "Sir!"

I must, however, among this number, except the beautiful Lady Roseville, the most fascinating woman, perhaps, of the day. She was evidently the great person there, and, indeed, among all people who paid due deference to *ton*, was always sure to be so everywhere. I have never seen but one person more beautiful. Her eyes were of the deepest blue; her complexion of the most delicate carnation; her hair of the richest auburn: nor could even Mr. Wormwood detect the smallest fault in the rounded yet slender symmetry of her figure.

Although not above twenty-five, she was in that state in which alone a woman ceases to be a dependant—widowhood. Lord Roseville, who had been dead about two years, had not survived their marriage many months; that period was, however, sufficiently long to allow him to appreciate her excellence, and to testify his sense of it: the whole of his unentailed property, which was very large, he bequeathed to her.

She was very fond of the society of *littérati*, though without the pretence of belonging to their order. But her manners constituted her chief attraction; while they were utterly different from those of every one else, you could not, in the least minutiae, discover in what the difference consisted: this is, in my opinion, the real test of perfect breeding. While you are enchanted with the effect, it should possess so little prominence and peculiarity, that you should never be able to guess the cause.

"Pray," said Lord Vincent to Mr. Wormwood, "have you been to P——— this year?"

"No," was the answer.

"I have, my lord," said Miss Trafford, who never lost an opportunity of slipping in a word.

"Well, and did they make you sleep, as usual, at the crown, with the same eternal excuse, after having brought you fifty miles from town, of small house—no beds—all engaged—inn close by? Ah, never shall I forget that inn, with its royal name, and its hard beds—"

"'Uneasy sleeps a head beneath the Crown.'"

"Ha, ha! excellent!" cried Miss Trafford, who was always the first in at the death of a pun. "Yes, indeed they did: poor old Lord Belton, with his rheumatism; and that immense General Grant, with his asthma; together with three 'single men,' and myself, were safely conveyed to that asylum for the destitute."

"Ah! Grant, Grant!" said Lord Vincent, eagerly, who saw another opportunity of whipping in a pun. "He slept there also the same night I did; and when I saw his unwieldy person waddling out of the door the next morning, I said to Temple, 'Well, that's the largest Grant I ever saw from the Crown.'"

"Very good," said Wormwood, gravely. "I declare, Vincent, you are growing quite witty. You know Jekyl, of course? Poor fellow, what a really good punster he was—not agreeable

* It was from Mr. J. Smith that Lord Vincent purloined this pun.

though—particularly at dinner—no punsters are. Mr. Davison, what is that dish next to you?"

Mr. Davison was a great gourmand: "*Salmi de perdreaux aux truffes*," replied the political economist.

"Truffles!" said Wormwood, "have you been eating any?"

"Yea," said Davison, with unusual energy, "and they are the best I have tasted for a long time."

"Very likely," said Wormwood, with a dejected air. "I am particularly fond of them, but I dare not touch one—truffles are so very apoplectic—you, I make no doubt, may eat them in safety."

Wormwood was a tall, meagre man, with a neck a yard long. Davison was, as I have said, short and fat, and made without any apparent neck at all—only head and shoulders, like a cod fish.

Poor Mr. Davison turned perfectly white; he fidgeted about in his chair; cast a look of the most deadly fear and aversion at the fatal dish he had been so attentive to before; and, muttering "apoplectic!" closed his lips, and did not open them again all dinner time.

Mr. Wormwood's object was effected. Two people were silenced and uncomfortable, and a sort of mist hung over the spirits of the whole party. The dinner went on and off, like all other dinners; the ladies retired, and the men drank, and talked indecorums. Mr. Davison left the room first, in order to look out the word "truffle," in the Encyclopedia; and Lord Vincent and I went next, "lest (as my companion characteristically observed) that d——d Wormwood should, if we stayed a moment longer, 'send us weeping to our beds.'"

CHAPTER IV.

Oh! la belle chose que la Poste!
Lettres de Suéda.

Ay—but who is it?
At you like it.

I HAD mentioned to my mother my intended visit to Garrett Park, and the second day after my arrival there came the following letter:—

"MY DEAR HENRY,

"I was very glad to hear you were rather better than you had been. I trust you will take great care of yourself. I think flannel waistcoats might be advisable; and, by-the-by, they are very good for the complexion. Apropos of the complexion: I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you—you look best in black—which is a great compliment, for people must be very *distingué* in appearance, in order to do so.

"You know, my dear, that those Garretts are in themselves any thing but unexceptionable; you will, therefore, take care not to be *too* intimate; it is, however, a very good house; all you meet there are worth knowing, for one thing or the other. Remember, Henry, that the acquaintance (*not* the friends) of second or third-rate people are always sure to be good; they are not independent enough to receive whom they like—their whole rank is in their guests; you may be also sure that the *ménage* will, in outward appearance at least, be quite *comme il faut*, and for the same reason. Gain as

much knowledge *de l'art culinaire* as you can; it is an accomplishment absolutely necessary. You may also pick up a little acquaintance with metaphysics, if you have any opportunity; that sort of thing is a good deal talked about just at present.

"I hear Lady Roseville is at Garrett Park. You must be particularly attentive to her; you will probably now have an opportunity *de faire votre cour* that may never again happen. In London, she is so much surrounded by all, that she is quite inaccessible to one; besides, there you will have so many rivals. Without flattery to you, I take it for granted, that you are the best looking and most agreeable person at Garrett Park, and it will, therefore, be a most unpardonable fault if you do not make Lady Roseville of the same opinion. Nothing, my dear son, is like a *liaison* (quite innocent of course) with a woman of celebrity in the world. In marriage a man lowers a woman to his own rank; in an *affaire de cœur* he raises himself to her's. I need not, I am sure, after what I have said, press this point any further.

"Write to me, and inform me of all your proceedings. If you mention the people who are at Garrett Park, I can tell you the proper line of conduct to pursue with each.

"I am sure that I need not add that I have nothing but your real good at heart, and that I am your very affectionate mother,

"FRANCES PELHAM.

"P. S. Never talk much to young men—remember that it is the women who make a reputation in society."

"Well," said I, when I had read this letter, and adjusted my best curl, "my mother is very right, and so now for Lady Roseville."

I went down stairs to breakfast. Miss Trafford and Lady Nelthorpe were in the room talking with great interest, and, on Miss Trafford's part, with still greater vehemence.

"So handsome," said Lady Nelthorpe, as I approached.

"Are you talking of me?" said I.

"O, you vanity of vanities!" was the answer.

"No, we were speaking of a very romantic adventure which has happened to Miss Trafford and myself, and disputing about the hero of it. Miss Trafford declares he is frightful; I say that he is beautiful. Now, you know, Mr. Pelham, as to you——"

"There can be but one opinion—but the adventure!"

"Is this!" cried Miss Trafford, in great fright, lest Lady Nelthorpe should, by speaking first, have the pleasure of the narration.—"We were walking, two or three days ago, by the sea-side, picking up shells and talking about the 'Corsair,' when a large fierce——"

"Man!" interrupted I.

"No, *dog*," renewed Miss Trafford, "flew suddenly out of a cave, under a rock, and began growling at dear Lady Nelthorpe and me, in the most savage manner imaginable. He would certainly have torn us to pieces if a very tall——"

"Not so very tall either," said Lady Nelthorpe.

"Dear, how you interrupt one," said Miss Trafford, pettishly; "well, a very short man, then, wrapped up in a cloak——"

"In a great-coat," drawled Lady Nelthorpe.

Miss Trafford went on without noticing the emendation,—“had not with incredible rapidity sprung down the rock, and——”

“Called him off,” said Lady Nelthorpe.

“Yes, called him off,” pursued Miss Trafford, looking round for the necessary symptoms of our wonder at this very extraordinary incident.

“What is the most remarkable,” said Lady Nelthorpe, “is, that though he seemed from his dress and appearance to be really a gentleman, he never stayed to ask if we were alarmed or hurt—scarcely even looked at us——”

(“I don’t wonder at *that*!” said Mr. Wormwood, who, with Lord Vincent, had just entered the room.)

“—and vanished among the rocks as suddenly as he appeared.”

“Oh, you’ve seen that fellow, have you?” said Lord Vincent: “so have I, and a devilish queer looking person he is,—

“The balls of his broad eyes roll’d in his head,
And glared betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look’d a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o’er his eyebrows hung his matted hair.”

Well remembered, and better applied—eh, Mr. Pelham?”

“Really,” said I, “I am not able to judge of the application, since I have not seen the hero.”

“O! it’s admirable,” said Miss Trafford, “just the description I should have given of him in prose. But pray, where, when, and how did you see him?”

“Your question is religiously mysterious, *triz juncta in uno*,” replied Vincent; “but I will answer it with the simplicity of a Quaker. The other evening I was coming home from one of Sir Lionel’s preserves, and had sent the keeper on before, in order more undisturbedly to——”

“Con witticisms for dinner,” said Wormwood.

“To make out the meaning of Mr. Wormwood’s last work,” continued Lord Vincent. “My shortest way lay through that churchyard about a mile hence, which is such a lion in this ugly part of the country, because it has three thistles and a tree. Just as I got there, I saw a man suddenly rise from the earth, where he appeared to have been lying; he stood still for a moment, and then (evidently not perceiving me) raised his clasped hands to Heaven, and muttered some words I was not able distinctly to hear. As I approached nearer to him, which I did with no very pleasant sensations, a large black dog, which, till then, had remained *couchant*, sprang towards me with a loud growl,

“‘*Fonat hic de nare canum
Litra,*’

as Persius has it. I was too terrified to move—

“‘*Obstupui—steteruntque comæ—*’

and I should most infallibly have been converted into dog’s meat, if our mutual acquaintance had not started from his reverie, called his dog by the very appropriate name of Terror, and then, slouching his hat over his face, passed rapidly by me, dog and all. I did not recover the fright for an hour and a quarter. I walked—ye gods, how I *did* walk—no wonder, by-the-by, that I *mended* my pace, for, as Pliny says truly—

“‘*Timor est emendator asperitimes.*’”

J. Wormwood had been very impatient du-

ring this recital, preparing an attack upon Lord Vincent, when Mr. Davison, entering suddenly, diverted the assault.

“Good God!” said Wormwood, dropping his roll, “how very ill you look to-day, Mr. Davison; face flushed—veins swelled—O, those horrid truffles! Miss Trafford, I’ll trouble you for the salt.”

CHAPTER V.

Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

GEORGE WIRREMA.

—— It was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg’d
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy’d.
First Part of King Henry IV.

SEVERAL days passed. I had taken particular pains to ingratiate myself with Lady Roseville, and, so far as common acquaintance went, I had no reason to be dissatisfied with my success. Any thing else, I soon discovered, notwithstanding my vanity, (which made no inconsiderable part in the composition of Henry Pelham,) was quite out of the question. Her mind was wholly of a different mould from my own. She was like a being, not perhaps of a better, but of another world than myself; we had not one thought or opinion in common; we looked upon things with a totally different vision; I was soon convinced that she was of a nature exactly contrary to what was generally believed—she was any thing but the mere mechanical woman of the world. She possessed great sensibility, and even romance of temper, strong passions, and still stronger imagination; but over all these deeper recesses of her character, the extreme softness and languor of her manners threw a veil which no superficial observer could penetrate. There were times when I could believe that she was inwardly restless and unhappy; but she was too well versed in the arts of concealment, to suffer such an appearance to be more than momentary.

I must own that I consoled myself very easily for my want, in this particular instance, of that usual good fortune which attends me *auprès des dames*; the fact was, that I had another object in pursuit. All the men at Sir Lionel Garrett’s were keen sportsmen. Now, shooting is an amusement I was never particularly partial to. I was first disgusted with that species of rational recreation at a *battue*, where, instead of bagging any thing, I *was nearly bagged*, having been inserted, like wine in an ice pail, in a wet ditch for three hours, during which time my hat had been twice shot at for a pheasant, and my leather gaiters once for a hare; and to crown all, when these several mistakes were discovered, my intended exterminators, instead of apologizing for having shot at me, were quite disappointed at having missed.

Seriously, that same shooting is a most barbarous amusement, only fit for majors in the army, and royal dukes, and that sort of people; *the mere walking* is bad enough, but embarrassing one’s arms, moreover, with a gun, and one’s legs with turnip tops, exposing oneself to the mercy of bad shots and the atrocity of good, seems to me only a

state of painful fatigue, enlivened by the probability of being killed.

This digression is meant to signify, that I never joined the single men and double Mantons that went in and off among Sir Lionel Garrett's preserves. I used, instead, to take long walks by myself, and found, like virtue, my own reward in the additional health and strength these diurnal exertions produced me.

One morning, chance threw in my way a *bonne fortune*, which I took care to improve. From that time the family of a Farmer Sinclair (one of Sir Lionel's tenants) was alarmed by strange and supernatural noises: one apartment in especial, occupied by a female member of the household, was allowed, even by the clerk of the parish, a very bold man, and a bit of a skeptic, to be haunted; the windows of that chamber were wont to open and shut, thin airy voices confabulate therein, and dark shapes hover *thereout*, long after the fair occupant had, with the rest of the family, retired to repose. But the most unaccountable thing was the fatality which attended *me*, and seemed to mark me out for an untimely death. I, who had so carefully kept out of the way of gunpowder as a *sportsman*, very narrowly escaped being twice shot as a *ghost*. This was but a poor reward for a walk more than a mile long, in nights by no means of cloudless climes and starry skies; accordingly I resolved to "give up the ghost" in earnest rather than in metaphor, and to pay my last visit and adieus to the mansion of Farmer Sinclair. The night on which I executed this resolve was rather memorable in my future history.

The rain had fallen so heavily during the day, as to render the road to the house almost impassable, and when it was time to leave, I inquired with very considerable emotion, whether there was not an easier way to return. The answer was satisfactory, and my last nocturnal visit at Farmer Sinclair's concluded.

CHAPTER VI.

Why sleeps he not, when others are at rest?
BYRON.

ACCORDING to the explanation I had received, the road I was now to pursue was somewhat longer, but much better, than that which I generally took. It was to lead me home through the churchyard of ———, the same, by-the-by, which Lord Vincent had particularized in his anecdote of the mysterious stranger. The night was clear, but windy; there were a few light clouds passing rapidly over the moon, which was at her full, and shone through the frosty air, with all that cold and transparent brightness so peculiar to our northern winters. I walked briskly on till I came to the churchyard; I could not then help pausing (notwithstanding my total deficiency in all romance) to look for a few moments at the exceeding beauty of the scene around me. The church itself was extremely old, and stood alone and gray, in the rude simplicity of the earliest form of gothic architecture; two large dark yew trees drooped on each side over tombs, which, from their size and decorations, appeared to be the last possessions of some quondam lords of the soil. To the left, the ground was skirted by a thick and luxuriant copse of ever-

greens, in the front of which stood one tall, naked oak, stern and leafless, a very token of desolation and decay; there were but few gravestones scattered about, and these were, for the most part, hidden by the long wild grass which wreathed and climbed round them. Over all, the blue skies and still moon shed that solemn light, the effect of which, either on the scene or the feelings, it is so impossible to describe.

I was just about to renew my walk, when a tall, dark figure, wrapped up like myself, in a large French cloak, passed slowly along from the other side of the church, and paused by the copse I have before mentioned. I was shrouded at that moment from his sight by one of the yew trees; he stood still only for a few moments; he then flung himself upon the earth, and sobbed audibly, even at the spot where I was standing. I was in doubt whether to wait longer or to proceed; my way lay just by him, and it might be dangerous to interrupt so substantial an apparition. However, my curiosity was excited, and my feet were half frozen, two cogent reasons for proceeding; and, to say truth, I was never very much frightened by any thing dead or alive.

Accordingly I left my obscurity, and walked slowly onwards. I had not got above three paces before the figure arose, and stood erect and motionless before me. His hat had fallen off, and the moon shone full upon his countenance: it was not the wild expression of intense anguish which dwelt on those hueless and sunken features, nor their quick change to ferocity and defiance, as his eye fell upon me, which made me start back and feel my heart stand still! Notwithstanding the fearful ravages graven in that countenance, then so brilliant with the graces of boyhood, I recognised, at one glance, those still noble and chiselled features. It was Reginald Glanville who stood before me! I recovered myself instantly; I threw myself towards him, and called him by his name.

He turned hastily; but I would not suffer him to escape; I put my hand upon his arm, and drew him toward me. "Glanville!" I exclaimed, "it is I! it is your old—old friend, Henry Pelham. Good God! have I met you at last, and in such a scene?"

Glanville shook me from him in an instant, covered his face with his hands, and sank down with one wild cry, which went fearfully through that still place, upon the spot from which he had but just risen. I knelt beside him; I took his hand; I spoke to him in every endearing term that I could think of; and, roused and excited as my feelings were, by so strange and sudden a meeting, I felt my tears involuntarily falling over the hand which I held in my own. Glanville turned; he looked at me for one moment, as if fully to recognise me; and then, throwing himself in my arms, wept like a child.

It was but for a few minutes that this weakness lasted; he rose suddenly—the whole expression of his countenance was changed—the tears still rolled in large drops down his cheeks, but the proud, stern character which the features had assumed, seemed to deny the feelings which that feminine weakness had betrayed.

"Pelham," he said, "*you* have seen me thus; I had hoped that no living eye would—this is the last time in which I shall indulge this folly. God

bless you—we shall meet again—and this night shall then seem to you like a dream.”

I would have answered, but he turned swiftly, passed in one moment through the copse, and in the next had utterly disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

You reach a chilling chamber, where you dread Damps.—

CRANER'S BOROUGH.

I COULD not sleep the whole of that night, and the next morning I set off early, with the resolution of discovering where Glanville had taken up his abode; it was evident, from his having been so frequently seen, that it must be in the immediate neighbourhood.

I went first to Farmer Sinclair's; they had often remarked him, but could give me no other information. I then proceeded toward the coast; there was a small public house belonging to Sir Lionel close by the sea-shore; never had I seen a more bleak and dreary prospect than that which stretched for miles around this miserable *cabaret*. How an innkeeper could live there, is a mystery to me at this day—I should have imagined it a spot upon which any thing but a sea-gull or a Scotchman would have starved.

“Just the sort of place, however,” thought I, “to hear something of Glanville.” I went into the house; I inquired, and heard that a strange gentleman *had* been lodging for the last two or three weeks at a cottage about a mile further up the coast. Thither I bent my steps; and, after having met two crows, and one officer on the preventive service, I arrived safely at my new destination.

It was a house a little better, in outward appearance, than the wretched hut I had just left, for I observe, in all situations and in *all* houses, that “the public” is not too well served; but the situation was equally lonely and desolate. The house itself, which belonged to an individual, half fisherman and half smuggler, stood in a sort of bay, between two tall, rugged, black cliffs. Before the door hung various nets to dry beneath the genial warmth of a winter's sun; and a broken boat, with its keel uppermost, furnished an admirable habitation for a hen and her family, who appeared to receive *en pension* an old clerico-bachelor-looking raven. I cast a suspicious glance at the last mentioned personage, which hopped toward me with a very hostile appearance, and entered the threshold with a more rapid step, in consequence of sundry apprehensions of a premeditated assault.

“I understand,” said I, to an old, dried, brown female, who looked like a resuscitated red-herring, “that a gentleman is lodging here.”

“No, sir,” was the answer: “he left us this morning.”

The reply came upon me like a shower bath; I was both chilled and stunned by so unexpected a shock. The old woman, on my renewing my inquiries, took me up stairs, to a small, wretched room, to which the damps literally clung. In one corner was a flock-bed, still unmade, and opposite to it a three-legged stool, a chair, and an antique carved oak table, a donation, perhaps, from some squire in the neighbourhood; on this last were scattered fragments of writing paper, a cracked

cup half full of ink, a pen, and a broken ramrod. As I mechanically took up the latter, the woman said, in a charming *patois*, which I shall translate, since I cannot do justice to the original: “The gentleman, sir, said he came here for a few weeks to shoot; he brought a gun, a large dog, and a small portmanteau. He stayed nearly a month: he used to spend all the mornings in the fens, though he must have been but a poor shot, for he seldom brought home any thing; and we fear, sir, that he was rather out of his mind, for he used to go out alone at night, and stay sometimes till morning. However, he was quite quiet, and behaved *to us* like a gentleman; so it was no business of ours, only my husband does think——”

“Pray,” interrupted I, “why did he leave you so suddenly?”

“Lord, sir, I don't know! but he told us for several days past that he should not stay over the week, and so we were not surprised when he left us this morning at seven o'clock. Poor gentleman, my heart bled for him when I saw him look so pale and ill.”

And here I *did* see the good woman's eyes fill with tears: but she wiped them away, and took advantage of the additional persuasion they gave to her natural whine to say, “If, sir, you know of any young gentleman who likes fen-shooting, and wants a nice, pretty, quiet apartment——”

“I will certainly recommend this,” said I.

“You see it at present,” rejoined *the landlady*, “quite in a litter like; but it is really a sweet place in summer.”

“Charming,” said I, with a cold shiver, hurrying down the stairs, with a pain in my ear, and the rheumatism in my shoulder.

“And this,” thought I, “was Glanville's residence for nearly a month! I wonder he did not exhale into a vapour, or moisten into a green damp.”

I went home by the churchyard. I paused on the spot where I had last seen him. A small gravestone rose above the mound of earth on which he had thrown himself; it was perfectly simple. The date of the year and month (which showed that many weeks had not elapsed since the death of the deceased) and the initials G. D. were all that was engraved upon the stone. Beside this tomb was one of a more pompous description, to the memory of a Mrs. Douglas, which had with the simple tumulus nothing in common, unless the initial letter of the surname, corresponding with the latter initial on the neighbouring gravestone, might authorize any connexion between them, not supported by that similitude of style usually found in the cenotaphs of the same family: the one, indeed, might have covered the grave of an humble villager—the other, the resting-place of the lady of the manor.

I found, therefore, no clue for the labyrinth of surmise: and I went home, more vexed and disappointed with my day's expedition than I liked to acknowledge to myself.

Lord Vincent met me in the hall. “Delighted to see you,” said he, “I have just been to ——, (the nearest town,) in order to discover what sort of savages abide there. Great preparations for a ball—all the tallow candles in the town are bespoken—and I heard a most uncivilized fiddle,

“‘Twang short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.’

The one milliner's shop was full of fat squires,

buying muslin ammunition, to make the *ball go off*; and the attics, even at four o'clock, were thronged with rubicund damsels, who were already, as Shakspeare says of waves in a storm,

“Curling their monstrous heads.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Jusqu'au revoir le ciel vous tiendra tous en joie.
MOLIERE.

I was now pretty well tired of Garrett Park. Lady Roseville was going to H—, where I also had an invitation. Lord Vincent meditated an excursion to Paris. Mr. Davison had already departed. Miss Trafford had been gone, God knows how long, and I was not at all disposed to be left, like “the last rose of summer,” in single blessedness at Garrett Park. Vincent, Wormwood, and myself, all agreed to leave on the same day.

The morning of our departure arrived. We sat down to breakfast as usual. Lord Vincent's carriage was at the door, his groom was walking about his favourite saddle horse.

“A beautiful mare that is of yours,” said I, carelessly looking at it, and reaching across the table to help myself to the *pâté de foie gras*.

“Mare!” exclaimed the incorrigible punster, delighted with my mistake: “I thought that you would have been better acquainted with your *propria quæ maribus*.”

“Humph!” said Wormwood, “when I look at you I am always at least reminded of the ‘*as in presenti*!’”

Lord Vincent drew up and looked unutterable anger. Wormwood went on with his dry toast, and Lady Roseville, who that morning had, for a wonder, come down to breakfast, good naturedly took off the bear. Whether or not his ascetic nature was somewhat modified by the soft smiles and softer voice of the beautiful countess, I cannot pretend to say; but he certainly entered into a conversation with her, not much rougher than that of a less gifted individual might have been. They talked of literature, Lord Byron, conversations, and Lydia White.*

“Miss White,” said Lady Roseville, “has not only the best command of language herself, but she gives language to other people. Dinner parties, usually so stupid, are, at her house, quite delightful. I have actually seen English people look happy, and one or two even almost natural.”

“Ah!” said Wormwood, “that is indeed rare. With us every thing is assumption. We are still exactly like the English suitor to Portia, in the Merchant of Venice. We take our doublet from one country, our hose from another, and our behaviour every where. Fashion with us is like the man in one of Le Sage's novels, who was constantly changing his servants, and yet had but one suit of livery, which every new comer, whether he was tall or short, fat or thin, was obliged to wear. We adopt manners, however incongruous and ill-suited to our nature, and thus we always seem awkward and constrained. But Lydia White's *soirées* are indeed agreeable. I remember the last time I dined there, we were six in number,

and though we were not blessed with the company of Lord Vincent, the conversation was without ‘let or flaw.’ Every one, even S—, said good things.”

“Indeed!” cried Lord Vincent, “and pray, Mr. Wormwood, what did you say?”

“Why,” answered the poet, glancing with a significant sneer over Vincent's somewhat inelegant person, “I thought of your lordship's figure, and said—*grace*!”

“Hem—hem!—‘*Gratia malorum tam infida est quam ipsi*,’ as Pliny says,” muttered Lord Vincent, getting up hastily, and buttoning his coat.

I took the opportunity of the ensuing pause to approach Lady Roseville, and whisper my adieu. She was kind and even warm to me in returning them; and pressed me, with something marvelously like sincerity, to be sure to come and see her directly she returned to London. I soon discharged the duties of my remaining farewells, and in less than half an hour, was more than a mile distant from Garrett Park and its inhabitants. I can't say that for one, who, like me, is fond of being made a great deal of, there is any thing very delightful in those visits into the country. It may be all well enough for married people, who, from the mere fact of being married, are always entitled to certain consideration, put—*par exemple*—into a bed-room, a little larger than a dog-kennel, and accommodated with a looking-glass, that does not distort one's features like a paralytic stroke. But very single men suffer a plurality of evils and handicaps, in intrusting ourselves to the casualties of rural hospitality. We are thrust up into an attic repository—exposed to the mercy of rats, and the incursions of swallows. Our lavations are performed in a cracked basin, and we are so far removed from human assistance that our very bells sink into silence before they reach half-way down the stairs. But two days before I left Garrett Park, I myself saw an enormous mouse run away with my almond paste, without any possible means of resisting the aggression. O! the hardships of a single man are beyond conception; and what is worse, the very misfortune of being single deprives one of all sympathy. “A single man can do this, and a single man ought to do that, and a single man may be put here, and a single man may be sent there,” are maxims that I have been in the habit of hearing constantly inculcated and never disputed during my whole life; and so, from our fare and treatment being coarse in all matters, they have at last grown to be all matters in course.

CHAPTER IX.

Therefore to France.
HARRY IV.

I was rejoiced to find myself again in London. I went to my father's house in Grosvenor-square. All the family, viz. he and my mother, were down at H—; and, *malgré* my aversion to the country, I thought I might venture as far as Lady —'s for a couple of days. Accordingly, to H— I went. That is really a noble house—such a hall—such a gallery! I found my mother in the drawing-room, admiring the picture of his

* Written before the death of that lady.

late majesty. She was leaning on the arm of a tall, fair young man. "Henry," said she, (introducing me to him,) "do you remember your old school-fellow, Lord George Clinton?"

"Perfectly," said I, (though I remembered nothing about him,) and we shook hands in the most cordial manner imaginable. By-the-way, there is no greater bore than being called upon to recollect men, with whom one had been at school some ten years back. In the first place, if they were not in one's own set, one most likely scarcely knew them to speak to; and, in the second place, if they were in one's own set, they are sure to be entirely opposite to the nature we have since acquired: for I scarcely ever knew an instance of the companions of one's boyhood being agreeable to the tastes of one's manhood:—a strong proof of the folly of common people, who send their sons to Eton and Harrow to *form connexions*!

Clinton was on the eve of setting out upon his travels. His intention was to stay a year at Paris, and he was full of the blissful expectations the idea of that city had conjured up. We remained together all the evening, and took a prodigious fancy to one another. Long before I went to bed, he had perfectly inoculated me with his own ardour for continental adventures; and, indeed, I had half promised to accompany him. My mother, when I first told her of my travelling intentions, was in despair, but by degrees she grew reconciled to the idea.

"Your health will improve by a purer air," said she, "and your pronunciation of French is, at present, any thing but correct. Take care of yourself, therefore, my dear son, and pray lose no time in engaging Coulon as your *maitre de danse*."

My father gave me his blessing, and a check on his banker. Within three days I had arranged every thing with Clinton, and, on the fourth, I returned with him to London. From thence we set off to Dover—embarked—dined, for the first time in our lives, on French ground—were astonished to find so little difference between the two countries, and still more so at hearing even the little children talk French so well*—proceeded to Abbeville—there poor Clinton fell ill: for several days we were delayed in that abominable town, and then Clinton, by the advice of the doctors, returned to England. I went back with him as far as Dover, and then, impatient at my loss of time, took no rest, night or day, till I found myself at Paris.

Young, well-born, tolerably good-looking, and never utterly destitute of money, nor grudging whatever enjoyment it could procure, I entered Paris with the ability and the resolution to make the best of those *beaux jours* which so rapidly glide from our possession.

CHAPTER X.

Seest thou how gayly my young maister goes?
BISHOP HALL'S *Satires*.

Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu'il croit.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

I lost no time in presenting my letters of introduction, and they were as quickly acknowledged

* See Addison's Travels for this idea.

by invitations to balls and dinners. Paris was full to excess, and of a better description of English than those who usually overflow that reservoir of the world. My first engagement was to dine with Lord and Lady Bennington, who were among the very few English intimate in the best French houses.

On entering Paris I had resolved to set up "*a character*;" for I was always of an ambitious nature, and desirous of being distinguished from the ordinary herd. After various cogitations as to the particular one I should assume, I thought nothing appeared more likely to be remarkable among men, and therefore pleasing to women, than an egregious coxcomb: accordingly I arranged my hair into ringlets, dressed myself with singular plainness and simplicity, (a low person, by-the-by, would have done just the contrary,) and, putting on an air of exceeding languor, made my maiden appearance at Lord Bennington's. The party was small, and equally divided between French and English: the former had been all emigrants, and the conversation was chiefly in our own tongue.

I was placed, at dinner, next to Miss Paulding, an elderly young lady, of some notoriety at Paris, very clever, very talkative, and very conceited. A young, pale, ill-natured looking man, sat on her left hand; this was Mr. Aberton, one of the *attachés*.

"Dear me!" said Miss Paulding, "what a pretty chain that is of yours, Mr. Aberton."

"Yea," said the *attaché*, "I know it must be pretty, for I got it at Breguet's, with the watch." (How common people always buy their opinions with their goods, and regulate the height of the former by the mere price or fashion of the latter!)

"Pray, Mr. Pelham," said Miss Paulding, turning to me, "have you got one of Breguet's watches yet?"

"Watch!" said I: "do you think I could ever wear a watch? I know nothing so plebeian. What can any one, but a man of business, who has nine hours for his counting-house and one for his dinner, ever possibly want to know the time for? 'An assignation,' you will say: true, but—if a man is worth having, he is surely worth waiting for!"

Miss Paulding opened her eyes, and Mr. Aberton his mouth. A pretty lively French woman opposite (Madame D'Anville) laughed, and immediately joined in our conversation, which, on my part, was, during the whole dinner, kept up exactly in the same strain.

Madame D'Anville was delighted, and Miss Paulding astonished. Mr. Aberton muttered to a fat, foolish Lord Luscombe, "What a damnation puppy!"—and every one, even to old Madame de G——s seemed to consider me impertinent enough to become the rage!

As for me, I was perfectly satisfied with the effect I had produced, and I went away the first, in order to give the men an opportunity of abusing me; for whenever the men abuse, the women, to support alike their coquetry and the conversation, think themselves called upon to defend.

The next day I rode into the Champs Elysées. I always valued myself particularly upon my riding, and my horse was both the most fiery and the most beautiful in Paris. The first person I saw was Madame D'Anville. At that moment I was reining in my horse, and conscious as the

wind waved my long curls, that I was looking to the very best advantage, I made my horse bound towards her carriage, (which she immediately stopped,) and made at once my salutations and my court.

"I am going," said she, "to the Duchesse D——'s this evening—it is *her* night—do come."

"I don't know her," said I.

"Tell me your hotel, and I'll send you an invitation before dinner," rejoined Madame D'Anville.

"I lodge," said I, "at the Hôtel de ———, Rue de Rivoli, *au second* at present; next year, I suppose, according to the usual gradations in the life of a *garçon*, I shall be *au troisième*: for here the purse and the person seem to be playing at see-saw—the latter rises as the former descends."

We went on conversing for about a quarter of an hour, in which I endeavoured to make the pretty Frenchwoman believe that all the good opinion I possessed of myself the day before, I had that morning entirely transferred to her account.

As I rode home I met Mr. Aberton, with three or four other men; with that glaring good-breeding, so peculiar to the English, he instantly directed their eyes towards me in one mingled and concentrated stare. "*N'importe*," thought I, "they must be devilish clever fellows if they can find a single fault either in my horse or myself."

CHAPTER XI.

Lo! what a group the motley scene discloses,
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses.
GOLDENRITH'S *Epilogue to the Comedy of the Sisters*.

MADAME D'ANVILLE kept her promise—the invitation was duly sent, and accordingly, at half past ten, to the Rue d'Anjou I drove.

The rooms were already full. Lord Bennington was standing by the door, and close by him, looking exceedingly *distracted*, was my old friend Lord Vincent. They both came towards me at the same moment. "Strive not," thought I, looking at the stately demeanour of the one, and the humorous expression of countenance in the other—"strive not, Tragedy nor Comedy, to engross a Garrick." I spoke first to Lord Bennington, for I knew he would be the sooner despatched, and then for the next quarter of an hour found myself overflowed with all the witticisms poor Lord Vincent had for days been obliged to retain. I made an engagement to dine with him at Véry's the next day, and then glided off towards Madame D'Anville.

She was surrounded with men, and talking to each with that vivacity which, in a Frenchwoman, is so graceful, and in an Englishwoman would be so vulgar. Though her eyes were not directed towards me, she saw me approach by that instinctive perception which all coquettes possess, and suddenly altering her seat, made way for me beside her. I did not lose so favourable an opportunity of gaining her good graces, and losing those of all the male animals around her. I sank down on the vacant chair, and contrived, with the most unabashed effrontery, and yet with the most consummate dexterity, to make every thing that I said pleasing to

her, revolting to some one of her attendants. Wormwood himself could not have succeeded better. One by one they dropped off, and we were left alone among the crowd. Then, indeed, I changed the whole tone of my conversation. Sentiment succeeded to satire, and the pretence of feeling to that of affectation. In short, I was so resolved to please that I could scarcely fail to succeed.

In this main object of the evening I was not however solely employed. I should have been very undeserving of that character for observation which I flatter myself I peculiarly deserve, if I had not, during the three hours I stayed at Madame D——'s, conned over every person remarkable for any thing, from rank to a riband. The duchesse herself was a fair, pretty, clever woman, with manners rather English than French. She was leaning, at the time I paid my respects to her, on the arm of an Italian count, tolerably well known at Paris. Poor O——i! I hear he is since married. He did not deserve so heavy a calamity!

Sir Henry Millington was close by her, carefully packed up in his coat and waistcoat. Certainly, that man is the best padder in Europe.

"Come and sit by me, Millington," cried old Lady Oldtown; "I have a good story to tell you of the Duc de G——e."

Sir Henry, with difficulty, turned round his magnificent head, and muttered out some unintelligible excuse. The fact was, that poor Sir Henry was not that evening *made* to sit down—he had only his *standing up* coat on! Lady Oldtown—heavens knows—is easily consoled. She supplied the place of the dilapidated baronet with a most superbly mustachioed German.

"Who," said I, to Madame D'Anville, "are those pretty girls in white, talking with such eagerness to Mr. Aberton and Lord Luscombe?"

"What!" said the Frenchwoman, "have you been ten days in Paris and not been introduced to the Miss Carltons? Let me tell you that your reputation among your countrymen at Paris depends solely upon their verdict."

"And upon your favour," added I.

"Ah!" said she, "you *must* have had your origin in France; you have something about you *presque Parisien*."

"Pray," said I, (after having duly acknowledged this compliment, the very highest that a Frenchwoman can bestow,) "what did you really and candidly think of our countrymen during your residence in England?"

"I will tell you," answered Madame D'Anville; "they are brave, honest, generous, *mais ils sont demi-barbares*!"

CHAPTER XII.

——— *Pia mater,*
Plus quam se sapere, et virtutibus esse priorem
Vult, et ait prope vera.

HOR. SAT.

——— *Vere mihi festus atras*
Eximet curas.

HOR. OD.

THE next morning I received a letter from my mother.

"My dear Henry," began my affectionate and incomparable parent—

"MY DEAR HENRY,

"You have now fairly entered the world, and though at your age my advice may be but little followed, my experience cannot altogether be useless. I shall, therefore, make no apology for a few precepts, which I trust may tend to make you a wiser and better man.

"I hope, in the first place, that you have left your letter at the ambassador's, and that you will not fail to go there as often as possible. Pay your court in particular to Lady ——. She is a charming person, universally popular, and one of the very few English people to whom one may safely be civil. Apropos of English civility, you have, I hope, by this time discovered that you have to assume a very different manner with French people from that with our own countrymen: with us, the least appearance of feeling or enthusiasm is certain to be ridiculed everywhere; but in France, you may venture to seem not quite devoid of all natural sentiments: indeed, if you affect enthusiasm, they will give you credit for genius, and they will place all the qualities of the heart to the account of the head. You know that in England, if you seem desirous of a person's acquaintance, you are sure to lose it: they imagine you have some design upon their wives or their dinners; but in France you can never lose by politeness: nobody will call your civility forwardness and pushing. If the Princesse de T—— and the Duchesse de D—— ask you to their houses, (which indeed they will, directly you have left your letters,) go there two or three times a week, if only for a few minutes in the evening. It is very hard to be *acquainted* with great French people, but *when* you are, it is your own fault if you are not *intimate* with them.

"Most English people have a kind of diffidence and scruple at calling in the evening—this is perfectly misplaced: the French are never ashamed of themselves, like us, whose persons, families, and houses are never fit to be seen, unless they are dressed out for a party.

"Don't imagine that the ease of French manners is at all like what we call ease: you must not lounge on your chair—nor put your feet upon a stool—nor forget yourself for one single moment when you are talking with women.

"You have heard a great deal about the gallantries of the French ladies; but remember that they demand infinitely greater attention than English women do; and that after a month's incessant devotion, you may lose every thing by a moment's *impolitesse*.

"You will not, my dear son, misinterpret these hints. I suppose, of course, that all your *liaisons* are platonic.

"Your father is laid up with the gout, and dreadfully ill-tempered and peevish; however, I keep out of the way as much as possible. I dined yesterday at Lady Roseville's: she praised you very much, said your manners were particularly good, and that no one, if he pleased, could be at once so brilliantly original, yet so completely *bon ton*. Lord Vincent is, I understand, at Paris: though very tiresome with his learning and Latin, he is exceedingly clever and *répandu*; be sure to cultivate his acquaintance.

"If you are ever at a loss as to the individual character of a person you wish to gain, the general knowledge of human nature will teach you one infallible specific,—*flattery*! The quantity and

quality may vary according to the exact niceties of art; but, in any quantity and in any quality, it is more or less acceptable, and therefore certain to please. Only never (or at least very rarely) flatter when other people, besides the one to be flattered, are by; in that case you offend the rest, and you make even your intended dupe ashamed to be pleased.

"In general, weak minds think only of others, and yet seem only occupied with themselves; *you*, on the contrary, must appear wholly engrossed with those about you, and yet never have a single idea which does not terminate in yourself: a fool, my dear Henry, flatters himself—a wise man flatters the fool.

"God bless you, my dear child, take care of your health—don't forget Coulon; and believe me your most affectionate mother,

"F. P."

By the time I had read this letter, and dressed myself for the evening, Vincent's carriage was at the door. I hate the affectation of keeping people waiting, and went down so quickly that I met his facetious lordship upon the stairs. "Devilish windy," said I, as we were getting into the carriage.

"Yes," said Vincent; "but the moral Horace reminds us of our remedies as well as our misfortune—

"*Jam galeam Pallas, et segida,
Currusque—para!*"

viz.: 'Providence that prepares the gale, gives us also a great-coat and a carriage.'

We were not long driving to the *Palais Royal*. Véry's was crowded to excess—"A very low set!" said Lord Vincent, (who, being half a liberal, is of course a thorough aristocrat,) looking round at the various English who occupied the apartment.

There was, indeed, a motley congregation; country esquires; extracts from the Universities; half-pay officers; city clerks in frogged coats and mustachios; two or three of a better looking description, but in reality half swindlers, half gentlemen: all, in short, fit specimens of that wandering tribe, which spread over the continent the renown and the ridicule of good old England.

"*Garçon, garçon,*" cried a stout gentleman, who made one of three at the table next to us, "*Donnez-nous une sole frite pour un, et des pommes de terre pour trois!*"

"Humph!" said Lord Vincent; "fine ideas of English taste these *garçons* must entertain; men who prefer fried soles and potatoes to the various delicacies they can command here, might, by the same perversion of taste, prefer Bloomfield's poems to Byron's. Delicate taste depends solely upon the physical construction; and a man who has it not in cookery, must want it in literature. *Fried sole and potatoes!* If I had written a volume, whose merit was in elegance, I would not show it to such a man!—but he might be an admirable critic upon 'Cobbett's Register,' or 'Every Man his own Brewer.'"

"Excessively true," said I; "what shall we order?"

"*D'abord des huîtres d'Ostende,*" said Vincent; "as to the rest," taking hold of the carte, "*deliberare utilia mora utilissima est.*"

We were soon engaged in all the pleasures and pains of a dinner

"*Petimus*, said Lord Vincent, helping himself to some poulet à l'Austerlitz, "*petimus bene risere,—quod petis, hic est?*"

We were not, however, assured of that fact at the termination of dinner. If half the dishes were well conceived and better executed, the other half were proportionably bad. Véry is, indeed, no longer the prince of restaurateurs. The low English who have flocked thither, have entirely ruined the place. What waiter—what cook can possibly respect men who take no soup, and begin with a *rôti*; who know neither what is good nor what is bad; who eat *rogons* at dinner instead of at breakfast, and fall into raptures over *sauce Robert* and *pieds de cochon*; who cannot tell, at the first taste, whether the beaune is *première qualité*, or the *fricassée* made of yesterday's chicken; who suffer in the stomach after a *champignon*, and die with indigestion of a *truffle*? O! English people, English people! why can you not stay and perish of apoplexy and Yorkshire pudding at home?

By the time we had drunk our coffee it was considerably past nine o'clock, and Vincent had business at the ambassador's before ten; we therefore parted for the night.

"What do you think of Véry's?" said I, as we were at the door.

"Why," replied Vincent, "when I recall the astonishing heat of the place, which has almost sent me to sleep; the exceeding number of times in which that *bécasse* had been re-roasted, and the extortionate length of our bills, I say of Véry's, what Hamlet said of the world, '*Weary, stale, and unprofitable!*'"

CHAPTER XIII.

I would fight with broad swords, and sink point on the first blood drawn like a gentleman's.

The Chronicles of the Canongate.

I STROLLED idly along the Palais Royal (which English people, in some silly proverb, call the capital of Paris, whereas no French man of any rank, nor French woman of any respectability, are ever seen in its promenades) till, being somewhat curious to enter some of the smaller *cafés*, I went into one of the meanest of them, took up a *Journal des Spectacles*, and called for some lemonade. At the next table to me sat two or three Frenchmen, evidently of inferior rank, and talking very loudly over *L'Angleterre et les Anglais*. Their attention was soon fixed upon me.

Have you ever observed that if people are disposed to think ill of you, nothing so soon determines them to do so as any act of yours, which, however innocent and inoffensive, differs from their ordinary habits and customs? No sooner had my lemonade made its appearance, than I perceived an increased sensation among my neighbours of the next table. In the first place, lemonade is not much drunk, as you may suppose, among the French in winter; and in the second, my beverage had an appearance of ostentation, from being one of the dearest articles I could have called for. Unhappily I dropped my newspaper—it fell under the Frenchmen's table; instead of calling the *garçon*, I was foolish enough to stoop for it myself. It was exactly under the feet of one of the Frenchmen; I asked him, with the greatest civility, to move; he made no reply. I could, not for the life of me, refrain from giving

him a slight, very slight push; the next moment he moved in good earnest; the whole party sprang up as he set the example. The offended leg gave three terrific stamps upon the ground, and I was immediately assailed by a whole volley of unintelligible abuse. At that time I was very little accustomed to French vehemence, and perfectly unable to reply to the vituperations I received.

Instead of answering them, I therefore deliberated what was best to be done. If, thought I, I walk away, they will think me a coward, and insult me in the streets; if I challenge them, I shall have to fight with men probably no better than shop-keepers; if I strike this most noisy amongst them, he *may* be silenced, or he *may* demand satisfaction; if the former, well and good; if the latter, why I shall have a better excuse for fighting him than I should have now.

My resolution was therefore taken. I was never more free from passion in my life, and it was, therefore, with the utmost calmness and composure that, in the midst of my antagonist's harangue, I raised my hand and—quietly knocked him down.

He rose in a moment. "*Sortons*," said he, in a low tone, "a Frenchman never forgives a blow!"

At that moment, an Englishman, who had been sitting unnoticed in an obscure corner of the *café*, came up and took me aside.

"Sir," said he, "don't think of fighting the man; he is a tradesman in the *Rue St. Honoré*. I myself have seen him behind the counter; remember that '*a ram may kill a butcher.*'"

"Sir," I replied, "I thank you a thousand times for your information. Fight, however, I must, and I'll give you, like the Irishman, my reasons afterwards: perhaps you will be my second?"

"With pleasure," said the Englishman, (a Frenchman would have said, "*with pain!*")

We left the *café* together. My countryman asked them if he should go to the gunsmith's for the pistols.

"Pistols!" said the Frenchman's second: "we will only fight with swords."

"No, no," said my new friend. "*On ne prend pas le lièvre au tabourin.*" We are the challenged, and therefore have the choice of weapons."

Luckily I overheard this dispute, and called to my second—"Swords or pistols," said I; "it is quite the same to me. I am not bad at either, only do make haste."

Swords, then, were chosen, and soon procured. Frenchmen never grow cool upon their quarrels: and as it was a fine, clear, starlight night, we went forthwith to the *Bois de Boulogne*. We fixed our ground on a spot tolerably retired, and, I should think, pretty often frequented for the same purpose. I was exceedingly confident, for I knew myself to have few equals in the art of fencing; and I had all the advantage of coolness, which my hero was a great deal too much in earnest to possess. We joined swords, and in a very few moments I discovered that my opponent's life was at my disposal.

"*C'est bien*," thought I; "for once I'll behave handsomely."

The Frenchman made a desperate lunge. I struck his sword from his hand, caught it instantly, and, presenting it to him again, said—

"I think myself peculiarly fortunate that I may now apologize for the affront I have put upon you. Will you permit my sincerest apologies to suffice?"

A man who can so well resent an injury, can forgive one."

Was there ever a Frenchman not taken by a fine phrase? My hero received the sword with a low bow—the tears came into his eyes.

"Sir," said he, "you have *twice* conquered."

We left the spot with the greatest amity and affection, and re-entered, with a profusion of bows, our several *fiacres*.

"Let me," I said, when I found myself alone with my second, "let me thank you most cordially for your assistance; and allow me to cultivate an acquaintance so singularly begun. I lodge at the *Hotel de ———, Rue de Rivoli*; my name is Pelham. Yours is——"

"Thornton," replied my countryman. "I will lose no time in profiting by an offer of acquaintance which does me so much honour."

With these and various other fine speeches, we employed the time till I was set down at my hotel; and my companion, drawing his cloak round him, departed on foot, to fulfil (he said with a mysterious air) a certain assignation in the *Faubourg St. Germain*.

I said to Mr. Thornton, that I would give him my reasons for fighting *after* I had fought. As I do not remember that I ever did, and as I am very unwilling that they should be lost, I am now going to bestow them on the reader. It is true that I fought a tradesman. His rank in life made such an action perfectly gratuitous on my part, and to many people perhaps perfectly unpardonable. The following was, however, my view of the question: in striking him I had placed myself on *his* level; if I did so in order to insult him, I had a right also to do it in order to give him the only atonement in my power: had the insult come solely from him, I might then, with some justice, have intrenched myself in my superiority of rank—contempt would have been as optional as revenge: but I had left myself no alternative in being the aggressor, for if my birth was to preserve me from redressing an injury, it was also to preserve me from committing one. I confess, that the thing would have been wholly different, had it been an English, instead of a French, man; and this, because of the different view of the nature and importance of the affront, which the Englishman would take. No English tradesman has an idea of the law of arms,—a blow can be *returned*,—or it *can be paid for*.

But in France, neither a *set-to*, nor an action for assault, would repay the generality of any class removed from the poverty of the *bas peuple*, for so great and inexcusable an affront. In all countries it is the feelings of the *generality* of people, that courtesy, which is the essence of honour, obliges one to consult. As in England I should, therefore, have paid, so in France I fought.

If it be said that a French gentleman would not have been equally condescending to a French tradesman, I answer that the former would never have perpetrated the only insult for which the latter might think there could be only one atonement. Besides, even if this objection held good, there is a difference between the duties of a native and a stranger. In receiving the advantages of a foreign country, one ought to be doubly careful not to give offence, and it is therefore doubly incumbent upon us to redress it when given. To the feelings of the person I had offended, there was but one redress. Who can blame me if I granted it?

CHAPTER XIV.

Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis haberet et fellis, nec candoris minus.

PLINY.

I do not know a more difficult character to describe than Lord Vincent's. Did I imitate certain writers, who think that the whole art of portraying individual character is to seize hold of some prominent peculiarity, and to introduce this distinguishing trait in all times and in all scenes, the difficulty would be removed. I should only have to present to the reader a man, whose conversation was nothing but alternate jest and quotation—a due union of Yorick and Partridge. This would, however, be rendering great injustice to the character I wish to delineate. There were times when Vincent was earnestly engrossed in discussion in which a jest rarely escaped him, and quotation was introduced only as a serious illustration, not as a humorous peculiarity. He possessed great miscellaneous erudition, and a memory perfectly surprising for its fidelity and extent. He was a severe critic, and had a peculiar art of quoting from each author he reviewed, some part that particularly told against him. Like most men, in the theory of philosophy he was tolerably rigid; in its practice more than tolerably loose. By his tenets you would have considered him a very Cato for stubbornness and sternness: yet was he a very child in his concession to the whim of the moment. Fond of meditation and research, he was still fonder of mirth and amusement; and while he was among the most instructive, he was also the boonest of companions. When alone with me, or with men whom he imagined like me, his pedantry (for more or less, he always *was* pedantic) took only a jocular tone; with the *savant* or the *bel esprit*, it became grave, searching, and sarcastic. He was rather a contradictor than a favourer of ordinary opinions: and this, perhaps, led him not unoften into paradox: yet was there much soundness, even in his most vehement notions, and the strength of mind which made him think only for himself, was visible in all the productions it created. I have hitherto only given his conversation in one of its moods; henceforth I shall be just enough occasionally to be dull, and to present it sometimes to the reader in a graver tone.

Buried deep beneath the surface of his character, was a hidden, yet a restless ambition: but this was perhaps, at present, a secret even to himself. We know not our own characters till time teaches us self-knowledge: if we are *wise*, we may thank ourselves; if we are *great*, we must thank fortune.

It was this insight into Vincent's nature which drew us closer together. I recognised in the man, who as yet was playing a part, a resemblance to myself, while he, perhaps, saw at times that I was somewhat better than the voluptuary, and somewhat wiser than the coxcomb, which were all that at present it suited me to appear.

In person, Vincent was short and ungracefully formed—but his countenance was singularly fine. His eyes were dark, bright, and penetrating, and his forehead (high and thoughtful) corrected the playful smile of his mouth, which might otherwise have given to his features too great an expression of levity. He was not positively ill dressed, yet he paid no attention to any external

art, except cleanliness. His usual garb was a brown coat, much too large for him, a coloured neckcloth, a spotted waistcoat, gray trousers, and short gaiters: add to these gloves of most unsullied doeskin, and a curiously thick cane, and the portrait is complete.

In manners, he was civil, or rude, familiar, or distant, just as the whim seized him; never was there any address less common, and less artificial. What a rare gift, by-the-by, is that of manners! how difficult to define—how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them, than wealth, beauty, or even talent, if it fall short of genius—they will more than supply all. No attention is too minute, no labour too exaggerated, which tends to perfect them. He who enjoys their advantages in the highest degree; viz. he who can please, penetrate, persuade, as the object may require, possesses the subtlest secret of the diplomatist and the statesman, and wants nothing but opportunity to become “*great*.”

CHAPTER XV.

Le plaisir de la société entre les amis se cultive par une ressemblance de goût sur ce qui regarde les mœurs, et par quelque différence d'opinions sur les sciences; par là ou l'on s'affermirait dans ses sentiments, ou l'on s'exerce et l'on s'instruit par la dispute. LA BRUYÈRE.

THERE was a party at Monsieur de V——e's, to which Vincent and myself were the only Englishmen invited: accordingly, as the Hotel de V. was in the same street as my hotel, we dined together at my rooms, and walked from thence to the minister's house.

The party was as stiff and formal as such assemblages invariably are, and we were both delighted when we espied Monsieur d'A——, a man of much conversational talent, and some celebrity as an ultra writer, forming a little group in one corner of the room.

We took advantage of our acquaintance with the urbane Frenchman to join his party; the conversation turned almost entirely on literary subjects. Allusion being made to Schlegel's History of Literature, and the severity with which he speaks of Helvetius, and the philosophers of his school, we began to discuss what harm the free-thinkers in philosophy had effected.

“For my part,” said Vincent, “I am not able to divine why we are supposed, in works where there is much truth, and little falsehood, much good, and a little evil, to see only the evil and the falsehood, to the utter exclusion of the truth and the good. All men whose minds are sufficiently laborious or acute to love the reading of metaphysical inquiries, will by the *same* labour and acuteness separate the chaff from the corn—the false from the true. It is the young, the light, the superficial who are easily misled by error, and incapable of discerning its fallacy; but tell me if it is the light, the young, the superficial, who are in the habit of reading the abstruse and subtle speculations of the philosopher. No, no! believe me that it is *the very studies Monsieur Schlegel recommends*, which do harm to morality and virtue; it is *the study of literature itself*, the play, the poem, the novel, which all minds, however frivolous, can enjoy and understand, that constitute the real foes of religion and moral improvement.”

“*Ma foi*,” cried Monsieur de G., (who was a little writer, and a great reader, of romances,) “why, you would not deprive us of the politer literature—you would not bid us shut up our novels, and burn our theatres!”

“Certainly not!” replied Vincent; “and it is in this particular that I differ from certain modern philosophers of our own country, for whom, for the most part, I entertain the highest veneration. I would not deprive life of a single grace, or a single enjoyment, but I would counteract whatever is pernicious in whatever is elegant; if among my flowers there is a snake, I would not root up my flowers, I would kill the snake. Thus, who are they that derive from fiction and literature a prejudicial effect? We have seen already—the light and superficial;—*but* who are they that derive profit from them?—they who enjoy well regulated and discerning minds; who pleasure?—*all mankind*! Would it not therefore be better, instead of depriving some of profit, and all of pleasure, by banishing poetry and fiction from our Utopia, to correct the minds which find evil, where, if they were properly instructed, they would find good? Whether we agree with Helvetius, that all men are born with an equal capacity of improvement, or merely go the length with all other metaphysicians, that education can improve the human mind to an extent yet incalculable, it must be quite clear, that we can give sound views, instead of fallacies, and make common truths as easy to discern and adopt as common errors. But if we effect this, which we all allow is so easy, with our children; if we strengthen their minds, instead of weakening them, and clear their vision, rather than confuse it, from that moment, we remove the prejudicial effects of fiction; and just as we have taught them to use a knife, without cutting their fingers, we teach them to make use of fiction without perverting it to their prejudice. *What philosopher* was ever hurt by reading the novels of L***, or seeing the comedies of Molière? You understand me, then, Monsieur de G.: I do, it is true, think that polite literature (as it is termed) is prejudicial to the superficial, but, for that reason, I would not do away with the literature, I would do away with the superficial.”

“I deny,” said M. d'A——, “that this is so easy a task—you cannot make all *men* wise.”

“No,” replied Vincent; “but you can all *children*, at least to a certain extent. Since you cannot deny the prodigious effects of education, you *must* allow that they will, at least, give common sense; for if they cannot do this, they can do nothing. Now common sense is all that is necessary to distinguish what is good and evil, whether it be in life or in books: but then your education must not be that of public teaching and private fooling; you must not counteract the effects of common sense by instilling prejudice, or encouraging weakness: your education may not be carried to the utmost goal, but as far as it does go, you must see that the road is clear. Now, for instance, with regard to fiction, you must not first, as is done in all modern education, admit the disease, and then dose with warm water to expel it; you must not put fiction into your child's hands, and not give him a single principle to guide his judgment respecting it, till his mind has got wedded to the poison, and too weak, by its

long use, to digest the antidote. No; first fortify his intellect by reason, and you may then please his fancy by fiction. Do not excite his imagination with love and glory, till you can instruct his judgment as to what love and glory are. Teach him, in short, to *reflect*, before you permit him full indulgence to *imagine*."

Here there was a pause. Monsieur d'A—— looked very ill-pleased, and poor Monsieur de G—— thought that somehow or other his romance writing was called into question. In order to soothe them, I introduced some subject which permitted a little national flattery; the conversation then turned insensibly on the character of the French people.

"Never," said Vincent, "has there been a character more often described—never one less understood. You have been termed superficial. I think, of all people, that you least deserve the accusation. With regard to the *few*, your philosophers, your mathematicians, your men of science, are consulted by those of other nations, as some of their profoundest authorities. With regard to the *many*, the charge is still more unfounded. Compare your mob, whether of gentlemen or plebeians, to those of Germany, Italy—even England—and I own, in spite of my national prepossessions, that the comparison is infinitely in your favour. The country gentleman, the lawyer, the *petit maitre* of England, are proverbially inane and ill-informed. With you, the classes of society that answer to those respective grades, have much information in literature, and often not a little in science. In like manner, your tradesmen, and your servants, are, beyond all measure, of larger, better cultivated, and less prejudiced minds than those ranks in England. The fact is, that *all* with you pretend to be *savans*, and this is the chief reason why you have been censured as shallow. We see your fine gentleman, or your *petit bourgeois*, give himself the airs of a critic or a philosopher; and because he is neither a Scaliger nor a Newton, we forget that he is *only* the *bourgeois* or the *petit maitre*, and brand all your philosophers and critics with the censure of superficiality, which this shallow individual of a shallow order may justly have deserved. We, the English, it is true, do not expose ourselves thus: our dandies, our tradesmen, do not vent second-rate philosophy on the human mind, nor on *les beaux arts*: but why is this? Not because they are better informed than their correspondent ciphers in France, but because they are much worse informed; not because they can say a great deal more on the subject, but because they can say nothing at all."

"You do us more than justice," said Monsieur d'A——, "in this instance: are you disposed to do us justice in another? It is a favourite propensity of your countrymen to accuse us of heartlessness and want of feeling. Think you that this accusation is deserved?"

"By no means," replied Vincent. "The same cause that brought on you the erroneous censure we have before mentioned, appears to me also to have created this; viz. a sort of *Palais Royal* vanity, common to all your nation, which induces you to make as much display at the shop window as possible. You show great cordiality, and even enthusiasm, to strangers; you turn your back on them—you forget them. 'How heartless!' cry we. Not at all! The English show no cordiality,

no enthusiasm to strangers, it is true: but they equally turn their backs on them, and equally forget them! The only respect, therefore, in which they differ from you, is the previous kindness: now if we are to receive strangers, I can really see no reason why we are not to be as civil to them as possible; and so far from imputing the desire to please them to a bad heart, I think it a thousand times more amiable and benevolent than telling them, *à l'Anglaise*, by your morosity and reserve, that you do not care a pin what becomes of them. If I am only to walk a mile with a man, why should I not make that mile as pleasant to him as I can: or why, above all, if I choose to be sulky, and tell him to go and be d—d, am I to swell out my chest, colour with conscious virtue, and cry, See what a good heart I have! Ah, Monsieur d'A——, since benevolence is inseparable from all morality, it must be clear that there is a benevolence in little things as well as in great, and that he who strives to make his fellow creatures happy, though only for an instant, is a much better man than he who is indifferent to, or (what is worse) despises it. Nor do I, to say truth, see that kindness to an acquaintance is at all destructive to sincerity to a friend: on the contrary, I have yet to learn, that you are (according to the customs of your country) worse friends, worse husbands, or worse fathers than we are!"

"What!" cried I, "you forget yourself, Vincent. How can the private virtues be cultivated without a coal fire? Is not domestic affection a synonymous term with *domestic hearth*? and where do you find either, except in honest old England?"

"True," replied Vincent; "and it is certainly impossible for a father and his family to be as fond of each other on a bright day in the *Tuileries*, or at *Versailles*, with music and dancing, and fresh air, as they would be in a back parlour, by a smoky hearth, occupied entirely by *le bon père, et la bonne mère*; while the poor little children sit at the other end of the table, whispering and shivering, debarred the vent of all natural spirits, for fear of making a noise; and strangely uniting the idea of the domestic hearth with that of a hobgoblin, and the association of dear papa with that of a birch rod."

We all laughed at this reply, and Monsieur d'A——, rising to depart, said, "Well, well, *milord*, your countrymen are great generalizers in philosophy; they reduce human actions to two grand touchstones. All hilarity they consider the sign of a shallow mind; and all kindness the token of a false heart."

CHAPTER XVI.

Quis sapiens bono
Confidat fragili —

SENECA.

Grammatici certan, et adhuc sub iudice lis est.
HOR.

WHEN I first went to Paris, I took a French master, to perfect me in the Parisian pronunciation. This "Haberdasher of Pronouns" was a

* Mr. Pelham, it will be remembered, has previced the reader, that Lord Vincent was somewhat addicted to paradox. His opinions on the French character are to be taken with a certain reserve.—Author.

person of the name of Margot. He was a tall, solemn man, with a face of the most imperturbable gravity. He would have been inestimable as an undertaker. His hair was of a pale yellow; you would have thought it had caught a bilious complaint from his complexion; the latter was, indeed, of so sombre a saffron, that it looked as if ten livers had been forced into a jaundice, in order to supply its colour. His forehead was high, bald, and very narrow. His cheekbones were extremely prominent, and his cheeks so thin, that they seemed happier than Pyramus and Thisbe, and kissed each other inside without any separation or division. His face was as sharp and almost as long as an inverted pyramid, and was garnished on either side by a miserable half-starved whisker, which seemed scarcely able to maintain itself amidst the general symptoms of atrophy and decay. This charming countenance was supported by a figure so long, so straight, so shadowy, that you might have taken it for *the monument in a consumption!*

But the chief characteristic of the man was the utter and wonderful gravity I have before spoken of. You could no more have coaxed a smile out of his countenance than you could out of the poker; and yet Monsieur Margot was by no means a melancholy man. He loved his joke, and his wine, and his dinner, just as much as if he had been of a fatter frame; and it was a fine specimen of the practical antithesis, to hear a good story, or a jovial expression, leap friskily out of that long, curved mouth; it was at once a paradox and a bathos—it was the mouse coming out of its hole in Ely Cathedral.

I said that this gravity was M. Margot's most especial characteristic. I forgot:—he had two others equally remarkable; the one was an ardent admiration for the chivalrous, the other an ardent admiration for himself. Both of these are traits common enough in a Frenchman; but in Monsieur Margot their excesses rendered them *uncommon*. He was a most ultra specimen of *le chevalier amoureux*—a mixture of Don Quixote and the Duc de Lauzun. Whenever he spoke of the present tense, even *en professeur*, he always gave a sigh to the preterite, and an anecdote of Bayard; whenever he conjugated a verb, he paused to tell me that the favourite one of his female pupils was *je l'aime*.

In short, he had tales of his own good fortune, and of other people's brave exploits, which, without much exaggeration, were almost as long, and had perhaps as little substance, as himself; but the former was his favourite topic: to hear him, one would have imagined that his face, in borrowing the sharpness of the needle, had borrowed also its attraction; and then the prettiness of Monsieur Margot's modesty!

"It is very extraordinary," said he, "very extraordinary, for I have no time to give myself up to those affairs; it is not, Monsieur, as if I had your leisure to employ all the little preliminary arts of creating *la belle passion*. *Non, Monsieur*, I go to church, to the play, to the Tuileries, for a brief relaxation—and *me voilà partout accablé* with my good fortune. I am not handsome, Monsieur, at least, not *very*; it is true, that I have expression, a certain *air noble*, (my first cousin, Monsieur, is the Chevalier de Margot,) and, above all, *soul* in my physiognomy; the wo-

men love soul, Monsieur—something intellectual and spiritual always attracts them; yet my success certainly is singular."

"*Bah! Monsieur*," replied I: "with dignity, expression, and soul, how could the heart of any French woman resist you? No, you do yourself injustice. It was said of Cæsar, that he was great without an effort; much more, then, may Monsieur Margot be happy without an exertion."

"Ah, Monsieur!" rejoined the Frenchman, still looking

"As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out
As sober Lanesbro' dancing with the gout."

"Ah, Monsieur, there is a depth and truth in your remarks, worthy of Montaigne. As it is impossible to account for the caprices of women, so it is impossible for ourselves to analyze the merit they discover in us; but, Monsieur, hear me—at the house where I lodge there is an English lady *en pension*. *Eh bien, Monsieur*, you guess the rest: she has taken a caprice for me, and this very night she will admit me to her apartment. She is very handsome,—*Ah qu'elle est belle! une jolie petite bouche, une denture éblouissante, un nez tout à fait grec*, in fine, quite a *bouton de rose*."

I expressed my envy at Monsieur Margot's good fortune, and when he had sufficiently dilated upon it, he withdrew. Shortly afterwards Vincent entered—"I have a dinner invitation for both of us to-day," said he; "you will come?"

"Most certainly," replied I; "but who is the person we are to honour?"

"A Madame Laurent," replied Vincent; "one of those ladies only found at Paris, who live upon any thing rather than their income. She keeps a tolerable table, haunted with Poles, Russians, Austrians, and idle Frenchmen, *peregrinæ gentis amicum hospitium*. As yet, she has not the happiness to be acquainted with any Englishmen, (though she boards one of our countrywomen,) and (as she is desirous of making her fortune as soon as possible) she is very anxious of having that honour. She has heard vast reports of our wealth and wisdom, and flatters herself that we are so many ambulatory Indies: in good truth, a French woman thinks she is never in want of a fortune as long as there is a rich fool in the world.

"*'Stultitiam patiuntur, opes,*

is her hope; and

"*'Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus,*

is her motto."

"Madame Laurent!" repeated I, "why, surely that is the name of Mons. Margot's landlady."

"I hope not," cried Vincent, "for the sake of our dinner; he reflects no credit on her good cheer—

"*'Who eats fat dinners, should himself be fat.'*

"At all events," said I, "we can try the good lady for once. I am very anxious to see a countrywoman of ours, probably the very one you speak of, whom Mons. Margot eulogizes in glowing colours, and who has, moreover, taken a violent fancy for my solemn preceptor. What think you of that, Vincent?"

"Nothing extraordinary," replied Vincent; "the lady only exclaims with the moralist—

"*'Love, virtue, valour, yea, all human charms,
Are shrunk and centred in that heap of bones.
O! there are wondrous beauties in the grave!'*"

I made some punning rejoinder, and we sallied out to earn an appetite in the Tulleries for Madame Laurent's dinner.

At the hour of half past five we repaired to our engagement. Madame Laurent received us with the most evident satisfaction, and introduced us forthwith to our countrywoman. She was a pretty, fair, shrewd-looking person, with an eye and lip which, unless it greatly belied her, showed her much more inclined to be merry and wise, than honest and true.

Presently Monsieur Margot made his appearance. Though very much surprised at seeing me, he did not appear the least jealous of my attentions to his *inamorata*. Indeed, the good gentleman was far too much pleased with himself to be susceptible to the suspicions common to less fortunate lovers. At dinner I sat next to the pretty Englishwoman, whose name was Green.

"Monsieur Margot," said I, "has often spoken to me of you before I had the happiness of being personally convinced how true and unexaggerated were his sentiments."

"O!" cried Mrs. Green, with an arch laugh, "you are acquainted with Monsieur Margot, then?"

"I have that honour," said I. "I receive from him every morning lessons both in love and languages. He is perfect master of both."

Mrs. Green burst out into one of those peals so peculiarly British.

"Ah, *le pauvre professeur!*" cried she. "He is too absurd!"

"He tells me," said I, gravely, "that he is quite *accablé* with his *bonnes fortunes*—possibly he flatters himself that even you are not perfectly inaccessible to his addresses."

"Tell, me, Mr. Pelham," said the fair Mrs. Green, "can you pass by this street about half past twelve to-night?"

"I will make a point of doing so," replied I, not a little surprised by the remark.

"Do," said she, "and now let us talk of old England."

When we went away I told Vincent of my appointment.

"What!" said he, "eclipse Monsieur Margot! Impossible!"

"You are right," replied I, "nor is it my hope; there is some trick afloat of which we may as well be spectators."

"*De tout mon cœur!*" answered Vincent; "let us go till then to the Duchesse de G——." I assented, and we drove to the Rue de ———.

The Duchesse de G—— was a fine relic of the *ancien régime*—tall and stately, with her own gray hair *crépé*, and surmounted by a high cap of the most dazzling blonde. She had been one of the earliest emigrants, and had stayed for many months with my mother, whom she professed to rank among her dearest friends. The duchesse possessed to perfection that singular *mélange* of ostentation and ignorance which was so peculiar to the ante-revolutionists. She would talk of the last tragedy with the emphatic tone of a connoisseur, in the same breath that she would ask, with Marie Antoinette, why the poor people were so clamorous for bread when they might buy such nice cakes for two-pence apiece? "To give you an idea of the Irish," said she one day to an inquisitive marquess, "know that they prefer potatoes to mutton!"

Her *soirées* were among the most agreeable at Paris—she united all the rank and talent to be found in the ultra party, for she professed to be quite a female Mæcenas; and whether it was a mathematician or a romance writer, a naturalist or a poet, she held open house for all, and conversed with each with equal fluency and self-satisfaction.

A new play had just been acted, and the conversation, after a few preliminary *hoverings*, settled upon it.

"You see," said the duchesse, "that we have actors, you authors; of what avail is it that you boast of a Shakespeare, since your *Liseton*, great as he is, cannot be compared with our Talma?"

"And yet," said I, preserving my gravity with a pertinacity, which nearly made Vincent and the rest of our compatriots assembled lose theirs, "Madame must allow, that there is a striking resemblance in their persons, and the sublimity of their acting?"

"*Pour ça, j'en conviens,*" replied this '*critique de l'Ecole des Femmes.*' "*Mais cependant Liseton n'a pas la Nature, l'âme, la grandeur de Talma!*"

"And will you then allow us no actors of merit?" asked Vincent.

"*Mais oui!*—dans le genre comique, par exemple, votre *buffo Kean* met dix fois plus d'esprit et de drollerie dans ses rôles que *La Porte.*"

"The impartial and profound judgment of Madame admits of no further discussion on this point," said I. "What does she think of the present state of our dramatic literature?"

"Why," replied Madame, "you have many great poets; but when they write for the stage they lose themselves entirely; your Walter Scott's play of *Robe Roi* is very inferior to his novel of the same name."

"It is a great pity," said I, "that Byron did not turn his *Childe Harold* into a tragedy—it has so much *energy—action—variety!*"

"Very true," said Madame, with a sigh; "but the tragedy is, after all, only suited to our nation—we alone carry it to perfection."

"Yet," said I, "*Goldoni* wrote a few fine tragedies."

"*Eh bien!*" said Madame, "one rose does not constitute a garden!"

And satisfied with this remark, *la femme savante* turned to a celebrated traveller to discuss with him the chance of discovering the North Pole.

There were one or two clever Englishmen present; Vincent and I joined them.

"Have you met the Persian prince yet?" said Sir George Lynton to me; "he is a man of much talent, and great desire of knowledge. He intends to publish his observations on Paris, and I suppose we shall have an admirable supplement to Montesquieu's *Lettres Persannes!*"

"I wish we had," said Vincent: "there are few better satires on a civilized country than the observations of visitors less polished; while, on the contrary, the civilized traveller, in describing the manners of the American barbarian, instead of conveying ridicule upon the visited, points the sarcasm on the visiter; and Tacitus could not have thought of a finer or nobler satire on the Roman luxuries than that insinuated by his treatise on the German simplicity."

"What," said Monsieur d'E——, (an intelligent *ci-devant émigré*), "what political writer is generally esteemed as your best?"

"It is difficult to say," replied Vincent, "since with so many parties we have many idols; but I think I might venture to name Bolingbroke as among the most popular. Perhaps, indeed, it would be difficult to select a name more frequently quoted and discussed than his; and yet his political works are not very valuable from political knowledge:—they contain many lofty sentiments, and many beautiful yet scattered truths; but they were written when legislation, most debated, was least understood, and ought to be admired rather as excellent for the day than admirable in themselves. The life of Bolingbroke would convey a juster moral than all his writings; and the author who gives us a full and impartial memoir of that extraordinary man, will have afforded both to the philosophical and political literature of England one of its greatest desiderata."

"It seems to me," said Monsieur d'E——, "that your national literature is peculiarly deficient in biography—am I right in my opinion?"

"Indubitably!" said Vincent; "we have not a single work that can be considered a model in biography, (excepting, *perhaps*, Middleton's Life of Cicero.) This brings on a remark I have often made in distinguishing your philosophy from ours. It seems to me that you, who excel so admirably in biography, memoirs, comedy, satirical observation on peculiar classes, and pointed aphorisms, are fonder of considering man in his relation to society and the active commerce of the world, than in the more abstracted and metaphysical operations of the mind. Our writers, on the contrary, love to indulge rather in abstruse speculations on their species—to regard man in an abstract and isolated point of view, and to see him *think* alone in his chamber, while you prefer beholding him *act* with the multitude in the world."

"It must be allowed," said Monsieur d'E——, "that if this be true, our philosophy is the most useful, though yours may be the most profound."

Vincent did not reply.

"Yet," said Sir George Lynton, "there will be a disadvantage attending your writings of this description, which, by diminishing their general *applicability*, diminish their general *utility*. Works which treat upon man in his relation to society, can only be strictly applicable so long as that relation to society treated upon continues. For instance, the play which satirizes a particular class, however deep its reflections and accurate its knowledge upon the subject satirized, must necessarily be obsolete when the class itself has become so. The political pamphlet, admirable for one state, may be absurd in another; the novel which exactly delineates the present age may seem strange and unfamiliar to the next; and thus works which treat of men relatively, and not man *in se*, must often confine their popularity to the age and even the country in which they were written. While on the other hand, the work which treats of man himself, which seizes, discovers, analyzes the human mind, as it is, whether in the ancient or the modern, the savage or the European, must evidently be applicable, and consequently useful, to all times and all nations. He who discovers the circulation of the blood, or the origin of ideas, must be a philosopher to every people who have veins or ideas: but he

who even most successfully delineates the manners of one country, or the actions of one individual, is only the philosopher of a single country, or a single age. If, Monsieur d'E——, you will condescend to consider this, you will see perhaps that the philosophy which treats of man in his relations is *not* so useful, because neither so permanent nor so invariable, as that which treats of man in himself."

I was now somewhat weary of this conversation, and though it was not yet twelve, I seized upon my appointment as an excuse to depart—accordingly I rose for that purpose. "I suppose," said I to Vincent, "that you will not leave your discussion."

"Pardon me," said he, "amusement is quite as profitable to a man of sense as metaphysics. *Allons.*"

CHAPTER XVII.

I was in this terrible situation when the basket stopt.

Oriental Tales—History of the Basket.

We took our way to the street in which Madame Laurent resided. Meanwhile suffer me to *get rid of myself*, and to introduce you, dear reader, to my friend, Monsieur Margot, the whole of whose adventures were subsequently detailed to me by the garrulous Mrs. Green.

At the hour appointed he knocked at the door of my fair countrywoman, and was carefully admitted. He was attired in a dressing-gown of sea-green silk, in which his long, lean, hungry body, looked more like a starved pike than any thing human.

"Madame," said he, with a solemn air, "I return you my best thanks for the honour you have done me—behold me at your feet!" and so saying, the lean lover gravely knelt down on one knee.

"Rise, sir," said Mrs. Green, "I confess that you have won my heart; but that is not all—you have yet to show that you are worthy of the opinion I have formed of you. It is not, Monsieur Margot, your person that has won me—no; it is your chivalrous and noble sentiments—prove that these are genuine, and you may command all from my admiration."

"In what manner shall I prove it, Madame?" said Monsieur Margot, rising, and gracefully drawing his sea-green gown more closely around him.

"By your courage, your devotion, and your gallantry! I ask but one proof—you can give it me on the spot. You remember, Monsieur, that in the days of romance, a lady threw her glove upon the stage on which a lion was exhibited, and told her lover to pick it up. Monsieur Margot, the trial to which I shall put you is less severe. Look, (and

* Yet Hume holds the contrary opinion to this, and considers a good comedy more durable than a system of philosophy. Hume is right, if by a system of philosophy is understood, a pile of guesses, false but plausible, set up by one age to be destroyed by the next. Ingenuity cannot rescue error from oblivion; but the moment Wisdom has discovered Truth, she has obtained immortality.—[But is Hume right when he suggests that there may come a time when Addison will be read with delight, but Locke be utterly forgotten? For my part, if the two were to be matched for posterity, I think the odds would be in favour of Locke. I very much doubt whether, a hundred years hence, Addison will be read at all, and I am quite sure that a thousand years hence, Locke will not be forgotten.]

Mrs. Green threw open the window)—look, I throw my glove out into the street—descend for it.”

“Your commands are my law,” said the romantic Margot. “I will go forthwith,” and so saying, he went to the door.

“Hold, sir!” said the lady, “it is not by that simple manner that you are to descend—you must go the same way as my glove, *out of the window*.”

“Out of the window, Madame!” said Mons. Margot, with astonished solemnity; “that is impossible, because this apartment is three stories high, and consequently I shall be dashed to pieces.”

“By no means,” answered the dame; “in that corner of the room there is a basket, to which (already foreseeing your determination) I have affixed a rope; by that basket you shall descend. See, Monsieur, what expedients a provident love can suggest.”

“H—e—m!” said, very slowly, Monsieur Margot, by no means liking the airy voyage imposed upon him; “but the rope may break, or your hand may suffer it to slip.”

“Feel the rope,” cried the lady, “to satisfy you as to your first doubt; and, as to the second, can you—*can* you imagine that my affections would not make me twice as careful of your person as of my own. Fie! ungrateful Monsieur Margot! fie!”

The melancholy chevalier cast a rueful look at the basket. “Madame,” said he, “I own that I am very averse to the plan you propose: suffer me to go down stairs in the ordinary way; your glove can be as easily picked up whether your adorer goes out of the door or the window. It is only, Madame, when ordinary means fail that we should have recourse to the extraordinary.”

“Begone, sir!” exclaimed Mrs. Green; “begone! I now perceive that all your chivalry was only a pretence. Fool that I was to love you as I have done—fool that I was to imagine a hero where I now find a ———.”

“Pause, Madame, I will obey you—my heart is firm—see that the rope is! ———.”

“Gallant Monsieur Margot!” cried the lady; and going to her dressing-room, she called her woman to her assistance. The rope was of the most unquestionable thickness, the basket of the most capacious dimensions. The former was fastened to a strong hook—and the latter lowered.

“I go, Madame,” said Monsieur Margot, feeling the rope: “but it really is a most dangerous exploit.”

“Go, Monsieur! and the God of St. Louis befriend you!”

“Stop!” said Monsieur Margot, “let me fetch my coat: the night is cold, and my dressing-gown thin.”

“Nay, nay, my chevalier,” returned the dame, “I love you in that gown: it gives you an air of grace and dignity, quite enchanting.”

“It will give me my death of cold, Madame,” said Monsieur Margot, earnestly.

“Bah!” said the English woman: “what knight ever feared cold? Besides, you mistake; the night is warm, and you look so handsome in your gown.”

“Do I!” said the vain Monsieur Margot, with an iron expression of satisfaction; “if that is the case, I will mind it less; but may I return by the door?”

“Yes,” replied the lady; “you see that I do not require too much from your devotion—enter.”

“Behold me!” said the French master, inserting his body into the basket, which immediately began to descend.

The hour and the police of course made the street empty; the lady’s handkerchief waved in token of encouragement and triumph. When the basket was within five yards of the ground, Mrs. Green cried to her lover, who had hitherto been elevating his serious countenance towards her, in sober, yet gallant sadness—

“Look, look, Monsieur—straight before you.”

The lover turned round, as rapidly as his habits would allow him, and at that instant the window was shut, the light extinguished, and the basket arrested. There stood Monsieur Margot, upright in the basket, and there stopped the basket, motionless in the air!

What were the exact reflections of Monsieur Margot in that position, I cannot pretend to determine, because he never favoured me with them; but about an hour afterwards, Vincent and I, (who had been delayed on the road,) strolling up the street, according to our appointment, perceived, by the dim lamps, some opaque body leaning against the wall of Madame Laurent’s house, at about the distance of fifteen feet from the ground.

We hastened our steps towards it; a measured and serious voice, which I well knew, accosted us—

“For God’s sake, gentlemen, procure me assistance; I am the victim of a perfidious woman, and expect every moment to be precipitated to the earth.”

“Good heavens!” said I, “surely it is Monsieur Margot, whom I hear. What are you doing there?”

“Shivering with cold,” answered Monsieur Margot, in a tone tremulously slow.

“But what are you *in*? for I can see nothing but a dark substance.”

“I am in a basket,” replied Monsieur Margot, “and I should be very much obliged to you to let me out of it.”

“Well—indeed,” said Vincent, (for I was too much engaged in laughing to give a ready reply,) “your *Château Margot* has but a cool cellar. But there are some things in the world easier said than done. How are we to remove you to a more desirable place?”

“Ah,” returned Monsieur Margot, “*how* indeed! There is to be sure a ladder in the porter’s lodge long enough to deliver me; but then, think of the gibes and the jeers of the porter!—it will get wind—I shall be ridiculed, gentlemen—I shall be ridiculed—and what is worse, I shall lose my pupils.”

“My good friend,” said I, “you had better lose your pupils than your life; and the daylight will soon come, and then, instead of being ridiculed by the porter, you will be ridiculed by the whole street!”

Monsieur Margot groaned. “Go, then, my friend,” said he, “procure the ladder! O, those she devils!—what *could* make me such a fool!”

Whilst Monsieur Margot was venting his spleen in a scarcely articulate manner, we repaired to the lodge, knocked up the porter, communicated the *accident*, and procured the ladder. However, an observant eye had been kept upon our proceedings, and the window above was reopened, though so

silently that I only perceived the action. The porter, a jolly, bluff, hearty-looking fellow, stood grinning below with a lantern, while we set the ladder (which only just reached the basket) against the wall.

The chevalier looked wistfully forth, and then, by the light of the lantern, we had a fair view of his ridiculous figure:—his teeth chattered wofully, and the united cold without and anxiety within threw a double sadness and solemnity upon his withered countenance; the night was very windy, and every instant a rapid current seized the unhappy sea-green vesture, whirled it in the air, and threw it, as if in scorn, over the very face of the miserable professor. The constant recurrence of this sportive irreverence of the gales—the high sides of the basket, and the trembling agitation of the inmate, never too agile, rendered it a work of some time for Monsieur Margot to transfer himself from the basket to the ladder; at length, he had fairly got out one thin, shivering leg.

"Thank God!" said the pious professor—when at that instant the thanksgiving was checked, and, to Monsieur Margot's inexpressible astonishment and dismay, the basket rose five feet from the ladder, leaving its tenant with one leg dangling out, like a flag from a balloon.

The ascent was too rapid to allow Monsieur Margot even time for an exclamation, and it was not till he had had sufficient leisure in his present elevation to perceive all its consequences, that he found words to say, with the most earnest tone of thoughtful lamentation, "One could not have foreseen this!—it is really extremely distressing—would to God that I could get my leg in, or my body out!"

While we were yet too convulsed with laughter to make any comment upon the unlooked-for ascent of the luminous Monsieur Margot, the basket descended with such force as to dash the lantern out of the hand of the porter, and to bring the professor so precipitously to the ground, that all the bones in his skin rattled audibly!

"My God!" said he, "I am done for!—be witness how inhumanly I have been murdered."

We pulled him out of the basket, and carried him between us into the porter's lodge; but the woes of Monsieur Margot were not yet at their termination. The room was crowded. There was Madame Laurent,—there was the German count, whom the professor was teaching French;—there was the French viscount, whom he was teaching German;—there were all his fellow lodgers—the ladies whom he had boasted of—the men he had boasted to.—Don Juan, in the infernal regions, could not have met with a more unwelcome set of old acquaintance than Monsieur Margot had the happiness of opening his bewildered eyes upon in the porter's lodge.

"What!" cried they all, "Monsieur Margot, is that you who have been frightening us so? We thought the house was attacked; the Russian general is at this very moment loading his pistols; lucky for you that you did not choose to stay longer in that situation. Pray, Monsieur, what could induce you to exhibit yourself so, in your dressing-gown too, and the night so cold? Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself?"

All this, and infinitely more, was levelled against the miserable professor, who stood shivering with cold and fright; and turning his eyes first on one,

and then on another, as the exclamations circulated round the room.

"I do assure you——" at length he began.

"No, no," cried one, "it is of no use explaining now!"

"*Mais, Messieurs——*" querulously recommenced unhappy Margot.

"Hold your tongue," exclaimed Madame Laurent, "you have been disgracing my house."

"*Mais, Madame, écoutez-moi——*"

"No, no," cried the German, "we saw you—we saw you."

"*Mais, Monsieur le Comte——*"

"Fie, fie!" cried the Frenchman.

"*Mais, Monsieur le Vicomte——*"

At this every mouth was opened, and the patience of Monsieur Margot being by this time exhausted, he flew into a violent rage; his tormentors pretended an equal indignation, and at length he fought his way out of the room, as fast as his shattered bones would allow him, followed by the whole body, screaming, and shouting, and scolding, and laughing after him.

The next morning passed without my usual lesson from Monsieur Margot; that was natural enough; but when the next day, and the next, rolled on, and brought neither Monsieur Margot nor his excuse, I began to be uneasy for the poor man. Accordingly I sent to Madame Laurent's to inquire after him: judge of my surprise at hearing that he had, early the day after his adventure, left his lodgings with his small possession of books and clothes, leaving only a note to Madame Laurent, enclosing the amount of his debt to her, and that none had since seen or heard of him.

From that day to this I have never once beheld him. The poor professor lost even the little money due to him for his lessons—so true is it, that in a man of Monsieur Margot's temper, even interest is a subordinate passion to vanity!

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is good to be merry and wise,
It's good to be honest and true;
It is good to be off with the old love
Before you be on with the new.

Song.

ONE morning, when I was riding to the *Bois de Boulogne*, (the celebrated place of assignation,) in order to meet Madame d'Anville, I saw a lady on horseback, in the most imminent danger of being thrown. Her horse had taken fright at an English tandem, or its driver, and was plunging violently; the lady was evidently much frightened, and lost her presence of mind more and more every moment. A man who was with her, and who could scarcely manage his own horse, appeared to be exceedingly desirous, but perfectly unable to assist her; and a great number of people were looking on, doing nothing, and saying, "Good God, how dangerous!"

I have always had a great horror of being a hero in scenes, and a still greater antipathy to "*females in distress*." However, so great is the effect of sympathy upon the most hardened of us, that I stopped for a few moments, first to look on, and secondly to assist. Just when a moment's delay might have been dangerous, I threw myself off my horse, seized hers with one hand by the rein, which

she no longer had the strength to hold, and assisted her with the other to dismount. When all the peril was over, Monsieur, her companion, managed also to find his legs; and I did not, I confess, wonder at his previous delay, when I discovered that the lady in danger had been his wife. He gave me a profusion of thanks, and she made them more than complimentary by the glance which accompanied them. Their carriage was in attendance at a short distance behind. The husband went for it—I remained with the lady.

"Mr. Pelham," she said, "I have heard much of you from my friend Madame d'Anville, and have long been anxious for your acquaintance. I did not think I should commence it with so great an obligation."

Flattered by being already known by name, and a subject of previous interest, you may be sure that I tried every method to improve the opportunity I had gained; and when I handed my new acquaintance into her carriage, my pressure of her hand was somewhat more than slightly returned.

"Shall you be at the English ambassador's to-night?" said the lady, as they were about to shut the door of the carriage.

"Certainly, if you are to be there," was my answer.

"We shall meet then," said Madame, and her look said more.

I rode into the Bois; and giving my horse to my servant, as I came near Passy, where I was to meet Madame d'Anville, I proceeded thither on foot. I was just in sight of the spot, and indeed of my *inamorata*, when two men passed, talking very earnestly; they did not remark me, but what individual could ever escape my notice? The one was Thornton; the other—who could he be? Where had I seen that pale and remarkable countenance before? I looked again. I was satisfied that I was mistaken in my first thought; the hair was of a completely different colour. "No, no," said I, "it is not he: yet how like!"

I was *distracted* and absent during the whole time I was with Madame d'Anville. The face of Thornton's companion haunted me like a dream; and, to say the truth, there were also moments when the recollection of my new engagement for the evening made me tired with that which I was enjoying the troublesome honour of keeping.

Madame d'Anville was not slow in perceiving the coldness of my behaviour. Though a French woman, she was rather grieved than resentful.

"You are growing tired of me, my friend," she said: "and when I consider your youth and temptations, I cannot be surprised at it; yet, I own, that this thought gives me much greater pain than I could have supposed."

"Bah! *ma belle amie*," cried I, "you deceive yourself—I adore you—I shall always adore you; but it's getting very late!"

Madame d'Anville sighed, and we parted. "She is not half so pretty or agreeable as she was," thought I, as I mounted my horse, and remembered my appointment at the ambassador's.

I took unusual pains with my appearance that evening, and drove to the ambassador's hotel in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, full half an hour earlier than I had ever done before. I had been some time in the rooms without discovering my heroine of the morning. The Dutchess of H——n passed by.

"What a wonderfully beautiful woman!" said Mr. Howard de Howard (the spectral secretary of the embassy) to Mr. Aberton.

"Ay," answered Aberton, "but to my taste, the Duchesse de Perpignan is quite equal to her—do you know her?"

"No—yes!" said Mr. Howard de Howard; "that is, not exactly—not well;" an Englishman never owns that he does not know a dutchess.

"Hem!" said Mr. Aberton, thrusting his large hand through his lank light hair. "Hem—Could one do any thing, do you think, in that quarter?"

"I should think one might, with a tolerable person!" answered the spectral secretary, looking down at a pair of most shadowy supporters.

"Pray," said Aberton, "what do you think of Miss ——? they say she is an heiress."

"Think of her!" said the secretary, who was as poor as he was thin, "why, I have thought of her!"

"They say, that fool Pelham makes up to her." (Little did Mr. Aberton imagine, when he made this remark, that I was close behind him.)

"I should not imagine that was true," said the secretary; "he is so occupied with Madame d'Anville."

"Pooh!" said Aberton, dictatorially, "she never had any thing to say to him."

"Why are you so sure?" said Mr. Howard de Howard.

"Why? because he never showed any notes from her, or ever even said he had a *liaison* with her!"

"Ah! that is quite enough!" said the secretary. "But, is not that the Duchesse de Perpignan?"

Mr. Aberton turned, and so did I—our eyes met—his fell—well they might, after his courteous epithet to my name; however, I had far too good an opinion of myself to care one straw about his; besides, at that moment, I was wholly lost in my surprise and pleasure, in finding that this Duchesse de Perpignan was no other than my acquaintance of the morning. She caught my gaze, and smiled as she bowed. "Now," thought I, as I approached her, "let us see if we cannot eclipse Mr. Aberton."

All love-making is just the same, and, therefore, I shall spare the reader my conversation that evening. When he recollects that it was Henry Pelham who was the gallant, I am persuaded that he will be pretty certain as to the success.

CHAPTER XIX.

*Alca sequa vorax species certissima furti
Non contenta bonis, animum quoque perfida mergit;
Furca, furax—infamis, iners, furiosa, ruina.*

PETR. DIAL.

I DINED the next day at the Frères Provençaux; an excellent restaurateur's, by-the-by, where one gets irreproachable *gibier*, and meets few English.* After dinner, I strolled into the various gambling houses, with which the Palais Royal abounds.

In one of these the crowd and heat were so

* Mr. Pelham could not say as much for the *Frères Provençaux* at present! Since he has been pleased to point it out to the notice of his countrymen, it has become thronged with English and degenerate in its kitchen.

great, that I should immediately have retired if I had not been struck with the extreme and intense expression of interest in the countenance of one of the spectators at the *rouge et noir* table. He was a man about forty years of age; his complexion was dark and sallow; the features prominent, and what are generally called handsome; but there was a certain sinister expression in his eyes and mouth, which rendered the effect of his physiognomy rather disagreeable than prepossessing. At a small distance from him, and playing, with an air which, in its carelessness and *nonchalance*, formed a remarkable contrast to the painful anxiety of the man I have just described, sat Mr. Thornton.

At first sight, these two appeared to be the only Englishmen present besides myself; I was more struck by seeing the former in that scene than I was at meeting Thornton there; for there was something distinguished in the mien of the stranger, which suited far worse with the appearance of the place, than the *bourgeois* air and dress of my *ai-devant* second.

"What! another Englishman?" thought I, as I turned round and perceived a thick, rough great-coat, which could possibly belong to no continental shoulders. The wearer was standing directly opposite the seat of the swarthy stranger; his hat was slouched over his face; I moved in order to get a clearer view of his countenance. It was the same person I had seen with Thornton that morning. Never to this moment have I forgotten the stern and ferocious expression with which he was gazing upon the keen and agitated features of the gambler opposite. In the eye and lip there was neither pleasure, hatred, nor scorn, in their simple and unalloyed elements; but each seemed blent and mingled into one deadly concentration of evil passions.

This man neither played, nor spoke, nor moved. He appeared utterly insensible of every feeling in common with those around. There he stood, rapt in his own dark and inscrutable thoughts, never, for one instant, taking his looks from the varying countenance which did not observe their gaze, nor altering the withering character of their almost demoniacal expression. I could not tear myself from the spot. I felt chained by some mysterious and undefinable interest; my attention was first diverted into a new channel, by a loud exclamation from the dark-visaged gambler at the table; it was the first he had uttered, notwithstanding his anxiety; and, from the deep, thrilling tone in which it was expressed, it conveyed a keen sympathy with the overcharged feelings which it burst from.

With a trembling hand, he took from an old purse the few Napoleons that were still left there. He set them all at one hazard on the *rouge*. He hung over the table with a dropping lip; his hands were tightly clasped in each other; his nerves seemed strained into the last agony of excitation. I ventured to raise my eyes upon the gaze, which I *felt* must still be upon the gambler—there it was fixed, and stern as before!—but it now conveyed a deeper expression of joy than it had hitherto assumed; yet a joy so malignant and fiendish, that no look of mere anger or hatred could have equally chilled my heart. I dropped my eyes. I redoubled my attention to the cards—the last two were to be turned up. A moment

more!—the fortune was to the *noir*. The stranger had lost! He did not utter a single word. He looked with a vacant eye on the long mace, with which the marker had swept away his last hopes, with his last coin, and then, rising, left the room, and disappeared.

The other Englishman was not long in following him. He uttered a short, low laugh, unheard, perhaps, by any one but myself; and, pushing through the atmosphere of *sacré*! and *mille tonnerres*! which filled that pandemonium, strode quickly to the door. I felt as if a load had been taken from my bosom, when he was gone.

CHAPTER XX.

Reddere personæ scilicet convenientia cuique.
HON. ARLINGTON.

I WAS loitering over my breakfast the next morning, and thinking of the last night's scene, when Lord Vincent was announced.

"How fares the gallant Pelham?" said he, as he entered the room.

"Why, to say the truth," I replied, "I am rather under the influence of blue devils this morning, and your visit is like a sunbeam in November."

"A bright thought," said Vincent, "and I shall make you a very pretty little poet soon; publish you in a neat octavo, and dedicate you to Lady D——e. Pray, by-the-by, have you ever read her plays? You know they were only privately printed?"

"No," said I, (for in good truth, had his lordship interrogated me touching any other literary production, I should have esteemed it a part of my present character to return the same answer.)

"No!" repeated Vincent; "permit me to tell you, that you must never seem ignorant of any work *not* published. To be *recherché*, one must always know what other people don't—and then one has full liberty to sneer at the value of what other people *do* know. Renounce the threshold of knowledge. There every new proselyte can meet you. Boast of your acquaintance with the sanctum, and not one in ten thousand can dispute it with you. Have you read Monsieur de C——'s pamphlet?"

"Really," said I, "I have been so busy!"

"Ah, *mon ami*!" cried Vincent, "the greatest sign of an idle man is to complain of being busy. But you have had a loss: the pamphlet is good. C——, by-the-way, has an extraordinary, though not an expanded mind; it is like a citizen's garden near London: a pretty parterre here, and a Chinese pagoda there; an oak tree in one corner, and a mushroom bed in the other; and above all, a Gothic ruin opposite the bay-window! You may traverse the whole in a stride; it is the four quarters of the globe in a mole-hill. Yet every thing is good in its kind; and is neither without elegance nor design in its arrangement."

"What do you think," said I, "of the Baron de ——, the minister of ——?"

"Of him!" replied Vincent—

"His soul

Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole."

It is dark and bewildered—full of dim visions of the ancient *régime*;—it is a bat hovering about

the cells of an old abbey. Poor, antique little soul! but I will say nothing more about it—

“For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small”

as the soul of the Baron de ——!”

Finding Lord Vincent so disposed to the biting mood, I immediately directed his *rabies* towards Mr. Aberton, for whom I had a most inexpressible dislike.

“Aberton,” said Vincent, in answer to my question, if he knew that amiable *attaché*—“Yes! a sort of man who, speaking of the English embassy, says *we*—who sticks his *best* cards on his chimney-piece, and writes himself *billets doux* from dutchesses. A duodecimo of ‘precious conceits,’ bound in calf-skin—I know the man well; does he not dress decently, Pelham?”

“His clothes *are* well made,” said I; “but no man *can* dress well with those hands and feet!”

“Ah!” said Vincent, “I should think he went to the best tailor, and said, ‘Give me a collar like Lord So and So’s;’ one who would not dare to have a new waistcoat till it had been authoritatively patronized, and who took his fashions, like his follies, from the best proficients. Such fellows are always too ashamed of themselves not to be proud of their clothes;—like the Chinese mariners, they burn incense *before the needle*!”

“And Mr. Howard de Howard,” said I, laughing, “what do you think of him?”

“What! the thin secretary?” cried Vincent. “He is the mathematical definition of a straight line—*length without breadth*. His inseparable friend, Mr. Aberton, was running up the Rue St. Honoré yesterday in order to catch him.”

“Running!” cried I; “just like common people—when were you or I ever seen *running*?”

“True,” continued Vincent; “but when I saw him chasing that meagre apparition, I said to Bennington, ‘I have found out the real Peter Schlemil!’ ‘Whom?’ (asked his grave lordship, with serious *naïveté*.)—‘Mr. Aberton,’ said I, ‘don’t you see him *running after his shadow*?’ But the pride of the lean thing is so amusing! He is fifteenth cousin to the duke, and so his favourite exordium is, ‘Whenever I succeed to the titles of my ancestors.’ It was but the other day, that he heard two or three silly young men discussing church and state, and they began by talking irreligion—(Mr. Howard de Howard is too unsubstantial not to be spiritually inclined)—however he only fidgeted in his chair. They then proceeded to be exceedingly disloyal. Mr. Howard de Howard fidgeted again;—they then passed to vituperations on the aristocracy;—this the attenuated pomposity (*magni nominis umbra*) could brook no longer. He rose up, cast a severe look on the abashed youths, and thus addressed them—‘Gentlemen, I have sate by in silence, and heard my king derided, and my God blasphemed; but now, on your attacking the aristocracy, I can no longer refrain from noticing so obviously intentional an insult. *You have become personal*.’ But did you know, Pelham, that he is going to be married?”

“No,” said I. “I can’t say that I thought such an event likely. Who is the intended?”

“A Miss ——, a girl with some fortune. ‘I can bring *her* none,’ said he to the father, ‘but I can make her Mrs. Howard de Howard.’”

“Alas, poor girl!” said I, “I fear that her hap-

piness will hang upon a slender thread. But suppose we change the conversation: first, because the subject is so meagre, that we might easily wear it out, and, secondly, because such jests may come home. I am not very corpulent myself.”

“Bah!” said Vincent, “but, at least, you have bones and muscles. If you were to pound the poor secretary in a mortar, you might take him all up in a pinch of snuff.”

“Pray, Vincent,” said I, after a short pause, “did you ever meet with a Mr. Thornton at Paris?”

“Thornton, Thornton,” said Vincent, musingly; “what, Tom Thornton?”

“I should think very likely,” I replied; “just the sort of man who would be Tom Thornton—has a broad face, with a colour, and wears a spotted neckcloth; Tom—what could his name be but Tom?”

“Is he about five-and-thirty?” asked Vincent, “rather short, and with reddish coloured hair and whiskers?”

“Precisely,” said I; “are not all Toms alike?”

“Ah,” said Vincent, “I know him well: he is a clever, shrewd fellow, but a most unmitigated rascal. He is the son of a steward in Lancashire, and received an attorney’s education; but being a humorous, noisy fellow, he became a great favourite with his father’s employer, who was a sort of *Mecenas* to cudgel players, boxers, and horse jockeys. At his house, Thornton met many persons of rank, but of a taste similar to their host’s; and they, mistaking his vulgar coarseness for honesty, and his quaint proverbs for wit, admitted him into their society. It was with one of them that I have seen him. I believe of late that his character has been of a very indifferent odour; and whatever has brought him among the English at Paris—those white-washed abominations—those ‘innocent blacknesses,’ as Charles Lamb calls chimney sweepers, it does not argue well for his professional occupations. I should think, however, that he manages to *live* here; for wherever there are English fools, there are fine pickings for an English rogue.”

“Ay,” said I, “but are there enough fools here to feed the rogues?”

“Yes, because rogues are like spiders, and eat each other, when there is nothing else to catch; and Tom Thornton is safe, as long as the ordinary law of nature lasts, that the greater knave preys on the less,—for there cannot possibly be a greater knave than he is! If you have made his acquaintance, my dear Pelham, I advise you most soberly to look to yourself,—for if he doth not steal, beg, or borrow of you, Mr. Howard de Howard will grow fat, and even Mr. Aberton cease to be a fool. And now, most noble Pelham, farewell. *Il est plus aisé d’être sage pour les autres que de l’être pour soi même.*”

CHAPTER XXI

This is a notable couple—and have met
But for some secret knavery.

The Tanner of Tyburn.

I HAD now been several weeks in Paris, and I was not altogether dissatisfied with the manner in which they had been spent. I had enjoyed myself

to the utmost, while I had, as much as possible, combined profit with pleasure: viz. if I went to the opera in the evening, I learned to dance in the morning; if I drove to a *soirée* at the Duchesse de Perpignan's, it was not till I had fenced an hour at the *Salon des Assauts d'Armes*; and if I made love to the dutchess herself, it was sure to be in a position I had been a whole week in acquiring from my master of the graces; in short, I took the greatest pains to complete my education. I wish all young men who frequented the continent for that purpose could say the same!

One day (about a week after the conversation with Vincent, recorded in my last chapter) I was walking slowly along one of the paths in the *Jardin des Plantes*, meditating upon the various excellencies of the *Rocher de Cancale* and the Duchesse de Perpignan, when I perceived a tall man, with a thick, rough coat, of a dark colour, (which I recognised long before I did the face of the wearer,) emerging from an intersecting path. He stopped for a few moments, and looked round as if expecting some one. Presently a woman, apparently about thirty, and meanly dressed, appeared in an opposite direction. She approached him; they exchanged a few words, and then the woman, taking his arm, they struck into another path, and were soon out of sight. I suppose that the reader has already discovered that this man was Thornton's companion in the Bois de Boulogne, and the hero of *Salon de Jou*, in the *Palais Royal*. I could not have supposed that so noble a countenance, even in its frowns, could ever have wasted its smiles upon a mistress of the low station to which the woman who had met him evidently belonged. However, we all have our little foibles, as the Frenchman said when he boiled his grandmother's head in a pipkin.

I myself was, at that time, the sort of person that is always taken by a pretty face, however coarse may be the garments which set it off; and although I cannot say that I ever stooped so far as to become amorous of a chambermaid, yet I could be tolerably lenient to any man under thirty who did. As a proof of this gentleness of disposition, ten minutes after I had witnessed so unsuitable a *rencontre*, I found myself following a pretty little *bourgeoise* into a small sort of *cabaret*, which was, at the time I speak of, (and most probably still is,) in the midst of the gardens. I sat down, and called for my favourite drink of lemonade; the little *grisette*, who was with an old woman, possibly her mother, and *un beau gros garçon*, probably her lover, sat opposite, and began with all the ineffable coquetries of her country, to divide her attention between the said *garçon* and myself. Poor fellow, he seemed to be very little pleased by the significant glances exchanged over his right shoulder, and, at last, under pretence of screening her from the draught of the opened window, placed himself exactly between us. This, however ingenious, did not at all answer his expectations; for he had not sufficiently taken into consideration that I also was endowed with the power of locomotion; accordingly I shifted my chair about three feet, and entirely defeated the counter-march of the enemy.

But this flirtation did not last long; the youth and the old woman appeared very much of the same opinion as to its impropriety; and accordingly, like experienced generals, resolved to conquer

by a retreat; they drank up their orgeat—paid for it—placed the wavering regiment in the middle, and left me master of the field. I was not, however, of a disposition to break my heart at such an occurrence, and I remained by the window, drinking my lemonade, and muttering to myself, "After all, women are a great bore!"

On the outside of the *cabaret*, and just under my window, was a bench, which, for a certain number of *sous*, one might appropriate to the entire and unparticipated use of one's self and party. An old woman (so at least I suppose by her voice, for I did not give myself the trouble of looking,—though, indeed, as to that matter, it might have been the shrill treble of Mr. Howard de Howard!) had been hitherto engrossing this settlement with some gallant or other. In Paris, no women are too old to get an *amant*, either by love or money. In a moment of tenderness this couple paired off, and were immediately succeeded by another. The first tones of the man's voice, low as they were, made me start from my seat. I cast one quick glance before I resumed it. The new pair were the Englishman I had before noted in the garden, and the female companion who had joined them.

"Two hundred pounds, you say!" muttered the man; "we must have it all."

"But," said the woman, in the same whispered voice, "he says, that he will never touch another card."

The man laughed. "Fool," said he, "the passions are not so easily quelled—how many days is it since he had this remittance from England?"

"About three," replied the woman.

"And is it absolutely the very last remnant of his property?"

"The last."

"I am then to understand, that when this is spent there is nothing between him and beggary?"

"Nothing," said the woman, with a half sigh.

The man laughed again, and then rejoined in an altered tone, "Then, then will this parching thirst be quenched at last. I tell you, woman, that it is many months since I have known a day—night—hour, in which my life has been as the life of other men. My whole soul has been melted down into one burning, burning thought. Feel this hand—ay, you may well start—but what is the fever of the frame to that within?"

Here the voice sank so low as to be inaudible. The woman seemed as if endeavouring to soothe him; at length she said—

"But poor Tyrrell—you will not, surely, suffer him to die of actual starvation?"

The man paused for a few moments, and then replied—

"Night and day, I pray to God, upon my bended knees, only one unvarying, unceasing prayer, and that is—'When the last agonies shall be upon that man—when, sick with weariness, pain, disease, hunger, he lies down to die—when the death-gurgle is in the throat, and the eye swims beneath the last dull film—when remembrance peoples the chamber with hell, and his cowardice would fatter forth its dastard recantation to heaven—then—may I be there!'"

There was a long pause—only broken by the woman's sobs, which she appeared endeavouring to stifle. At last the man rose, and in a tone so

soft that it seemed literally like music, addressed her in the most endearing terms. She soon yielded to their persuasion, and replied to them with interest.

"Spite of the stings of my remorse," she said, "as long as I lose not you, I will lose life, honour, hope, even soul itself!"

They both quitted the spot as she said this.

O, that woman's love! how strong is it in its weakness! how beautiful in its guilt!

CHAPTER XXII.

At length the treacherous snare was laid,
Poor Pug was caught—to town convey'd;
There sold. How envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!

GAY'S Fables.

I WAS sitting alone a morning or two after this adventure, when Bedos, entering, announced *une dame*.

"This *dame* was a fine tall thing, dressed out like a print in the *Magasin des Modes*. She sat herself down, threw up her veil, and after a momentary pause, asked me if I liked my apartment?"

"Very much," said I, somewhat surprised at the nature of the interrogatory.

"Perhaps you would wish it altered in some way?" rejoined the lady.

"*Non—mille remerciemens!*" said I—"you are very good to be so interested in my accommodation."

"Those curtains might be better arranged—that sofa replaced with a more elegant one," continued my new superintendent.

"Really," said I, "I am too, too much flattered. Perhaps you would like to have my rooms altogether; if so, make at least no scruple of saying it."

"Oh, no," replied the lady, "I have no objection to your staying here."

"You are too kind," said I, with a low bow.

There was a pause of some moments—I took advantage of it.

"I think, Madame, I have the honour of speaking to—to—to—"

"The mistress of the hotel," said the lady, quietly. "I merely called to ask you how you did, and hope you were well accommodated."

"Rather late, considering I have been six weeks in the house," thought I, revolving in my mind various reports I had heard of my present visiter's disposition to gallantry. However, seeing it was all over with me, I resigned myself, with the patience of a martyr, to the fate that I foresaw. I rose, approached her chair, took her hand, (very hard and thin it was too,) and thanked her with a most affectionate squeeze.

"I have seen much English!" said the lady, for the first time speaking in our language.

"Ah!" said I, giving another squeeze.

"You are a handsome *garçon*," renewed the lady.

"I am so," I replied.

At that moment Bedos entered, and whispered that Madame d'Anville was in the ante-room.

"Good heavens!" said I, knowing her jealousy of disposition, "what is to be done? Oblige me, Madame," seizing the unfortunate mistress of the hotel, and opening the door to the back entrance—

"There," said I, "you can easily escape. *Bon jour.*"

Hardly had I closed the door, and put the key in my pocket, before Madame d'Anville entered.

"Do you generally order your servants to keep me waiting in your ante-room?" said she, haughtily.

"Not generally," I replied, endeavouring to make my peace; but all my complaisance was in vain—she was jealous of my intimacy with the Duchesse de Perpignan, and glad of any excuse to vent her pique. I am just the sort of man to bear, but never to forgive a woman's ill temper, viz.—it makes no impression on me at the time, but leaves a sore recollection of something disagreeable, which I internally resolve never again to experience. Madame d'Anville was going to the Luxembourg; and my only chance of soothing her anger was to accompany her.

Down stairs, therefore, we went, and drove to the Luxembourg; I gave Bedos, before my departure, various little commissions, and told him he need not be at home till the evening. Long before the expiration of an hour, Madame d'Anville's ill humour had given me an excuse for affecting it myself. Tired to death of her, and panting for release, I took a high tone—complained of her ill temper, and her want of love—spoke rapidly—waited for no reply, and, leaving her at the Luxembourg, proceeded forthwith to Galignani's, like a man just delivered from a strait waistcoat.

Leave me now, for a few minutes, in the reading-room at Galignani's, and return to the mistress of the hotel, whom I had so unceremoniously thrust out of my *salon*. The passage into which she had been put communicated by one door with my rooms, and by another with the staircase. Now, it so happened, that Bedos was in the habit of locking the latter door, and keeping the key; the other egress, it will be remembered, I myself had secured; so that the unfortunate mistress of the hotel was no sooner turned into this passage than she found herself in a sort of dungeon, ten feet by five, and surrounded, like Eve in paradise, by a whole creation—not of birds, beasts, and fishes, but of brooms, brushes, linen for the laundress, and—a wood basket! What she was to do in this dilemma was utterly inconceivable; scream, indeed, she might, but then the shame and ridicule of being discovered in so equivocal a situation, were somewhat more than our discreet landlady could endure. Besides, such an *exposé* might be attended with a loss the good woman valued more than reputation, viz. lodgers; for the possessors of the two best floors were both English women of a certain rank; and my landlady had heard such accounts of our national virtue, that she feared an instantaneous emigration of such inveterate prudes, if her screams and situation reached their ears.

Quietly then, and soberly, did the good lady sit, eyeing the brooms and brushes as they grew darker and darker with the approach of the evening, and consoling herself with the certainty that her release must eventually take place.

Meanwhile, to return to myself—I found Lord Vincent at Galignani's, carefully looking over "Choice Extracts from the best English Authors."

"Ah, my good fellow!" said he, "I am delighted to see you; I made such a capital quotation just now: the young Benningtons were drowning a poor devil of a puppy; the youngest (to whom

the mother belonged, looked on with a grave earnest face, till the last kick was over, and then burst into tears. 'Why do you cry so?' said I. 'Because it was so cruel in us to drown the poor puppy!' replied the juvenile Philocunus. 'Pooh,' said I, "'Quid juvat errores merced jam puppe fateri?'" Was it not good?—you remember it in Claudian, eh, Pelham? Think of its being thrown away on those Latinless young lubbers! Have you seen any thing of Mr. Thornton lately?"

"No," said I, "I've not, but I am determined to have that pleasure soon."

"You will do as you please," said Vincent, "but you will be like the child playing with edged tools."

"I am not a child," said I, "so the simile is not good. He must be the devil himself, or a Scotchman at least, to take *me* in."

Vincent shook his head. "Come and dine with me at the Rocher," said he; "we are a party of six—choice spirits all."

"*Volontiers*; but we can stroll in the Tuileries first, if you have no other engagement."

"None," said Vincent, putting his arm in mine.

As we passed up the Rue de la Paix, we met Sir Henry Millington, mounted on a bay horse, as stiff as himself, and cantering down the street as if he and his steed had been cut out of the same piece of pasteboard!

"I wish," said Vincent, (to borrow Luttrell's quotation,) "that that master of arts would 'cleanse his bosom of that perilous stuff.' I should like to know in what recess of that immense mass now cantering round the corner is the real body of Sir Henry Millington. I could fancy the poor snug little thing shrinking within, like a guilty conscience. Ah, well says Juvenal,

"*Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.*"

"He has a superb head, though," I replied. "I like to allow that other people are handsome now and then—it looks generous."

"Yes," said Vincent, "for a barber's block: but here comes Mrs. C——me, and her beautiful daughter—those are people you ought to know, if you wish to see human nature a little relieved from the frivolities which make it in society so like a man milliner. Mrs. C—— has considerable genius, combined with great common sense."

"A rare union," said I.

"By no means," replied Vincent. "It is a cant artifice in opinion to oppose them to one another; but so far as mere theoretical common sense is concerned, I would much sooner apply to a great poet or a great orator for advice on matters of business, than any dull plodder who has passed his whole life in a counting-house. Common sense is only a modification of talent—genius is an exaltation of it: the difference is, therefore, in the degree, not nature. But to return to Mrs. C——; she writes beautiful poetry—almost impromptu; draws excellent caricatures; possesses a laugh for whatever is ridiculous, but never loses a smile for whatever is good. Placed in very peculiar situations, she has passed through each with a grace and credit which make her best eulogium. If she possesses one quality higher than intellect, it is her kindness of heart: no wonder, indeed, that she is so really clever—those trees which are the soundest at the core produce the finest fruits, and the most beautiful blossoms."

"Lord Vincent grows poetical," thought I;—

"how different he really is to that which he affects to be in the world; but so it is with every one—we are all like the ancient actors: let our faces be ever so beautiful, we must still wear a mask."

After an hour's walk, Vincent suddenly recollected that he had a commission of a very important nature in the Rue J. J. Rousseau. This was—to *buy a monkey*. "It is for Wormwood," said he, "who has written me a long letter, describing its qualities and qualifications. I suppose he wants it for some practical joke—some embodied bitterness. God forbid I should thwart him in so charitable a design!"

"Amen," said I; and we proceeded together to the monkey-fancier. After much deliberation we at last decided upon the most hideous animal I ever beheld—it was of a——no, I will not attempt to describe it—it would be quite impossible! Vincent was so delighted with our choice that he insisted upon carrying it away immediately.

"Is it quite quiet?" I asked.

"*Comme un oiseau*," said the man.

We called a *fiacre*—paid for Monsieur Jocko, and drove to Vincent's apartments; there we found, however, that his valet had gone out and taken the key.

"Hang it," said Vincent, "it does not signify! We'll carry *le petit monsieur* with us to the Rocher."

Accordingly we all *three* once more entered the *fiacre*, and drove to the celebrated restaurateur's of the Rue Mont Orgueil. O, blissful recollections of that dinner! how at this moment you crowd upon my delighted remembrance! Lonely and sorrowful as I now sit, digesting with many a throe the iron thews of a British beef-steak—*more Anglico*—immeasurably tough—I see the grateful apparitions of *Escallopes de Saumon* and *Laitances de Carpes* rise in a gentle vapour before my eyes! breathing a sweet and pleasant odour, and contrasting the dreamlike delicacies of their hue and aspect, with the dire and dure realities which now weigh so heavily on the region below my heart! And thou, most beautiful of all—thou evening star of *entremets*—thou that delightest in truffles, and gloriest in a dark cloud of sauces—exquisite *foie-gras*!—Have I forgotten thee? Do I not, on the contrary see thee—smell thee—taste thee—and almost die with rapture of thy possession? What, though the goose, of which thou art a part, has, indeed, been roasted alive by a slow fire, in order to increase thy divine proportions—yet has not our *Almanach*—the *Almanach des Gourmands*—truly declared that the goose rejoiced amid all her tortures—because of the glory that awaited her? Did she not, in prophetic vision, behold her enlarged and ennobled *foie* dilate into *pâtés* and steam into *sautés*—the companion of truffles—the glory of dishes—the delight—the treasure—the transport of gourmands! O, exalted among birds—apotheosised goose, did not thy heart exult even when thy liver parched and swelled within thee, from that most agonizing death; and didst thou not, like the Indian at the stake, triumph in the very torments which alone could render thee illustrious?

After dinner we grew exceedingly merry. Vincent punned and quoted; we laughed and applauded; and our Burgundy went round with an alacrity to which every new joke gave an additional impetus. Monsieur Jocko was by no means the dullest in the party; he cracked his nuts with as

much grace as we did our jests, and grinned and chattered as facetiously as the best of us. After coffee we were all so pleased with one another, that we resolved not to separate, and accordingly we adjourned to my room, Jocko and all, to find new revclries and grow brilliant over Curaçoa punch.

We entered my *salon* with a roar, and set Bedos to work at the punch forthwith. Bedos, that Ganymede of a valet, had himself but just arrived, and was unlocking the door as we entered. We soon blew up a glorious fire, and our spirits brightened in proportion. Monsieur Jocko sate on Vincent's knee—'Ne monstrum,' as he classically termed it. One of our compotatores was playing with it. Jocko grew suddenly in earnest—a grin—a scratch, and a bite, were the work of a moment.

"Ne quid nimis—now," said Vincent, gravely, instead of endeavouring to soothe the afflicted party, who grew into a towering passion. Nothing but Jocko's absolute disgrace could indeed have saved his life from the vengeance of the sufferer.

"Whither shall we banish him?" said Vincent.

"O," I replied, "put him out in that back passage; the outer door is shut; he'll be quite safe;" and to the passage he was therefore immediately consigned.

It was in this place, the reader will remember, that the hapless dame du château was at that very instant in "durance vile." Bedos, who took the condemned monkey, opened the door, thrust Jocko in, and closed it again. Meanwhile we resumed our merriment.

"Nunc est bibendum," said Vincent, as Bedos placed the punch on the table. "Give us a toast, Dartmore."

Lord Dartmore was a young man, with tremendous spirits, which made up for wit. He was just about to reply, when a loud shriek was heard from Jocko's place of banishment: a sort of scramble ensued, and the next moment the door was thrown violently open, and in rushed the terrified landlady, screaming like a sea-gull, and bearing Jocko aloft upon her shoulders, from which "bad eminence" he was grinning and chattering with the fury of fifty devils. She ran twice round the room, and then sank on the floor in hysterics. We lost no time in hastening to her assistance; but the warlike Jocko, still sitting upon her, refused to permit one of us to approach. There he sat, turning from side to side, showing his sharp, white teeth, and uttering from time to time the most menacing and diabolical sounds.

"What the deuce shall we do?" cried Dartmore.

"Do?" said Vincent, who was convulsed with laughter, and yet endeavouring to speak gravely; "why, watch like L. Opimius, 'ne quid respública detrimenti caperet.'"

"By Jove, Pelham, he will scratch out the lady's *beaux yeux*," cried the good-natured Dartmore, endeavouring to seize the monkey by the tail, for which he very narrowly escaped with an unmutated visage. But the man who had before suffered from Jocko's ferocity, and whose breast was still swelling with revenge, was glad of so favourable an opportunity and excuse for wreaking it. He seized the poker, made three strides to Jocko, who set up an ineffable cry of defiance—and with a single blow split the skull

of the unhappy monkey in twain. It fell with one convulsion on the ground, and gave up the ghost.

We then raised the unfortunate landlady, placed her on the sofa, and Dartmore administered a plentiful potation of the Curaçoa punch. By slow degrees she revived, gave three most doleful suspirations, and then, starting up, gazed wildly around her. Half of us were still laughing—my unfortunate self among the number; this the enraged landlady no sooner perceived than she imagined herself the victim of some preconcerted villany. Her lips trembled with passion—she uttered the most dreadful imprecations; and had I not retired into a corner, and armed myself with the dead body of Jocko, which I wielded with exceeding valour, she might, with the simple weapons with which nature had provided her hands, have for ever demolished the loves and graces that abide in the face of Henry Pelham.

When at last she saw that nothing hostile was at present to be effected, she drew herself up, and giving Bedos a tremendous box on the ear, as he stood grinning beside her, marched out of the room.

We then again rallied around the table, more than ever disposed to be brilliant, and kept up till daybreak a continued fire of jests upon the heroine of the passage; "*cum quid* (as Vincent happily observed) *clauditur adversis innocia simia fatis!*"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Show me not thy painted beauties,
These impostures I defy."

GEORGE WITHER.

"The cave of Falri smelt not more delicately;—on every side appeared the marks of drunkenness and gluttony. At the upper end of the cave the sorcerer lay extended," &c.

Mirghip the Persian, in the Tales of the Genii.

I woke the next morning with an aching head and feverish frame. Ah, those midnight carousals, how glorious they would be if there were no next morning! I took my *sauterne* and soda-water in my dressing-room; and, as indisposition always makes me meditative, I thought over all I had done since my arrival at Paris. I had become (*that*, God knows, I *soon* manage to do) rather a talked-of and noted character. It is true that I was everywhere abused—one found fault with my neckcloth—another with my mind—the lank Mr. Aberton declared that I put my hair in paper, and the stuffed Sir Henry Millington said I was a thread-paper myself. One blamed my riding—a second my dancing—a third wondered how any woman *could* like me, and a fourth said that no woman *ever* could.

On one point, however, all—friends and foes—were alike agreed; viz. that I was a consummate puppy, and excessively well satisfied with myself. Perhaps, they were not much mistaken there. Why is it, by-the-by, that to be pleased with one's self is the surest way of offending everybody else? If any one, male or female, an evident admirer of his or her own perfections, enter a room, how perturbed, restless, and unhappy every individual of the offender's sex instantly becomes: for them not only enjoyment but tranquillity is over, and if they could annihilate the unconscious victim of their spleen, I fully believe no Christian toleration would come in the way of

that last extreme of animosity. For a coxcomb there is no mercy—for a coquette no pardon. They are, as it were, the dissenters of society—no crime is too bad to be imputed to them; they do not believe the religion of others—they set up a deity of their own vanity—all the orthodox vanities of others are offended. Then comes the bigotry—the stake—the *auto-da-fé* of scandal. What, alas! is so implacable as the rage of vanity? What so restless as its persecution? Take from a man his fortune, his house, his reputation, but flatter his vanity in each, and he will forgive you. Heap upon him benefits, fill him with blessings: but irritate his self-love, and you have made the very best man ungrateful. He will sting you if he can: you cannot blame him; you yourself have instilled the venom. This is one reason why you must rarely reckon upon gratitude in conferring an obligation. It is a very high mind to which gratitude is not a painful sensation. If you wish to please, you will find it wiser to receive—solicit even—favours, than accord them; for the vanity of the *obliger* is always flattered—that of the *obligee* rarely.

Well, this is an unforeseen digression: let me return! I had mixed, of late, very little with the English. My mother's introductions had procured me the *entrée* of the best French houses; and to them, therefore, my evenings were usually devoted. Alas! that was a happy time, when my carriage used to await me at the door of the Rocher de Cancale, and then whirl me to a succession of visits, varying in their degree and nature as the whim prompted: now to the brilliant *soirées* of Madame de —, or to the *appartemens au troisième* of some less celebrated daughter of dissipation and *écarté*;—now to the literary conversations of the Duchesse de D—s, or the Vicomte d—, and then to the feverish excitement of the gambling house. Passing from each with the appetite for amusement kept alive by variety; finding in none a disappointment, and in every one a welcome; full of the health which supports, and the youth which colours all excess or excitation, I drained, with an unsparing lip, whatever enjoyment that enchanting metropolis could afford.

I have hitherto said but little of the Duchesse de Perpignan; I think it necessary now to give some account of that personage. Ever since the evening I had met her at the ambassador's, I paid her the most unceasing attentions. I soon discovered that she had a curious sort of *liaison* with one of the *attachés*—a short, ill-made gentleman, with high shoulders, and a pale face, who wore a blue coat and buff waistcoat, wrote bad verses, and thought himself handsome. All Paris said she was excessively enamoured of this youth. As for me, I had not known her four days before I discovered that she could not be excessively enamoured of any thing but an oyster *pâté* and Lord Byron's Corsair. Her mind was the most marvellous *mélange* of sentiment and its opposite. In her amours she was Lucretia herself; in her epicurism Apicius would have yielded to her. She was pleased with sighs, but she adored suppers. She would leave every thing for her lover, except her dinner. The *attaché* soon quarrelled with her, and I was installed into the platonic honours of his office.

At first, I own that I was flattered by her

choice, and though she was terribly *exigeante* of my *petits soins*, I managed to keep up her affection, and, what is still more wonderful, my own, for the better part of a month. What then cooled me was the following occurrence:

I was in her boudoir one evening, when her *femme de chambre* came to tell us that the due was in the passage. Notwithstanding the innocence of our attachment, the duchesse was in a violent fright; a small door was at the left of the ottoman, on which we were sitting. "O, no, no, not there," cried the lady; but I, who saw no other refuge, entered it forthwith, and before she could ferret me out, the duc was in the room.

In the mean while, I amused myself by examining the wonders of the new world into which I had so abruptly immersed: on a small table before me was deposited a remarkably constructed night-cap; I examined it as a curiosity; on each side was placed *une petite cotelette de veau cru* sewed on with green-coloured silk, (I remember even the smallest minutiae;) a beautiful golden wig (the duchesse never liked me to play with her hair) was on a block close by, and on another table was a set of teeth, *d'une blancheur éblouissante*. In this manufactory of a beauty I remained for a quarter of an hour; at the end of that time, the abigail (the duchesse had the grace to disappear) released me, and I flew down stairs like a spirit from purgatory.

From that moment the duchesse honoured me with her most deadly abhorrence. Equally silly and wicked, her schemes of revenge were as ludicrous in their execution as remorseless in their design: at one time I narrowly escaped poison in a cup of coffee—at another, she endeavoured to stab me to the heart with a paper-cutter.

Notwithstanding my preservation from these attacks, this new Messalina had resolved on my destruction, and another means of attempting it still remained, which the reader will yet have the pleasure of learning.

Mr. Thornton had called upon me twice, and twice I had returned the visit, but neither of us had been at home to benefit by these reciprocities of *politesse*. His acquaintance with my mysterious hero of the gambling house and the *Jardin des Plantes*, and the keen interest I took, in spite of myself, in that unaccountable person, whom I was persuaded I had seen before in some very different scene, and under very different circumstances, made me desirous to improve an acquaintance, which, from Vincent's detail, I should otherwise have been anxious to avoid. I therefore resolved to make another attempt to find him at home; and my headach being somewhat better, I took my way to his apartments in the Faubourg St. Germain.

I love that *quartier*!—if ever I go to Paris again I shall reside there. It is a different world from the streets usually known to, and tenanted by the English—*there*, indeed, you are among the French, the fossilized remains of the old *régime*—the very houses have an air of desolate, yet venerable grandeur—you never pass by the white and modern mansion of a *nouveau riche*; all, even to the ruggedness of the *pavé*, breathes a haughty disdain of innovation—you cross one of the numerous bridges, and you enter into another time—you are inhaling the atmosphere of a past century; no flaunting *boutique*, French in its

trumpety, English in its prices, stares you in the face; no stiff coats and unnatural gaits are seen *anglicising* up the melancholy streets. Vast hotels, with their gloomy frontals, and magnificent contempt of comfort; shops, such as shops might have been in the aristocratic days of Louis Quatorze, ere British contamination made them insolent and dear; public edifices, still eloquent of the superb charities of *le grand monarque*—carriages with their huge bodies and ample decorations; horses, with their Norman dimensions and undocked honours; men, on whose more high though not less courteous demeanour, the revolution seems to have wrought no democratic plebeianism—all strike on the mind with a vague and nameless impression of antiquity; a something solemn even in gayety, and faded in pomp, appears to linger over all you behold; there are the great French people unadulterated by change, unsullied with the commerce of the vagrant and various tribes that throng their mighty mart of enjoyments.

The strangers who fill the *quartiers* on this side the Seine pass not there; between them and the Faubourg there is a gulf; the very skies seem different—your own feelings, thoughts—nature itself—alter, when you have passed that Styx which divides the wanderers from the habitants; your spirits are not so much damped, as tinged, refined, ennobled by a certain inexpressible awe—you are girt with the stateliness of eld, and you tread the gloomy streets with the dignity of a man, who is recalling the splendours of an ancient court where he once did homage.*

I arrived at Thornton's chambers in the Rue St. Dominique. "Monsieur, *est-il chez lui?*" said I to the ancient portress, who was reading one of Crebillon's novels.

"*Oui, Monsieur, au quatrième,*" was the answer. I turned to the dark and unclean staircase, and, after incredible exertion and fatigue, arrived, at last, at the elevated abode of Mr. Thornton.

"*Entrez,*" cried a voice, in answer to my rap. I obeyed the signal, and found myself in a room of tolerable dimensions and multiplied utilities. A decayed silk curtain of a dingy blue, drawn across a recess, separated the *chambre à coucher* from the *salon*. It was at present only half drawn, and did not, therefore, conceal the mysteries of the den within; the bed was still unmade, and apparently of no very inviting cleanliness; a red handkerchief, that served as a nightcap, hung pendent from the foot of the bed; at a little distance from it, more toward the pillow, were a shawl, a parasol, and an old slipper. On a table, which stood between the two dull, filmy windows, were placed a cracked bowl, still reeking with the lees of gin punch, two bottles half full, a mouldy cheese, and a salad dish; on the ground beneath the table lay two huge books, and a woman's bonnet.

Thornton himself sat by a small consumptive fire, in an easy chair; another table, still spread with the appliances of breakfast, viz. a coffee-pot, a milk-jug, two cups, a broken loaf, and an empty dish, mingled with a pack of cards, *one* dice, and an open book *de mauvais goût*, stood immediately before him.

Every thing around bore some testimony of low

debauchery; and the man himself, with his flushed and sensual countenance, his unwashed hands, and the slovenly rakishness of his whole appearance, made no unfitting representation of the *Genius Loci*.

All that I have described, together with a flitting shadow of feminine appearance, escaping through another door, my quick eye discovered in the same instant that I made my salutation.

Thornton rose, with an air half careless and half abashed, and expressed, in more appropriate terms than his appearance warranted, his pleasurable surprise at seeing me at last. There was, however, a singularity in his conversation which gave it an air both of shrewdness and vulgarity. This was, as may before have been noted, a profuse intermixture of proverbs, some stale, some new, some sensible enough, and all savouring of a vocabulary carefully eschewed by every man of ordinary refinement in conversation.

"I have but a small tenement," said he, smiling; "but, thank Heaven, at Paris a man is not made by his lodgings. Small house, small care. Few garçons have indeed a more sumptuous apartment than myself."

"True," said I; "and if I may judge by the bottles on the opposite table, and the bonnet beneath it, you find that no abode is too humble or too exalted for the solace of the senses."

"Fore Gad, you are in the right, Mr. Pelham," replied Thornton, with a loud, coarse, chuckling laugh, which, more than a year's conversation could have done, let me into the secrets of his character. "I care not a rush for the decorations of the table, so that the cheer be good; nor for the gew-gaws of the head-dress, so long as the face is pretty—the taste of the kitchen is better than the smell." Do you go much to Madame B——'s in the Rue Grétry—eh, Mr. Pelham?—ah, I'll be bound you do."

"No," said I, with a loud laugh, but internal shiver; "but you know where to find *le bon vin et les jolies filles*. As for me, I am still a stranger in Paris, and amuse myself but very indifferently."

Thornton's face brightened. "I tell you what, my good fellow—I beg pardon—I mean Mr. Pelham—I can show you the best sport in the world, if you can only spare me a little of your time—this very evening, perhaps?"

"I fear," said I, "I am engaged all the present week; but I long for nothing more than to cultivate an acquaintance, seemingly *so exactly to my own taste*."

Thornton's gray eyes twinkled. "Will you breakfast with me on Sunday?" said he.

"I shall be *too* happy," I replied.

There was now a short pause. I took advantage of it. "I think," said I, "I have seen you once or twice with a tall, handsome man, in a loose great-coat of very singular colour. Pray, if not impertinent, who is he? I am sure I have seen him before in England."

I looked full upon Thornton as I said this; he changed colour, and answered my gaze with a quick glance from his small, glittering eye, before he replied, "I scarcely know who you mean, my acquaintance is so large and miscellaneous at Paris. It might have been Johnson, or Smith, or Howard, or anybody, in short."

"It is a man, nearly six feet high," said I, "thin, and remarkably well made, of a pale com-

* It was in 1827 that this was written; the glory (by this time) has probably left the Faubourg.

plexion, light eyes, and very black hair, mustachios and whiskers. I saw him with you once in the Bois de Boulogne, and once in a hall in the Palais Royal. Surely, *now* you will recollect who he is!"

Thornton was evidently disconcerted. "O!" said he, after a short pause, and another of his peculiarly quick, sly glances—"O, *that* man; I have known him a very short time. What is his name!—let me see!" and Mr. Thornton affected to look down in a complete revery of dim remembrances.

I saw, however, that, from time to time, his eye glanced up to me, with a restless, inquisitive expression, and as instantly retired.

"Ah," said I, carelessly, "I think I know who he is!"

"Who?" cried Thornton, eagerly, and utterly off his guard.

"And yet," I pursued, without noticing the interruption, "it scarcely can be—the colour of the hair is so very different."

Thornton again appeared to relapse into his recollections.

"War—Warbur—ah, I have it now!" cried he; "Warburton—that's it—that's the name—is it the one you supposed, Mr. Pelham?"

"No," said I, apparently perfectly satisfied. "I was quite mistaken. Good morning, I did not think it was so late. On Sunday, then, Mr. Thornton—*au plaisir*!"

"A d—d cunning dog!" said I to myself, as I left the apartments. "However, *on peut être trop fin*. I shall have him yet."

The surest way to make a dupe is to let your victim suppose you are his.

CHAPTER XXIV

Voilà de l'érudition.

Les Femmes Savantes.

I FOUND, on my return, covered with blood, and foaming with passion, my inestimable valet,—Bedos!

"What's the matter?" said I.

"Matter!" repeated Bedos, in a tone almost inarticulate with rage; and then, rejoicing at the opportunity of unbooming his wrath, he poured out a vast volley of *irogues* and *carognes* against our dame du château, of monkey reminiscence. With great difficulty, I gathered at last, from his vituperations, that the enraged landlady, determined to wreak her vengeance on some one, had sent for him into her *appartement*, accosted him with a smile, bade him sit down, regaled him with cold *vol-au-vent*, and a glass of Curaçoa; and, while he was felicitating himself on his good fortune, slipped out of the room: presently, three tall fellows entered with sticks.

"We'll teach you," said the biggest of them—

"We'll teach you to lock up ladies for the indulgence of your vulgar amusement;" and, without one other word, they fell upon Bedos with incredible zeal and vigour. The valiant valet defended himself, tooth and nail, for some time, for which he only got the more soundly belaboured. In the mean while the landlady entered, and, with the same gentle smile as before, begged him to make no ceremony, to proceed with his present

amusement, and when he was tired with the exercise, hoped he would refresh himself with another glass of Curaçoa.

"It was this," said Bedos, with a whimper, "which hurt me the most, to think she should serve me so cruelly, after I had eaten so plentifully of the *vol-au-vent*; envy and injustice I can bear, but treachery stabs me to the heart."

When these threshers of men were tired, the lady satisfied, and Bedos half dead, they suffered the unhappy valet to withdraw; the mistress of the hotel giving him a note, which she desired, with great civility, that he would transmit to me on my return. This, I found, enclosed my bill, and informed me that, my month being out on the morrow, she had promised my rooms to a particular friend, and begged I would, therefore, have the *bonté* to choose another apartment.

"Carry my luggage forthwith," said I, "to the Hôtel de Mirabeau:" and that very evening I changed my abode.

I was engaged that day to a literary dinner at the Marquis d'Al—; and, as I knew I should meet Vincent, I felt some pleasure in repairing to my entertainer's hotel. They were just going to dinner as I entered. A good many English were of the party. The good-natured, in all senses of the word, Lady —, who always affected to pet me, cried aloud, "Pelham, *mon joli petit mignon*, I have not seen you for an age—do give me your arm."

Madame d'Anville was just before me, and, as I looked at her, I saw that her eyes were full of tears; my heart smote me for my late inattention, and going up to her, I only nodded to Lady —, and said, in reply to her invitation, "*Non, perfide*, it is *my* turn to be cruel *now*. Remember your flirtation with Mr. Howard de Howard."

"Pooh!" said Lady —, taking Lord Vincent's arm, "your jealousy does indeed rest upon '*a trifle light as air*.'"

"Do you forgive me?" whispered I to Madame d'Anville, as I handed her to the *salle à manger*.

"Does not love forgive every thing?" was her answer.

"At least," thought I, "it never talks in those pretty phrases!"

The conversation soon turned upon books. As for me, I rarely at that time took a share in those discussions; indeed, I have long laid it down as a rule, that when your fame, or your notoriety, is once established, you never gain by talking to more than one person at a time. If you don't shine, you are a fool—if you do, you are a bore. You must become either ridiculous or unpopular—either hurt your own self-love by stupidity, or that of others by wit. I therefore sat in silence, looking exceedingly edified, and now and then muttering "good!" "true!" Thank heaven, however, the suspension of one faculty only increases the vivacity of the others; my eyes and ears always watch like sentinels over the repose of my lips. Careless and indifferent as I seem to all things, nothing ever escapes me: I have two peculiarities which serve me, it may be, instead of talent; *I observe, and I remember!*

"You have seen Jouy's '*Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*!'" said our host to Lord Vincent.

"I have, and think meanly of it. There is a perpetual aim at something pointed, which as perpetually merges into something dull. He is like

a bad swimmer, strikes out with great force, makes a confounded splash, and never gets a yard the further for it. It is a great effort *not to sink*. Indeed, Monsieur d'A——, your literature is at a very reduced ebb; bombastic in the drama—shallow in philosophy—mawkish in poetry, your writers in the present day seem to think, with Boileau—

“*Souvent de tous nos maux la raison est le pire.*”

“Surely,” cried Madame d'Anville, “you will allow De la Martine's poetry to be beautiful?”

“I allow it,” said he, “to be among the best you have; and I know very few lines in your language equal to the first two stanzas in his ‘Meditation on Napoleon,’ or to those exquisite verses called ‘*Le Lac*,’ but *you* will allow also that he wants originality and nerve. His thoughts are pathetic, but not deep; he whines, but sheds no tears. He has, in his imitation of Lord Byron, reversed the great miracle; instead of turning water into wine, he has turned wine into water. Besides, he is so unpardonably obscure. He thinks, with Bacchus—(you remember, d'A——, the line in Euripides, which I will *not* quote,) that ‘there is something august in the shades;’ but he has applied this thought wrongly—in his obscurity there is nothing sublime—it is the background of a Dutch picture. It is only a red herring, or an old hat, which he has invested with such pomposity of shadow and darkness.”

“But his verses are so smooth,” said Lady——.

“Ah!” answered Vincent.

“*Quand la rime enfin se trouve au bout des vers,
Qu'importe que le reste y soit mis de travers ?*”

“*Helas !*” said the Viscount d'A——, an author of no small celebrity himself; “I agree with you—we shall never again see a Voltaire or a Rousseau.”

“There is but little justice in those complaints, often as they are made,” replied Vincent. “You may not, it is true, see a Voltaire or a Rousseau, but you will see their equals. Genius can never be exhausted by one individual. In our country, the poets after Chaucer in the fifteenth century complained of the decay of their art—they did not anticipate Shakspeare. In Hayley's time, who ever dreamt of the ascension of Byron? Yet Shakspeare and Byron came like the bridegroom ‘in the dead of night;’ and you have the same probability of producing—not, indeed, another Rousseau, but a writer to do equal honour to your literature.”

“I think,” said Lady——, “that Rousseau's ‘Julie’ is overrated. I had heard so much of ‘*La Nouvelle Héloïse*’ when I was a girl, and had been so often told that it was destruction to read it, that I bought the book the very day after I was married. I own to you that I could not get through it.”

“I am not surprised at it,” answered Vincent; “but Rousseau is not the less a genius for all that: there is no story to bear out the style, and he himself is right when he says ‘*ce livre convient à très peu de lecteurs.*’ One letter would delight every one—four volumes of them are a surfeit—it is the *toujours perdrix*. But the chief beauty of that wonderful conception of an impassioned and meditative mind is to be found in the inimitable manner in which the thoughts are embodied, and in the tenderness, the truth, the pro-

fundity of the thoughts themselves: when Lord Edouard says, ‘*c'est le chemin des passions qui m'a conduit à la philosophie,*’ he inculcates, in one simple phrase, a profound and unanswerable truth. It is in these remarks that nature is chiefly found in the writings of Rousseau: too much engrossed in himself to be deeply skilled in the *characters* of others, that very *self-study* had yet given him a knowledge of the more hidden recesses of the heart. He could perceive at once the motive and the cause of actions, but he wanted the patience to trace the elaborate and winding progress of their effects. He saw the passions in their home, but he could not follow them abroad. He knew *mankind* in the general, but not *men* in the detail. Thus, when he makes an aphorism, or reflection, it comes home at once to you as true; but when he would *analyze* that reflection—when he argues, reasons, and attempts to prove, you reject him as unnatural, or you refute him as false. It is then that he partakes of that *manie commune* which he imputes to other philosophers, ‘*de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas.*’”

There was a short pause. “I think,” said Madame d'Anville, “that it is in those *pensées* which you admire so much in Rousseau, that our authors in general excel.”

“You are right,” said Vincent, “and for this reason—with you *les gens de lettres* are always *les gens du monde*. Hence their quick perceptions are devoted to men as well as to books. They make observations acutely, and embody them with grace; but it is worth remarking, that the same cause which produced the aphorism frequently prevents its being profound. These literary *gens du monde* have the tact to observe, but not the patience, perhaps not the time, to investigate. They make the maxim, but they never explain to you the train of reasoning which led to it. Hence they are more brilliant than true. An English writer will seldom dare to make a maxim, involving, perhaps, in two lines, one of the most important of moral problems, without bringing pages to support his dictum. A French essayist leaves it wholly to itself. He tells you neither how he came by his reasons, nor their conclusion: ‘*le plus fou souvent est le plus satisfait.*’ Consequently, if less tedious than the English, your reasoners are more dangerous, and ought rather to be considered as models of terseness than of reflection. A man might learn to *think* sooner from your writers, but he will learn to *think justly* sooner from ours. Many observations of La Bruyère and Rochefoucault—the latter especially—have obtained credit for truth solely from their point. They possess exactly the same merit as the very sensible—permit me to add—very French line in Corneille:—

“*Ma plus douce espérance est de perdre l'espoir.*”

The marquis took advantage of the silence which followed Vincent's criticism, to rise from table. We all (except Vincent, who took leave) adjourned to the *salon*. “*Qui est cet homme là ?*” said one, “*comme il est épris de lui-même !*” “How silly he is,” cried another. “How ugly,” said a third. “What a taste in literature—such a talker—such shallowness, and such assurance—not worth the answering—could not slip in a word—disagreeable, revolting, awkward, slovenly,” were the most

complimentary opinions bestowed upon the unfortunate Vincent. The women called him *une horreur*, and the men *une bête*. The old railed at his *mauvais goût*, and the young at his *mauvais cœur*, for the former always attribute whatever does not correspond with their sentiments, to a perversion of taste, and the latter, whatever does not come up to their enthusiasm, to a depravity of heart.

As for me, I went home, enriched with two new observations; first, that one may not speak of any thing relative to a foreign country, as one would if one were a native. National censures become particular affronts. Secondly, that those who know mankind in theory seldom know it in practice; the very wisdom that conceives a rule, is accompanied with the abstraction, or the vanity, which destroys it. I mean, that the philosopher of the cabinet is often too diffident to put into action his observations, or too eager for display to conceal their design. Lord Vincent values himself upon his *science du monde*. He has read much upon men, he has reflected more; he lays down aphorisms to govern or to please them. He goes into society; he is cheated by the one half, and the other half he offends. The sage in the cabinet is but a fool in the *salon*; and the most consummate men of the world are those who have considered the least on it.

CHAPTER XXV.

Philip. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven grans and two pence.

2d Part of Henry IV.

En iterum Crispinus!

THE next day a note was brought me, which had been sent to my former lodgings in the Hôtel de Paris; it was from Thornton.

"MY DEAR SIR," (it began,)

"I am very sorry that particular business will prevent me the pleasure of seeing you at my rooms on Sunday. I hope to be more fortunate some other day. I should like much to introduce you, the first opportunity, to my friends in the Rue Grétry, for I like obliging my countrymen. I am sure, if you were to go there, you would cut and come again—one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

"I beg you to accept my repeated excuses, and remain,

"Dear sir, your very obedient servant,

"THOMAS THORNTON.

"Rue St. Dominique,
Friday morning."

This letter produced in me many and manifold cogitations. What could possibly have induced Mr. Tom Thornton, rogue as he was, to postpone thus, of his own accord, the plucking of a pigeon, which he had such good reason to believe he had entrapped? There was evidently no longer the same avidity to cultivate my acquaintance as before; in putting off our appointment with so little ceremony, he did not even fix a day for another meeting. What had altered his original designs towards me? for if Vincent's account were true, it was natural to suppose that he wished to profit by my acquaintance he might form with me, and

therefore such an acquaintance his own interests would induce him to continue and confirm.

Either, then, he no longer had the same necessity for a dupe, or he no longer imagined I should become one. Yet neither of these suppositions was probable. It was not likely that he should grow suddenly honest, nor suddenly rich: nor had I, on the other hand, given him any reason to suppose I was a jot more wary than any other individual he might have imposed upon. On the contrary, I had appeared to seek his acquaintance with an eagerness which said but little for my knowledge of the world. The more I reflected, the more I should have been puzzled, had I not connected his present backwardness with his acquaintance with the stranger, whom he termed Warburton. It is true, that I had no reason to suppose so: it was a conjecture wholly unsupported, and, indeed, against my better sense; yet, from some unanalyzed associations, I could not divest myself of the supposition.

"I will soon see," thought I; and, wrapping myself in my cloak, for the day was bitterly cold, I bent my way to Thornton's lodgings. I could not explain to myself the deep interest I took in whatever was connected with (the so-called) Warburton, or whatever promised to discover more clearly any particulars respecting him. His behaviour in the gambling house; his conversation with the woman in the *Jardin des Plantes*; and the singular circumstance, that a man of so very aristocratic an appearance should be connected with Thornton, and only seen in such low scenes, and with such low society, would not have been sufficient so strongly to occupy my mind, had it not been for certain dim recollections, and undefinable associations, that his appearance when present, and my thoughts of him when absent, perpetually recalled.

As, engrossed with meditations of this nature, I was passing over the *Pont Neuf*, I perceived the man Warburton I had so earnestly watched in the gambling house, and whom I identified with the "Tyrrell," who had formed the subject of conversation in the *Jardin des Plantes*, pass slowly before me. There was an appearance of great exhaustion in his swarthy and strongly marked countenance. He walked carelessly on, neither looking to the right nor the left, with that air of thought and abstraction common to all men in the habit of indulging any gross and exciting passion.

We were just on the other side of the *Seine*, when I perceived the woman of the *Jardin des Plantes* approach. Tyrrell (for that, I afterward discovered, was really his name) started as she came near, and asked her in a tone of some asperity, where she had been? As I was but a few paces behind, I had a clear, full view of the woman's countenance. She was about twenty-eight or thirty years of age. Her features were decidedly handsome, though somewhat too sharp and aquiline for my individual taste. Her eyes were light and rather sunken; and her complexion bespoke somewhat of the paleness and languor of ill-health. On the whole, the expression of her face, though decided, was not displeasing, and when she returned Tyrrell's rather rude salutation, it was with a smile, which made her, for the moment, absolutely beautiful.

"Where have I been to?" she said, in answer to his interrogatory. "Why, I went to look at the

New Church, which they told me was so *superbe*."

"Methinks," replied the man, "that ours are not precisely the circumstances in which such spectacles are amusing."

"Nay, Tyrrell," said the woman, as, taking his arm, they walked on together a few paces before me, "nay, we are quite rich now to what we have been; and, if you *do* play again, our two hundred pounds may swell into a fortune. Your losses have brought you skill, and you may now turn them into actual advantages."

Tyrrell did not reply exactly to these remarks, but appeared as if debating with himself. "Two hundred pounds—twenty already gone!—in a few months all will have melted away. What is it then now but a respite from starvation!—but with luck it may become a competence."

"And why not have luck? many a fortune has been made with a worse beginning," said the woman.

"True, Margaret," pursued the gambler, "and even without luck, our fate can only commence a month or two sooner—better a short doom than a lingering torture."

"What think you of trying some new game where you have more experience, or where the chances are greater than in that of *rouge et noir*?" asked the woman. "Could you not make something out of that tall, handsome man, who, Thornton says, is so rich?"

"Ah, if one could!" sighed Tyrrell, wistfully. "Thornton tells me, that he has won thousands from him, and that they are mere drops in his income. Thornton is a good, easy, careless fellow, and might let me into a share of the booty: but then, in what games can I engage him?"

Here I passed this well-suited pair, and lost the remainder of their conversation. "Well," thought I, "if this precious personage does starve at last, he will most richly deserve it, partly for his designs on the stranger, principally for his opinion of Thornton. If he were a knave only, one might pity him; but a knave and fool both, are a combination of evil, for which there is no intermediate purgatory of opinion—nothing short of utter damnation."

I soon arrived at Mr. Thornton's abode. The same old woman, poring over the same novel of Crebillon, made me the same reply as before; and accordingly again I ascended the obscure and rugged stairs, which seemed to indicate, that the road to vice is not so easy as one generally supposes. I knocked at the door, and, receiving no answering acknowledgment, opened it at once. The first thing I saw was the dark, rough coat of Warburton—that person's back was turned to me, and he was talking with some energy to Thornton, (who lounged idly in a chair, with one ungartered leg thrown over the elbow.)

"Ah, Mr. Pelham," exclaimed the latter, starting from his *not* very graceful position, "it gives me great pleasure to see you—Mr. Warburton, Mr. Pelham—Mr. Pelham, Mr. Warburton."

My new-made and mysterious acquaintance drew himself up to his full height, and bowed very slightly to my own acknowledgment of the introduction. A low person would have thought him rude. I only supposed him ignorant of the world. No man of the world is uncivil. He turned round after this stiff condescension *de sa part*,

and sank down on the sofa, with his back towards me.

"I was mistaken," thought I, "when I believed him to be above such associates as Thornton—they are well matched."

"My dear sir," said Thornton, "I am very sorry I could not see you to breakfast—a particular engagement prevented me—*verbum sap.* Mr. Pelham, you take me, I suppose—black eyes, white skin, and such an ankle!" and the fellow rubbed his great hands and chuckled.

"Well," said I, "I cannot blame you, whatever may be my loss—a dark eye and a straight ankle are powerful excuses. What says Mr. Warburton to them?" and I turned to the object of my interrogatory.

"Really," he answered dryly, (but in a voice that struck me as feigned and artificial,) and without moving from his uncourteous position, "Mr. Thornton only can judge of the niceties of his peculiar tastes, or the justice of his general excuses."

Mr. Warburton said this in a sarcastic bitter tone. Thornton bit his lips, more, I should think, at the manner than the words, and his small gray eyes sparkled with a malignant and stern expression, which suited the character of his face far better than the careless levity and *enjouement* which his glances usually denoted.

"They are no such great friends, after all," thought I; "and now let me change my attack. Pray," I asked, "among all your numerous acquaintances at Paris, did you ever meet with a Mr. Tyrrell?"

Warburton started from his chair, and as instantly reseated himself. Thornton eyed me with one of those peculiar looks which so strongly reminded me of a dog, in deliberation whether to bite or run away.

"I do know a Mr. Tyrrell," he said, after a short pause.

"What sort of a person is he?" I asked with an indifferent air—"a great gamester, is he not?"

"He does slap it down on the colours now and then," replied Thornton. "I hope you don't know him, Mr. Pelham?"

"Why?" said I, evading the question. "His character is not affected by a propensity so common, unless, indeed, you suppose him to be more a gambler than a gamester, viz. more acute than unlucky."

"God forbid that I should say any such thing," replied Thornton; "you won't catch an old lawyer in such imprudence."

"The greater the truth, the greater the libel," said Warburton, with a sneer.

"No," resumed Thornton, "I know nothing against Mr. Tyrrell—*nothing*! He may be a very good man, and I believe he is; but as a friend, Mr. Pelham," (and Mr. Thornton grew quite affectionate,) "I advise you to have as little as possible to do *with that sort of people*."

"Truly," said I, "you have now excited my curiosity. Nothing, you know, is half so inviting as mystery."

Thornton looked as if he had expected a very different reply; and Warburton said, in an abrupt tone,

"Whoever enters an unknown road in a fog may easily lose himself."

"True," said I; "but that very chance is more agreeable than a road where one knows every

tree! Danger and novelty are more to my taste than safety and sameness. Besides, as I never gamble myself, I can lose nothing by an acquaintance with those who do."

Another pause ensued; and finding I had got all from Mr. Thornton and his uncourteous guest that I was likely to do, I took my hat and my departure.

"I do not know," thought I, "whether I have profited much by this visit. Let me consider. In the first place, I have not ascertained why I was put off by Mr. Thornton—for as to his excuse, it could only have availed one day, and had he been anxious for my acquaintance, he would have named another. I have, however, discovered, first, that he does not wish me to form any connexion with Tyrrell; secondly, from Warburton's sarcasm, and his glance of reply, that there is but little friendship between those two, whatever be the intimacy; and, thirdly, that Warburton, from his *desert* positions, so studiously preserved, either wished to be uncivil or unnoticed." The latter, after all, was the most probable supposition; and, upon the whole, I felt more than ever convinced that he was the person I suspected him to be.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Tell how the fates my giddy course did guide,
The inconstant turns of every changing hour.
Pierre Gaveston, by M. DARTON.

Je me retire donc.—Adieu, Paris, adieu!
BOILEAU.

When I returned home, I found on my table the following letter from my mother:—

"MY DEAR HENRY,

"I am rejoiced to hear you are so well entertained at Paris—that you have been so often to the D—s and C—s; that Coulon says you are his best pupil—that your favourite horse is so much admired—and that you have only exceeded your allowance by 1000*l.*; with some difficulty I have persuaded your uncle to transmit you an order for 1500*l.*, which will, I trust, make up all your deficiencies.

"You must not, my dear child, be so extravagant for the future, and for a very good reason, viz. I do not see how you can. Your uncle, I fear, will not again be so generous, and your father cannot assist you. You will therefore see more clearly than ever the necessity of marrying an heiress: there are only two in England (the daughters of gentlemen) worthy of you—the most deserving of these has 10,000*l.* a year, the other has 100,000*l.* The latter is old, ugly, and very ill-tempered; the former tolerably pretty, and agreeable, and just of age; but you will perceive the impropriety of even thinking of her till we have tried the other. I am going to ask both to my Sunday *soirées*, where I never admit any single men, so that *there*, at least, you will have no rivals.

"And now, my dear son, before I enter into a subject of great importance to you, I wish to recall to your mind that pleasure is never an end, but a means—viz. that in your horses and amusements at Paris—your visits and your *liaisons*—you have always, I trust, remembered that these were only

so far desirable as the methods of shining in society. I have now a new scene on which you are to enter, with very different objects in view, and where any pleasures you may find have nothing the least in common with those you at present enjoy.

"I know that this preface will not frighten you, as it might many silly young men. Your education has been too carefully attended to, for you to imagine that any step can be rough or unpleasant which raises you in the world.

"To come at once to the point. One of the seats in your uncle's borough of Buyemall is every day expected to be vacated; the present member, Mr. Toolington, cannot possibly live a week, and your uncle is very desirous that you should fill the vacancy which Mr. Toolington's death will create. Though I called it Lord Glenmorris's borough, yet it is not entirely at his disposal, which I think very strange, since my father, who was not half so rich as your uncle, could send two members to Parliament without the least trouble in the world—but I don't understand these matters. Possibly your uncle (poor man) does not manage them well. However, he says no time is to be lost. You are to return immediately to England, and come down to his house in ———shire. It is supposed you will have some contest, but be certain eventually to come in.

"You will also, in this visit to Lord Glenmorris, have an excellent opportunity of securing his affection; you know it is some time since he saw you, and the greater part of his property is unentailed. If you come into the House, you must devote yourself wholly to it, and I have no fear of your succeeding; for I remember, when you were quite a child, how well you spoke, 'My name is Norval,' and 'Romans, countrymen, and lovers,' &c. I heard Mr. Canning speak the other day, and I think his voice is quite like yours. In short, I make no doubt of seeing you in the ministry in a very few years.

"You see, my dear son, that it is absolutely necessary you should set out immediately. You will call on Lady ———, and you will endeavour to make firm friends of the most desirable among your present acquaintance; so that you may be on the same footing you are now, should you return to Paris. This a little civility will easily do; nobody, (as I before observed,) except in England, ever loses by politeness—by-the-by, that last word is one you must never use, it is too *Gloucester-place* like.

"You will also be careful, in returning to England, to make very little use of French phrases; no vulgarity is more displeasing. I could not help being exceedingly amused by a book written the other day, which professes to give an accurate description of good society. Not knowing what to make us say in English, the author has made us talk nothing but French. I have often wondered what common people think of us, since in their novels they always affect to portray us so different from themselves. I am very much afraid we are in all things exactly like them, except in being more simple and unaffected. The higher the rank, indeed, the less pretence, because there is less to pretend to. This is the chief reason why our manners are better than low persons: ours are more natural, because we imitate no one else; theirs are affected, because they think to imitate ours; and what-

ever is evidently borrowed becomes vulgar. Original affectation is sometimes good *ton*—imitated affectation always bad.

"Well, my dear Henry, I must now conclude this letter, already too long to be interesting. I hope to see you about ten days after you receive this; and if you could bring me a Cachemire shawl, it would give me great pleasure to see your taste in its choice.

"God bless you, my dear son.

"Your very affectionate

"FRANCIS PELHAM.

"P.S. I hope you go to church sometimes: I am sorry to see the young men of the present day so irreligious; it is very bad taste! Perhaps you could get my old friend Madame de —, to choose the Cachemire—take care of your health."

This letter, which I read carefully twice over, threw me into a most serious meditation. My first feeling was regret at leaving Paris; my second, was a certain exultation at the new prospects so unexpectedly opened to me. The great aim of a philosopher is, to reconcile every disadvantage by some counterbalance of good—where he cannot create this, he should imagine it. I began, therefore, to consider less what I should lose than what I should gain, by quitting Paris. In the first place, I was tolerably tired of its amusements: no business is so half so fatiguing as pleasure. I longed for a change: behold, a change was at hand! Then, to say truth, I was heartily glad of a pretence of escaping from a numerous cohort of *folles amours*, with Madame d'Anville at the head; and the very circumstance which men who play the German flute and fall in love would have considered the most vexatious, I regarded as the most consolatory.

There was yet another reason which reconciled me more than any other to my departure. I had, in my residence at Paris, among half wits and whole *roués* contracted a certain—not exactly *grossièreté*—but want of refinement—a certain coarseness of expression and idea, which, though slight, and easily thrown off, took in some degree from my approach to that character which I wished to become. I know nothing which would so polish the manners as continental intercourse, were it not for the English *débauchés* with whom that intercourse connects one. English profligacy is always coarse, and in profligacy nothing is more contagious than its tone. One never keeps a restraint on the manner when one unbridles the passions, and one takes from the associates with whom the latter are indulged the air and the method of the indulgence.

I was, the reader well knows, too solicitous for improvement not to be anxious to escape from such chances of deterioration, and I therefore consoled myself with considerable facility for the pleasures and the associates I was about to forego. My mind being thus relieved from all regret at my departure, I now suffered it to look forward to the advantages of my return to England. My love of excitement and variety made an election, in which I was to have both the importance of the contest and the certainty of the success, a very agreeable object of anticipation.

I was also by this time wearied with my attendance upon women, and eager to exchange it for the ordinary objects of ambition to men; and my vanity

whispered that my success in the one was no unfavourable omen of my prosperity in the other. On my return to England, with a new scene and a new motive for conduct, I resolved that I would commence a different character from that I had hitherto assumed. How far I kept this resolution the various events hereafter to be shown will testify. For myself, I felt that I was now about to enter a more crowded scene upon a more elevated ascent; and my previous experience of human nature was sufficient to convince me that my safety required a more continual circumspection, and my success a more dignified bearing.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Je noterai cela, Madame, dans mon livre.
MOLIÈRE.

I AM not one of those persons who are many days in deciding what may be effected in one. "On the third day from this," said I to Bedos, "at half past nine in the morning, I shall leave Paris for England."

"O my poor wife!" said the valet; "she will break her heart if I leave her."

"Then stay," said I. Bedos shrugged his shoulders.

"I prefer being with Monsieur to all things."

"What, even to your wife?" The courteous rascal placed his hand to his heart, and bowed. "You shall not suffer by your fidelity—you shall take your wife with you."

The conjugal valet's countenance fell. "No," he said, "no; he could not take advantage of Monsieur's generosity."

"I insist upon it—not another word."

"I beg a thousand pardons of Monsieur; but—but my wife is very ill, and unable to travel."

"Then, in that case, so excellent a husband cannot think of leaving a sick and destitute wife."

"Poverty has no law; if I consulted my heart, and stayed, I should starve, *et il faut vivre*."

"*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*," replied I, as I got into my carriage. That repartee, by-the-way, I cannot claim as my own; it is the very unanswerable answer of a judge to an expostulating thief.

I made the round of reciprocal regrets, according to the orthodox formula. The Duchesse de Persignan was the last;—(Madame d'Anville I reserved for another day;)—that virtuous and wise personage was in the *boudoir* of reception. I glanced at the fatal door as I entered. I have a great aversion, after any thing has once happened and fairly subsided, to make any allusion to its former existence. I never, therefore, talked to the duchess about our ancient *égarements*. I spoke, this morning, of the marriage of one person, the death of another, and lastly the departure of my individual self.

"When do you go?" she said, eagerly.

"In two days: my departure will be softened, if I can execute any commissions in England for Madame."

"None," said she: and then in a low tone, (that none of the idlers, who were always found at her morning *levées*, should hear,) she added, "you will receive a note from me this evening."

I bowed, changed the conversation, and with-

drew. I dined in my own rooms, and spent the evening in looking over the various *billets-doux*, received during my *sejour* at Paris.

"Where shall I put all these locks of hair?" asked Bedos, opening a drawer full.

"Into my scrap-book."

"And all these letters?"

"Into the fire."

I was just getting into bed when the Duchesse de Perpignan's note arrived—it was as follows:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"For that word, so doubtful in our language, I may at least call you in *your own*. I am unwilling that you should leave this country with those sentiments you now entertain of me, unaltered, yet I cannot imagine any form of words of sufficient magic to change them. O! if you knew how much I am to be pitied; if you could look for one moment into this lonely and blighted heart; if you could trace, step by step, the progress I have made in folly and sin, you would see how much of what you now condemn and despise, I have owed to circumstances, rather than to the vice of my disposition. I was born a beauty, educated a beauty, owed fame, rank, power to beauty; and it is to the advantages I have derived from person that I owe the ruin of my mind. You have seen how much I now derive from art; I loathe myself as I write that sentence; but no matter: from that moment you loathed me too. You did not take into consideration that I had been living on excitement all my youth, and that in my maturer years I could not relinquish it. I had reigned by my attractions, and I thought every art preferable to resigning my empire: but, in feeding my vanity, I had not been able to stifle the dictates of my heart. Love is so natural to a woman, that she is scarcely a woman who resists it: but in me it has been a sentiment, not a passion.

"Sentiment, then, and vanity, have been my seducers. I said, that I owed my errors to circumstances, not to nature. You will say, that in confessing love and vanity to be my seducers, I contradict this assertion—you are mistaken. I mean, that though vanity and sentiment were in me, yet the scenes in which I have been placed, and the events which I have witnessed, gave to those latent currents of action a wrong and a dangerous direction. I was formed *to love*; for one whom I did love I could have made every sacrifice. I married a man I hated, and I only learnt the depths of my heart when it was too late.

"Enough of this; you will leave this country; we shall never meet again—never! You may return to Paris, but I shall then be no more; *n'importe*—I shall be unchanged to the last. *Je mourrai en reine*.

"As a latest pledge of what I have felt for you, I send you the enclosed chain and ring; as a latest favour, I request you to wear them for six months, and, above all, for two hours in the Tuileries to-morrow. You will laugh at this request: it seems idle and romantic—perhaps it is so. Love has many exaggerations in sentiment, which reason would despise. What wonder, then, that mine, above that of all others, should conceive them? You will not, I know, deny this request. Farewell!—in this world we shall never meet again, and I believe not in the existence of another. Farewell!"

"E. P."

"A most sensible effusion," said I to myself, when I had read this billet; "and yet, after all, it shows more feeling and more character than I could have supposed she possessed." I took up the chain: it was of Maltese workmanship; not very handsome, nor, indeed, in any way remarkable, except for a plain hair ring which was attached to it, and which I found myself unable to take off, without breaking. "It is a very singular request," thought I; "but then it comes from a very singular person; and as it rather partakes of adventure and intrigue, I shall at all events appear in the Tuileries to-morrow, *chained and ringed*."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Thy incivility shall not make me fail to do what becomes me; and since thou hast more valour than courtesy, I for thee will hazard that life which thou wouldst take from me.—*Cassandra, "elegantly done into English by Sir CHARLES COTTELL."*

ABOUT the usual hour for the promenade in the Tuileries, I conveyed myself thither. I set the chain and ring in full display, rendered still more conspicuous by the dark-coloured dress which I always wore. I had not been in the gardens ten minutes, before I perceived a young Frenchman, scarcely twenty years of age, look with a very peculiar air at my new decorations. He passed and repassed me, much oftener than the alterations of the walk warranted; and at last, taking off his hat, said in a low tone, that he wished much for the honour of exchanging a few words with me in private. I saw, at the first glance, that he was a gentleman, and accordingly withdrew with him among the trees, in the more retired part of the garden.

"Permit me," said he, "to inquire how that ring and chain came into your possession?"

"Monsieur," I replied, "you will understand me, when I say that the honour of another person is implicated in my concealment of that secret."

"Sir," said the Frenchman, colouring violently, "I have seen them before—in a word, they belong to me!"

I smiled—my young hero fired at this. "*Oui, Monsieur*," said he, speaking very loud, and very quick, "they belong to *me*, and I insist upon your immediately restoring them, or vindicating your claim to them by arms."

"You leave me but one answer, Monsieur," said I; "I will find a friend to wait upon you immediately. Allow me to inquire your address?" The Frenchman, who was greatly agitated, produced a card. We bowed and separated.

I was glancing over the address I held in my hand, which was—*C. d'Azimart, Rue de Bourbon, Numéro —*, when my ears were saluted with—

"Now do you know me?—*thou shouldst be Alonso*."

I did not require the faculty of sight to recognise Lord Vincent. "My dear fellow," said I, "I am rejoiced to see you!" and thereupon I poured into his ear the particulars of my morning adventure. Lord Vincent listened to me with much apparent interest, and spoke very unaffectedly of his readiness to serve me, and his regret at the occasion.

"Pooh!" said I, "a duel in France is not like

one in England; the former is a matter of course; a trifle of common occurrence; one makes an engagement to fight in the same breath as an engagement to dine; but the latter is a thing of state and solemnity—long faces—early rising—and will-making. But do get this business over as soon as you can, that we may dine at the Rocher afterward."

"Well, my dear Pelham," said Vincent, "I cannot refuse you my services; and as I suppose Monsieur d'Azimart will choose swords, I venture to augur every thing from your skill in that species of weapon. It is the first time I have ever interfered in affairs of this nature, but I hope to get well through the present."

"*'Nobilis ornatur lauro collega secunda,'*

as Juvenal says: *au revoir*," and away went Lord Vincent, half forgetting all his late anxiety for my life in his paternal pleasure for the delivery of his quotation.

Vincent is the only punster I ever knew with a good heart. No action, to that race in general, is so serious an occupation as the play upon words; and the remorseless habit of murdering a phrase renders them perfectly obdurate to the simple death of a friend. I walked through every variety the straight paths of the Tuileries could afford, and was beginning to get exceedingly tired, when Lord Vincent returned. He looked very grave, and I saw at once that he was come to particularize the circumstances of the last extreme. "*The Bois de Boulogne—pistols—in one hour*," were the three leading features of his detail.

"Pistols!" said I; "well, be it so. I would rather have had swords, for the young man's sake as much as my own: but thirteen paces and a steady aim will settle the business as soon. We will try a bottle of the Chambertin to-day, Vincent." The punster smiled faintly, and for once in his life made no reply. We walked gravely and soberly to my lodgings for the pistols, and then proceeded to the engagement as silently as Christians should do.

The Frenchman and his second were on the ground first. I saw that the former was pale and agitated, not, I think, from fear, but passion. When we took our ground, Vincent came to me, and said, in a low tone, "For God's sake, suffer me to accommodate this, if possible!"

"It is not in *our* power," said I, receiving the pistol. I looked steadily at d'Azimart, and took my aim. His pistol, owing, I suppose, to the trembling of his hand, went off a moment sooner than he had anticipated—the ball grazed my hat. My aim was more successful—I struck him in the shoulder—the exact place I had intended. He staggered a few paces, but did not fall.

We hastened towards him—his cheek assumed a still more livid hue as I approached; he muttered some half-formed curses between his teeth, and turned from me to his second.

"You will inquire whether Monsieur d'Azimart is satisfied," said I to Vincent, and retired to a short distance.

"His second," said Vincent, (after a brief conference with that person,) "replies to my question, that Monsieur d'Azimart's wound has left him for the present no alternative." Upon this answer I took Vincent's arm, and we returned forthwith to my carriage.

"I congratulate you most sincerely on the event of this duel," said Vincent. "Monsieur de M—— (d'Azimart's second) informed me, when I waited on him, that your antagonist was one of the most celebrated pistol shots in Paris, and that a lady with whom he had been long in love made the death of the chain-bearer the price of her favour. Devilish lucky for you, my good fellow, that his hand trembled so; but I did not know you were so good a shot."

"Why," I answered, "I am not what is vulgarly termed 'a crack shot'—I cannot split a bullet on a penknife; but I am sure of a target somewhat smaller than a man: and my hand is as certain in the field as it is in the practice-yard."

"*Le sentiment de nos forces les augmente*," replied Vincent. "Shall I tell the coachman to drive to the Rocher?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Here's a kind host, that makes the invitation.

To your own cost to his *fort bonne collation*.

WYCHERLY'S *Gent. Dancing Master*.

Vous pouvez bien juger que je n'aurai pas grande peine à me consoler d'une chose dont je me suis déjà consolé tant de fois.

Lettres de BOURBON.

As I was walking home with Vincent from the Rue Mont-orgueil, I saw, on entering the Rue St. Honoré, two figures before us; the tall and noble stature of the one I could not for a moment mistake. They stopped at the door of an hotel, which opened in that noiseless manner so peculiar to the *Conciergerie* of France. I was at the *porte* the moment they disappeared, but not before I had caught a glance of the dark locks and pale countenance of Warburton,—my eye fell upon the number of the hotel.

"Surely," said I, "I have been in that house before."

"Likely enough," growled Vincent, who was gloriously drunk. "It is a house of twofold utility—you may play with cards, or coquet with women, *selon votre goût*."

At these words I remembered the hotel and its inmates immediately. It belonged to an old nobleman, who, though on the brink of the grave, was still grasping at the good things on the margin. He lived with a pretty and clever woman, who bore the name and honours of his wife. They kept up two *salons*, one *pour le petit souper*, and the other *pour le petit jeu*. You saw much *écarté* and more love-making, and lost your heart and your money with equal facility. In a word, the marquis and his *jolie petite femme* were a wise and prosperous couple, who made the best of their lives, and lived decently and honourably upon other people.

"*Allons*, Pelham," cried Vincent, as I was still standing at the door in deliberation; "how much longer will you keep me to congeal in this 'eager and nipping air'—*Quamdiu patientiam nostram abutere Catilina*."

"Let us enter," said I. "I have the run of the house, and we may find——"

"Some young vices—some fair iniquities," interrupted Vincent, with a hiccup—

"Lead on good fellows," quoth Robin Hood,
"Lead on, I do bid thee."

And with these words, the door opened in obedience to my rap, and we mounted to the marquis's tenement *au premier*.

The room was pretty full—the *soi-disant* marquise was sitting from table to table—betting at each, and coquetting with all; and the marquis himself, with a moist eye and shaking hand, was affecting the Don Juan with the various Elvira and Annas with which his *salon* was crowded. Vincent was trying to follow me through the crowd; but his confused vision and unsteady footing led him from one entanglement to another, till he was quite unable to proceed. A tall, corpulent Frenchman, six foot by five, was leaning (*a great and weighty objection*) just before him, utterly occupied in the vicissitudes of an *écarté* table, and unconscious of Vincent's repeated efforts, first on one side, and then on the other, to pass him.

At last, the perplexed wit, getting more irascible as he grew more bewildered, suddenly seized the vast encumbrance by the arm, and said to him, in a sharp, querulous tone, "Pray, Monsieur, why are you like the lote tree in Mahomet's seventh heaven?"

"Sir!" cried the astonished Frenchman.

"Because," (continued Vincent, answering his own enigma)—"because, *beyond you there is no passing!*"

The Frenchman (one of that race who always forgive any thing for a *bon mot*) smiled, bowed, and drew himself aside. Vincent steered by, and joining me, hiccuped out, "*Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.*"

Meanwhile I had looked round the room for the objects of my pursuit; to my great surprise I could not perceive them; they may be in the other room, thought I, and to the other room I went: the supper was laid out, and an old *bonne* was quietly helping herself to some sweetmeat. All other human beings (if, indeed, an old woman can be called a human being!) were, however, invisible, and I remained perfectly bewildered as to the non-appearance of Warburton and his companion. I entered the *Salle à Jouer* once more—I looked round in every corner—I examined every face—but in vain; and, with a feeling of disappointment very disproportioned to my loss, I took Vincent's arm, and we withdrew.

The next morning I spent with Madame d'Anville. A French woman easily consoles herself for the loss of a lover—she converts him into a friend, and thinks herself (nor is she much deceived) benefited by the exchange. We talked of our grief in maxims, and bade each other adieu in antitheses. Ah! it is a pleasant thing to drink with Alcidas (in Marmontel's Tale) of the rose-coloured phial—to sport with the fancy, not to brood over the passion of youth. There is a time when the heart, from very tenderness, runs over, and (so much do our virtues as well as vices flow from our passions) there is, perhaps, rather hope than anxiety for the future in that excess. Then, if pleasure errs, it errs through heedlessness, not design; and love, wandering over flowers, "proffers honey, but bears *not* a sting." Ah! happy time! in the lines of one who can so well translate feeling into words—

"Fate has not darken'd thee—hope has not made
The blossoms expand it but opens to fade;
Nothing is known of those wearing fears
Which will shadow the light of *our* after years."
The Improvisatrice.

Pardon this digression—not much, it must be confessed, in my ordinary strain—but let me, dear reader, very seriously advise thee not to judge of me yet. When thou hast got to the end of my book, if thou dost condemn it or its hero—why "I will let thee alone (as honest Dogberry advises) till thou art sober; and, if thou make me not then the better answer, thou art not the man I took thee for."

CHAPTER XXX.

It must be confessed, that flattery comes mightily easy to one's mouth in the presence of royalty.
Letters of STEPHEN MONTAIGU.

'Tis he.—How came he thence—what doth he here?
Lara.

I HAD received for that evening (my last at Paris) an invitation from the Duchesse de B—. I knew that the party was to be small, and that very few besides the royal family would compose it. I had owed the honour of this invitation to my intimacy with the —, the great friends of the duchesse, and I promised myself some pleasure in the engagement.

There were but eight or nine persons present when I entered the royal chamber. The most distinguished of these I recognised immediately as the —. He came forward with much grace as I approached, and expressed his pleasure at seeing me.

"You were presented, I think, about a month ago," added the —, with a smile of singular fascination; "I remember it well."

I bowed low to this compliment.

"Do you propose staying long at Paris?" continued the —.

"I protracted," I replied, "my departure solely for the honour this evening affords me. In so doing, please your —, I have followed the wise maxim of keeping the greatest pleasure to the last."

The royal chevalier bowed to my answer with a smile still sweeter than before, and began a conversation with me which lasted for several minutes. I was much struck with the —'s air and bearing. They possess great dignity, without any affectation of its assumption. He speaks peculiarly good English, and the compliment of addressing me in that language was therefore as judicious as delicate. His observations owed little to his rank; they would have struck you as appropriate, and the air which accompanied them pleased you as graceful, even in a simple individual. Judge, then, if they charmed me in the —. The upper part of his countenance is prominent and handsome, and his eyes have much softness of expression. His figure is slight and particularly well knit; perhaps he is altogether more adapted to strike in private than with public effect. Upon the whole, he is one of those very few persons of great rank whom you would have had pride in knowing as an equal, and have pleasure in acknowledging as a superior.*

* The sketch of these unfortunate members of an exiled and illustrious family may not be the less interesting from the reverses which, since the first publication of this work, have placed the Orleans family on the Bourbon throne. As for the erring Charles X., he was neither a great monarch nor a wise man, but he was, in air, grace, and manner, the most thorough-bred gentleman I

As the ——— paused, and turned with great courtesy to the Duc de ———, I bowed my way to the Duchesse de B——. That personage, whose liveliness and piquancy of manner always make one wish for one's own sake that her rank was less exalted, was speaking with great volubility to a tall, stupid-looking man, one of the ministers, and smiled most graciously upon me as I drew near. She spoke to me of our national amusements. "You are not," said she, "so fond of dancing as we are."

"We have not the same exalted example to be at once our motive and our model," said I, in allusion to the duchesse's well known attachment to that accomplishment. The Duchesse d'A—— came up as I said this, and the conversation flowed on evenly enough till the ———'s whist party was formed. His partner was Madame de la R——, the heroine of La Vendée. She was a tall and very stout woman, singularly lively and entertaining, and appeared to possess both the moral and the physical energy to accomplish feats still more noble than those she performed.

I soon saw that it would not do for me to stay very long. I had already made a favourable impression, and in such cases it is my constant rule immediately to retire. Stay, if it be whole hours, until you *have* pleased, but leave the moment *after* your success. A great genius should not linger too long either in the *salon* or the world. He must quit each with *éclat*. In obedience to this rule, I no sooner found that my court had been effectually made than I rose to withdraw.

"You will return soon to Paris?" said the Duchesse de B——.

"I cannot resist it," I replied. "*Mon corps reviendra pour chercher mon cœur.*"

"We shall not forget you," said the duchesse.

"Your highness has *now* given me my only inducement *not* to return," I answered, as I bowed out of the room.

It was much too early to go home; at that time I was too young and restless to sleep till long after midnight: and while I was deliberating in what manner to pass the hours, I suddenly recollected the hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, to which Vincent and I had paid so unceremonious a visit the night before. Impressed with the hope that I might be more successful in meeting Warburton than I had then been, I ordered the coachman to drive to the abode of the old Marquis ———.

The *salon* was as crowded as usual. I lost a few Napoleons at *écarté* in order to pay my *entrée*, and then commenced a desultory flirtation with one of the fair decoys. In this occupation my eye and my mind frequently wandered. I could not divest myself of the hope of once more seeing Warburton before my departure from Paris, and every reflection which confirmed my suspicions of his identity redoubled my interest in his connexion with Tyrrell and the vulgar *débauché* of the Rue St. Dominique. I was making some languid reply to my Cynthia of the minute, when my ear was suddenly greeted by an English voice. I looked round, and saw Thornton in close conversation with a man

whose back was turned to me, but whom I rightly conjectured to be Tyrrell.

"O! he'll be here soon," said the former, "and we'll *bleed* him regularly to-night. It is very singular that you who play so much better should not have *floored* him yesterday evening."

Tyrrell replied in a tone so low as to be inaudible, and a minute afterward the door opened, and Warburton entered. He came up instantly to Thornton and his companion; and after a few words of ordinary salutation, Warburton said, in one of those modulated but artificial tones so peculiar to himself, "I am sure, Tyrrell, that you must be eager for your revenge. To lose to such a mere tyro as myself, is quite enough to double the pain of defeat, and the desire of retaliation."

I did not hear Tyrrell's reply, but the trio presently moved toward the door, which till then I had not noticed, and which was probably the entrance to our hostess's *boudoir*. The *soi-disant* marquise opened it herself, for which kind office Thornton gave her a leer and a wink, characteristic of his claims to gallantry. When the door was again closed upon them, I went up to the marquise, and after a few compliments, asked whether the room Messieurs les Anglais had entered was equally open to all guests?

"Why," said she, with a slight hesitation, "those gentlemen play for higher stakes than we usually do here, and one of them is apt to get irritated by the advice and exhortations of the lookers on; and so after they had played a short time in the *salon* last night, Monsieur Thornton, a very old friend of mine," (here the lady looked down,) "asked me permission to occupy the inner room; and as I knew him so well, I could have no scruple in obliging him."

"Then, I suppose," said I, "that, as a stranger, I have not permission to intrude upon them?"

"Shall I inquire?" answered the marquise.

"No!" said I, "it is not worth while;" and accordingly I reseated myself, and appeared once more occupied in saying *des belles choses* to my kind-hearted neighbour. I could not, however, with all my dissimulation, sustain a conversation from which my present feelings were so estranged, for more than a few minutes; and I was never more glad than when my companion, displeased with my inattention, rose, and left me to my own reflections.

What could Warburton (if he were the person I suspected) gain by the disguise he had assumed? He was too rich to profit by any sums he could win from Tyrrell, and too much removed from Thornton's station in life, to derive any pleasure or benefit from his acquaintance with that person. His dark threats of vengeance in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and his reference to the two hundred pounds Tyrrell possessed, gave me, indeed, some clue as to his real object; but then—why this disguise? Had he known Tyrrell before, in his proper semblance, and had any thing passed between them, which rendered this concealment now expedient?—this, indeed, seemed probable enough; but, was Thornton intrusted with the secret?—and, if revenge was the object, was that low man a partaker in its execution?—or was he not, more probably, playing the traitor to both? As for Tyrrell himself, his own designs upon Warburton were sufficient to prevent pity for any fall into the pit he had dug for others.

ever met. The old lady (a profound critic in such matters) has told me that George the Fourth—then Prince of Wales in the zenith of his popularity and personal advantages—and despite all the prestige in his favour, seemed positively vulgar by the side of the Count d'Artois—it was the difference between what was then called the "dashing blood" and the fine gentleman.—H. P.

Meanwhile, time passed on, the hour grew late, and the greater part of the guests were gone; still I could not tear myself away; I looked from time to time at the door, with an indescribable feeling of anxiety. I longed, yet dreaded, for it to open; I felt as if my own fate were in some degree implicated in what was then agitating within, and I could not resolve to depart, until I had formed some conclusions on the result.

At length the door opened; Tyrrell came forth—his countenance was perfectly hueless, his cheek was sunk and hollow, the excitement of two hours had been sufficient to render it so. I observed that his teeth were set, and his hand clenched, as they are when we idly seek, by the strained and extreme tension of the nerves, to sustain the fever and the agony of the mind. Warburton and Thornton followed him; the latter with his usual air of reckless indifference—his quick rolling eye glanced from the marquis to myself, and though his colour changed slightly, his nod of recognition was made with its wonted impudence and ease; but Warburton passed on, like Tyrrell, without noticing or heeding any thing around. He fixed his large bright eye upon the figure which preceded him, without once altering its direction, and the extreme beauty of his features, which, not all the dishevelled length of his hair and whiskers could disguise, was lighted up with a joyous but savage expression, which made me turn away, almost with a sensation of fear.

Just as Tyrrell was leaving the room, Warburton put his hand upon his shoulder—"Stay," said he, "I am going your way, and will accompany you." He turned round to Thornton (who was already talking with the marquis) as he said this, and waved his hand, as if to prevent his following; the next moment, Tyrrell and himself had left the room.

I could not now remain longer. I felt a feverish restlessness, which impelled me onward. I quitted the *salon*, and was on the *escalier* before the gamesters had descended. Warburton was, indeed, but a few steps before me; the stairs were but very dimly lighted by one expiring lamp; he did not turn round to see me, and was probably too much engrossed to hear me.

"You may yet have a favourable reverse," said he to Tyrrell.

"Impossible!" replied the latter, in a tone of such deep anguish, that it thrilled me to the very heart. "I am an utter beggar—I have nothing in the world—I have no expectation but to starve!"

While he was saying this, I perceived by the faint and uncertain light, that Warburton's hand was raised to his own countenance.

"Have you no hope—no spot wherein to look for comfort—is beggary your absolute and only possible resource from famine?" he replied, in a low and suppressed tone.

At that moment we were just descending into the court-yard. Warburton was but one step behind Tyrrell. The latter made no answer; but as he passed from the dark staircase into the clear moonlight of the court, I caught a glimpse of the big tears which rolled heavily and silently down his cheeks. Warburton laid his hand upon him.

"Turn," he cried, suddenly, "your cup is not yet full—look upon me—and remember!"

I pressed forward—the light shone full upon the countenance of the speaker—the dark hair was

gone—my suspicions were true—I discovered at one glance the bright locks and lofty brow of Reginald Glanville. Slowly Tyrrell gazed, as if he were endeavouring to repel some terrible remembrance, which gathered, with every instant, more fearfully upon him; until, as the stern countenance of Glanville grew darker and darker in its mingled scorn and defiance, he uttered one low cry, and sank senseless upon the earth.

CHAPTER XXXI.

We'll, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts.

SHAKESPEARE.

What ho! for England.

IMO.

I HAVE always had an insuperable horror of being placed in what the vulgar call a *predicament*. In a predicament I was most certainly placed at the present moment. A man at my feet in a fit—the cause of it having very wisely disappeared, devolving upon me the charge of watching, recovering, and conducting home the afflicted person—made a concatenation of disagreeable circumstances, as much unsuited to the temper of Henry Pelham, as his evil fortune could possibly have contrived.

After a short pause of deliberation, I knocked up the porter, procured some cold water, and bathed Tyrrell's temples for several moments before he recovered. He opened his eyes slowly, and looked carefully round with a fearful and suspicious glance: "Gone—gone"—(he muttered)—"ay—what did he here at such a moment?—vengeance—for what? I could not tell it would have killed her—let him thank his own folly. I do not fear; I defy his malice." And with these words Tyrrell sprung to his feet.

"Can I assist you to your home?" said I. "you are still unwell—pray suffer me to have that pleasure."

I spoke with some degree of warmth and sincerity; the unfortunate man stared wildly at me for a moment, before he replied. "Who," said he, at last, "who speaks to me—the lost—the guilty—the ruined, in the accents of interest and kindness?"

I placed his arm in mine, and drew him out of the yard into the open street. He looked at me with an eager and wistful survey, and then, by degrees, appearing to recover his full consciousness of the present, and recollection of the past, he pressed my hand warmly, and after a short silence, during which we moved on slowly towards the Tuileries, he said,—“Pardon me, sir, if I have not sufficiently thanked you for your kindness and attention. I am now quite restored; the close room in which I have been sitting for so many hours, and the feverish excitement of play, acting upon a frame very debilitated by ill health, occasioned my momentary indisposition. I am now, I repeat, quite recovered, and will no longer trespass upon your good nature.”

"Really," said I, "you had better not discard my services yet. Do suffer me to accompany you home!"

"Home!" muttered Tyrrell, with a deep sigh; "no—no!" and then, as if recollecting himself, he said, "I thank you, sir, but—but—"

I saw his embarrassment, and interrupted him.

"Well, if I cannot assist you any further, I will take your dismissal. I trust we shall meet again under auspices better calculated for improving acquaintance."

Tyrrell bowed, once more pressed my hand, and we parted. I hurried on up the long street towards my hotel.

When I had got several paces beyond Tyrrell, I turned back to look at him. He was standing in the same place in which I had left him. I saw by the moonlight that his face and hands were raised towards heaven. It was but for a moment: his attitude changed while I was yet looking, and he slowly and calmly continued his way in the same direction as myself. When I reached my chambers, I hastened immediately to bed, but not to sleep: the extraordinary scene I had witnessed; the dark and ferocious expression of Glanville's countenance, so strongly impressed with every withering and deadly passion; the fearful and unaccountable remembrance that had seemed to gather over the livid and varying face of the gamester; the mystery of Glanville's disguise; the intensity of a revenge so terribly expressed, together with the restless and burning anxiety I felt—not from idle curiosity, but, from my early and intimate friendship for Glanville, to fathom its cause—all crowded upon my mind with a feverish confusion, that effectually banished repose.

It was with that singular sensation of pleasure which none but those who have passed frequent nights in restless and painful agitation, can recognise, that I saw the bright sun penetrate through my shutters, and heard Bedos move across my room.

"What hour will Monsieur have the post horses?" said that praiseworthy valet.

"At eleven," answered I, springing out of bed with joy at the change of scene which the very mention of my journey brought before my mind.

I was turning listlessly, as I sat at breakfast, over the pages of Galignani's Messenger, when the following paragraph caught my attention:—

"It is rumoured among the circles of the Faubourg, that a duel was fought on ———, between a young Englishman and Monsieur D——; the cause of it is said to be the pretensions of both to the beautiful Duchesse de P——, who, if report be true, cares for neither of the gallants, but lavishes her favours upon a certain *attaché* to the English embassy."

"Such," thought I, "are the materials for all human histories. Every one who reads, will eagerly swallow this account as true; if an author were writing the memoirs of the court, he would compile his facts and scandal from this very collection of records; and yet, though so near the truth, how totally false it is! Thank Heaven, however, that, at least, I am not suspected of the degradation of the dutchess's love:—to fight for her may make me seem a fool—to be loved by her would constitute me a villain."

The next passage in that collection of scandal which struck me was—"We understand that E. W. Howard de Howard, Esq. Secretary, &c. is shortly to lead to the hymeneal altar the daughter of Timothy Tomkins, Esq. late Consul of ———."

I quite started with delight; seized pen and paper, and immediately indited the following congratulatory epistle to the thin man:—

"MY DEAR MR. HOWARD DE HOWARD,

"Permit me, before I leave Paris, to compliment you upon that happiness which I have just learnt is in store for you. Marriage to a man like you, who has survived the vanities of the world—who has attained that prudent age when the passions are calmed into reason, and the purer refinements of friendship succeed to the turbulent delirium of the senses—marriage, my dear Mr. Howard, to a man like you, must, indeed, be a most delicious Utopia. After all the mortifications you may meet elsewhere, whether from malicious females, or a misjudging world, what happiness to turn to one being to whom your praise is an honour, and your indignation of consequence!

"But if marriage itself be so desirable, what words shall I use sufficiently expressive of my congratulation at the particular match you have chosen, so suitable in birth and station? I can fancy you, my dear sir, in your dignified retirement, expatiating to your admiring bride upon all the honours of your illustrious line, and receiving from her, in return, a full detail of all the civic glories that have ever graced the lineage of the Tomkins's. As the young lady is, I suppose, an heiress, I conclude you will take her name, instead of changing it. Mr. Howard de Howard de Tomkins will sound peculiarly majestic; and when you come to the titles and possessions of your ancestors, I am persuaded that you will continue to consider your alliance with the honest citizens of London among your proudest distinctions.

"Should you have any commands in England, a letter directed to me in Grosvenor-square will be sure to find me; and you may rely upon my immediately spreading among our mutual acquaintance in London, the happy measure you are about to adopt, and my opinions on its propriety.

"Adieu, my dear sir,

"With the greatest respect and truth,

"Yours, &c.

"H. PELHAM."

"There," said I, as I sealed my letter, "I have discharged some part of that debt I owe to Mr. Howard de Howard, for an enmity towards me, which he has never affected to conceal. He prides himself on his youth—my allusions to his age will delight him! On the importance of his good or evil opinion—I have flattered him to a wonder! Of a surety, Henry Pelham, I could not have supposed you were such an adept in the art of panegyric."

"The horses, sir!" said Bedos; and "The bill, sir!" said the *garçon*. Alas! that *those* and *that* should be so coupled together; and that we can never take our departure without such awful witnesses of our sojourn. Well, to be brief—the bill for once *was* discharged—the horses snorted—the carriage door was opened—I entered—Bedos mounted behind—crack went the whips—off went the steeds, and so terminated my adventures at dear Paris.

CHAPTER XXXII.

O, cousin, you know him—the fine gentleman they talk of so much in town. WYCHERLY'S *Dancing Master*.

By the bright days of my youth, there is something truly delightful in the quick motion of four, ay, or even two post-horses! In France, where one's steeds are none of the swiftest, the pleasures of travelling are not quite so great as in England; still, however, to a man that is tired of one scene—panting for another—in love with excitement, and not yet wearied of its pursuit—the turnpike road is more grateful than the easiest chair ever invented, and the little prison we entitle a carriage more cheerful than the state rooms of Devonshire House.

We reached Calais in safety, and in good time, the next day.

"Will Monsieur dine in his rooms, or at the *table d'hôte*?"

"In his rooms, of course," said Bedos, indignantly deciding the question. A French valet's dignity is always involved in his master's.

"You are too good, Bedos," said I, "I shall dine at the *table d'hôte*—who have you there in general?"

"Really," said the *garçon*, "we have such a swift succession of guests, that we seldom see the same faces two days running. We have as many changes as an English administration."

"You are facetious," said I.

"No," returned the *garçon*, who was a philosopher as well as a wit; "no, my digestive organs are very weak, and *par conséquence*, I am naturally melancholy—*Ah, ma foi, très triste!*" and with these words the sentimental plate-changer placed his hand—I can scarcely say whether on his heart or his stomach, and sighed bitterly!

"How long," said I, "does it want to dinner?" My question restored the *garçon* to himself.

"Two hours, Monsieur, two hours," and twirling his *serviette* with an air of exceeding importance, off went my melancholy acquaintance to compliment new customers, and complain of his digestion.

After I had arranged myself and my whiskers—two very distinct affairs—yawned three times, and drunk two bottles of soda-water, I strolled into the town. As I was sauntering along leisurely enough, I heard my name pronounced behind me. I turned, and saw Sir Willoughby Townshend, an old baronet of an antediluvian age—a fossil witness of the wonders of England, before the deluge of French manners swept away ancient customs, and created, out of the wrecks of what had been, a new order of things, and a new race of mankind.

"Ah! my dear Mr. Pelham, how are you? and the worthy Lady Frances, your mother, and your excellent father, all well?—I'm delighted to hear it. Russelton," continued Sir Willoughby, turning to a middle-aged man, whose arm he held, "you remember Pelham—true Whig—great friend of Sheridan's?—let me introduce his son to you. Mr. Russelton, Mr. Pelham; Mr. Pelham, Mr. Russelton."

At the name of the person thus introduced to me, a thousand recollections crowded upon my mind; the contemporary and rival of Napoleon—the autocrat of the great world of fashion and cravats—the mighty genius before whom aristocracy hath been humbled and ton abashed—at whose

nod the haughtiest noblesse of Europe had quailed—who had introduced, by a single example, starch into neckcloths, and had fed the pampered appetite of his boot-tops on champagne—whose coat and whose friend were cut with an equal grace—and whose name was connected with every triumph that the world's great virtue of audacity could achieve—the illustrious, the immortal Russelton, stood before me! I recognised in him a congenial, though a superior spirit, and I bowed with a profundity of veneration, with which no other human being has ever inspired me.

Mr. Russelton seemed pleased with my evident respect, and returned my salutation with a mock dignity which enchanted me. He offered me his disengaged arm; I took it with transport, and we all three proceeded up the street.

"So," said Sir Willoughby—"so, Russelton, you like your quarters here; plenty of sport among the English, I should think: you have not forgot the art of quizzing; eh, old fellow?"

"Even if I had," said Mr. Russelton, speaking very slowly, "the sight of Sir Willoughby Townshend would be quite sufficient to refresh my memory. Yes," continued the venerable wreck, after a short pause—"yes, I like my residence pretty well; I enjoy a calm conscience, and a clean shirt; what more can man desire? I have made acquaintance with a tame parrot, and I have taught it to say, whenever an English fool with a stiff neck and a loose swagger passes him—'True Briton—true Briton.' I take care of my health, and reflect upon old age. I have read *Gil Blas*, and the *Whole Duty of Man*; and, in short, what with instructing my parrot, and improving myself, I think I pass my time as creditably and decorously as the Bishop of Winchester, or my Lord of A——himself. So you have just come from Paris, I presume, Mr. Pelham?"

"I left it yesterday!"

"Full of those horrid English, I suppose; thrusting their broad hats and narrow minds into every shop in the *Palais Royal*—winking their dull eyes at the damsels of the counter, and manufacturing their notions of French into a higgles for *sous*. O! the monsters!—they bring on a bilious attack whenever I think of them: the other day one of them accosted me, and talked me into a nervous fever about patriotism and roast pigs: luckily I was near my own house, and reached it before the thing became fatal; but only think, had I wandered too far when he met me! at my time of life, the shock would have been too great; I should certainly have perished in a fit. I hope, at least, they would have put the cause of my death in my epitaph—'Died, of an Englishman, John Russelton, Esq., aged, &c. Pah! You are not engaged, Mr. Pelham; dine with me to-day; Willoughby and his umbrella are coming."

"*Volontiers*," said I, "though I was going to make observations on men and manners at the *table d'hôte* of my hotel."

"I am most truly grieved," replied Mr. Russelton, "at depriving you of so much amusement. With me you will only find some tolerable Lafitte, and an anomalous dish my *cuisinière* calls a mutton chop. It will be curious to see what variation in the monotony of mutton she will adopt to-day. The first time I ordered 'a chop,' I thought I had amply explained every necessary particular; a certain portion of flesh, and a gridiron: at seven o'clock, up

came a *côtelette parée* ! *Paste de mieux* I swallowed the composition, drowned as it was in a most pernicious sauce. I had one hour's sleep, and the nightmare in consequence. The next day, I imagined no mistake *could* be made : sauce was strictly prohibited ; all extra ingredients laid under a most special veto, and a natural gravy gently recommended : the cover was removed, and lo ! a breast of mutton, all bone and gristle, like the dying gladiator ! This time my heart was too full for wrath ; I sat down and wept ! To-day will be the third time I shall make the experiment, if French cooks will consent to let one starve upon nature. For my part, I have no stomach left now for art : I wore out my digestion in youth, swallowing Jack St. Leger's suppers, and Sheridan's promises to pay. Pray, Mr. Pelham, did you try Staub when you were at Paris ?"

"Yes ; and thought him one degree better than Stultz, whom, indeed, I have long condemned, as fit only for minors at Oxford, and majors in the infantry."

"True," said Russelton, with a very faint smile at a pun, somewhat in his own way, and levelled at a tradesman, of whom he was, perhaps, a little jealous—"True, Stultz aims at making *gentlemen*, not *coats* ; there is a degree of aristocratic pretension in his stitches, which is vulgar to an appalling degree. You can tell a Stultz coat anywhere, which is quite enough to damn it : the moment a man's known by an invariable cut, and that not original, it ought to be all over with him. Give me the man who makes the tailor, not the tailor who makes the man."

"Right, by G—!" cried Sir Willoughby, who was as badly dressed as one of Sir E——'s dinners. "Right ; just my opinion. I have always told my Schneiders to make my clothes neither in the fashion nor out of it ; to copy no other man's coat, and to cut their cloth according to my natural body, not according to an isosceles triangle. Look at this coat, for instance," and Sir Willoughby Townshend made a dead halt, that we might admire his garment the more accurately.

"Coat," said Russelton, with an appearance of the most naïve surprise, and taking hold of the collar, suspiciously, by the finger and thumb ; "coat, Sir Willoughby ! do you call *this thing* a coat ?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

J'ai toujours cru que le bon n'étoit que le beau mis en action.
ROUSSEAU.

SHORTLY after Russelton's answer to Sir Willoughby's eulogistic observations on his own attire, I left those two worthies till I was to join them at dinner : it wanted three hours yet to that time, and I repaired to my quarters to bathe and write letters. I scribbled one to Madame d'Anville, full of antitheses and maxims, sure to charm her ; another to my mother, to prepare her for my arrival ; and a third to Lord Vincent, giving him certain commissions at Paris, which I had forgotten personally to execute.

My pen is not that of a ready writer ; and what with yawning, stretching, admiring my rings, and putting pen to paper, in the intervals of these

more natural occupations, it was time to bathe and dress before my letters were completed. I set off to Russelton's abode in high spirits, and fully resolved to make the most of a character so original.

It was a very small room in which I found him ; he was stretched in an easy chair before the fireplace, gazing complacently at his feet, and apparently occupied in any thing but listening to Sir Willoughby Townshend, who was talking with great vehemence about politics and the corn-laws. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, there was a small fire on the hearth, which aided by the earnestness of his efforts to convince his host, put poor Sir Willoughby into a most intense perspiration. Russelton, however, seemed enviably cool, and hung over the burning wood like a cucumber on a hotbed. Sir Willoughby came to a full stop by the window, and (gasping for breath) attempted to throw it open.

"What are you doing ? for heaven's sake, what are you doing !" cried Russelton, starting up : "do you mean to kill me ?"

"Kill you !" said Sir Willoughby, quite aghast.

"Yes ; kill me ! is it not quite cold enough already in this d—d seafaring place, without making my only retreat, humble as it is, a theatre for thorough draughts ? Have I not had the rheumatism in my left shoulder, and the ague in my little finger, these last six months ? and must you now terminate my miserable existence at one blow, by opening that abominable lattice ? Do you think, because your great frame, fresh from the Yorkshire wolds, and compacted of such materials, that one would think, in eating your beeves, you had digested their hides into skin—do you think, because your limbs might be cut up into planks for a seventy-eight, and warranted water-proof without pitch, because of the density of their pores—do you think, because you are as impervious as an anaphoretic shoe, that I, John Russelton, an equally impenetrable, and that you are to let easterly winds play about my room like children, begetting rheumas and asthmas and all manner of catarrhs ? I do beg, Sir Willoughby Townshend, that you will suffer me to die a more natural and civilized death ;" and so saying, Russelton sank down into his chair, apparently in the last stage of exhaustion.

Sir Willoughby, who remembered the humorist in all his departed glory, and still venerated him as a temple where the deity yet breathed, though the altar was overthrown, made to this extraordinary remonstrance no other reply than a long *whiff*, and a "Well, Russelton, damme but you're a queer fellow."

Russelton now turned to me, and invited me, with a tone of the most lady-like languor, to sit down near the fire. As I am naturally of a chilly disposition, and fond too, of beating people in their own line, I drew a chair close to the hearth, declared the weather was very cold, and rang the bell for some more wood. Russelton started for a moment, and then, with a politeness he had not deigned to exert before, approached his chair to mine, and began a conversation, which, in spite of his bad witticisms, and peculiarity of manner, I found singularly entertaining.

Dinner was announced, and we adjourned to another room :—poor Sir Willoughby, with his waistcoat unbuttoned, and breathing like a pug in a phthisis—groaned bitterly, when he discovered

that this apartment was smaller and hotter than the one before. Russelton immediately helped him to some scalding soup—and said, as he told the servant to hand Sir Willoughby the cayenne—“You will find this, my dear Townshend, a very sensible *potage* for this severe season.”

Dinner went off tamely enough, with the exception of “our stout friend’s” agony, which Russelton enjoyed most luxuriously. The threatened mutton-chops did not make their appearance, and the dinner, though rather too small, was excellently cooked, and better arranged. With the dessert, the poor baronet rose, and pleading sudden indisposition, tottered out of the door.

When he was gone, Russelton threw himself back in his chair, and laughed for several minutes with a loud chuckling sound, till the tears ran down his cheek. “A nice heart you must have!” thought I—(my conclusions of character are always drawn from small propensities.)

After a few jests at Sir Willoughby, our conversation turned upon other individuals. I soon saw that Russelton was a soured and disappointed man; his remarks on people were all sarcasms—his mind was overflowed with a suffusion of ill-nature—he bit as well as growled. No man of the world ever, I am convinced, becomes a real philosopher in retirement. People who have been employed for years upon trifles have not the greatness of mind which could alone make them indifferent to what they have coveted all their lives, as most enviable and important.

“Have you read ——’s memoirs?” said Mr. Russelton. “No! Well, I imagined every one had at least dipped into them. I have often had serious thoughts of dignifying my own retirement, by the literary employment of detailing my adventures in the world. I think I could throw a new light upon things and persons, which my contemporaries will shrink back like owls at perceiving.”

“Your life,” said I, “must indeed furnish matter of equal instruction and amusement.”

“Ay,” answered Russelton: “amusement to the fools, but instruction to the knaves. I am, indeed, a lamentable example of the fall of ambition. I brought starch into all the neckcloths in England, and I end by tying my own at a three-inch looking-glass at Calais. You are a young man, Mr. Pelham, about to commence life, probably with the same views as (though greater advantages than) myself; perhaps, in indulging my egotism, I shall not weary without recompensing you.

“I came into the world with an inordinate love of glory, and a great admiration of the original; these propensities might have made me a Shakespeare—they did more, they made me a Russelton! When I was six years old, I cut my jacket into a coat, and turned my aunt’s best petticoat into a waistcoat. I disdained at eight the language of the vulgar, and when my father asked me to fetch his slippers, I replied, that my soul swelled beyond the limits of a lackey’s. At nine, I was self-inoculated with propriety of ideas. I rejected malt with the air of his majesty, and formed a violent affection for maraschino; though starving at school, I never took twice of pudding, and paid sixpence a week out of my shilling to have my shoes blacked. As I grew up, my notions expanded. I gave myself, without restraint, to the ambition that burnt within me—I cut my old friends,

who were rather envious than envious of my genius, and I employed three tradesmen to make my gloves—one for the hand, a second for the fingers, and a *third for the thumb!* These two qualities made me courted and admired by a new race—for the great secrets of being courted are to shun others, and seem delighted with yourself. The latter is obvious enough; who the deuce *should* be pleased with you, if you yourself are not?

“Before I left college I fell in love. Other fellows, at my age, in such a predicament, would have whined—shaved only twice a week, and written verses. I did none of the three—the last indeed I tried, but, to my infinite surprise, I found my genius was not universal. I began with

“‘Sweet nymph, for whom I wake my muse.’

“For this, after considerable hammering, I could only think of the rhyme ‘*shoes*’—so I began again,—

“‘Thy praise demands much softer lutes.’

And the fellow of this verse terminated like myself in ‘boots.’ Other efforts were equally successful—‘bloom’ suggested to my imagination no rhyme but ‘perfume!’—‘despair’ only reminded me of my ‘hair,’—and ‘hope’ was met at the end of the second verse, by the inharmonious antithesis of ‘*soap*.’ Finding, therefore, that my *forte* was not in the Pierian line, I redoubled my attention to my dress; I *coated*, and *cravatted*, and *essenced*, with all the attention the very inspiration of my rhymes seemed to advise;—in short, I thought the best pledge I could give my dukinea of my passion for her person, would be to show her what affectionate veneration I could pay to my own.

“My mistress could not withhold from me her admiration, but she denied me her love. She confessed Mr. Russelton was the best dressed man at the university, and had the whitest hands; and two days after this avowal, she ran away with a great rosy-checked extract from Leicestershire.

“I did not blame her: I pitied her too much—but I made a vow never to be in love again. In spite of all advantages I kept my oath, and avenged myself on the species for the insult of the individual.

“Before I commenced a part which was to continue through life, I considered deeply on the humours of the spectators. I saw that the character of the more fashionable of the English was servile to rank, and yielding to pretension—they admire you for your acquaintance, and cringe to you for your conceit. The first thing, therefore, was to know great people—the second to control them. I dressed well, and had good horses—that was sufficient to make me sought by the young of my own sex. I talked scandal, and was never abashed—that was more than enough to make me *recherché* among the matrons of the other. It is single men, and married women, to whom are given the St. Peter’s keys of society. I was soon admitted into its heaven—I was more—I was one of its saints. I became imitated as well as initiated. I was the rage—the lion. Why!—was I better—was I richer—was I handsomer—was I cleverer, than my kind? No, no;”—(and here Russelton ground his teeth with a strong and wrathful expression of scorn;)—“and had I been all—had I been a very concentration and monopoly of all human perfec-

tians, they would not have valued me at half the price they *did* set on me. It was—I will tell you the simple secret, Mr. Pelham—it was because I *trampled on them*, that, like crushed herbs, they sent up a grateful incense in return.

“O! it was balm to my bitter and loathing temper, to see those who would have spurned *me* from them, if they dared, writhe beneath my lash, as I withheld or inflicted it at will. I was the magician who held the great spirits that longed to tear me to pieces, by one simple spell which a superior hardihood had won me—and, by heaven, I did not spare to exert it.

“Well, well, this is but an idle recollection, now; all human power, says the proverb of every language, is but of short duration. Alexander did not conquer kingdoms for ever; and Russelton's good fortune deserted him at last. Napoleon died in exile, and so shall I; but we have both had our day, and mine was the brightest of the two, for it had no change till the evening. I am more happy than people would think for—*Je ne suis pas souvent où mon corps est*—I live in a world of recollections, I trample again upon coronets and ermine, the glories of the small great! I give once more laws which no libertine is so hardy as not to feel exalted in adopting; I hold my court, and issue my fiats; I am like the madman, and out of the very straws of my cell, I make my subjects and my realm; and when I wake from these bright visions, and see myself an old, deserted man, forgotten, and decaying inch by inch in a foreign village, I can at least summon sufficient of my ancient regality of spirit not to sink beneath the reverse. If I am inclined to be melancholy, why, I extinguish my fire, and imagine I have demolished a dutchess. I steal up to my solitary chamber, to renew again, in my sleep, the phantoms of my youth; to carouse with princes, to legislate for nobles; and to wake in the morning,” (here Russelton's countenance and manner suddenly changed to an affectation of methodistical gravity,) “and thank Heaven that I have still a coat to my stomach, as well as to my back, and that I am safely delivered of such villanous company; ‘to forswear sack and live cleanly,’ during the rest of my sublunary existence.”

After this long detail of Mr. Russelton's, the conversation was but dull and broken. I could not avoid indulging a revery upon what I had heard, and my host was evidently still revolving the recollections his narration had conjured up; we sat opposite each other for several minutes, as abstracted and distracted as if we had been a couple two months married; till at last I rose, and tendered my adieu. Russelton received them with his usual coldness, but more than his usual civility, for he followed me to the door.

Just as they were about to shut it, he called me back. “Mr. Pelham,” said he, “Mr. Pelham, when you come back this way, do look in upon me, and—and as you will be going a good deal into society, *just find out what people say of my manner of life!*”*

* It will be perceived by those readers who are kind or patient enough to reach the conclusion of this work, that Russelton is specified as one of my few dramatic personae of which only the first outline is taken from real life, and from a very noted personage; all the rest—all, indeed, which forms and marks the character thus briefly delineated, is drawn solely from imagination.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

An old worshipful gentleman, that had a great estate,
And kept a brave old house at a hospitable rate.
Old Song.

I THINK I may, without much loss to the reader, pass in silence over my voyage, the next day, to Dover. (Horrible reminiscence!) I may also spare him an exact detail of all the inns and impositions between that seaport and London; nor will it be absolutely necessary to the plot of this history, to linger over every milestone between the metropolis and Glenmorris Castle, where my uncle and my mother were impatiently awaiting the arrival of the candidate to be.

It was a fine bright evening when my carriage entered the park. I had not seen the place for years; and I felt my heart swell with something like family pride, as I gazed on the magnificent extent of hill and plain that opened upon me, as I passed the ancient and ivy-covered lodge. Large groups of trees, scattered on either side, seemed, in their own antiquity, the witness of that of the family which had given them existence. The sun set on the waters which lay gathered in a lake at the foot of the hill, breaking the waves into unnumbered sapphires, and tinging the dark firs that overspread the margin with a rich and golden light, that put me excessively in mind of the Duke of ——'s livery!

When I descended at the gate, the servants, who stood arranged in an order so long that it almost startled me, received me with a visible gladness and animation, which showed me, at one glance, the old fashioned tastes of their master. Who, in these days, ever inspires his servants with a single sentiment of regard or interest for himself or his whole race? That tribe one, never, indeed, considers as possessing a life separate from their services to us: beyond that purpose of existence, we know not even if they exist. As Providence made the stars for the benefit of earth, so it made servants for the use of gentlemen; and, as neither stars nor servants appear except when we want them, so I suppose they are in a sort of suspense from *being*, except at those important and happy moments.

To return—for if I have any fault, it is too great a love for abstruse speculation and reflection—I was formally ushered through a great hall, hung round with huge antlers and rusty armour, through a less one, supported by large stone columns, and without any other adornment than the arms of the family; then through an anti-room, covered with tapestry, representing the gallantries of King Solomon to the Queen of Sheba; and lastly, into the apartment honoured by the august presence of Lord Glenmorris. That personage was dividing the sofa with three spaniels and a setter; he rose hastily when I was announced, and then checking the first impulse which hurried him, perhaps, into an unseemly warmth of salutation, held out his hand with a stately air of kindly protection, and while he pressed mine, surveyed me from head to foot, to see how far my appearance justified his condescension.

Having, at last, satisfied himself, he proceeded to inquire after the state of my appetite. He smiled benignantly when I confessed that I was excessively well prepared to testify its capacities, (the first idea of all kind-hearted, old-fashioned people, is to

stuff you,) and, silently motioning to the gray-headed servant, who stood in attendance, till, receiving the expected sign, he withdrew, Lord Glenmorris informed me that dinner was over for every one but myself, that for me it would be prepared in an instant, that Mr. Toolington had expired four days since, that my mother was, at that moment, canvassing for me, and that my own electioneering qualities were to open their exhibition with the following day.

After this communication there was a short pause. "What a beautiful place this is!" said I, with great enthusiasm. Lord Glenmorris was pleased with the compliment, simple as it was.

"Yea," said he, "it is, and I have made it still more so than you have yet been able to perceive."

"You have been planting, probably, on the other side of the park?"

"No," said my uncle, smiling; "Nature had done every thing for this spot when I came to it, but one; and the addition of that one ornament is the only real triumph which art ever can achieve."

"What is it?" asked I; "O, I know—water."

"You are mistaken," answered Lord Glenmorris; "it is the ornament of—*happy faces*."

I looked up to my uncle's countenance in sudden surprise. I cannot explain how I was struck with the expression which it wore: so calmly bright and open!—it was as if the very daylight had settled there.

"You don't understand this at present, Henry," said he, after a moment's silence; "but you will find it, of all rules for the improvement of property, the easiest to learn. Enough of this now. Were you not *au désespoir* at leaving Paris?"

"I should have been, some months ago; but when I received my mother's summons, I found the temptations of the continent very light in comparison with those held out to me here."

"What, have you already arrived at the great epoch, when vanity casts off its *first* skin, and ambition succeeds to pleasure? Why—but thank Heaven that you have lost my moral—your dinner is announced."

Most devoutly *did* I thank Heaven, and most earnestly did I betake myself to do honour to my uncle's hospitality.

I had just finished my repast, when my mother entered. She was, as you might well expect from her maternal affection, quite overpowered with joy, *first*, at finding my hair grown so much darker, and, *secondly*, at my looking so well. We spent the whole evening in discussing the great business for which I had been summoned. Lord Glenmorris promised me money, and my mother advice; and I, in my turn, enchanted them, by promising to make the best use of both.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Cor. Your good voice, sir—what say you?

2d Cl. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Coriolanus.

THE borough of Buyemall had long been in undisputed possession of the Lords of Glenmorris, till a rich banker, of the name of Lufton, had bought a large estate in the immediate neighbourhood of Glenmorris castle. This event, which was the precursor of a mighty revolution in the borough

of Buyemall, took place in the first year of my uncle's accession to his property. A few months afterwards, a vacancy in the borough occurring, my uncle procured the nomination of one of his own political party. To the great astonishment of Lord Glenmorris, and the great gratification of the burghers of Buyemall, Mr. Lufton offered himself in opposition to the Glenmorris candidate. In this age of enlightenment, innovation has no respect for the most sacred institutions of antiquity. The burghers, for the only time since their creation as a body, were cast first into doubt, and secondly into rebellion. The Lufton faction, *horresco referens*, were triumphant, and the rival candidate was returned. From that hour the borough of Buyemall was open to all the world.

My uncle, who was a good, easy man, and had some strange notions of free representation, and liberty of election, professed to care very little for this event. He contented himself, henceforward with exerting his interest for one of the members and left the other seat entirely at the disposal of the line of Lufton, which, from the time of the first competition, continued peaceably to monopolize it.

During the last two years, my uncle's candidate, the late Mr. Toolington, had been gradually dying of a dropsy, and the Luftons had been so *particularly* attentive to the honest burghers, that it was shrewdly suspected a bold push was to be made for the other seat. During the last month these doubts were changed into certainty. Mr. Augustus Leopold Lufton, eldest son to Benjamin Lufton, Esq., had publicly declared his intention of starting at the decease of Mr. Toolington; against this personage, behold myself armed and arrayed.

Such is, in brief, the history of the borough up to the time in which I was to take a prominent share in its interests and events.

On the second day after my arrival at the castle, the following advertisement appeared at Buyemall:—

"To the Independent Electors of the Borough of Buyemall.

"GENTLEMEN,—

"In presenting myself to your notice, I advance a claim not altogether new and unfounded. My family have for centuries been residing among you, and exercising that interest which reciprocal confidence and good offices may fairly create. Should it be my good fortune to be chosen your representative, you may rely upon my utmost endeavours to deserve that honour. One word upon the principles I espouse: they are those which have found their advocates among the wisest and the best; they are those which, hostile alike to the encroachments of the crown, and the licentiousness of the people, would support the real interests of both. Upon these grounds, gentlemen, I have the honour to solicit your votes; and it is with the sincerest respect for your ancient and honourable body, that I subscribe myself your very obedient servant,

"HENRY PELHAM.

"Glenmorris Castle," &c. &c.

Such was the first public signification of my intentions; it was drawn up by Mr. Sharpon, our lawyer, and considered by our friends as a master-

piece; for, as my mother sagely observed, it did not commit me in a single instance—espoused no principle, and yet professed principles which all parties would allow were the best.

At the first house where I called, the proprietor was a clergyman of good family, who had married a lady from Baker-street; of course the Reverend Combermere St. Quintin and his wife valued themselves upon being "*gentee*l." I arrived at an unlucky moment; on entering the hall, a dirty footboy was carrying a yellow-ware dish of potatoes into the back room. Another Ganymede, (a sort of footboy major,) who opened the door, and who was still *settling himself into his coat*, which he had slipped on at my tintinnabulary summons, ushered me, with a mouthful of bread and cheese, into the said back room. I gave up every thing as lost when I entered, and saw the lady helping her youngest child to some ineffable trash, which I have since heard is called "blackberry pudding." Another of the tribe was bawling out, with a loud, hungry tone—"A tatoe, pa!" The father himself was carving for the little group, with a napkin stuffed into the top button-hole of his waistcoat, and the mother, with a long bib, plentifully bespattered with congealing gravy, and the nectarean liquor of the "blackberry pudding," was sitting, with a sort of presiding complacency, on a high stool, like Jupiter on Olympus, enjoying rather than stilling the confused hubbub of the little domestic deities, who ate, clattered, spattered, and squabbled around her.

Amidst all this din and confusion, the candidate for the borough of Buyemall was ushered into the household privacy of the *gentee*l Mr. and Mrs. St. Quintin. Up started the lady at the sound of my name. The Rev. Combermere St. Quintin seemed frozen into stone. The plate between the youngest child and the blackberry pudding stood as still as the sun in Ajalon. The morsel between the mouth of the elder boy and his fork had a respite from mastication. The Seven Sleepers could not have been spell-bound more suddenly and completely.

"Ah!" cried I, advancing eagerly, with an air of serious and yet abrupt gladness, "how deuced lucky that I should find you all at luncheon. I was up and had finished breakfast so early this morning that I am half famished. Only think how fortunate, Hardy, (turning round to one of the members of my committee, who accompanied me;) I was just saying what would I not give to find Mr. St. Quintin at luncheon. Will you allow me, Madam, to make one of your party?"

Mrs. St. Quintin coloured, and faltered, and muttered out something which I was fully resolved *not* to hear. I took a chair, looked round the table, not *too* attentively, and said—"Cold veal; ah! ah! nothing I like so much. May I trouble you, Mr. St. Quintin?—Hollo, my little man, let's see if you can't give me a potato. There's a brave fellow. How old are you, my young hero? to look at your mother I should say two; to look at *you*, six."

"He is four, next May," said his mother, colouring, and this time *not* painfully.

"Indeed!" said I, surveying him earnestly; and then, in a graver tone, I turned to the Reverend Combermere with—"I think you have a branch of your family still settled in France. I met Monsieur St. Quintin, the Duc de Poitiers, abroad."

"Yes," said Mr. Combermere, "yes, the name is still in Normandy, but I was not aware of the title."

"No!" said I, with surprise; "and yet (with another look at the boy) it is astonishing how long family likenesses last. I was a great favourite with all the duo's children. Do you know, I must trouble you for some more veal, it is so very good, and I am so very hungry?"

"How long have you been abroad?" said Mrs. St. Quintin, who had slipped off her bib, and smoothed her ringlets; for which purposes I had been most adroitly looking in an opposite direction the last three minutes.

"About seven or eight months. The fact is, that the continent only does for us English people to see—not to inhabit; and yet, there are some advantages there, Mr. St. Quintin!—among others, that of the due respect ancient birth is held in. Here, you know, 'money makes the man,' as the vulgar proverb has it."

"Yes," said Mr. St. Quintin, with a sigh, "it is really dreadful to see those upstarts rising around us, and throwing every thing that is respectable and ancient into the back ground. Dangerous times these, Mr. Pelham—dangerous times; nothing but innovation upon the most sacred institutions. I am sure, Mr. Pelham, that your principles must be decidedly against these new-fashioned doctrines, which lead to nothing but anarchy and confusion—absolutely nothing."

"I'm delighted to find you so much of my opinion!" said I. "I cannot endure any thing *that leads to anarchy and confusion*."

Here Mr. Combermere glanced at his wife—who rose, called to the children, and, accompanied by them, gracefully withdrew.

"Now then," said Mr. Combermere, drawing his chair nearer to me,—"now, Mr. Pelham, we can discuss these matters. Women are no politicians,"—and at this sage aphorism, the Rev. Combermere laughed a low solemn laugh, which could have come from no other lips. After I had joined in this grave merriment for a second or two—I hemmed thrice, and with a countenance suited to the subject and the host, plunged at once in *medias res*.

"Mr. St. Quintin," said I, "you are already aware, I think, of my intention of offering myself as a candidate for the borough of Buyemall. I could not think of such a measure, without calling upon you, the very first person, to solicit the honour of your vote." Mr. Combermere looked pleased, and prepared to reply. "You are the very first person I called upon," repeated I.

Mr. Combermere smiled. "Well, Mr. Pelham," said he, "our families have long been on the most intimate footing."

"Ever since," cried I, "ever since Henry the Seventh's time have the houses of St. Quintin and Glenmorris been allied! Your ancestors, you know, were settled in the country before ours, and my mother assures me that she has read, in some old book or another, a long account of your forefather's kind reception of mine at the castle of St. Quintin. I *do* trust, sir, that we have done nothing to forfeit a support so long afforded us."

Mr. St. Quintin bowed in speechless gratification; at length he found voice, "But your principles, Mr. Pelham?"

"Quite yours, my dear sir: *quite against anarchy and confusion*."

"But the catholic question, Mr. Pelham?"

"O! the catholic question," repeated I, "is a question of great importance; it won't be carried—no, Mr. St. Quintin, no, it won't be carried; how did you think, my dear sir, that I could, in so great a question, act against my conscience?"

I said this with warmth, and Mr. St. Quintin was either too convinced or too timid to pursue so dangerous a topic any further. I blessed my stars when he paused, and, not giving him time to think of another piece of debateable ground, continued,—
"Yes, Mr. St. Quintin, I called upon you the very first person. Your rank in the county, your ancient birth, to be sure, demanded it; but I only considered the long, long time the St. Quintins and Pelhams had been connected."

"Well," said the Rev. Combermere, "well, Mr. Pelham, you shall have my support; and I wish, from my very heart, all success to a young gentleman of such excellent principles."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

More voices!

Sir. How now, my masters, have you chosen him?
Cit. He has our voices, sir!

Coriolanus.

FROM Mr. Combermere St. Quintin's we went to a bluff, hearty, radical wine-merchant, whom I had very little probability of gaining; but my success with the clerical armado had inspirited me, and I did not suffer myself to fear, though I could scarcely persuade myself to hope. How exceedingly impossible it is, in governing men, to lay down positive rules, even where we know the temper of the individual to be gained! "You must be very stiff and formal with the St. Quintins," said my mother. She was right in the general admonition, and had I found them all seated in the best drawing-room, Mrs. St. Quintin in her best attire, and the children on their best behaviour, I should have been as stately as Don Quixote in a brocade dressing-gown; but finding them in such dishabille, I could not affect too great a plainness and almost coarseness of bearing, as if I had never been accustomed to any thing more refined than I found there; nor might I, by any appearance of pride in myself, put them in mind of the wound *their* own pride had received. The difficulty was to blend with this familiarity a certain respect, just the same as a French ambassador might have testified toward the august person of George the Third, had he found his majesty at dinner, at one o'clock, over mutton and turnips.

In overcoming this difficulty, I congratulated myself with as much zeal and fervour as if I had performed the most important victory; for, whether it be innocent or sanguinary, in war or at an election, there is no triumph so gratifying to the viciousness of human nature, as the conquest of our fellow beings.

But I must return to my wine-merchant, Mr. Briggs. His house was at the entrance of the town of Buyemall; it stood enclosed in a small garden, flaming with crocuses and sunflowers, and exhibiting an arbour to the right, where, in the summer evenings, the respectable owner might be seen, with his waistcoat unbuttoned, in order to

give that just and rational liberty to the subordinate parts of the human commonwealth which the increase of their consequence after the hour of dinner naturally demands. Nor, in those moments of dignified ease, was the worthy burgher without the divine inspirations of complacent contemplation which the weed of Virginia bestoweth. There, as he smoked and puffed, and looked out upon the bright crocuses, and meditated over the dim recollections of the hesternal journal, did Mr. Briggs revolve in his mind the vast importance of the borough of Buyemall to the British empire, and the vast importance of John Briggs to the borough of Buyemall.

When I knocked at the door a prettyish maid-servant opened it with a smile, and a glance which the vender of wine might probably have taught her himself after too large potations of his own spirituous manufactures. I was ushered into a small parlour—where sat, sipping brandy and water, a short, stout, *monosyllabic* sort of figure, corresponding in outward shape to the name of Briggs—even unto a very nicety.

"Mr. Pelham," said this gentleman, who was dressed in a brown coat, white waistcoat, buff-coloured inexpressibles, with long strings, and gaiters of the same hue and substance as the breeches—"Mr. Pelham, pray be seated—excuse my rising; I'm like the bishop in the story, Mr. Pelham, too old to rise;" and Mr. Briggs grunted out a short, quick, querulous, "he—he—he," to which, of course, I replied to the best of my cachinnatory powers.

No sooner, however, did I begin to laugh, than Mr. Briggs stopped short—eyed me with a sharp, suspicious glance—shook his head, and pushed back his chair at least four feet from the spot it had hitherto occupied. Ominous signs, thought I,—I must sound this gentleman a little further, before I venture to treat him as the rest of his species.

"You have a nice situation, here, Mr. Briggs," said I.

"Ah, Mr. Pelham, and a nice vote too, which is somewhat more to your purpose, I believe."

"O!" thought I, "I see through you now, Mr. Briggs!"—you must not be too civil to one who suspects you are going to be civil, in order to take him in.

"Why," said I, "Mr. Briggs, to be frank with you, I do call upon you for the purpose of requesting your vote; give it me, or not, just as you please. You may be sure I shall not make use of the vulgar electioneering arts to coax gentlemen out of their votes. I ask you for yours as one freeman solicits another: if you think my opponent a fitter person to represent your borough, give your support to him, in God's name: if not, and you place confidence in me, I will, at least, endeavour not to betray it."

"Well done, Mr. Pelham," exclaimed Mr. Briggs: "I love candour—you speak just after my own heart; but you must be aware that one does not like to be bamboozled out of one's right of election, by a smooth-tongued fellow, who sends one to the devil the moment the election is over—or still worse, to be frightened out of it by some stiff-necked proud coxcomb, with his pedigree in his hand, and his acres in his face, thinking he does you a marvellous honour to ask you at all. Sad times these for this free country, Mr. Pelham,

when a parcel of conceited paupers, like Parson Quinny, (as I call that reverend fool, Mr. Combermere St. Quintin,) imagine they have a right to dictate to warm, honest men, who can buy their whole family out and out. I tell you what, Mr. Pelham, we shall never do any thing for this country till we get rid of those landed aristocrats, with their ancestry and humbug. I hope you're of my mind, Mr. Pelham?"

"Why," answered I, "there is certainly nothing so respectable in Great Britain as our commercial interest. A man who makes himself is worth a thousand men made by their forefathers."

"Very true, Mr. Pelham," said the wine-merchant, advancing his chair to me; and then, laying a short, *thickset* finger upon my arm—he looked up in my face with an investigating air, and said:—"Parliamentary reform—what do you say to that? you're not an advocate for ancient abuses, and modern corruption, I hope, Mr. Pelham?"

"By no means," cried I, with an honest air of indignation—"I have a conscience, Mr. Briggs, I have a conscience as a public man, no less than as a private one!"

"Admirable!" cried my host.

"No," I continued, glowing as I proceeded, "no, Mr. Briggs; I disdain to talk too much about my principles before they are tried; the proper time to proclaim them is when they have effected some good by being put into action. I won't supplicate your vote, Mr. Briggs, as my opponent may do; there must be a mutual confidence between my supporters and myself. When I appear before you a second time, you will have a right to see how far I have wronged that trust reposed in me as your representative. Mr. Briggs, I dare say it may seem rude and impolitic to address you in this manner; but I am a plain, blunt man, and I disdain the vulgar arts of electioneering, Mr. Briggs."

"Give us your fist, sir," cried the wine-merchant, in a transport; "give us your fist; I promise you my support, and I am delighted to vote for a *young gentleman of such excellent principles*."

So much, dear reader, for Mr. Briggs, who became from that interview my staunchest supporter. I will not linger longer upon this part of my career: the above conversations may serve as a sufficient sample of my electioneering qualifications: and so I shall merely add, that after the due quantum of dining, drinking, spouting, lying, equivocating, bribing, rioting, head-breaking, promise-breaking, and—thank the god Mercury, who presides over elections—*chairing* of successful candidatureship, I found myself fairly chosen member for the borough of Buyemall!*

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Political education is like the keystone to the arch—the strength of the whole depends upon it.
Encycl. Brit. Sup. Art. Education.

I was sitting in the library of Glenmorris Castle, about a week after all the bustle of contest and the

éclat of victory had begun to subside, and quietly *dallying* with the dry toast, which constituted then, and does to this day, my ordinary breakfast, when I was accosted by the following speech from my uncle.

"Henry, your success has opened to you a new career: I trust you intend to pursue it."

"Certainly," was my answer.

"But you know, my dear Henry, that though you have great talents, which, I confess, I was surprised in the course of the election to discover, yet they want that careful cultivation, which, in order to shine in the House of Commons, they must receive. *Entre nous*, Henry; a little reading would do you no harm."

"Very well," said I, "suppose I begin with Walter Scott's novels; I am told they are extremely entertaining."

"True," answered my uncle, "but they don't contain the most accurate notions of history, or the soundest principles of political philosophy in the world. What did you think of doing to-day, Henry?"

"*Nothing!*" said I, very innocently.

"I should conceive that to be a usual answer of yours, Henry, to any similar question."

"I think it is," replied I, with great *naïveté*.

"Well, then, let us have the breakfast things taken away, and do *something* this morning."

"Willingly," said I, ringing the bell.

The table was cleared, and my uncle began his examination. Little, poor man, had he thought, from my usual bearing, and the character of my education, that in general literature there were few subjects on which I was not to the full as well read as himself. I enjoyed his surprise, when, little by little, he began to discover the extent of my information; but I was mortified to find it was *only* surprise, not delight.

"You have," said he, "a considerable store of learning: far more than I could possibly have imagined you possessed; but it is *knowledge*, not *learning*, in which I wish you to be skilled. I would rather, in order to gift you with the former, that you were more destitute of the latter. The object of education is to instil *principles* which are hereafter to guide and instruct us; *facts* are only desirable, so far as they illustrate those principles; principles ought therefore to precede facts! What then can we think of a system which reverses this evident order, overloads the memory with facts, and those of the most doubtful description, while it leaves us entirely in the dark with regard to the principles which could alone render this heterogeneous mass of any advantage or avail? Learning, without knowledge, is but a bundle of prejudices; a lumber of inert matter set before the threshold of the understanding to the exclusion of common sense. Pause for a moment, and recall those of your contemporaries who are generally considered well informed; tell me if their information has made them a whit the wiser: if not, it is only sanctified ignorance. Tell me if names with them are not a sanction for opinion; quotations, the representatives of axioms! All they have learned only serves as an excuse for all they

* It is fortunate that Mr. Pelham's election was not for a rotten borough; so that the satire of this chapter is not yet obsolete nor unsalutary. Parliamentary Reform has not terminated the tricks of canvassing—and Mr. Pelham's descriptions are as applicable now as when first written. All personal canvassing is but for the conve-

nience of cunning—the opportunity for manner to disguise principle. Public meetings, in which expositions of opinion must be clear, and will be cross-examined, are the only legitimate mode of canvass. The English begin to discover this truth: may these stones serve to quicken their apprehension.—*THE AUSTON.*

me ignorant of. In one month, I will engage that you shall have a juster and deeper insight into wisdom, than they have been all their lives acquiring; the great error of education is to fill the mind *first* with antiquated authors, and then to try the principles of the present day by the authorities and maxims of the past. We will pursue, for our plan, the exact reverse of the ordinary method. We will learn the doctrines of the day, as the first and most necessary step, and we will then glance over those which have passed away, as researches rather curious than useful.

"You see this very small pamphlet; it is a paper by Mr. Mills, upon Government. We will know this thoroughly, and when we have done so, we may rest assured that we have a far more accurate information upon the head and front of all political knowledge, than two-thirds of the young men whose cultivation of mind you have usually heard panegyriized."

So saying, my uncle opened the pamphlet. He pointed out to me its close and mathematical reasoning, in which no flaw could be detected, nor deduction controverted; and he filled up, as we proceeded, from the science of his own clear and enlarged mind, the various parts which the political logician had left for reflection to complete. My uncle had this great virtue of an *expositor*, that he never *over-explained*; he never made a parade of his lecture, nor confused what was simple by unnecessary comment.

When we broke off our first day's employment, I was quite astonished at the new light which had gleamed upon me. I felt like Sinbad, the sailor, when, in wandering through the cavern in which he had been buried alive, he caught the first glimpse of the bright day. Naturally eager in every thing I undertook, fond of application, and addicted to reflect over the various bearings of any object that once engrossed my attention, I made great advance in my new pursuit. After my uncle had brought me to be thoroughly conversant with certain and definite principles, we proceeded to illustrate them from fact. For instance, when we had finished the "Essay upon Government," we examined into the several Constitutions of England, British America, and France: the three countries which pretend the most to excellence in their government: and we were enabled to perceive and judge the defects and merits of each, because we had, *previously* to our examination, established certain rules, by which they were to be investigated and tried. Here my skeptical indifference to facts was my chief reason for readily admitting knowledge. I had no prejudices to contend with; no obscure notions gleaned from the past; no popular maxims cherished as truths. Every thing was placed before me as before a wholly impartial inquirer—freed from all the decorations and delusions of sects and parties: every argument was stated with logical precision—every opinion referred to a logical test. Hence, in a very short time, I owned the justice of my uncle's assurance, as to the comparative concentration of knowledge. We went over the whole of Mills's admirable articles in the Encyclopædia, over the more popular works of Bentham, and thence we plunged into the recesses of political economy. I know not why this study has been termed uninteresting. No sooner had I entered upon its consideration, than I could scarcely tear myself from

it. Never from that moment to this have I ceased to pay it the most constant attention, not so much as a study as an amusement; but at that time my uncle's object was not to make me a profound political economist. "I wish," said he, "merely to give you an acquaintance with the principles of the science; not that you may be entitled to boast of knowledge, but that you may be enabled to avoid ignorance; not that you may discover truth, but that you may detect error. Of all sciences, political economy is contained in the fewest books, and yet is the most difficult to master; because all its higher branches require earnestness of reflection, proportioned to the scantiness of reading. Ricardo's work, together with some conversational enlargement on the several topics he treats of, will be enough for our present purpose. I wish, *then*, to show you, how inseparably allied is the great science of public policy with that of private morality. And this, Henry, is the grandest object of all. Now to our *present* study."

Well, gentle reader, (I love, by-the-by, as you already perceive, that old-fashioned courtesy of addressing you)—well, to finish this part of my life, which, as it treats rather of my attempts at reformation than my success in error, must begin to weary you exceedingly, I acquired, more from my uncle's conversation than the books we read, a sufficient acquaintance with the elements of knowledge, to satisfy myself, and to please my instructor. And I must say, in justification of my studies and my tutor, that I derived one benefit from them which has continued with me to this hour—viz. I obtained a clear knowledge of moral principle. Before that time, the little ability I possessed only led me into acts, which, I fear, most benevolent reader, thou hast already sufficiently condemned: my good feelings—for I was not naturally bad—never availed me the least when present temptation came into my way. I had no guide but passion; no rule but the impulse of the moment. What else could have been the result of my education? If I was immoral, it was because I was never taught morality. Nothing, perhaps, is less innate than virtue. I own that the lessons of my uncle did not work miracles—that, living in the world, I have not separated myself from its errors and its follies: the vortex was too strong—the atmosphere too contagious; but I have at least avoided the crimes into which my temper would most likely have driven me. I ceased to look upon the world as a game one was to play fairly, if possible—but where a little cheating was readily allowed; I no longer divorced the interests of other men from my own: if I endeavoured to blind them, it was neither by unlawful means, nor for a purely selfish end:—if—but come, Henry Pelham, thou hast praised thyself enough for the present; and, after all, thy future adventures will best tell if thou art really amended.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

— Mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed vacuum Tibur placet.—
HORAT.

"My dear child," said my mother to me, affectionately, "you must be very much bored here:

pour dire vrai, I am so myself. Your uncle is a very good man, but he does not make his house pleasant; and I have, lately, been very much afraid that he should convert you into a mere bookworm; after all, my dear Henry, you are quite clever enough to trust to your own ability. Your great geniuses never read."

"True, my dear mother," said I, with a most unequivocal yawn, and depositing on the table Mr. Bentham upon Popular Fallacies; "true, and I am quite of your opinion. Did you see in the Post of this morning, how full Cheltenham was?"

"Yes, Henry; and now you mention it, I don't think you could do better than to go there for a month or two. As for me, I must return to your father, whom I left at Lord H——'s: a place, *entre nous*, very little more amusing than this—but then one does get one's *écarté* table, and that dear Lady Roseville, your old acquaintance, is staying there."

"Well," said I, musingly, "suppose we take our departure the beginning of next week?—our way will be the same as far as London, and the plea of attending you will be a good excuse to my uncle for proceeding no farther in these confounded books."

"*C'est une affaire finie*," replied my mother, "and I will speak to your uncle myself."

Accordingly, the necessary disclosure of our intentions was made. Lord Glenmorris received it with proper indifference, so far as my mother was concerned; but expressed much pain at my leaving him so soon. However, when he found I was not so much gratified as honoured by his wishes for my longer *séjour*, he gave up the point with a delicacy that enchanted me.

The morning of our departure arrived. Carriage at the door—bandboxes in the passage—breakfast on the table—myself in my great-coat—my uncle in his great-chair. "My dear boy," said he, "I trust we shall meet again soon: you have abilities that may make you capable of effecting much good to your fellow creatures; but you are fond of the world, and, though not averse to application, devoted to pleasure, and likely to pervert the gifts you possess. At all events, you have now learned, both as a public character and a private individual, the difference between good and evil. Make but this distinction: that whereas, in political science, the rules you have learned may be fixed and unerring, yet the application of them must vary with time and circumstance. We must bend, temporize, and frequently withdraw doctrines which, invariable in their truth, the prejudices of the time will not invariably allow, and even relinquish a faint hope of obtaining a great good, for the certainty of obtaining a less; yet in the science of private morals, which relate, for the main part, to ourselves individually, we have no right to deviate one single iota from the rule of our conduct. Neither time nor circumstance must cause us to modify or to change. Integrity knows no variation; honesty no shadow of turning. We must pursue the same course—stern and uncompromising—in the full persuasion that the path of right is like the bridge from earth to heaven, in the Mahometan creed: if we swerve but a single hair's breadth, we are irrevocably lost."

At this moment my mother joined us, with a "Well, my dear Henry, every thing is ready—we have no time to lose."

My uncle rose, pressed my hand, and left in it a pocket-book, which I afterwards discovered to be most satisfactorily furnished. We took an edifying and affectionate farewell of each other, passed through the two rows of servants, drawn up in martial array along the great hall, and I entered the carriage, and went off with the rapidity of a novel upon "fashionable life."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Dic—si grave non est—
Quæ prima iratum ventrem placaverit esca.
HORAT.

I DID not remain above a day or two in town. I had never seen much of the humours of a watering-place, and my love of observing character made me exceedingly impatient for that pleasure. Accordingly, the first bright morning, I set off for Cheltenham. I was greatly struck with the entrance to that town: it is to these watering-places that a foreigner should be taken, in order to give him an adequate idea of the magnificent opulence and universal luxury of England. Our country has, in every province, what France only has in Paris—a capital consecrated to gayety, idleness, and enjoyment. London is both too busy in one class of society, and too pompous in another, to please a foreigner who has not excellent recommendations to private circles. But at Brighton, Cheltenham, Hastings, Bath, he may, as at Paris, find all the gayeties of society without knowing a single individual.

My carriage stopped at the — Hotel. A corpulent and stately waiter, with gold buckles to a pair of very tight pantaloons, showed me up stairs. I found myself in a tolerable room facing the street, and garnished with two pictures of rocks and rivers, with a comely flight of crows hovering in the horizon of both, as natural as possible—only they were a little larger than the trees. Over the chimney-piece, where I had fondly hoped to find a looking-glass, was a grave print of General Washington, with one hand stuck out like the spout of a tea-pot. Between the two windows (unfavourable position!) was an oblong mirror, to which I immediately hastened, and had the pleasure of seeing my complexion catch the colour of the curtains that overhung the glass on each side, and exhibit the pleasing *rurality* of a pale green.

I shrunk back aghast, turned and beheld the waiter. Had I seen myself in a glass delicately shaded by rose-hued curtains, I should gently and smilingly have said, "Have the goodness to bring me the bill of fare." As it was, I growled out, "Bring me the bill, and be d—d to you."

The stiff waiter bowed solemnly, and withdrew slowly. I looked round the room once more, and discovered the additional adornments of a tea-urn, and a book. "Thank Heaven," thought I, as I took up the latter, "it can't be one of Jeremy Bentham's." No! it was the Cheltenham Guide. I turned to the head of amusements—"Dress ball at the rooms every —" some day or other—which of the seven I utterly forget; but it was the same as that which witnessed my first arrival in the small drawing-room of the — Hotel.

"Thank heaven!" said I to myself, as Bedos entered with my things, and was ordered immediately to have all in preparation for "the dress ball at the rooms," at the hour of half past ten. The waiter entered with the bill. "Soups, chops, cutlets, steaks, roast joints, &c. &c.—*lion, birds.*"

"Get some soup," said I, "a slice or two of lion, and half a dozen birds."

"Sir," said the solemn waiter, "you can't have less than a whole lion, and we have only two birds in the house."

"Pray," asked I, "are you in the habit of supplying your larder from Exeter 'Change, or do you breed lions here like poultry?"

"Sir," answered the grim waiter, never relaxing into a smile, "we have lions brought us from the country every day."

"What do you pay for them?" said I.

"About three and sixpence apiece, sir."

"Humph! market in Africa overstocked," thought I.

"Pray, how do you dress an animal of that description?"

"Roast and stuff him, sir, and serve him up with currant jelly."

"What! like a hare?"

"A lion is a hare, sir."

"What?"

"Yes, sir, it is a hare!—but we call it a lion, because of the game laws."

"Bright discovery," thought I; "they have a new language in Cheltenham; nothing's like travelling to enlarge the mind."—"And the birds," said I, aloud, "are neither humming-birds nor ostriches, I suppose?"

"No, sir; they are partridges."

"Well, then, give me some soup, a cutlet, and a 'bird,' as you term it, and be quick about it."

"It shall be done with despatch," answered the pompous attendant, and withdrew.

Is there in the whole course of this pleasant and varying life, which young gentlemen and ladies write verses to prove same and sorrowful,—is there, in the whole course of it, one half-hour really and genuinely disagreeable?—if so, it is the half-hour before dinner at a strange inn. Nevertheless, by the help of philosophy and the window, I managed to endure it with great patience; and, though I was famishing with hunger, I pretended the indifference of a sage, even when the dinner was at length announced. I coquetted a whole minute with my napkin, before I attempted the soup, and I helped myself to the potatory food with a slow dignity that must have perfectly won the heart of the solemn waiter. The soup was a little better than hot water, and the sharp-sauced cutlet than leather and vinegar; howbeit I attacked them with the vigour of an Irishman, and washed them down with a bottle of the worst liquor ever dignified with the *venerable nomen* of claret. The bird was tough enough to have passed for an ostrich in miniature; and I felt its ghost hopping about the stomachic sepulchre to which I consigned it, the whole of that evening and a great portion of the next day, when a glass of Curaçoa laid it at rest.

After this splendid repast, I flung myself back on my chair with the complacency of a man who has dined well, and dozed away the time till the hour of dressing.

"Now," thought I, as I placed myself before my glass, "shall I gently please, or sublimely

astonish the 'fashionables' of Cheltenham?—Ah, bah! the latter school is vulgar, Byron spoilt it. Don't put out that chain, Bedos—I wear—the black coat, waistcoat, and trousers. Brush my hair as much *out* of curl as you can, and give an air of graceful negligence to my *tout ensemble.*"

"*Où, Monsieur, je comprends,*" answered Bedos.

I was soon dressed, for it is the *design*, not the *execution*, of all great undertakings which requires deliberation and delay. *Action* cannot be too prompt. A chair was called, and Henry Pelham was conveyed to the rooms.

CHAPTER XL.

Now see, prepared to lead the sprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs and well dress'd youths advance;
The spacious room receives its jovial guest,
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress'd.
Art of Dancing.

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrell.

Richard III.

Upon entering, I saw several heads rising and sinking to the tune of "Cherry ripe." A whole row of stiff necks, in cravats of the most unexceptionable length and breadth, were just before me. A tall thin young man, with dark wiry hair brushed on one side, was drawing on a pair of white Woodstock gloves, and affecting to look round the room with the supreme indifference of *bon ton*.

"Ah, Ritson," said another young Cheltenhamian to him of the Woodstock gauntlets, "hav'n't you been dancing yet?"

"No, Smith, 'pon honour!" answered Mr. Ritson; "it is so overpoweringly hot; no fashionable man dances now;—*it isn't the thing.*"

"Why," replied Mr. Smith, who was a good-natured looking person, with a blue coat and brass buttons, a gold pin in his neckcloth, and knee breeches, "why, they dance at Almack's, don't they?"

"No, 'pon honour," murmured Mr. Ritson; "no, they just walk a quadrille or *spin a waltz*, as my friend, Lord Bobadob, calls it; nothing more—no, hang dancing, 'tis so vulgar."

A stout, red-faced man, about thirty, with wet auburn hair, a marvelously fine waistcoat, and a badly-washed frill, now joined Messrs. Ritson and Smith.

"Ah, Sir Ralph," cried Smith, "how d'ye do? been hunting all day, I suppose?"

"Yes, old cock," replied Sir Ralph; "been after the brush till I am quite done up: such a glorious run! By G—, you should have seen my gray mare, Smith; by G—, she is a glorious fencer."

"You don't hunt, do you, Ritson?" interrogated Mr. Smith.

"Yes, I do," replied Mr. Ritson, affectedly playing with his Woodstock glove; "yes, but I only hunt in Leicestershire with my friend, Lord Bobadob; 'tis not the thing to hunt anywhere else."

Sir Ralph stared at the speaker with mute contempt: while Mr. Smith, like the ass between the hay, stood balancing between the opposing merits of the baronet and the beau. Meanwhile, a smiling, nodding, affected female thing, in ringlets and flowers, flirted up to the trio.

"Now, really, Mr. Smith, you should deence; a fashionable young man, like you—I don't know what the young leedies will say to you." And the fair seducer laughed bewitchingly.

"You are very good, Mrs. Dollimore," replied Mr. Smith, with a blush and a low bow; "but Mr. Ritson tells me it is not *the thing* to dance."

"O," cried Mrs. Dollimore, "but then he's seech a naughty, conceited creature—don't follow his example, Meester Smith;" and again the good lady laughed immoderately.

"Nay, Mrs. Dollimore," said Mr. Ritson, passing his hand through his abominable hair, "you are too severe; but tell me, Mrs. Dollimore, is the Countess St. A—— coming here?"

"Now, really, Mr. Ritson, *you*, who are the pink of fashion, ought to know better than I can; but I hear so."

"Do you know the countess?" said Mr. Smith, in respectful surprise, to Ritson.

"O, very well," replied the Coryphaeus of Cheltenham, swinging his Woodstock glove to and fro; "I have often *danced* with her at Almack's."

"Is she a good deencer?" asked Mrs. Dollimore.

"O, capital," responded Mr. Ritson; "*she's such a nice genteel little figure.*"

Sir Ralph, apparently tired of this "fashionable" conversation, swaggered away.

"Pray," said Mrs. Dollimore, "who is that gentleman?"

"Sir Ralph Rumford," replied Smith, eagerly, "a particular friend of mine at Cambridge."

"I wonder if he's going to make a long steey!" said Mrs. Dollimore.

"Yes, I believe so," replied Mr. Smith, "if we make it agreeable to him."

"You must positively introduce him to me," said Mrs. Dollimore.

"I will, with great pleasure," said the good-natured Mr. Smith.

"Is Sir Ralph a *man of fashion*?" inquired Mr. Ritson.

"He's a baronet!" emphatically pronounced Mr. Smith.

"Ah!" replied Ritson, "but he may be a man of rank, without being a man of fashion."

"True," lisped Mrs. Dollimore.

"I don't know," replied Smith, with an air of puzzled wonderment, "but he has 7000*l.* a year."

"Has he, indeed?" cried Mrs. Dollimore, surprised into her natural tone of voice; and, at that moment, a young lady, ringleted and flowered like herself, joined her, and accosted her by the endearing appellation of "Mamma."

"Have you been dancing, my love?" inquired Mrs. Dollimore.

"Yes, ma; with Captain Johnson."

"O," said the mother with a toss of her head; and giving her daughter a significant push, she walked away with her to another end of the room, to talk about Sir Ralph Rumford, and his seven thousand pounds a year.

"Well!" thought I, "odd people these;—let us enter a little farther into this savage country." In accordance with this reflection, I proceeded towards the middle of the room.

"Who's that?" said Mr. Smith, in a loud whisper as I passed him.

"'Pon honour," answered Ritson. "I don't

know! but he's a deuced neat looking fellow, *quite genteel.*"

"Thank you, Mr. Ritson," said my vanity; "you are not so offensive after all."

I paused to look at the dancers; a middle-aged, respectable looking gentleman was beside me. Common people, after they have passed forty, grow social. My neighbour hemmed twice, and made preparation for speaking. "I may as well encourage him," was my reflection; accordingly I turned round, with a most good-natured expression of countenance.

"A fine room this, sir," said the man immediately.

"Very," said I, with a smile, "and extremely well filled."

"Ah, sir," answered my neighbour, "Cheltenham is not as it used to be some fifteen years ago. I have seen as many as one thousand two hundred and fifty persons within these walls;" (certain people are always so d——d particularizing;)" "ay, sir," pursued my *laudator temporis acti*, "and half the peerage here into the bargain."

"Indeed!" quoth I, with an air of surprise suited to the information I received, "but the society is very good still, is it not?"

"O, very *genteel*," replied the man; "but not so *dashing* as it used to be." (O! those two horrid words! low enough to suit even the author of "*—*.")

"Pray," asked I, glancing at Messrs. Ritson and Smith, "do you know who those gentlemen are?"

"Extremely well!" replied my neighbour; "the tall young man is Mr. Ritson; his mother has a house in Baker-street, and gives quite *elegant* parties. He's a most *genteel* young man; but such an insufferable coxcomb."

"And the other?" said I.

"O! he's a Mr. Smith; his father was an eminent merchant, and is lately dead, leaving each of his sons thirty thousand pounds; the young Smith is a *knowing hand*, and wants to spend his money with spirit. He has a great passion for '*high life*,' and *therefore* attaches himself much to Mr. Ritson, who is *quite that way inclined*."

"He could not have selected a better model," said I.

"True," rejoined my Cheltenham Asmodeus, with *naïve* simplicity; "but I hope he won't adopt his *conceit* as well as his *elegance*."

"I shall die," said I to myself, "if I talk with this fellow any longer," and I was just going to glide away, when a tall, stately dowager, with two lean, scraggy daughters, entered the room; I could not resist pausing to inquire who they were.

My friend looked at me with a very altered and disrespectful air at this interrogation. "*Who?*" said he, "why the Countess of Babbleton and her two daughters, the Honourable Lady Jane Babel, and the Honourable Lady Mary Babel. They are the great people of Cheltenham," pursued he, "and it's a *fine thing* to get into their set."

Meanwhile Lady Babbleton and her two daughters swept up the room, bowing and nodding to the riven ranks on each side, who made their salutations with the most profound respect. My experienced eye detected in a moment that Lady Babbleton, in spite of her title and her stateliness, was exceedingly the reverse of good *ton*, and the daughters (who did not resemble the scrag of mut-

ton, *but its ghost*) had an appearance of sour affability, which was as different from the manners of proper society as it possibly could be.

I wondered greatly who and what they were. In the eyes of the Cheltenhamians, they were the countess and her daughters; and any further explanation would have been deemed quite superfluous; further explanation I was, however, determined to procure, and was walking across the room in profound meditation as to the method in which the discovery should be made, when I was startled by the voice of Sir Lionel Garrett: I turned round, and to my inexpressible joy, beheld that worthy baronet.

"God bless me, Pelham," said he, "how delighted I am to see you. Lady Harriet, here's your old favourite, Mr. Pelham."

Lady Harriet was all smiles and pleasure. "Give me your arm," said she; "I must go and speak to Lady Babbleton—odious woman!"

"Do, my dear Lady Harriet," said I, "explain to me what Lady Babbleton was?"

"Why—she was a milliner, and took in the late lord, who was an idiot.—*Voilà tout!*"

"Perfectly satisfactory," replied I.

"Or, short and sweet, as Lady Babbleton would say," replied Lady Harriet, laughing.

"In antithesis to her daughters, who are long and sour."

"O, you satirist!" said the affected Lady Harriet, (who was only three removes better than the Cheltenham countess;) "but tell me, how long have you been at Cheltenham?"

"About four hours and a half?"

"Then you don't know any of the lions here?"

"None, except (I added to myself) the lion I had for dinner."

"Well, let me despatch Lady Babbleton, and I'll then devote myself to being your nomenclator."

We walked up to Lady Babbleton, who had already disposed of her daughters, and was sitting in solitary dignity at the end of the room.

"My dear Lady Babbleton," cried Lady Harriet, taking both the hands of the dowager, "I am so glad to see you, and how well you are looking; and your charming daughters, how are they!—sweet girls!—and how long have you been here?"

"We have only just come," replied the *ci-devant* milliner, half rising, and rustling her plumes in stately agitation, like a nervous parrot; "we must conform to modern *ours*, Lady *Arriet*, though for my part, I like the old-fashioned plan of dining early, and finishing one's gayeties before midnight; but I set the fashion of good *ours* as well as I can. I think it's a duty we owe to society, Lady *Arriet*, to encourage morality by our own example. What else do we have rank for?" And, so saying, the counter countess drew herself up with a most edifying air of moral dignity.

Lady Harriet looked at me, and perceiving that my eye said "go on," as plainly as eye could possibly speak, she continued—"Which of the wells do you attend, Lady Babbleton?"

"All," replied the patronizing dowager. "I like to encourage the poor people here; I've no notion of being proud because one has a title, Lady *Arriet*."

"No," rejoined the worthy helpmate of Sir Lionel Garrett; "everybody talks of your condescension, Lady Babbleton; but are you not afraid of letting yourself down by going everywhere?"

"O," answered the countess, "I admit very few into my set *at home*, but I go out *promiscuously*;" and then looking at me she said, in a whisper, to Lady Harriet, "who is that nice young gentleman?"

"Mr. Pelham," replied Lady Harriet; and, turning to me, formally introduced us to each other.

"Are you any relation," asked the dowager, "to Lady Frances Pelham?"

"Only her son," said I.

"Dear me," replied Lady Babbleton, "how odd; what a nice *elegant* woman she is! She does not go much out, does she? I don't often meet her."

"I should not think it likely that your ladyship did meet her much. She does not visit *promiscuously*."

"Every rank has its duty," said Lady Harriet, gravely; "your mother, Mr. Pelham, may confine her circle as much as she pleases; but the high rank of Lady Babbleton requires greater condescension; just as the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester go to many places where you and I would not."

"Very true!" said the innocent dowager; "and that's a very sensible remark! Were you at Bath last winter, Mr. Pelham?" continued the countess, whose thoughts wandered from subject to subject in the most *rudderless* manner.

"No, Lady Babbleton, I was unfortunately at a less distinguished place."

"What was that?"

"Paris!"

"O, indeed! I've never been abroad; I don't think persons of a certain rank should leave England; they should stay at home, and encourage their own manufactories."

"Ah!" cried I, taking hold of Lady Babbleton's shawl, "what a pretty Manchester pattern this is."

"Manchester pattern!" exclaimed the petrified peeress; "why it is real Cachemire: you don't think I wear any thing English, Mr. Pelham?"

"I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons. I am no judge of dress; but to return—I am quite of your opinion, *that we ought to encourage our own manufactories*, and not go abroad: but one cannot stay long on the continent, even if one is decoyed there. One soon longs for home again."

"Very sensibly remarked," rejoined Lady Babbleton: "that's what I call true patriotism and morality. I wish all the young men of the present day were like you. O, dear!—here's a great favourite of mine coming this way—Mr. Ritson!—do you know him; shall I introduce you?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed I—frightened out of my wits, and my manners. "Come, Lady Harriet, let us rejoin Sir Lionel;" and, "swift at the word," Lady Harriet retook my arm, nodded her adieu to Lady Babbleton, and withdrew with me to an obscurer part of the room.

Here we gave way to our laughter for some time, till, at last, getting weary of the Cheltenham Cleopatra, I reminded Lady Harriet of her promise to name to me the various personages of the assemblage.

"*Eh bien*," began Lady Harriet; "*d'abord*, you observe that very short person, somewhat more than inclined to *enbonpoint*?"

"What, that thing like a Chinese tumbler—that peg of old clothes—that one foot square of

mortality, with an aquatic-volucrine face, like a spoonbill?"

"The very same," said Lady Harriet, laughing; "she is a Lady Gander. She professes to be a patroness of literature, and holds weekly *soirées* in London, for all the newspaper poets. She also falls in love every year, and then she employs her minstrels to write sonnets: her son has a most filial tenderness for a jointure of 10,000*l.* a year, which she casts away on these feasts and follies; and, in order to obtain it, declares the good lady to be insane. Half of her friends he has bribed, or persuaded, to be of his opinion: the other half stoutly maintain her rationality; and, in fact, she herself is divided in her own opinion as to the case; for she is in the habit of drinking to a most unsentimental excess, and when the fit of intoxication is upon her, she confesses to the charge brought against her—supplicates for mercy and brandy, and tatters to bed with the air of a Magdalene; but when she recovers the next morning, the whole scene is changed; she is an injured woman, a persecuted saint, a female Sophocles—declared to be mad only because she is a miracle. Poor Harry Darlington called upon her in town, the other day; he found her sitting in a large chair, and surrounded by a whole host of hangers-on, who were disputing, by no means *sotto voce*, whether Lady Gander was mad or not? Henry was immediately appealed to:—"Now, is not this a proof of insanity?" said one.—"Is not this a mark of *compos mentis*?" cried another. "I appeal to you, Mr. Darlington," exclaimed all. Meanwhile the object of the conversation sat in a state of maudlin insensibility, turning her head, first on one side, and then on the other; and nodding to all the disputants, as if agreeing with each. But enough of her. Do you observe that lady in——"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed I, starting up, "is that—can that be Tyrrell?"

"What's the matter with the man?" cried Lady Harriet.

I quickly recovered my presence of mind, and resumed myself: "Pray forgive me, Lady Harriet," said I; "but I think, nay, I am sure, I see a person I once met under very particular circumstances. Do you observe that dark man in deep mourning, who has just entered the room, and is now speaking to Sir Ralph Rumford?"

"I do, it is Sir John Tyrrell!" replied Lady Harriet: "he only came to Cheltenham yesterday. His is a very singular history."

"What is it?" said I, eagerly.

"Why! he was the only son of a younger branch of the Tyrrells; a very old family, as the name denotes. He was a great deal in a certain *roué* set, for some years, and was celebrated for his *affaires du cœur*. His fortune was, however, perfectly unable to satisfy his expenses; he took to gambling, and lost the remains of his property. He went abroad, and used to be seen at the low gaming houses at Paris, earning a very degraded and precarious subsistence; till, about three months ago, two persons, who stood between him and the title and estates of the family, died, and most unexpectedly he succeeded to both. They say that he was found in the most utter penury and distress, in a small cellar at Paris; however that may be, he is now Sir John Tyrrell, with a very large income, and, in spite of a certain coarseness of manner, probably acquired by the low company he

latterly kept, he is very much liked, and even admired, by the few good people in the society of Cheltenham."

At this instant Tyrrell passed us; he caught my eye, stopped short, and coloured violently. I bowed; he seemed undecided for a moment as to the course he should adopt; it was *but* for a moment. He returned my salutation with great appearance of cordiality; shook me warmly by the hand; expressed himself delighted to meet me; inquired where I was staying, and said he should certainly call upon me. With this promise he glided on, and was soon lost among the crowd.

"Where did you meet him?" said Lady Harriet.
"At Paris."

"What! was he in decent society there?"

"I don't know," said I. "Good night, Lady Harriet;" and, with an air of extreme lassitude, I took my hat, and vanished from that motley mixture of the *fashionably low* and the *vulgarily genteel*!

CHAPTER XLI.

— Full many a lady

I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath unto bondage
Drawn my too diligent eyes.

But you, O! you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

SHAKESPEARE.

THOU wilt easily conceive, my dear reader, who hast been in my confidence throughout the whole of this history, and whom, though as yet thou hast cause to esteem me but lightly, I already love as my familiar and my friend—thou wilt easily conceive my surprise at meeting so unexpectedly with my old hero of the gambling house. I felt indeed perfectly stunned at the shock of so singular a change in his circumstances since I had last met him. My thoughts reverted immediately to that scene, and to the mysterious connexion between Tyrrell and Glanville. How would the latter receive the intelligence of his enemy's good fortune? was his vengeance yet satisfied, or through what means could it now find vent?

A thousand thoughts similar to these occupied and distracted my attention till morning, when I summoned Bedos into the room to read me to sleep. He opened a play of Monsieur Delavigne's, and at the beginning of the second scene I was in the land of dreams.

I woke about two o'clock; dressed, sipped my chocolate, and was on the point of arranging my hat to the best advantage, when I received the following note:—

"MY DEAR PELHAM,

"*Me tibi commendo*. I heard this morning, your hotel, that you were here; my heart was a house of joy at the intelligence. I called upon you two hours ago; but, like Antony, 'you revell'd long o' nights.' Ah, that I could add with Shakespeare, that you were 'notwithstanding aw.' I have just come from Paris, that *umbilicus terræ*, and my adventures since I saw you, for your private satisfaction, 'because I love you, I will let you know;' but you must satisfy me with a meeting. Till you do, 'the mighty gods defend you!'

"VINCENT."

The hotel from which Vincent dated this epistle was in the same street as my own caravansera, and to this hotel I immediately set off. I found my friend sitting before a huge folio, which he in vain endeavoured to persuade me that he seriously intended to read. We greeted each other with the greatest cordiality.

"But how," said Vincent, after the first warmth of welcome had subsided, "how shall I congratulate you upon your new honours? I was not prepared to find you grown from a *roué* into a senator."

"In gathering votes you were not slack,
Now stand as tightly by your tack,
Ne'er show your lug an' edge your back,
An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'."

So said Burns; advice which, being interpreted, meant, that you must astonish the rats of St. Stephen's."

"Aha!" said I, "all one's a clap-net in that house must be baited."

"Nay, but a rat bites at any cheese, from Gloucester to Parmesan, and you can easily scrape up a bit of some sort. Talking of the house, do you see, by the paper, that the civic senator, Alderman W——, is at Cheltenham?"

"I was not aware of it. I suppose he's crumming speeches and turtle for the next season."

"How wonderfully," said Vincent, "your city dignities unloose the tongue: directly a man has been a mayor, he thinks himself qualified for a Tully at least. Faith, Venables asked me one day, what was the Latin for spending? and I told him, '*hippomanes*, or a raging humour in sears.'"

After I had paid, through the medium of my ribble muscles, due homage to this witticism of Vincent's, he shut up his folio, called for his hat, and we sauntered down into the street. As we passed by one of the libraries, a whole mob of the dandies of the last night were lounging about the benches placed before the shop windows.

"Pray, Vincent," said I, "remark those worthies, and especially that tall mongro youth in the blue frock-coat, and the buff waistcoat; he is Mr. Ritson, the *De Rous* (*viz.* the finished gentleman) of the place."

"I see him," answered Vincent: "he seems a most happy mixture of native coarseness and artificial decoration. He puts me in mind of the picture of the great ox set in a gilt frame."

"Or a made dish in Bloomsbury-square, garnished with cut carrots, by way of adornment," said I.

"Or a flannel petticoat, with a fine crape over it," added Vincent. "Well, well, these imitators are, after all, not worse than the originals. When do you go up to town?"

"Not till my senatorial duties require me."

"Do you stay here till then?"

"As it pleases the gods. But, good heavens! Vincent, what a beautiful girl!"

Vincent turned. "*O Dea certè*," murmured he, and stopped.

The object of our exclamations was standing by a corner shop, apparently waiting for some one within. Her face, at the moment I first saw her, was turned full towards me. Never had I seen any countenance half so lovely. She was apparently about twenty; her hair was of the richest

chestnut, and a golden light played through its darkness, as if a sunbeam had been caught in those luxuriant tresses, and was striving in vain to escape. Her eyes were of light hazel, large, deep, and *shaded into softness* (to use a modern expression) by long and very dark lashes. Her complexion alone would have rendered her beautiful, it was so clear—so pure; the blood blushed beneath it, like roses under a clear stream; if, in order to justify my simile, roses would have the complacency to grow in such a situation. Her nose was of that fine and accurate mould that one so seldom sees, except in the Grecian statues, which unites the clearest and most decided outline with the most feminine delicacy and softness; and the short curved arch which descended from thence to her mouth was so fine—so *airily* and exquisitely formed, that it seemed as if Love himself had modelled the bridge which led to his most beautiful and fragrant island. On the right side of the mouth was one dimple, which corresponded so exactly with every smile and movement of those rosy lips, that you might have sworn the shadow of each passed there; it was like the rapid changes of an April heaven reflected upon a valley. She was somewhat, but not much, taller than the ordinary height; and her figure, which united all the first freshness and youth of the girl with the more luxuriant graces of the woman, was rounded and finished so justly, so *minutely*, that the eye could glance over the whole, without discovering the least harshness or unevenness, or atom, to be added or subtracted. But over all these was a light, a glow, a pervading spirit, of which it is impossible to convey the faintest idea. You should have seen her by the side of a shaded fountain on a summer's day. You should have watched her amidst music and flowers, and she might have seemed to you like the fairy that presided over both. So much for poetical description—it is not my *forte*!

"What think you of her, Vincent?" said I.

"I say; with Theocritus, in his epithalamium of Helen —"

"Say no such thing," said I; "I will not have her presence profaned by any helps from your memory."

At that moment the girl turned round abruptly, and re-entered the shop, at the door of which she had been standing. It was a small perfumer's shop. "Thank heaven," said I, "that she does use perfumes. What scents can she now be hesitating between?—the gentle *bouquet du roi*, the cooling *esprit de Portugal*, the mingled treasures *des millefleurs*, the less distinct but agreeably adulterated *mich*, the sweet May-recalling *esprit des violets*, or the——"

"*Omnis copia narium*," said Vincent: "let us enter; I want some *eau de Cologne*."

I desired no second invitation: we marched into the shop. My Armida was leaning on the arm of an old lady. She blushed deeply when she saw us enter; and, as ill-luck would have it, the old lady concluded her purchases the moment after, and they withdrew.

"Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd?"

justly observed my companion.

I made no reply. All the remainder of that day I was absent and reserved; and Vincent, perceiving that I no longer laughed at his jokes, nor

smiled at his quotations, told me I was sadly changed for the worse, and pretended an engagement, to rid himself of an auditor so obtuse.

CHAPTER XLII.

Tout notre mal vient de ne pouvoir être seuls ; de là le jeu, le luxe, la dissipation, le vin, les femmes, l'ignorance, la médisance, l'envie, l'oubli de soi-même et de Dieu.

LA BRUYÈRE.

THE next day I resolved to call upon Tyrrell, seeing that he had not yet kept his promise of anticipating me, and being very desirous not to lose any opportunity of improving my acquaintance with him ; accordingly, I sent my valet to make inquiries as to his abode. I found that he lodged in the same hotel as myself ; and having previously ascertained that he was at home, I was ushered by the head waiter into the gamester's apartment.

He was sitting by the fire in a listless, yet thoughtful attitude. His muscular and rather handsome person was indued in a dressing-gown of rich brocade, thrown on with a slovenly nonchalance. His stockings were about his heels, his hair was dishevelled, and the light, streaming through the half-drawn window-curtains, rested upon the gray flakes with which its darker luxuriance was interspersed ; and the cross light in which he had the imprudence or misfortune to sit, fully developed the deep wrinkles which years and dissipation had planted round his eyes and mouth. I was quite startled at the oldness and haggardness of his appearance.

He rose gracefully enough when I was announced ; and no sooner had the waiter retired, than he came up to me, shook me warmly by the hand, and said, " Let me thank you *now* for the attention you formerly showed me, when I was less able to express my acknowledgments. I shall be proud to cultivate your intimacy."

I answered him in the same strain, and, in the course of conversation, made myself so entertaining, that he agreed to spend the remainder of the day with me. We ordered our horses at three ; and our dinner at seven, and I left him till the former were ready, in order to allow him time for his toilet.

During our ride we talked principally on general subjects, on the various differences of France and England, on horses, on wines, on women, on politics, on all things, except that which had created our acquaintance. His remarks were those of a strong, ill-regulated mind, which had made experience supply the place of the reasoning faculties ; there was a looseness in his sentiments, and a licentiousness in his opinions, which startled even me, (used as I had been to rakes of all schools ;) his philosophy was of that species which thinks that the best maxim of wisdom is—to despise. Of men he spoke with the bitterness of hatred ; of women with the levity of contempt. France had taught him its debaucheries, but not the elegance which refines them : if his sentiments were low, the language in which they were clothed was meaner still : and that which makes the morality of the upper classes, and which no criminal is supposed to be hardy enough to reject ; that religion which has no scoffers, that code which has no impugnors, *that honour* among gentlemen which

constitutes the moving principle of the society in which they live, he seemed to imagine, even in its most fundamental laws, was an authority to which nothing but the inexperience of the young, and the credulity of the romantic, could accede.

Upon the whole, he seemed to me a " bold, bad man," with just enough of intellect to teach him to be a villain, without that higher degree which shows him that it is the worst course for his interest ; and just enough of daring to make him indifferent to the dangers of guilt, though it was not sufficient to make him conquer and control them. For the rest, he loved trotting better than cantering—piqued himself upon being manly—wore doe-skin gloves,—drank port wine, *par préférence*, and considered beef-steaks and oyster-sauce as the most delicate dish in the whole *carte*. I think, now, reader, you have a tolerably good view of his character.

After dinner, when we were discussing the second bottle, I thought it would not be a bad opportunity to question him upon his acquaintance with Glanville. His countenance fell directly I mentioned that name. However, he rallied himself. " O," said he, " you mean the *soi-disant* Warburton. I knew him some years back—he was a poor silly youth, half mad, I believe, and particularly hostile to me, owing to some foolish disagreement when he was quite a boy."

" What was the cause ?" said I.

" Nothing—nothing of any consequence," answered Tyrrell ; and then added, with an air of coxcombry, " I believe I was more fortunate than he, in a certain intrigue. Poor Glanville is a little romantic ; you know. But enough of this now ; shall we go to the rooms ?"

" With pleasure," said I ; and to the rooms we went.

CHAPTER XLIV.

— Veteres revocavit artes.

HORACE.

Since I came hither I have heard strange news.
King Lear.

Two days after my long conversation with Tyrrell, I called again upon that worthy. To my great surprise he had left Cheltenham. I then strolled to Vincent ; I found him lolling on his sofa, surrounded, as usual, with books and papers.

" Come in, Pelham," said he, as I hesitated at the threshold—" come in. I have been delighting myself with Plato all the morning ; I scarcely know what it is that enchants us so much with the ancients. I rather believe, with Schlegel, that it is that air of perfect repose—the stillness of a deep soul, which rests over their writings. Whatever would appear commonplace among us, has with them I know not what of sublimity and pathos. Triteness seems the profundity of truth—wildness the daring of a luxuriant imagination. The fact is, that in spite of every fault, you see, through all, the traces of original thought ; there is a contemplative grandeur in their sentiments, which seems to have nothing borrowed in its meaning or its dress. Take, for instance, this fragment of Mimnermus, on the shortness of life,—what subject can seem more tame ?—what less striking than the feelings he expresses ?—and yet, throughout

every line, there is a melancholy depth and tenderness, which it is impossible to define. Of all English writers who partake the most of this spirit of conveying interest and strength to sentiments and subjects neither novel in themselves, nor adorned in their arrangement, I know none that equal Byron: it is indeed the chief beauty of that extraordinary poet. Examine Childe Harold accurately, and you will be surprised to discover how very little of real depth or novelty there often is in the reflections which seem most deep and new. You are enchained by the vague but powerful beauty of the style; the strong impress of originality which breathes throughout. Like the oracle of Dodona, he makes the forests his tablets, and writes his inspirations upon the leaves of the trees; but the source of that inspiration you cannot tell; it is neither the truth nor the beauty of his sayings which you admire, though you fancy that it is: it is the mystery which accompanies them."

"Pray," said I, "do you not imagine that one great cause of this spirit of which you speak, and which seems to be *nothing more than a thoughtful method of expressing all things, even to trifle*, was the great loneliness to which the ancient poets and philosophers were attached? I think (though I have not your talent for quoting) that Cicero calls the *consideratio naturæ* the *pabulum animi*; and the mind which, in solitude, is confined necessarily to a few objects, meditates more closely upon those it embraces: the habit of this meditation enters and pervades the system, and whatever afterwards emanates from it is tinged with the thoughtful and contemplative colours it has received."

"*Hæu Domine!*" cried Vincent: "how long have you learnt to read Cicero, and talk about the mind?"

"Ah," said I, "I am perhaps less ignorant than I affect to be: it is *now* my object to be a dandy; hereafter I may aspire to be an orator—a wit, a scholar, or a Vincent. You will see then that there have been many odd quarters of an hour in my life less unprofitably wasted than you imagine."

Vincent rose in a sort of nervous excitement, and then reseating himself, fixed his dark bright eyes steadfastly upon me for some moments; his countenance all the while assuming a higher and graver expression than I had ever before seen it wear.

"Pelham," said he at last, "it is for the sake of moments like these, when your better nature flashes out, that I have sought your society and your friendship. I, too, am not wholly what I appear: the world may yet see that Halifax was not the only statesman whom the pursuits of literature had only formed the better for the labours of business. Meanwhile, let me pass for the pedant, and the bookworm: like a sturdier adventurer than myself, 'I bide my time.'—Pelham—this will be a busy session! shall you prepare for it?"

"Nay," answered I, relapsing into my usual tone of languid affectation: "I shall have too much to do in attending to Stultz, and Nugent, and Tattersall and Baxter, and a hundred other occupiers of spare time. Remember, this is my first season in London since my majority."

Vincent took up the newspaper with evident chagrin; however, he was too theoretically the man of the world, long to show his displeasure. "Parr—Parr—again," said he; "how they stuff the

journals with that name. God knows, I venerate learning as much as any man; but I respect it for its uses, and not for itself. However, I will not quarrel with his reputation—it is but for a day. Literary men, who leave nothing but their name to posterity, have but a short twilight of posthumous renown. *Apropos*, do you know my pun upon Parr and the major?"

"Not I," said I, "*Majora canamus!*"

"Why, Parr and I, and two or three more, were dining once at poor T. M——'s, the author of 'The Indian Antiquities.' Major ——, a great traveller, entered into a dispute with Parr about Babylon; the doctor got into a violent passion, and poured out such a heap of quotations on his unfortunate antagonist, that the latter, stunned by the clamour, and terrified by the Greek, was obliged to succumb. Parr turned triumphantly to me: 'What is your opinion, my lord,' said he; 'who is in the right?'"

"*Adversis MAJOR—PAR secundis,*" answered I.

"Vincent," I said, after I had expressed sufficient admiration at his pun—"Vincent, I begin to be weary of this life; I shall accordingly pack up my books and myself, and go to Malvern Wells, to live quietly till I think it time for London. After to-day, you will therefore see me no more."

"I cannot," answered Vincent, "contravene so laudable a purpose, however I may be the loser." And, after a short and desultory conversation, I left him once more to the tranquil enjoyment of his Plato. That evening I went to Malvern, and there I remained in a monotonous state of existence, dividing my time equally between my mind and my body, and forming myself into that state of contemplative reflection which was the object of Vincent's admiration in the writings of the ancients.

Just when I was on the point of leaving my retreat, I received an intelligence which most materially affected my future prospects. My uncle, who had arrived at the sober age of fifty without any apparent designs of matrimony, fell suddenly in love with a lady in his immediate neighbourhood, and married her, after a courtship of three weeks.

"I should not," said my poor mother, very generously, in a subsequent letter, "so much have minded his marriage, if the lady had not thought proper to become in the family way; a thing which I do and always shall consider a most unwarrantable encroachment on your rights."

I will confess that, on first hearing this news, I experienced a bitter pang: but I reasoned it away. I was already under great obligations to my uncle, and I felt it a very unjust and ungracious assumption on my part, to affect anger at conduct I had no right to question, or mortification at the loss of pretensions I had so equivocal a privilege to form. A man of fifty has, *perhaps*, a right to consult his own happiness, almost as much as a man of thirty; and if he attracts by his choice the ridicule of those whom he has never obliged, it is at least from those persons he *has* obliged that he is to look for countenance and defence.

Fraught with these ideas, I wrote to my uncle a sincere and warm letter of congratulation. His answer was, like himself, kind, affectionate, and generous; it informed me that he had already made over to me the annual sum of one thousand pounds; and that in case of his having a lineal heir, he had, moreover, settled upon me, after his death, two thousand a year. He ended by assur-

ing me that his only regret at marrying a lady who, in *all* respects was, above *all* women, calculated to make him happy, was his unfeigned reluctance to deprive me of a station, which (he was pleased to say) I not only deserved, but should adorn.

Upon receiving this letter, I was sensibly affected with my uncle's kindness; and so far from repining at his choice, I most heartily wished him every blessing it could afford him, even though an heir to the titles of Glenmorris were one of them.

I protracted my stay at Malvern some weeks longer than I had intended: the circumstance which had wrought so great a change in my fortune, wrought no less powerfully on my character. I became more thoughtfully and solidly ambitious. Instead of wasting my time in idle regrets at the station I had lost, I rather resolved to carve out for myself one still lofty and more universally acknowledged. I determined to exercise, to their utmost, the little ability and knowledge I possessed; and while the increase of income, derived from my uncle's generosity, furnished me with what was necessary for my luxury, I was resolved that it should not encourage me in the indulgence of my indolence.

In this mood, and with these intentions, I repaired to the metropolis.

CHAPTER XLV.

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes.
Hon.

And look always that they be shape,
What garment that thou shalt make
Of him that can best do
With all that pertaineth thereto.
Rom. of the Rose.

How well I can remember the feelings with which I entered London, and took possession of the apartments prepared for me at Mirvart's! A year had made a vast alteration in my mind; I had ceased to regard pleasure for its own sake; I rather coveted its enjoyments, as the great sources of worldly distinction. I was not the less a coxcomb than heretofore, nor the less a voluptuary, nor the less fastidious in my horses and my dress; but I viewed these matters in a light wholly different from that in which I had hitherto regarded them. Beneath all the carelessness of my exterior, my mind was close, keen, and inquiring; and under all the affectations of foppery, and the levity of manner, I veiled an ambition the most extensive in its objects, and a resolution the most daring in the accomplishment of its means.

I was still lounging over my breakfast, on the second morning of my arrival, when Mr. —, the tailor, was announced.

"Good morning, Mr. Pelham; happy to see you returned. Do I disturb you too early? shall I wait on you again?"

"No, Mr. —, I am ready to receive you; you may renew my measure."

"We are a very good figure, Mr. Pelham; very good figure," replied the schneider, surveying me from head to foot, while he was preparing his measure; "we want a little assistance though; we must be padded well here; we must have our chest thrown out, and have an additional inch

across the shoulders; we must live for effect in this world, Mr. Pelham; a *leetle* tighter round the waist, eh?"

"Mr. —," said I, "you will take, first, my exact measure, and secondly, my exact instructions. Have you done the first?"

"We are done now, Mr. Pelham," replied my *man-maker*, in a slow, solemn tone.

"You will have the goodness then to put no stuffing of any description in my coat; you will not pinch me an iota tighter across the waist than is natural to that part of my body; and you will please, in your infinite mercy, to leave me as much after the fashion in which God made me, as you possibly can."

"But, sir, we *must* be padded; we are much too thin; all the gentlemen in the life guards are padded, sir."

"Mr. —," answered I, "you will please to speak of *us*, with a separate, and not a collective pronoun; and you will let me for once have my clothes such as a gentleman, who, I beg of you to understand, is not a life guardman, can wear without being mistaken for a Guy Fawkes on a fifth of November."

Mr. — looked very discomfited; "We shall not be liked, sir, when we are made—we sha'n't, I assure you. I will call on Saturday at 11 o'clock. Good morning, Mr. Pelham; we shall never be done justice to, if we do not live for effect; good morning, Mr. Pelham."

And here, as I am weary of tailors, let me reflect a little upon that divine art of which they are the professors. Alas, for the instability of all human sciences! A few short months ago, in the first edition of this memorable work, I laid down rules for costume, the value of which fashion begins already to destroy. The thoughts which I shall now embody shall be out of the reach of that great innovator, and applicable not to one age, but to all. To the sagacious reader, who has already discovered what portions of this work are writ in irony—what in earnest—I fearlessly commit these maxims; beseeching him to believe, with Sterne, that "every thing is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too,—if we can but find it out!"

MAXIMS.

I.

Do not require your dress so much to fit as to adorn you. Nature is not to be copied, but to be exalted by art. Apelles blamed Protogenes for being *too* natural.

II.

Never in your dress altogether desert that taste which is general. The world considers eccentricity in great things genius; in small things, folly.

III.

Always remember that you dress to fascinate others, not yourself.

IV.

Keep your mind free from all violent affections at the hour of the toilet. A philosophical serenity is perfectly necessary to success. Helvetius says justly, that our errors arise from our passions.

V.

Remember that none but those whose courage is unquestionable can venture to be effeminate. It was only in the field that the Lacedemonians were accustomed to use perfumes and curl their hair.

VI.

Never let the finery of chains and rings seem *your own* choice; that which naturally belongs to women should appear only worn for their sake. We dignify foppery, when we invest it with a sentiment.

VII.

To win the affection of your mistress, appear negligent in your costume—to *preserve* it, assiduous: the first is a sign of the *passion* of love; the second, of its *respect*.

VIII.

A man must be a profound calculator to be a consummate dresser. One must not dress the same, whether one goes to a minister or a mistress; an avaricious uncle, or an ostentatious cousin: there is no diplomacy more subtle than that of dress.

IX.

Is the great man whom you would conciliate a coxcomb!—go to him in a waistcoat like his own. "Imitation," says the author of *Lacon*, "is the sincerest flattery."

X.

The handsome may be showy in dress, the plain should study to be unexceptionable; just as in great men we look for something to admire—in ordinary men we ask for nothing to forgive.

XI.

There is a study of dress for the aged, as well as for the young. Inattention is no less indecorous in one than in the other; we may distinguish the taste appropriate to each, by the reflection that youth is made to be loved—age to be respected.

XII.

A fool may dress gaudily, but a fool cannot dress well—for to dress well requires judgment; and Rochefoucault says with truth, "*On est quelquefois un sot avec de l'esprit, mais on ne l'est jamais avec du jugement.*"

XIII.

There may be more pathos in the fall of a collar, or the curl of a lock, than the shallow think for. Should we be so apt as we are now to compassionate the misfortunes, and to forgive the insincerity of Charles I., if his pictures had portrayed him in a bob wig and a pigtail? Vandyke was a greater sophist than Hume.

XIV.

The most graceful principle of dress is neatness—the most vulgar is preciseness.

XV.

Dress contains the two codes of morality—private and public. Attention is the duty we owe to others—cleanliness that which we owe to ourselves.

XVI.

Dress so that it may never be said of you, "What a well dressed man!"—but, "What a gentlemanlike man!"

XVII.

Avoid many colours; and seek, by some one prevalent and quiet tint, to sober down the others. Apelles used only four colours, and always subdued those which were more florid, by a darkening varnish.

XVIII.

Nothing is superficial to a deep observer! It is in trifles that the mind betrays itself. "In what part of that letter," said a king to the wisest of living diplomatists, "did you discover irresolution?"—"In its *us* and *gs*!" was the answer.

XIX.

A very benevolent man will never shock the feelings of others, by an excess either of inattention or display; you may doubt, therefore, the philanthropy both of a sloven and a fop.

XX.

There is an indifference to please in a stocking down at heel—but there may be malevolence in a diamond ring.

XXI.

Inventions in dressing should resemble Addison's definition of fine writing, and consist of "refinements which are natural, without being obvious."

XXII.

He who esteems trifles for themselves is a trifler—he who esteems them for the conclusions to be drawn from them, or the advantage to which they can be put, is a philosopher.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Tantôt, Monseigneur le Marquis à cheval—
Tantôt, Monsieur du Maxim de bout!

L'Art de se Promener à Cheval.

My cabriolet was at the door, and I was preparing to enter, when I saw a groom managing, with difficulty, a remarkably fine and spirited horse. As, at that time, I was chiefly occupied with the desire of making as perfect a stud as my fortune would allow, I sent my cab boy (*vulge* Tiger) to inquire of the groom, whether the horse was to be sold, and to whom it belonged.

"It was not to be disposed of," was the answer, "and it belonged to Sir Reginald Glanville."

The name thrilled through me; I drove after the groom, and inquired Sir Reginald Glanville's address. His house, the groom informed me, was at No. — Pall Mall. I resolved to call that morning, but first I drove to Lady Roseville's to talk about Almack's and the *beau monde*, and be initiated into the newest scandal and satire of the day.

Lady Roseville was at home; I found the room half full of women: the beautiful countess was one of the few persons extant who admit people of a morning. She received me with marked kindness. Seeing that ———, who was esteemed, among his friends, the handsomest man of the day, had risen from his seat, next to Lady Roseville, in order to make room for me, I negligently and quietly dropped into it, and answered his grave and angry stare, at my presumption, with my very sweetest and most condescending smile. Heaven be praised,

the handsomest man of the day is never the chief object in the room, when Henry Pelham and his guardian angel, termed by his enemies his *self-esteem*, once enter it.

"Charming collection you have here, dear Lady Roseville," said I, looking round the room; "quite a museum! But who is that very polite, gentlemanlike young man, who has so kindly relinquished his seat to me,—though it quite grieves me to take it from him?" added I: at the same time leaning back with a comfortable projection of the feet, and establishing myself more securely in my usurped chair. "*Pour l'amour de Dieu*, tell me the *ou dits* of the day. Good heavens! what an unbecoming glass that is! placed just opposite to me, too! Could it not be removed while I stay here? O! by-the-by, Lady Roseville, do you patronize the Bohemian glasses? For my part, I have one which I only look at when I am out of humour; it throws such a lovely flush upon the complexion, that it revives my spirits for the rest of the day. Alas! Lady Roseville, I am looking much paler than when I saw you at Garrett Park; but *you*—*you* are like one of those beautiful flowers which bloom the brightest in the winter."

"Thank heaven, Mr. Pelham," said Lady Roseville, laughing, "that you allow me at last to say one word. You have learned, at least, the art of making the *frais* of the conversation since your visit to Paris."

"I understand you," answered I; "you mean that I talk too much; it is true—I own the offence—nothing is so unpopular! Even I, the civillest, best natured, most unaffected person in all Europe, am almost disliked, positively disliked, for that sole and simple crime. Ah! the most beloved man in society is that deaf and dumb person, *comment s'appelle-t-il?*"

"Yes," said Lady Roseville, "Popularity is a goddess best worshipped by negatives; and the fewer claims one has to be admired, the more pretensions one has to be beloved."

"Perfectly true, in general," said I—"for instance, I make the rule and you the exception. I, a perfect paragon, am hated because I am one; you, a perfect paragon, are idolized in spite of it. But tell me, what literary news is there? I am tired of the trouble of idleness, and in order to enjoy a little dignified leisure, intend to set up as a *savant*."

"O, Lady C—— is going to write a Commentary on Ude; and Madame de Genlis a Proof of the Apocrypha. The Duke of N—— is publishing a Treatise on 'Toleration;' and Lord L——y an Essay on 'Self-knowledge.' As for news more remote, I hear that the Dey of Algiers is finishing an 'Ode to Liberty,' and the College of Caffraria preparing a volume of voyages to the North Pole!"

"Now," said I, "if I retail this information with a serious air, I will lay a wager that I find plenty of believers; for fiction, uttered solemnly, is much more like probability than truth uttered doubtfully:—else how do the priests of Brahma and Mahomet live?"

"Ah! now you grow too profound, Mr. Pelham!"

"*C'est vrai*—but—"

"Tell me," interrupted Lady Roseville, "how it happens that you, who talk eruditely enough upon matters of erudition, should talk so lightly upon matters of levity?"

"Why," said I, rising to depart, "very great minds are apt to think that all which they set any value upon, is of equal importance. Thus Hesiod, who, you know, was a capital poet, though rather an imitator of Shenstone, tells us that God bestowed valour on some men, and on others a genius for dancing. It was reserved for me, Lady Roseville, to unite the two perfections. Adieu!"

"Thus," said I, when I was once more alone—"thus do we 'play the fools with the time,' until fate brings that which is better than folly; and, standing idly upon the sea-shore, till we can catch the favouring wind which is to waft the vessel of our destiny to enterprise and fortune, amuse ourselves with the weeds and the pebbles which are within our reach!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

There was a youth who, as with toil and travel,
Had grown quite weak and gray before his time;
Nor any could the restless grief unravel
Which burn'd within him, withering up his prime,
And goading him, like fiends, from land to land.
P. B. SHILLLEY.

FROM Lady Roseville's I went to Glanville's house. He was at home. I was ushered into a beautiful apartment, hung with rich damask, and interspersed with a profusion of mirrors. Beyond, to the right of this room, was a small closet, fitted up with books. This room, evidently a favourite retreat, was adorned at close intervals with girandoles of silver and mother of pearl; the handles of the doors were of the same material.

This closet opened upon a spacious and lofty saloon, the walls of which were covered with the masterpieces of Flemish and Italian art. Through this apartment I was led, by the obsequious and bowing valet, into a fourth room, in which, negligently robed in his dressing-gown, sat Reginald Glanville:—"Good heavens," thought I, as I approached him, "can this be the man who made his residence, *par choix*, in a miserable hovel, exposed to all the damps, winds, and vapours, that the prolific generosity of an English heaven ever begot?"

Our meeting was cordial in the extreme. Glanville, though still pale and thin, appeared in much better health than I had yet seen him since our boyhood. He was, or affected to be, in the most joyous spirits; and when his blue eye lighted up, in answer to the merriment of his lips, and his noble and glorious cast of countenance shone out, as if it had never been clouded by grief or passion, I thought, as I looked at him, that I had never seen so perfect a specimen of masculine beauty, at once physical and intellectual.

"My dear Pelham," said Glanville, "let us see a great deal of each other: I live very much alone: I have an excellent cook sent me over from France by the celebrated gourmand Maréchal de ——. I dine every day exactly at eight, and never accept an invitation to dine elsewhere. My table is always laid for three, and you will, therefore, be sure of finding a dinner here every day you have no better engagement. What think you of my taste in pictures?"

"I have only to say," answered I, "that since I am so often to dine with you, I hope your taste in wines will be one half as good."

"We are all," said Glanville, with a faint smile, "we are all, in the words of the true old proverb, 'children of a larger growth.' Our first toy is love—our second, display, according as our ambition prompts us to exert it. Some place it in homes—some in honours, some in feasts, and some—in *an example*—in furniture or pictures. So true it is, Pelham, that our earliest longings are the purest: in love, we covet goods for the sake of the one beloved: in display, for our own: thus, our first stratum of mind produces fruit for others; our second becomes piggardly, and bears only sufficient for ourselves. But enough of my morals—will you drive me out, if I dress quicker than you ever saw man dress before?"

"No," said I; "for I make it a rule never to drive out a badly dressed friend; take time, and I will let you accompany me."

"So be it then. Do you ever read? if so, my books are made to be opened, and you may toss them over while I am at my toilet."

"You are very good," said I, "but I never do read."

"Look—here," said Glanville, "are two works, one of poetry—one on the Catholic question—both dedicated to me. Seymour—my waistcoat. See what it is to furnish a house differently from other people; one becomes a *bel esprit*, and a *Mecenas*, immediately. Believe me, if you are rich enough to afford it, that there is no passport to fame like eccentricity. Seymour—my coat. I am at your service, Pelham. Believe hereafter that one may dress well in a short time."

"One may do it, but not *two—allons!*"

I observed that Glanville was dressed in the deepest mourning, and imagined, from that circumstance, and his accession to the title I heard applied to him for the first time, that his father was only just dead. In this opinion I was soon undeceived. He had been dead for some years. Glanville spoke to me of his family:—"To my mother," said he, "I am particularly anxious to introduce you—of my sister I say nothing; I expect you to be surprised with her. I love her more than any thing on earth *now*," and as Glanville said this, a paler shade passed over his face.

We were in the park—Lady Roseville passed us—we both bowed to her; as she returned our greeting, I was struck with the deep and sudden blush which overspread her countenance. "That can't be for *me*?" thought I. I looked towards Glanville; his countenance had recovered its serenity, and was settled into its usual proud, but not displeasing, calmness of expression.

"Do you know Lady Roseville well?" said I.

"Very," answered Glanville, laconically, and changed the conversation. As we were leaving the park, through Cumberland-gate, we were stopped by a blockade of carriages; a voice, loud, harsh, and vulgarly accented, called out to Glanville by his name. I turned, and saw Thornton.

"For God's sake, Pelham, drive on," cried Glanville; "let me, for once, escape that atrocious plebeian."

Thornton was crossing the road towards us; I waved my hand to him civilly enough, (for I never cut anybody,) and drove rapidly through the other gate, without appearing to notice his design of speaking to us.

"Thank heaven!" said Glanville, and sank

back in a reverie, from which I could not awaken him, till he was set down at his own door.

When I returned to Mivart's, I found a card from Lord Dawton, and a letter from my mother.

"MY DEAR HENRY, (began the letter,)

"Lord Dawton having kindly promised to call upon you, personally, with this note, I cannot resist the opportunity that promise affords me, of saying how desirous I am that you should cultivate his acquaintance. He is, you know, among the most prominent leaders of the opposition; and should the whigs, by any possible chance, ever come into power, he would have a great chance of becoming prime minister. I trust, however, that you will not adopt that side of the question. The whigs are a horrid set of people, (*politically speaking*,) vote for the Roman Catholics, and never get into place; they give very good dinners, however, and till you have decided upon your politics, you may as well make the most of them. I hope, by-the-by, that you will see a great deal of Lord Vincent: every one speaks highly of his talents; and only two weeks ago, he said, publicly, that he thought you the most promising young man, and the most naturally clever person, he had ever met. I hope that you will be attentive to your parliamentary duties; and,—O, Henry, be sure that you see Cartwright, the dentist, as soon as possible.

"I intend hastening to London three weeks earlier than I had intended, in order to be useful to you. I have written already to dear Lady Roseville, begging her to *introduce* you at Lady C.'s, and Lady —; the only places worth going to at present. They tell me there is a horrid vulgar, ignorant book come out about ——. As you ought to be well versed in modern literature, I hope you will read it, and give me your opinion. Adieu, my dear Henry, ever your affectionate mother,
FRANCES PELHAM."

I was still at my solitary dinner, when the following note was brought me from Lady Roseville:—

"DEAR MR. PELHAM,

"Lady Frances wishes Lady C—— to be made acquainted with you; this is her night, and I therefore enclose you a card. As I dine at — House, I shall have an opportunity of making your *éloge* before your arrival. Yours sincerely,
"C. ROSEVILLE."

"I wonder," thought I, as I made my toilet, "whether or not Lady Roseville is enamoured of her new correspondent?" I went very early, and before I retired, my vanity was undeceived. Lady Roseville was playing at *écarté* when I entered. She beckoned me to approach. I did. Her antagonist was Mr. Bedford, a natural son of the Duke of Shrewsbury, and one of the best natured and best looking dandies about town: there was, of course, a great crowd round the table. Lady Roseville played incomparably; bets were high in her favour. Suddenly her countenance changed—her hand trembled—her presence of mind forsook her. She lost the game. I looked up, and saw just opposite to her, but apparently quite careless and unmoved, Reginald Glanville. We had only

like to exchange nods, for Lady Roseville rose from the table, took my arm, and walked to the other end of the room, in order to introduce me to my hostess.

I spoke to her a few words, but she was absent and inattentive; my penetration required no farther proof to convince me that she was not wholly insensible to the attentions of Glanville. Lady ——— was as civil and silly as the generality of Lady Blanks are: and feeling very much bored, I soon retired to an obscurer corner of the room. Here Glanville joined me.

"It is but seldom," said he, "that I come to these places; to-night my sister persuaded me to venture forth."

"Is she here?" said I.

"She is," answered he; "she has just gone into the refreshment room with my mother; and when she returns, I will introduce you."

While Glanville was yet speaking, three middle-aged ladies, who had been talking together with great vehemence for the last ten minutes, approached us.

"Which is he?—which is he?" said two of them, in no inaudible accents.

"This," replied the third; and coming up to Glanville, she addressed him, to my great astonishment, in terms of the most hyperbolical panegyric.

"Your work is wonderful! wonderful!" said she.

"O! quite—quite!" echoed the other two.

"I can't say," recommenced the *Coryphaen*, "that I like the moral—at least not quite; no, not quite."

"Not quite," repeated her coadjutrices.

Glanville drew himself up with his most stately air, and after three profound bows, accompanied by a smile of the most unequivocal contempt, he turned on his heel, and sauntered away.

"Did your grace ever see such a bear?" said one of the echoes.

"Never," said the dutchess, with a mortified air; "but I will have him yet. How handsome he is for an author!"

I was descending the stairs in the last state of *ennui*, when Glanville laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Shall I take you home?" said he; "my carriage has just drawn up."

I was too glad to answer in the affirmative.

"How long have you been an author?" said I, when we were seated in Glanville's carriage.

"Not many days," he replied. "I have tried one resource after another—all—all in vain. O, God! that for me there *could* exist such a blessing as *fiction*! Must I be ever the martyr of one burning, lasting, indelible *truth*!"

Glanville uttered these words with a peculiar wildness and energy of tone: he then paused abruptly for a minute, and continued, with an altered voice—

"Never, my dear Pelham, be tempted by any inducement into the pleasing errors of print; from that moment you are public property; and the last monster at Exeter 'Change has more liberty than you; but here we are at Mivart's. *Addio*—I will call on you to-morrow, if my wretched state of health will allow me."

And with these words we parted.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Ambition is a lottery, where, however uneven the chances, there are some prizes; but in dissipation, every one draws a blank.

Letters of STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

THE season was not far advanced before I grew heartily tired of what are nicknamed its gayeties; I shrunk, by rapid degrees, into a very small orbit, from which I rarely moved. I had already established a certain reputation for eccentricity, fashion, and, to my great astonishment, also for talent; and my pride was satisfied with finding myself universally *recherché*, whilst I indulged my inclinations by rendering myself universally scarce. I saw much of Vincent, whose varied acquirements and great talents became more and more perceptible, both as my own acquaintance with him increased, and as the political events with which that year was pregnant called forth their exertion and display. I went occasionally to Lady Roseville's, and was always treated rather as a long-known friend, than an ordinary acquaintance; nor did I undervalue this distinction, for it was part of her pride to render her house not only as splendid, but as agreeable, as her command over society enabled her to effect.

At the House of Commons my visits would have been duly paid, but for one trifling occurrence, upon which, as it is a very sore subject, I shall dwell as briefly as possible. I had scarcely taken my seat, before I was forced to relinquish it. My unsuccessful opponent, Mr. Lufton, preferred a petition against me, for what he called undue means. God knows what he meant; I am sure the House did not, for they turned me out, and declared Mr. Lufton duly elected.

Never was there such a commotion in the Glenmorris family before. My uncle was seized with the gout in his stomach, and my mother shut herself up with Tremaine, and one China monster, for a whole week. As for me, though I writhed at heart, I bore the calamity philosophically enough in external appearance; nor did I the less busy myself in political matters: with what address and success, good or bad, I endeavoured to supply the loss of my parliamentary influence, the reader will see, when it suits the plot of this history to touch upon such topics.

Glanville I saw continually. When in tolerable spirits, he was an entertaining, though never a frank nor a communicative companion. His conversation then was lively, yet without wit, and sarcastic, though without bitterness. It abounded also in philosophical reflections and terse maxims, which always brought improvement, or, at the worst, allowed discussion. He was a man of even vast powers—of deep thought—of luxuriant, though dark imagination, and of great miscellaneous, though, perhaps, ill arranged erudition. He was fond of paradoxes in reasoning, and supported them with a subtlety and strength of mind, which Vincent, who admired him greatly, told me he had never seen surpassed. He was subject at times, to a gloom and despondency, which seemed almost like aberration of intellect. At those hours he would remain perfectly silent, and apparently forgetful of my presence and of every object around him.

It was only then, when the play of his counte-

nance was vanished, and his features were still and set, that you saw in their full extent, the dark and deep traces of premature decay. His cheek was hollow and hueless, his eye dim, and of that visionary and glassy aspect which is never seen but in great mental or bodily disease, and which, according to the superstitions of some nations, implies a mysterious and unearthly communion of the soul with the beings of another world. From these trances he would sometimes start abruptly, and renew any conversation broken off before, as if wholly unconscious of the length of his revery. At others, he would rise slowly from his seat, and retire into his own apartment, from which he never emerged during the rest of the day.

But the reader must bear in mind that there was nothing artificial or affected in his musings, of whatever complexion they might be; nothing like the dramatic brown studies, and quick starts, which young gentlemen, in love with Lara and Lord Byron, are apt to practise. There never, indeed, was a character that possessed less cant of any description. His work, which was a singular, wild tale—of mingled passion and reflection—was, perhaps, of too original, certainly of too abstract a nature, to suit the ordinary novel readers of the day. It did not acquire popularity for itself, but it gained great reputation for the author. It also inspired every one who read it with a vague and indescribable interest to see and know the person who had composed so singular a work.

This interest he was the first to laugh at, and to disappoint. He shrank from all admiration and from all sympathy. At the moment when a crowd assembled round him, and every ear was bent to catch the words, which came alike from so beautiful a lip, and so strange and imaginative a mind, it was his pleasure to utter some sentiment totally different from his written opinion, and utterly destructive of the sensation he had excited. But it was very rarely that he exposed himself to these “trials of an author.” He went out little to any other house but Lady Roseville’s, and it was seldom more than once a week that he was seen even there. Lonely, and singular in mind and habits, he lived in the world like a person occupied by a separate object, and possessed of a separate existence from that of his fellow beings. He was luxurious and splendid, beyond all men, in his habits, rather than his tastes. His table groaned beneath a weight of gold, too costly for the daily service even of a prince; but he had no pleasure in surveying it. His wines and viands were of the most exquisite description; but he scarcely tasted them. Yet, what may seem inconsistent, he was averse to all ostentation and show in the eyes of others. He admitted very few into his society—no one so intimately as myself. I never once saw more than three persons at his table. He seemed, in his taste for the arts, in his love of literature, and his pursuit after fame, to be, as he himself said, eternally endeavouring to forget and eternally brought back to remembrance.

“I pity that man even more than I admire him,” said Vincent to me, one night when we were walking home from Glanville’s house. “His is, indeed, the disease *nulla medicabilis herba*. Whether it is the past or the present that afflicts him—whether it is the memory of past evil, or the satiety of present good, he has taken to his heart the bitterest philosophy of life. He does not reject its blessings—he gathers them around him, but as a stone

gathers moss—cold, hard, unsoftened by the freshness and the greenness which surround it. As a circle can only touch a circle in one place, every thing that life presents to him, wherever it comes from—to whatever portion of his soul it is applied—can find but one point of contact; and that is the soreness of affliction: whether it is the *oblivio* or the *otium* that he requires, he finds equally that he is for ever in want of one treasure:—‘*neque gemmis neque purpura venale nec auro.*’”

CHAPTER XLIX.

Mons. Jourdain. Etes-vous fou de l’aller quereller—lui qui entend la tierce et la quarte, et qui sait tuer un homme par raison démonstrative?

Le Maître à Danser. Je me moque de sa raison démonstrative, et de sa tierce et de sa quarte. *MOLIERE.*

“HOLLO, my good friend; how are you?—d—d glad to see you in England,” vociferated a loud, clear, good humoured voice, one cold morning, as I was shivering down Brook-street into Bond-street. I turned, and beheld Lord Dartmore, of Rocher de Cancale memory. I returned his greeting with the same cordiality with which it was given: and I was forthwith saddled with Dartmore’s arm, and dragged up Bond-street, into that borough of all noisy, riotous, unrefined, good fellows—yelept —’s Hotel.

Here we were soon plunged into a small, low apartment, which Dartmore informed me was his room, and which was crowded with a score of the most stalwart youths that I ever saw out of a marching regiment.

Dartmore was still gloriously redolent of Oxford: his companions were all extracts from Christchurch; and his favourite occupations were boxing and hunting—scenes at the Fives’ Court—nights in the Cider Cellar—and mornings at Bow-street. Figure to yourself a fitter companion for the hero and writer of these adventures! The table was covered with boxing gloves, single sticks, two ponderous pair of dumb bells, a large pewter pot of porter, and four foils; one snapped in the middle.

“Well,” cried Dartmore, to two strapping youths, with their coats off, “which was the conqueror?”

“O, it is not yet decided,” was the answer; and forthwith the bigger one hit the lesser a blow with his boxing glove, heavy enough to have felled Ulysses, who, if I recollect aright, was rather ‘*a game blood*’ in such encounters.

This slight salute was forthwith the prelude to an encounter, which the whole train crowded round to witness;—I, among the rest, pretending an equal ardour, and an equal interest, and hiding like many persons in a similar predicament, a most trembling spirit beneath a most valorous exterior.

When the match (which terminated in favour of the lesser champion) was over, “Come, Pelham,” said Dartmore, “let me take up the gloves with you!”

“You are too good!” said I, for the first time using my drawing-room drawl. A wink and a grin went round the room.

“Well, then, will you fence with Staunton, or play at single sticks with me?” said the short, thick, bullying, impudent, vulgar Earl of Calton.

“Why,” answered I, “I am a poor hand at the

foils, and a still worse at the sticks; but I have no objection to exchange a cut or two at the latter game with Lord Calton."

"No, no!" said the good natured Dartmore;—"no! Calton is the best stick-player I ever knew;" and then, whispering me, he added, "and the hardest hitter—and he never spares, either."

"Really," said I aloud, in my most affected tone, "it is a great pity, for I am excessively delicate; but as I said I would engage him, I don't like to retract. Pray let me look at the hilt: I hope the basket is strong: I would not have my knuckles rapped for the world—now for it. I'm in a deuced fright, Dartmore;" and so saying, and inwardly chuckling at the universal pleasure depicted in the countenances of Calton and the bystanders, who were all rejoiced at the idea of the "dandy being drubbed," I took the stick, and pretended great awkwardness and lack of grace in the position I chose.

Calton placed himself in the most scientific attitude, assuming at the same time an air of *haut-tour* and *nonchalance*, which seemed to call for the admiration it met.

"Do we make hard hitting?" said I.

"O! by all means," answered Calton, eagerly.

"Well," said I, settling my own *chapeau*, "had not you better put on your hat?"

"O, no," answered Calton, imperiously; "I can take pretty good care of my head;" and with these words we commenced.

I remained at first nearly upright, not availing myself in the least of my superiority in height, and only acting on the defensive. Calton played well enough for a gentleman; but he was no match for one who had, at the age of thirteen, beat the life guardsmen at Angelo's. Suddenly, when I had excited a general laugh at the clumsy success with which I warded off a most rapid attack of Calton's, I changed my position, and keeping Calton at arm's length till I had driven him towards a corner, I took advantage of a haughty imprudence on his part, and by a common enough move in the game, drew back from a stroke aimed at my limbs, and suffered the whole weight of my weapon to fall so heavily upon his head, that I felled him to the ground in an instant.

I was sorry for the severity of the stroke, the moment after it was inflicted; but never was punishment more deserved. We picked up the discomfited hero, and placed him on a chair to recover his senses; meanwhile I received the congratulations of the conclave with a frank alteration of manner which delighted them; and I found it impossible to get away, till I had promised to dine with Dartmore, and spend the rest of the evening in the society of his friends.

CHAPTER L.

—Heroes mischievously gay,
Lords of the street and terrors of the way,
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine.

JOHNSON'S *London*.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te—his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraasonical.

SHAKESPEARE.

I WENT a little after seven o'clock to keep my dinner engagement at —'s; for very young men are seldom unpunctual at dinner. We sat

down, six in number, to a repast at once incredibly bad, and ridiculously extravagant; turtle without fat—venison without flavour—champagne with the taste of a gooseberry, and hock with the properties of a pomegranate.* Such is the constant habit of young men: they think any thing expensive is necessarily good, and they purchase poison at a dearer rate than the most medicine-loving hypochondriac in England!

Of course, all the knot declared the dinner was superb; called in the master to eulogize him in person, and made him, to his infinite dismay, swallow a bumper of his own hock. Poor man! they mistook his reluctance for his diffidence, and forced him to wash it away in another potation. With many a wry face of grateful humility, he left the room, and we then proceeded to pass the bottle with the *suicidal* determination of defeated Romans. You may imagine that we were not long in arriving of the devoutly wished-for consummation of comfortable inebriety; and with our eyes reeling, our cheeks burning, and our brave spirits full ripe for a quarrel, we sallied out at eleven o'clock, vowing death, dread, and destruction to all the sober portion of his majesty's subjects.

We came to a dead halt in Arlington-street, which, as it was the quietest spot in the neighbourhood, we deemed a fitting place for the arrangement of our forces. Dartmore, Staunton, (a tall, thin, well formed, silly youth,) and myself, marched first, and the remaining three followed. We gave each other the most judicious admonitions as to propriety of conduct, and then, with a shout that alarmed the whole street, we renewed our way. We passed on safely enough till we got to Charing-Cross, having only been thrice upbraided by the watchmen, and once threatened by two carmen of prodigious size, to whose wives or sweethearts we had, to our infinite peril, made some gentle overtures. When, however, we had just passed the Opera Colonnade, we were accosted by a bevy of buxom Cyprians, as merry and as drunk as ourselves. We halted for a few minutes in the midst of the keudel, to confabulate with our new friends, and a very amicable and intellectual conversation ensued. Dartmore was an adept in the art of slang, and he found himself fairly matched, by more than one of the fair and gentle creatures by whom we were surrounded. Just, however, as we were all in high glee, Staunton made a trifling discovery, which turned the merriment of the whole scene into strife, war, and confusion. A bouncing lass, whose hands were as ready as her charms, had quietly helped herself to a watch which Staunton wore, *à la mode*, in his waistcoat pocket. Drunken as the youth was at that time, and dull as he was at all others, he was not without the instinctive penetration with which all human bipeds watch over their individual goods and chattels. He sprang aside from the endearments of the syren, grasped her arm, and in a voice of querulous indignation, accused her of the theft.

"Then rose the cry of women—shrill
As shriek of goshawk on the hill."

Never were my ears so stunned. The angry authors in the adventures of Gil Blas were nothing

* Which is not an astringent fruit.

to the disputants in the kennel at Charing-Cross; we rowed, swore, slanged, with a Christian meekness and forbearance which would have rejoiced Mr. Wilberforce to the heart, and we were already preparing ourselves for a more striking engagement, when we were most unwelcomely interrupted by the presence of three watchmen.

"Take away this—this—d——d woman," hiccupped out Staunton, "she has sto—len—(hiccup)—my watch"—(hiccup.)

"No such thing, watchman," hallooed out the accused, "the b—— counter-skipper never *had* any watch! he only filched a twopenny-halfpenny gilt-chain out of his master, Levi, the pawnbroker's window, and stuck it in his *eel-skin* to make a show: ye did, ye pitiful, lanky-chopped son of a dog-fish, ye did."

"Come, come," said the watchman, "move on, move on."

"You be d——d, for a Charley!" said one of our gang.

"Ho! ho! master jackanapes, I shall give you a cooling in the watch-house, if you tips us any of your jaw. I dare say the young *oman* here is quite right about ye, and ye never had any watch at all, at all."

"You are a d——d liar," cried Staunton; "and you are all in with each other, like a pack of rogues as you are."

"I'll tell ye what, young gemman," said another watchman, who was a more potent, grave, and reverend senior than his comrades, "if you do not move on instantly, and let those decent young *omen* alone, I'll take you all up before Sir Richard."

"Charley, my boy," said Dartmore, "did you ever get thrashed for impertinence?"

The last mentioned watchman took upon himself to reply to this interrogatory by a very summary proceeding; he collared Dartmore, and his companions did the same kind office to us. This action was not committed with impunity: in an instant two of the moon's minions, staffs, lanterns, and all, were measuring their length at the foot of their namesake of royal memory; the remaining Dogberry was, however, a tougher assailant; he held Staunton so firmly in his gripe, that the poor youth could scarcely breathe out a faint and feeble d—— ye of defiance, and with his disengaged hand he made such an admirable use of his rattle, that we were surrounded in a trice.

As when an ant-hill is invaded, from every quarter and crevice of the mound arise and pour out an angry host, of whose previous existence the unwary assailant had not dreamt; so from every lane, and alley, and street, and crossing, came fast and far the champions of the night.

"Gentlemen," said Dartmore, "we must fly—*saute qui peut*." We wanted no stronger admonition, and accordingly, all of us who were able, set off with the utmost velocity with which God had gifted us. I have some faint recollection that I myself headed the flight. I remember well that I dashed up the Strand, and dashed down a singular little shed, from which emanated the steam of tea, and a sharp, querulous scream of "All not—all hot; a penny a pint." I see, now, by the dim light of retrospection, a vision of an old woman in the kennel, and a pewter pot of mysterious ingredients precipitated into a greengrocer's shop, "to

virides inter laures," as Vincent would have said. On we went, faster and faster, as the rattles rang in our ears, and the tramp of the enemy echoed after us in hot pursuit.

"The *devil* take the hindmost," said Dartmore, breathlessly, (as he kept up with me.)

"The watchman has saved his majesty the trouble," answered I, looking back and seeing one of our friends in the clutch of the pursuers.

"On, on!" was Dartmore's only reply.

At last after innumerable perils, and various immersements into back passages, and courts, and alleys, which, like the chicaneries of law, preserved and befriended us, in spite of all the efforts of justice, we fairly found ourselves in safety in the midst of a great square.

Here we paused, and after ascertaining our individual safeties, we looked round to ascertain the sum total of the general loss. Alas! we were woefully shorn of our beams—we were reduced one-half: only three out of the six survived the conflict and the fight.

"Half," (said the companion of Dartmore and myself, whose name was Tringle, and who was a dabbler in science, of which he was not a little vain,) "half is less worthy than the whole; but the half is more worthy than nonentity."

"An axiom," said I, "not to be disputed; but now that we are safe, and have time to think about it, are you not slightly of opinion that we behaved somewhat scurvily to our better half, in leaving it so quietly in the hands of the Philistines?"

"By no means," answered Dartmore. "In a party, whose members make no pretensions to sobriety, it would be too hard to expect that persons who are scarcely capable of taking care of themselves, should take care of other people. No; we have, in all these exploits, only the one maxim of self-preservation."

"Allow me," said Tringle, seizing me by the coat, "to explain it to you on scientific principles. You will find in hydrostatics, that the attraction of cohesion is far less powerful in fluids than in solids; viz. that persons who have been converting their 'solid flesh' into wine skins, cannot stick so close to one another as when they are sober."

"Bravo, Tringle!" cried Dartmore; "and now, Pelham, I hope your delicate scruples are, after so luminous an *éclaircissement*, set at rest for ever."

"You have convinced me," said I; "let us leave the unfortunates to their fate, and Sir Richard. What is now to be done?"

"Why, in the first place," answered Dartmore, "let us reconnoitre. Does any one know this spot?"

"Not I," said both of us. We inquired of an old fellow, who was tottering home under the same Bacchanalian auspices as ourselves, and found we were in Lincoln's Inn-fields.

"Which shall we do?" asked I; "stroll home, or parade the streets, visit the Cider-Cellar, and the Finish, and kiss the first lass we meet in the morning bringing her charms and carrots to Covent Garden market?"

"The latter," cried Dartmore and Tringle, "without doubt."

"Come then," said I, "let us investigate Holborn, and dip into St. Giles's, and then find our way into some more known corner of the globe."

"Amen!" said Dartmore, and accordingly we

renewed our march. We wound along a narrow lane, tolerably well known, I imagine, to the gentlemen of the quill, and entered Holborn. There was a beautiful still moon above us, which cast its light over a drowsy stand of hackney coaches, and shed a "silver sadness" over the thin visages and sombre vestments of two guardians of the night, who regarded us, we thought, with a very ominous aspect of suspicion.

We strolled along, leisurely enough, till we were interrupted by a miserable-looking crowd, assembled round a dull, dingy, melancholy shop, from which gleamed a solitary candle, whose long, spinster-like wick was flirting away with an east wind, at a most unconscionable rate. Upon the haggard and worn countenances of the bystanders, was depicted one general and sympathizing expression of eager, envious, wistful anxiety, which predominated so far over the various characters of each, as to communicate something of a likeness to all. It was an impress of such a seal as you might imagine, not the arch-fiend, but one of his subordinate shepherds, would have set upon each of his flock.

Amid this crowd, I recognised more than one face which I had often seen in my equestrian lounges through town, peering from the shoulders of some intrusive ragamuffin, wagesless lackey, and squeeling out of its wretched, unpampered mouth, the everlasting query of, "*Want your oss held, sir?*" The rest were made up of unfortunate women of the vilest and most ragged description, aged itinerants, with features seared with famine, bleared eyes, dropping jaws, shivering limbs, and all the mortal signs of hopeless and aidless, and, worst of all, breadless infirmity. Here and there an Irish accent broke out in the oaths of national impatience, and was answered by the shrill, broken voice of some decrepit but indefatigable votress of pleasure—(*pleasure!* good God!) but the chief character of the meeting was *silence*;—silence, eager, heavy, engrossing; and, above them all, shone out the quiet moon, so calm, so holy, so breathing of still happiness and unpoluted glory, as if it never looked upon the traces of human passion, and misery, and sin. We stood for some moments contemplating the group before us, and then, following the steps of an old, withered crone, who, with a cracked cup in her hand, was pushing her way through the throng, we found ourselves in that dreary pandæmonium, at once the origin and the refuge of humble vices—a *gin-shop*.

"Poor devils," said Dartmore, to two or three of the nearest and eagerest among the crowd, "come in, and I will treat you."

The invitation was received with a promptness which must have been the most gratifying compliment to the inviter; and thus want, which is the mother of invention, does not object, now and then, to a bantling by politeness.

We stood by the counter while our *protégés* were served, in silent observation. In low vice, to me, there is always something too gloomy, almost too *fearful* for light mirth; the contortions of the madman are stronger than those of the fool, but one does not laugh at them; the sympathy is for the cause—not the effect.

Leaning against the counter at one corner, and fixing his eyes deliberately and unmovingly upon us, was a man about the age of fifty, dressed in a

costume of singular fashion, apparently pretending to an antiquity of taste, correspondent with that of the material. This person wore a large cocked-hat, set rather jauntily on one side, and a black coat, which seemed an *omnium gatherum* of all abominations that had come in its way for the last ten years, and which appeared to advance equal claims (from the manner it was made and worn) to the several dignities of the art military and civil, the *arma* and the *toga*:—from the neck of the wearer hung a blue riband of amazing breadth, and of a very surprising assumption of newness and splendour, by no means in harmony with the other parts of the *tout ensemble*; this was the guardian of an eye-glass of black tin, and of dimensions correspondent with the size of the riband. Stuck under the right arm, and shaped fearfully like a sword, peeped out the hilt of a very large and sturdy-looking stick, "in war a weapon, in peace a support."

The features of the man were in keeping with his garb; they betokened an equal mixture of the traces of poverty, and the assumption of the dignities reminiscent of a better day. Two small light-blue eyes were shaded by bushy and rather imperious brows, which lowered from under the hat, like Cerberus out of his den. These, at present, wore the dull, fixed stare of habitual intoxication, though we were not long in discovering that they had not yet forgotten to sparkle with all the quickness, and more than the roguery, of youth. His nose was large, prominent, and aristocratic; nor would it have been ill-formed, had not some unknown cause pushed it a little nearer towards the left ear, than would have been thought, by an equitable judge of beauty, fair to the pretensions of the right. The lines in the countenance were marked as if in iron, and, had the face been perfectly composed, must have given to it a remarkably stern and sinister appearance; but at that moment there was an arch leer about the mouth, which softened, or at least altered the expression the features habitually wore.

"Sir," said he, (after a few minutes of silence,) "sir," said he, approaching me, "will you do me the honour to take a pinch of snuff?" and, so saying, he tapped a curious copper box, with a picture of his late majesty upon it.

"With great pleasure," answered I, bowing low, "since the act is a prelude to the pleasure of your acquaintance."

My gentleman of the gin-shop opened his box with an air, as he replied—"It is but seldom that I meet, in places of this description, gentlemen of the exterior of yourself and your friends. I am not a person very easily deceived by the outward man. Horace, sir, could not have included me, when he said, *specie decipimur*. I perceive that you are surprised at hearing me quote Latin. Alas! sir, in my wandering and various manner of life, I may say with Cicero and Pliny, that the study of letters has proved my greatest consolation. '*Gaudium mihi,*' says the latter author, '*et solatium in literis: nihil tam lætum quod his non lætius, nihil tam triste quid non per has minus triste.*' G—d d—n ye, you scoundrel, give me my gin! ar'n't you ashamed to keep a gentleman of my fashion so long waiting?" This was said to the sleepy dispenser of the spirituous potations, who looked up for a moment

with a dull stare, and then replied, "Your money, first, Mr. Gordon—you owe us seven-pence half-penny already."

"Blood and confusion! speakest thou to me of half-pence! Know that thou art a mercenary varlet; yes, knave, mark that, a mercenary varlet." The sleepy Ganymede replied not, and the wrath of Mr. Gordon subsided into a low, interrupted, internal muttering of strange oaths, which rolled and grumbled, and rattled in his throat, like distant thunder.

At length he cheered up a little—"Sir," said he, addressing Dartmore, "it is a sad thing to be dependent on these low persons; the wise among the ancients were never so wrong as when they panegyrized poverty: it is the wicked man's temper, the good man's perdition, the proud man's curse, the melancholy man's halter."

"You are a strange old cock," said the unsophisticated Dartmore, eyeing him from head to foot; "there's half a sovereign for you."

The blunt blue eyes of Mr. Gordon sharpened up in an instant; he seized the treasure with an avidity of which, the minute after, he seemed somewhat ashamed; for he said, playing with the coin in an idle, indifferent manner—"Sir, you show a consideration, and, let me add, sir, a delicacy of feeling, unusual at your years. Sir, I shall repay you at my earliest leisure, and in the mean while allow me to say, that I shall be proud of the honour of your acquaintance."

"Thank ye, old boy," said Dartmore, putting on his glove before he accepted the offered hand of his new friend, which, though it was tendered with great grace and dignity, was of a marvellously dingy and soapless aspect.

"Hark ye, you d—d son of a gun!" cried Mr. Gordon, abruptly turning from Dartmore, after a hearty shake of the hand, to the man at the counter—"Harkye! give me change for this half sovereign, and be d—d to you,—and then tip us a double gill of your best; you whey-faced, liver-drenched, pence-gripping, belly-gripping, panper-cheating, sleepy-souled Arismanes of bad spirits. Come, gentlemen, if you have nothing better to do, I'll take you to my club; we are a rare knot of us there—all choice spirits; some of them are a little uncouth, it is true, but we are not all born Chesterfields. Sir, allow me to ask the favour of your name?"

"Dartmore."

"Mr. Dartmore, you are a gentleman. Hollo! you *Liquorpond-street* of a scoundrel—having nothing of liquor but the name, you narrow, nasty, pitiful alley of a fellow, with a kennel for a body, and a sink for a soul; give me my change and my gin, you scoundrel! Humph, is that all right, you Procrustes of the counter, chopping our lawful appetites down to your rascally standard of seven-pence halfpenny! Why don't you take a motto, you Paynim dog! Here's one for you—'Measure for measure, and the devil to pay!' Humph, you pitiful toadstool of a trader, you have no more spirit than an empty water-bottle; and when you go to h—ll, they'll use you to cool the bellows. I say, you rascal, why are you worse off than the devil in a hip bath of brimstone!—because, you knave, the devil then would only be half d—d, and you're d—d all over!—Come, gentlemen, I am at your service."

VOL. I.

CHAPTER LI.

The history of a philosophical vagabond, pursuing novelty, and losing content. *Vicar of Wakefield.*

WE followed our strange friend through the crowd at the door, which he elbowed on either side with the most aristocratic disdain, perfectly regardless of their jokes at his dress and manner; he no sooner got through the throng, than he stopped short (though in the midst of the kennel) and offered us his arm. This was an honour of which we were by no means desirous; for, to say nothing of the shabbiness of Mr. Gordon's exterior, there was a certain odour in his garments which was possibly less displeasing to the wearer than to his acquaintance. Accordingly, we pretended not to notice this invitation, and merely said we would follow his guidance.

He turned up a narrow street, and after passing some of the most ill-favoured alleys I ever had the happiness of beholding, he stopped at a low door; here he knocked twice, and was at last admitted by a slipshod, yawning wench, with red arms, and a profusion of sandy hair. This Hebe Mr. Gordon greeted with a loving kiss, which the kisser resented in a very unequivocal strain of disgusting reproach.

"Hush! my Queen of Clubs; my Sultana Sootina!" said Mr. Gordon; "hush! or these gentlemen will think you in earnest. I have brought three new customers to the club."

This speech somewhat softened the incensed houri of Mr. Gordon's paradise, and she very civilly asked us to enter.

"Stop!" said Mr. Gordon with an air of importance, "I must just step in and ask the gentlemen to admit you;—merely a form—for a word from me will be quite sufficient." And so saying, he vanished for about five minutes.

On his return, he said, with a cheerful countenance, that we were free of the house, but that we must pay a shilling each as the customary fee. This sum was soon collected, and quietly inserted in the waistcoat pocket of our chaperon, who then conducted us up the passage into a small back room, where were sitting about seven or eight men, enveloped in smoke, and moistening the fever of the Virginian plant with various preparations of malt. On entering, I observed Mr. Gordon deposit, at a sort of bar, the sum of three-pence, by which I shrewdly surmised he had gained the sum of two and nine-pence by our admission. With a very arrogant air, he proceeded to the head of the table, sat himself down with a swagger, and called out, like a lusty roysterer of the true kidney, for a pint of puri and a pipe. Not to be out of fashion, we ordered the same articles of luxury.

After we had all commenced a couple of puffs at our pipes, I looked round at our fellow guests; they seemed in a very poor state of body, as might naturally be supposed; and, in order to ascertain how far the condition of the mind was suited to that of the frame, I turned round to Mr. Gordon, and asked him in a whisper to give us a few hints as to the genus and characteristics of the individual components of his club. Mr. Gordon declared himself delighted with the proposal, and we all adjourned to a separate table at the corner of the room, where Mr. Gordon, after a deep draught at the puri, thus began:—

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"You observe yon thin, meager, cadaverous animal, with rather an intelligent and melancholy expression of countenance—his name is Chitterling Crabtree: his father was an eminent coal-merchant, and left him 10,000*l*. Crabtree turned politician. When fate wishes to ruin a man of moderate abilities and moderate fortune, she makes him an orator. Mr. Chitterling Crabtree attended all the meetings at the Crown and Anchor—subscribed to the aid of the suffering friends of freedom—harangued, argued, sweated, wrote—was fined and imprisoned—regained his liberty, and married—his wife loved a community of goods no less than her spouse, and ran off with one citizen, while he was running on to the others. Chitterling dried his tears; and contented himself with the reflection that, 'in a proper state of things' such an event could not have occurred.

"Mr. Crabtree's money and life were now half gone. One does not subscribe to the friends of freedom and spout at their dinners for nothing. But the worst drop was yet in the cup. An undertaking, of the most spirited and promising nature, was conceived by the chief of the friends, and the dearest familiar of Mr. Chitterling Crabtree. Our worthy embarked his fortune in a speculation so certain of success;—crash went the speculation, and off went the friend—Mr. Crabtree was ruined. He was not, however, a man to despair at trifles. What were bread, meat, and beer to the champion of equality! He went to the meeting that very night: he said he gloried in his losses—they were for the cause: the whole conclave rang with shouts of applause, and Mr. Chitterling Crabtree went to bed happier than ever. I need not pursue his history farther; *you see him here*—*verbum sat*. He spouts at the 'Ciceronian,' for half a crown a night, and to this day subscribes sixpence a week to the cause of 'liberty and enlightenment all over the world.'"

"By Heaven!" cried Dartmore, "he is a fine fellow, and my father shall do something for him."

Gordon pricked up his ears, and continued,—
"Now, for the second person, gentlemen, whom I am about to describe to you. You see that middle-sized stout man, with a slight squint, and a restless, lowering, cunning expression?"

"What! him in the kerseymere breeches and green jacket?" said I.

"The same," answered Gordon. "His real name, when he does not travel with an alias, is Job Jonson. He is one of the most remarkable rogues in Christendom; he is so noted a cheat, that there is not a pickpocket in England who would keep company with him if he had any thing to lose. He was the favourite of his father, who intended to leave him all his fortune, which was tolerably large. He robbed him one day on the high road; his father discovered it, and disinherited him. He was placed at a merchant's office, and rose, step by step, to be head clerk, and intended son-in-law. Three nights before his marriage, he broke open the till, and was turned out of doors the next morning. If you were going to do him the greatest favour in the world, he could not keep his hands out of your pocket till you had done it. In short, he has rogued himself out of a dozen fortunes, and a hundred friends, and managed with incredible dexterity and success, to cheat himself into beggary and a pot of beer."

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but I think a

sketch of your own life must be more amusing than that of any one else: am I impertinent in asking for it?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Gordon; "you shall have it in as few words as possible."

"I was born a gentleman, and educated with some pains; they told me I was a genius, and it was not very hard to persuade me of the truth of the assertion. I wrote verses to a wonder—robbed orchards according to military tactics—never played at marbles, without explaining to my competitors the theory of attraction—and was the best informed, most mischievous, little rascal in the whole school. My family were in great doubt what to do with so prodigious a wonder; one said the law, another the church, a third talked of diplomacy, and a fourth assured my mother, that if I could but be introduced at court, I should be lord chamberlain in a twelvemonth. While my friends were deliberating, I took the liberty of deciding: I enlisted, in a fit of loyal valour, in a marching regiment; my friends made the best of a bad job, and bought me an ensigncy.

"I recollect I read Plato the night before I went to battle; the next morning they told me I ran away. I am sure it was a malicious invention, for if I had, I should have recollected it; whereas, I was in such a confusion that I cannot remember a single thing that happened in the whole course of that day. About six months afterward, I found myself out of the army, and in jail; and no sooner had my relations released me from the latter predicament, than I set off on my travels. At Dublin, I lost my heart to a rich widow, (as I thought;) I married her, and found her as poor as myself. God knows what would have become of me, if I had not taken to drinking; my wife scorned to be outdone by me in any thing; she followed my example, and at the end of a year I followed her to the grave. Since then I have taken warning, and been scrupulously sober.—Betty, my love, another pint of purl.

"I was now once more a freeman in the prime of my life; handsome, as you see, gentlemen, and with the strength and spirit of a young Hercules. Accordingly I dried my tears, turned marker by night at a gambling house, and buck by day, in Bond-street, (for I had returned to London.) I remember well one morning, that his present majesty was pleased, *en passant*, to admire my buckskins—*tempora mutantur*. Well, gentlemen, one night at a brawl in our *salon*, my nose met with a rude hint to move to the right. I went in a great panic to the surgeon, who mended the matter, by moving it to the left. There, thank God! it has rested in quiet ever since. It is needless to tell you the nature of the quarrel in which this accident occurred; however, my friends thought it necessary to remove me from the situation I then held. I went once more to Ireland, and was introduced to 'a friend of freedom.' I was poor; that circumstance is quite enough to make a patriot. They sent me to Paris on a secret mission, and when I returned, my friends were in prison. Being always of a free disposition, I did not envy them their situation: accordingly I returned to England. Halting at Liverpool, with a most debilitated purse, I went into a silversmith's shop to brace it, and about six months afterwards, I found myself on a marine excursion to Botany Bay. On my return from that country, I resolved to turn

my literary talents to account. I went to Cambridge, wrote declamations, and translated Virgil at so much a sheet. My relations (thanks to my letters, neither few nor far between) soon found me out; they allowed me (they do so still) half a guinea a week; and upon this and my declamations, I manage to exist. Ever since, my chief residence has been at Cambridge. I am a universal favourite with both graduates and undergraduates. I have reformed my life and my manners, and have become the quiet, orderly person you behold me. Age tames the fiercest of us—

“Non sum qualis eram.”

“Betty, bring me my purl, and be d—d to you.

“It is now vacation time, and I have come to town with the idea of holding lectures on the state of education. Mr. Dartmore, your health. Gentlemen, yours. My story is done,—and I hope you will pay for the purl.”

CHAPTER LII.

I hate a drunken rogue.
Twelfth Night.

We took an affectionate leave of Mr. Gordon, and found ourselves once more in the open air; the smoke and the purl had contributed greatly to the continuance of our inebriety, and we were as much averse to bed as ever. We conveyed ourselves, laughing and rioting all the way, to a stand of hackney-coaches. We entered the head of the flock, and drove to Piccadilly. It set us down at the corner of the Haymarket.

“Past two!” cried the watchman, as we sauntered by him.

“You lie, you rascal,” said I, “you have passed three now.”

We were all merry enough to laugh at this sally; and seeing a light gleam from the entrance of the Royal Saloon, we knocked at the door, and it was opened unto us. We sat down at the only spare table in the place, and looked around at the snug and *vermin* citizens with whom the room was filled.

“Hollo, waiter!” cried Tringle, “some red wine negus—I know not why it is, but the devil himself could never cure me of thirst. Wine and I have a most chemical attraction for each other. You know that we always estimate the force of attraction between bodies by the force required to separate them!”

While we were all three as noisy and nonsensical as our best friends could have wished us, a new stranger entered, approached, looked round the room for a seat, and seeing none, walked leisurely up to our table, and accosted me with a—“Ha!

* Poor Jemmy Gordon—thou art no more! The stones of Cambridge no longer prate of thy whereabouts! Death hath removed thee;—may it not be to that bourne where alone thy oaths can be outdone! He was indeed a singular character, that Jemmy Gordon, as many a generation of Cantabs can attest!—His long stick and his cocked hat—and his tattered Lucretius, and his mighty eye-glass, how familiarly do they intermingle with our recollections of Trinity and of Trumpington streets!—I have rightly heard, his death was the consequence of a fractured limb. Laid by the leg in a lofty attic, his spirit was not tamed;—the noises he made were astounding to the last.—The grim foe carried him off in a whirlwind of slang! I do not say ‘Peace to his manes,’ for quiet would be the worst hell that could await him:—and heaven itself would be torture to Jemmy Gordon, if he were not allowed to swear in it!—Not least of reprobates, fare thee well!—H. P.

Mr. Pelham, how d’ye do! Well met; by your leave I will sip my grog at your table. No offence, I hope—more the merrier, eh?—Waiter, a glass of hot brandy and water—not too weak. D’ye hear?”

Need I say that this pithy and pretty address proceeded from the mouth of Mr. Tom Thornton? He was somewhat more than half drunk, and his light prying eyes twinkled dizzily in his head. Dartmore, who was, and is the best natured fellow alive, hailed the signs of his intoxication as a sort of freemasonry, and made way for him beside himself. I could not help remarking, that Thornton seemed singularly less sleek than heretofore: his coat was out at the elbows, his linen was torn and soiled; there was not a vestige of the vulgar spruceness about him which was formerly one of his most prominent characteristics. He had also lost a great deal of the florid health formerly visible in his face; his cheeks seemed sunk and haggard, his eyes hollow, and his complexion sallow and squalid, in spite of the flush which intemperance spread over it at the moment. However, he was in high spirits, and soon made himself so entertaining that Dartmore and Tringle grew charmed with him.

As for me, the antipathy I had to the man sobered and silenced me for the rest of the night; and finding that Dartmore and his friends were eager for an introduction to some female friends of Thornton’s, whom he mentioned in terms of high praise, I tore myself from them, and made the best of my way home.

CHAPTER LIII.

Nil mors gravit incubat
Qui, notas nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.
SENECA.

Nous serons par nos lois les juges des ouvrages.
Les Femmes Savantes.

VINCENT called on me the next day. “I have news for you,” said he, “though somewhat of a lugubrious nature. *Lugete Veneres Cupidinesque!* You remember the Duchesse de Perpignan?”

“I should think so,” was my answer.

“Well then,” pursued Vincent, “she is no more. Her death was worthy of her life. She was to give a brilliant entertainment to all the foreigners at Paris: the day before it took place, a dreadful eruption broke over her complexion. She sent for the doctors in despair. ‘Cure me against to-morrow,’ she said, ‘and name your own reward.’ ‘Madame, it is impossible to do so with safety to your health.’ ‘*Au diable* with your health!’ said the duchesse, ‘what is health to an eruption?’ The doctors took the hint; an external application was used—the duchesse woke in the morning as beautiful as ever—the entertainment took place—she was the Armida of the scene. Supper was announced. She took the arm of the——ambassador, and moved through the crowd amidst the audible admiration of all. She stopped for a moment at the door; all eyes were upon her. A fearful and ghastly convulsion passed over her countenance, her lips trembled, she fell on the ground with the most terrible contortions of face and frame. They carried her to bed. She remained for some days insensible; when she reco-

vered, she asked for a looking-glass. Her whole face was drawn on one side; not a wreck of beauty was left;—that night she poisoned herself!”

I cannot express how shocked I was at this information. Much as I had cause to be disgusted with the conduct of that unhappy woman, I could find in my mind no feeling but commiseration and horror at her death; and it was with great difficulty that Vincent persuaded me to accept an invitation to Lady Roseville's for the evening, to meet Glanville and himself.

However, I cheered up as the night came on; and though my mind was still haunted with the tale of the morning, it was neither in a musing nor a melancholy mood that I entered the drawing-room at Lady Roseville's—“So runs the world away!”

Glanville was there in his customary mourning.

“Pelham,” he said, when he joined me, “do you remember at Lady ——’s one night, I said I would introduce you to my sister? I had no opportunity then, for we left the house before she returned from the refreshment room. May I do so now?”

I need not say what was my answer. I followed Glanville into the next room; and to my inexpressible astonishment and delight, discovered in his sister the beautiful, the never-forgotten stranger I had seen at Cheltenham.

For once in my life I was embarrassed—my bow would have shamed a major in the line, and my stuttered and irrelevant address, an alderman in the presence of his majesty. However, a few moments sufficed to recover me, and I strained every nerve to be as agreeable and *seduisant* as possible.

After I had conversed with Miss Glanville for some time, Lady Roseville joined us. Stately and Juno-like as was that charming personage in general, she relaxed into a softness of manner to Miss Glanville, that quite won my heart. She drew her to a part of the room, where a very animated and chiefly literary conversation was going on—and I, resolving to make the best of my time, followed them, and once more found myself seated beside Miss Glanville. Lady Roseville was on the other side of my beautiful companion; and I observed that, whenever she took her eyes from Miss Glanville, they always rested upon her brother, who, in the midst of the disputation and the disputants, sat silent, gloomy, and absorbed.

The conversation turned upon Scott's novels; thence on novels in general; and finally on the particular one of Anastasius.

“It is a thousand pities,” said Vincent, “that the scene of that novel is so far removed from us. But it is a great misfortune for Hope that—

“‘To learning he narrowed his mind,
And gave up to the East what was meant for mankind.’

One often loses, in admiration at the knowledge of peculiar costume, the deference one would have paid to the masterly grasp of universal character.”

“It must require,” said Lady Roseville, “an extraordinary combination of mental powers to produce a perfect novel.”

“One so extraordinary,” answered Vincent, “that, though we have one perfect epic poem, and several which pretend to perfection, we have not one perfect novel in the world.* Gil Blas approaches more to perfection than any other; but

it must be confessed that there is a want of dignity, of moral rectitude, and of what I may term moral beauty, throughout the whole book. If an author could combine the various excellencies of Scott and Le Sage, with a greater and more metaphysical knowledge of morals than either, we might expect from him the perfection we have not yet discovered since the days of Apuleius.”

“Speaking of morals,” said Lady Roseville, “do you not think every novel should have its distinct *but*, and inculcate, throughout, some one peculiar moral, such as many of Marmontel's and Miss Edgeworth's?”

“No!” answered Vincent; “every good novel has one great end—the same in all—viz. the increasing our knowledge of the heart. It is thus that a novel writer must be a philosopher. Whoever succeeds in showing us more accurately the nature of ourselves and species, has done science, and, consequently, virtue, the most important benefit; *for every truth is a moral*. This great and universal end, I am led to imagine, is rather crippled than extended by the rigorous attention to the *one* isolated moral you mention.

“Thus Dryden, in his Essay on the Progress of Satire, very-rightly prefers Horace to Juvenal, so far as *instruction* is concerned; because the miscellaneous satires of the former are directed against every vice—the more confined ones of the latter (for the most part) only against *one*. All mankind is the field the novelist should cultivate—all truth, the moral he should strive to bring home. It is in occasional dialogue, in desultory maxims, in deductions from events, in analysis of character, that he should benefit and instruct. It is not enough—and I wish a certain novelist who has lately arisen would remember this—it is not enough for a writer to have a good heart, amiable sympathies, and what are termed high feelings, in order to shape out a moral, either true in itself, or beneficial in its inculcation. Before he touches his tale, he should be thoroughly acquainted with the intricate science of morals, and the metaphysical, as well as the more open, operations of the mind. If his knowledge is not deep and clear, his love of the good may only lead him into error; and he may pass off the prejudices of a susceptible heart for the precepts of virtue. Would to God that people would think it necessary to be instructed before they attempt to instruct! ‘*Dire simplement que la vertu est vertu parce qu'elle est bonne en son fonds, et le vice tout au contraire, ce n'est pas les faire connoître.*’ For me, if I were to write a novel, I would first make myself an acute, active, and vigilant observer of men and manners. Secondly, I would, after having thus noted effect by action in the world, trace the causes by books and meditation in my closet. It is then, and not till then, that I would study the lighter graces of style and decoration; nor would I give the rein to invention, till I was convinced that it would create neither monsters of men, nor falsities of truth. For my vehicles of instruction or amusement, would have people as they are—neither worse nor better—and the moral they should convey, should be rather through jest or irony, than gravity and seriousness. There never was an imperfect character corrected by portraying perfection;” and if Levi

* For Don Quixote is not what Lord Vincent terms a novel, viz. the actual representation of real life.

* Equities Lord Vincent. For my own part, I think often desirable to paint men better and higher than they ordinarily are. The reader will perceive that this co

or ridicule be said so easily to allure to sin, I do not see why they should not be used in defence of virtue. Of this we may be sure, that as laughter is a distinct indication of the human race, so there never was a brute mind or a savage heart that loved to indulge in it."

Vincent ceased.

"Thank you, my lord," said Lady Roseville, as she took Miss Glanville's arm and moved from the table. "For once you have condescended to give us your own sense, and not other people's; you have scarce made a single quotation."

"Accept," answered Vincent, rising,

"Accept a miracle instead of wit."

CHAPTER LIV.

O! I love!—Methinks

This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that, for gentle hearts, another name
Should speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.

P. B. SHELLEY.

—For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.

SHAKESPEARE.

CALLOUS and worldly as I may seem, from the tone of these memoirs, I can say, safely, that one of the most delicious evenings I ever spent was the first of my introduction to Miss Glanville. I went home intoxicated with a subtle spirit of enjoyment that gave a new zest and freshness to life. Two little hours seemed to have changed the whole course of my thoughts and feelings.

There was nothing about Miss Glanville like a heroine—I hate your heroines. She had none of that "modest ease," and "quiet dignity," and "English grace," (Lord help us!) of which certain writers speak with such applause. Thank heaven, *she was alive!* She had great sense, but the playfulness of a child; extreme rectitude of mind, but with the tenderness of a gazelle: if she laughed, all her countenance, lips, eyes, forehead, cheeks, laughed too: "Paradise seemed opened in her face:" if she looked grave, it was such a lofty and upward, yet sweet and gentle gravity, that you might (had you been gifted with the least imagination) have supposed, from the model of her countenance, a new order of angels between the cherubim and the seraphim, the angels of love and wisdom. She was not, perhaps, quite so silent in society as my individual taste would desire; but when she spoke, it was with a propriety of thought and diction which made me lament when her voice had ceased. It was as if something beautiful in creation had stopped suddenly.

Enough of this now. I was lazily turning (the morning after Lady Roseville's) over some old books, when Vincent entered. I observed that his face was flushed, and his eyes sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy. He looked carefully round the room, and then, approaching his chair towards mine, said, in a low tone—

"Pelham, I have something of importance on

my mind which I wish to discuss with you; but let me entreat you to lay aside your usual levity, and pardon me if I say affectation; meet me with the candour and plainness which are the real distinctions of your character."

"My Lord Vincent," I replied, "there are in your words a depth and solemnity which pierce me, through one of N——'s best stuffed coats, even to the very heart. Let me ring for my poodle and some *eau de Cologne*, and I will hear you as you desire, from the alpha to the omega of your discourse."

Vincent bit his lip, but I rang, had my orders executed, and then, settling myself and my poodle on the sofa, I declared my readiness to attend to him.

"My dear friend," said he, "I have often seen that, in spite of all your love of pleasure, you have your mind continually turned towards higher and graver objects; and I have thought the better of your talents, and of your future success, for the little parade you make of the one, and the little care you appear to pay to the other: for

'tis a common proof,

That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder."

I have also observed that you have, of late, been much to Lord Dawton's; I have even heard that you have been twice closeted with him. It is well known that that person entertains hopes of leading the opposition to the *grata arva* of the treasury benches; and notwithstanding the years in which the whigs have been out of office, there are some persons who pretend to foresee the chance of a coalition between them and Mr. Gaskell, to whose principles it is also added that they have been gradually assimilating."

Here Vincent paused a moment, and looked full at me. I met his eye with a glance as searching as his own. His look changed, and he continued.

"Now, listen to me, Pelham: such a coalition never can take place. You smile: I repeat it. It is my object to form a third party; perhaps, while the two great sects 'anticipate the cabinet designs of fate,' there may suddenly come by a third, 'to whom the whole shall be referred.' Say that you think it not impossible that you may join us, and I will tell you more."

I paused for three minutes before I answered Vincent. I then said—"I thank you very sincerely for your proposal: tell me the names of two of your designed party, and I will answer you."

"Lord Lincoln and Lord Leaborough."

"What!" said I—"the Whig, who says in the Upper House, that whatever may be the distresses of the people, they shall not be gratified at the cost of one of the despotic privileges of the aristocracy. Go to!—I will have none of him. As to Leaborough—he is a fool and a boaster, who is always puffing his own vanity with the windiest pair of oratorical bellows that ever were made by air and brass, for the purpose of sound and smoke, 'signifying nothing.' Go to!—I will have none of him either."

"You are right in your judgment of my *confrères*," answered Vincent; "but we must make use of bad tools for good purposes."

"No—no!" said I; "the commonest carpenter will tell you the reverse."

Vincent eyed me suspiciously. "Look you!" said he; "I know well that no man loves, better

variation is retailed by Mr. Pelham in order quietly to hint at the canons of criticism by which he probably composed his own memoirs.

*The Philosopher of Malmesbury expresses a very different opinion of the origin of laughter, and, for my part, I think his doctrine, in great measure, though not altogether true.—See *Hobbes on Human Nature*, and the answer to him in *Campbell's Rhetoric*.

than you, place, power, and reputation. Do you grant this?"

"I do!" was my reply.

"Join with us; I will place you in the House of Commons immediately: if we succeed, you shall have the first and the best post I can give you. Now—'under which king, Bezonian, speak or die!'"

"I answer you in the words of the same worthy you quote," said I—"A foutra for thine office." Do you know, Vincent, that I have, strange as it may seem to you, such a thing as a conscience? It is true I forget it now and then; but in a public capacity the recollection of others would put me very soon in mind of it. I know your party well. I cannot imagine—forgive me—one more injurious to the country, nor one more revolting to myself; and I do positively affirm, that I would sooner feed my poodle on paunch and liver, instead of cream and fricassee, than be an instrument in the hands of men like Lincoln and Lesborough; who talk much, who perform nothing—who join ignorance of every principle of legislation to indifference for every benefit to the people:—who are full of 'wise saws,' but empty of 'modern instances'—who level upwards, and trample downwards—and would only value the ability you are pleased to impute to me, in the exact proportion that a sportsman values the ferret, that burrows for his pleasure, and destroys for his interest. Your party can't stand!"

Vincent turned pale—"And how long," said he, "have you learnt 'the principles of legislation,' and this mighty affection for the 'benefit of the people?'"

"Ever since," said I, coldly, "I learnt any thing. The first piece of *real* knowledge I ever gained was, that my interest was incorporated with that of the beings with whom I had the chance of being cast: if I injure them, I injure myself: if I can do them any good, I receive the benefit in common with the rest. Now, as I have a great love for that personage who has now the honour of addressing you, I resolved to be honest for his sake. So much for my affection for the benefit of the people. As to the little knowledge of the principles of legislation, on which you are kind enough to compliment me, look over the books on this table, or the writings in this desk, and know, that ever since I had the misfortune of parting from you at Cheltenham, there has not been a day in which I have spent less than six hours reading and writing on that sole subject. But enough of this—will you ride to-day?"

Vincent rose slowly—

"'Gli arditi (said he) tuoi voti
Già noti mi sono;
Ma invano a quel trono,
Tu aspiri con me:
Tremate per te!'"

"'Io tremo' (I replied out of the same opera)—
'Io tremo—di te!'"

"Well," answered Vincent, and his fine high nature overcame his momentary resentment and chagrin at my rejection of his offer—"Well, I honour you for your sentiments, though they are opposed to my own. I may depend on your secrecy?"

"You may," said I.

"I forgive you, Pelham," rejoined Vincent:—"we part friends."

"Wait one moment," said I, "and pardon me,

if I venture to speak in the language of caution to one in every way so superior to myself. No one, (I say this with a safe conscience, for I never flattered my friend in my life, though I have often adulated my enemy)—no one has a greater admiration for your talents than myself; I desire eagerly to see you in the station most fit for their display; pause one moment before you link yourself not only to a party, but to principles that cannot stand. You have only to exert yourself, and you may either lead the opposition, or be among the foremost in the administration.; Take something certain rather than what is doubtful; or at least stand alone:—such is my belief in your powers, if fairly tried, that if you were not united to those men, I would promise you faithfully to stand or fall by you alone, even if we had not through all England another soldier to our standard; but —"

"I thank you, Pelham," said Vincent, interrupting me; "till we meet in public as enemies, we are friends in private—I desire no more.—Farewell."

CHAPTER LV.

Il vaut mieux employer notre esprit à supporter les infortunes qui nous arrivent, qu'à prévoir celles qui nous peuvent arriver.
ROCHEROUCAULT.

No sooner had Vincent departed than I buttoned my coat, and sallied out through a cold easterly wind to Lord Dawton's. It was truly said by the political quoter that I had been often to that nobleman's, although I have not thought it advisable to speak of my political adventures hitherto. I have before said that I was ambitious; and the sagacious have probably already discovered that I was somewhat less ignorant than it was my usual pride and pleasure to appear. Heaven knows why! but I had established, among my uncle's friends, a reputation for talent which I by no means deserved; and no sooner had I been personally introduced to Lord Dawton, than I found myself courted by that personage in a manner equally gratifying and uncommon. When I lost my seat in Parliament, Dawton assured me that, before the session was over, I should be returned for one of his boroughs; and though my mind revolted at the idea of *becoming dependent* on any party, I made little scruple of promising *conditionally* to ally myself to his. So far his affairs gone, when I was honoured with Vincent's proposal. I found Lord Dawton in his library with the Marquis of Clandonald, (Lord Dartmouth's father, and, from his rank and property, classed among the highest, as, from his vanity and restlessness, he was among the most active, members of the opposition.) Clandonald left the room when I entered. Few men in office are wise enough to trust the young; as if the greater candour and sincerity of youth did not more than compensate for its appetite for the gay, or its thoughtlessness of the serious.

When we were alone, Dawton said to me, "We are in great despair at the motion upon the — to be made in the Lower House. We have no single person whom we can depend upon, for a sweeping and convincing answer we ought to make; and though we should at least muster

full force in voting, our whipper-in, poor —, is so ill, that I fear we shall make but a very pitiful figure."

"Give me," said I, "full permission to go forth into the high-ways and by-ways, and I will engage to bring a whole legion of dandies to the House door. I can go no farther; your other agents must do the rest."

"Thank you, my dear young friend," said Lord Dawton, eagerly; "thank you a thousand times: we must really get you in the House as soon as possible; you will serve us more than I can express."

I bowed, with a sneer I could not repress. Dawton pretended not to observe it. "Come," said I, "my lord, we have no time to lose. I shall meet you, perhaps, at Brookes's to-morrow evening, and report to you respecting my success."

Lord Dawton pressed my hand warmly, and followed me to the door.

"He is the best premier we could have," thought I; "but he deceives himself, if he thinks Henry Pelham will play the jackal to his lion. He will soon see that I shall keep for myself what he thinks I hunt for him." I passed through Pall Mall, and thought of Glanville. I knocked at his door: he was at home. I found him leaning his cheek upon his hand, in a thoughtful position; an open letter was before him.

"Read that," he said, pointing to it.

I did so. It was from the agent to the Duke of —, and contained his appointment to an opposition borough.

"A new toy, Pelham," said he, faintly smiling; "but a little longer, and they will all be broken—the rattle will be the last."

"My dear, dear Glanville," said I, much affected, "do not talk thus; you have every thing before you."

"Yes," interrupted Glanville, "you are right, for every thing left for me is in the grave. Do you imagine that I can taste one of the possessions which fortune has heaped upon me; that I have one healthful faculty, one sense of enjoyment, among the hundred which other men are 'heirs to'? When did you ever see me for a moment happy? I live, as it were, on a rock, barren, and herbless, and sapless, and cut off from all human fellowship and intercourse. I had only a single object left to live for, when you saw me at Paris; I have gratified that, and the end and purpose of my existence is fulfilled. Heaven is merciful; but a little while, and this feverish and unquiet spirit shall be at rest."

I took his hand and pressed it.

"Feel," said he, "this dry, burning skin; count my pulse through the variations of a single minute, and you will cease either to pity me, or to speak to me of life. For months I have had, night and day, a wasting—wasting fever, of brain, and heart, and frame; the fire works well, and the fuel is nearly consumed."

He paused, and we were both silent. In fact, I was shocked at the fever of his pulse, no less than affected at the despondency of his words. At last I spoke to him of medical advice.

"Canst thou," he said, with a deep solemnity of voice and manner, "administer to a mind diseased—pluck from the memory . . . Ah! away with the quotation and the reflection." And he sprang from the sofa, and going to the window,

opened it, and leaned out for a few moments in silence. When he turned again towards me, his manner had regained its usual quiet. He spoke about the important motion approaching on the —, and promised to attend; and then, by degrees, I led him to talk of his sister.

He mentioned her with enthusiasm. "Beautiful as Ellen is," he said, "her face is the very faintest reflection of her mind. Her habits of thought are so pure, that every impulse is a virtue. Never was there a person to whom goodness was so easy. Vice seems something so opposite to her nature, that I cannot imagine it possible for her to sin."

"Will you not call with me at your mother's?" said I. "I am going there to-day."

Glanville replied in the affirmative, and we went at once to Lady Glanville's, in Berkeley-square. We were admitted into his mother's *boudoir*. She was alone with Miss Glanville. Our conversation soon turned from commonplace topics to those of a graver nature; the deep melancholy of Glanville's mind imbued all his thoughts, when he once suffered himself to express them.

"Why," said Lady Glanville, who seemed painfully fond of her son, "why do you not go more into the world. You suffer your mind to prey upon itself, till it destroys you. My dear, dear son, how very ill you seem!"

Ellen, whose eyes swam in tears, as they gazed upon her brother, laid her beautiful hand upon his, and said, "For my mother's sake, Reginald, do take more care of yourself: you want air, and exercise, and amusement."

"No," answered Glanville, "I want nothing but occupation; and thanks to the Duke of —, I have now got it. I am chosen member for —."

"I am too happy," said the proud mother; "you will now be all I have ever predicted for you;" and, in her joy at the moment, she forgot the hectic of his cheek, and the hollowness of his eye.

"Do you remember," said Reginald, turning to his sister, "those beautiful lines in my favourite Ford—

"Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying. On the stage
Of my mortality, my youth has acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures—sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue. Beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol—are inconstant friends
When any troubled passion makes us halt
On the unguarded castle of the mind."

"Your verses," said I, "are beautiful, even to me, who have no soul for poetry, and never wrote a line in my life. But I love not their philosophy. In all sentiments that are impregnated with melancholy, and instil sadness as a moral, I question the wisdom, and dispute the truth. There is no situation in life which we cannot sweeten, or im-bitter, at will. If the past is gloomy, I do not see the necessity of dwelling upon it. If the mind can make one vigorous exertion, it can another: the same energy you put forth in acquiring knowledge, would also enable you to baffle misfortune. Determine not to think upon what is painful; resolutely turn away from every thing that recalls it; bend all your attention to some new and engrossing object; do this, and you defeat the past. You smile, as if this were impossible; yet it is not an iota more so, than to tear one's self from a favour-

its pursuit, and addict one's self to an object unwelcome to one at first. This the mind does continually through life: so can it also do the other, if you will but make an equal exertion. Nor does it seem to me natural to the human heart to look much to the past; all its plans, its projects, its aspirations are for the future; it is *for* the future, and *in* the future, that we live. Our very passions, when most agitated, are most anticipative. Revenge, avarice, ambition, love, the desire of good and evil, are all fixed and pointed to some distant goal; to look backward, is like walking backward—against our proper formation; the mind does not readily adopt the habit, and when once adopted, it will readily return to its natural bias. Oblivion is, therefore, a more easily obtained boon than we imagine. Forgetfulness of the past is purchased by increasing our anxiety for the future."

I paused for a moment, but Glanville did not answer me; and, encouraged by a look from Ellen, I continued—"You remember that, according to an old creed, if we were given memory as a curse, we were also given hope as a blessing. Counteract the one by the other. In my own life, I have committed many weak, perhaps many wicked actions; I have chased away their remembrance, though I have transplanted their warning to the future. As the body involuntarily avoids what is hurtful to it, without tracing the association to its first experience, so the mind insensibly shuns what has formerly afflicted it, even without palpably recalling the remembrance of the affliction. The Roman philosopher placed the secret of human happiness in the one maxim—'not to admire.' I never could exactly comprehend the sense of the moral: my maxim for the same object would be—'never to regret.'"

"Alas! my dear friend," said Glanville—"we are great philosophers to each other, but not to ourselves; the moment we begin to *feel* sorrow, we cease to reflect on its wisdom. Time is the only comforter; your maxims are very true, but they confirm me in my opinion—that it is in vain for us to lay down fixed precepts for the regulation of the mind, so long as it is dependent upon the body. Happiness and its reverse are constitutional in many persons, and it is then only that they are independent of circumstances. Make the health, the frames of all men, alike—make their nerves of the same susceptibility—their memories of the same bluntness, or acuteness—and I will then allow, that you can give rules adapted to all men; till then, your maxim 'never to regret,' is as idle as Horace's 'never to admire.' It may be wise to you—it is impossible to me!"

With these last words, Glanville's voice faltered, and I felt averse to push the argument further. Ellen's eye caught mine, and gave me a look so kind, and almost grateful, that I forgot every thing else in the world. A few moments afterwards a friend of Lady Glanville's was announced, and I left the room.

CHAPTER LVI.

—Intus, et in jecore agro,
Nascuntur domini.— PRÆTOR.

THE next two or three days I spent in visiting all my male friends in the Lower House, and en-

gaging them to dine with me preparatorily to the great act of voting on ——'s motion. I led them myself to the House of Commons, and not feeling sufficiently interested in the debate to remain, as a stranger, where I ought, in my own opinion, to have acted as a performer, I went to Brookes's to wait the result. Lord Gravelton, a stout, bluff, six-foot nobleman, with a voice like a Stentor, was "blowing up" the waiters in the coffee-room. Mr. ——, the author of T——, was conning the Courier in a corner; and Lord Armadilleros, the haughtiest and most honourable peer in the calendar, was monopolizing the drawing-room, with his right foot on one hob and his left on the other. I sat myself down in silence, and looked over the "crack article" in the Edinburgh. By-and-by, the room got fuller; every one spoke of the motion before the House, and anticipated the merits of the speeches, and the numbers of the voters.

At last a principal member entered—a crowd gathered around him. "I have heard," he said, "the most extraordinary speech, for the combination of knowledge and imagination, that I ever recollect to have listened to."

"From Gaskell, I suppose?" was the universal cry.

"No," said Mr. ——, "Gaskell has not yet spoken. It was from a young man who has only just taken his seat. It was received with the most unanimous cheers, and was, indeed, a remarkable display."

"What is his name?" I asked, already half foreboding the answer.

"I only just learnt it as I left the house," replied Mr. ——: "the speaker was Sir Reginald Glanville."

Then, every one of those whom I had often before heard censure Glanville for his rudeness, or laugh at him for his eccentricity, opened their mouths in congratulations to their own wisdom for having long admired his talents and predicted his success.

I left the "*turba Remi sequens fortunam*;" felt agitated and feverish; those who have unexpectedly heard of the success of a man for whom great affection is blended with greater interest, can understand the restlessness of mind with which I wandered into the streets. The air was cold and nipping. I was buttoning my coat round my chest when I heard a voice say, "You have dropped your glove, Mr. Pelham."

The speaker was Thornton. I thanked him coldly for his civility, and was going on, when he said, "If your way is up Pall Mall, I have no objection to join you for a few minutes."

I bowed with some *hauteur*; and as I seldom refuse any opportunity of knowing more perfectly individual character, I said I should be happy to his company so long as our way lay together.

"It is a cold night, Mr. Pelham," said Thornton, after a pause. "I have been dining at Hatfield's, with an old Paris acquaintance: I am so we did not meet more often in France, but I was so taken up with my friend Mr. Warburton."

As Thornton uttered that name, he looked at me, and then added, "By-the-by, I saw you with Sir Reginald Glanville the other day; I know him well, I presume?"

"Tolerably well," said I, with indifference.

"What a strange character he is," rejoined Thornton; "I also have known him for a

years," and again Thornton looked pryingly into my countenance. Poor fool! it was not for a penetration like his to read the *cor inscrutabile* of a man born and bred, like me, in the consummate dissimulation of *bon ton*.

"He is very rich, is he not?" said Thornton, after a brief silence.

"I believe so," said I.

"Humph!" answered Thornton. "Things have grown better with him, in proportion as they grew worse with me, who have had 'as good luck as the cow that stuck herself with her own horn.' I suppose he is not too anxious to recollect me—'poverty parts fellowship.' Well, hang pride, say I; give me an honest heart all the year round, in summer or winter, drought or plenty. Would to God, some kind friend would lend me twenty pounds!"

To this wish I made no reply. Thornton sighed.

"Mr. Pelham," renewed he, "it is true I have known you but a short time—excuse the liberty I take—but if you *could* lend me a trifle, it would really assist me very much."

"Mr. Thornton," said I, "if I knew you better, and could serve you more, you might apply to me for a more real assistance than any *bagatelle* I could afford you would be. If twenty pounds would really be of service to you, I will lend it you, upon this condition, that you never ask me for another farthing."

Thornton's face brightened. "A thousand, thousand—" he began.

"No," interrupted I, "no thanks, only your promise."

"Upon my honour," said Thornton, "I will never ask you for another farthing."

"There is honour among thieves," thought I, and so I took out the sum mentioned, and gave it to him. In good earnest, though I disliked the man, his threadbare garments and altered appearance moved me to compassion. While he was pocketing the money, which he did with the most unequivocal delight, a tall figure passed us rapidly. We both turned at the same instant, and recognised Glanville. He had not gone seven yards beyond us, before we observed his steps, which were very irregular, pause suddenly; a moment afterward he fell against the iron rails of an area; we hastened toward him; he was apparently fainting. His countenance was perfectly livid, and marked with the traces of extreme exhaustion. I sent Thornton to the nearest public-house for some water; before he returned, Glanville had recovered.

"All—all—in vain," he said, slowly and unconsciously, "death is the only Lethe."

He started when he saw me. I made him lean on my arm, and we walked on slowly.

"I have already heard of your speech," said I. Glanville smiled with the usual faint and sicklied expression, which made his smile painful even in its exceeding sweetness.

"You have also already seen its effects; the excitement was too much for me."

"It must have been a proud moment when you sat down," said I.

"It was one of the bitterest I ever felt—it was fraught with the memory of the dead. What are all honours to me now!—O God! O God! have mercy upon me!"

And Glanville stopped suddenly, and put his hand to his temples.

By this time Thornton had joined us. When Glanville's eyes rested upon him, a deep hectic rose slowly and gradually over his cheeks. Thornton's lip curled with a malicious expression. Glanville marked it, and his brow grew on the moment as black as night.

"Begone!" he said, in a loud voice, and with a flashing eye, "begone instantly; I loathe the very sight of so base a thing."

Thornton's quick, restless eye, grew like a living coal, and he bit his lip so violently that the blood gushed out. He made, however, no other answer than—

"You seem agitated to-night, Sir Reginald; I wish your speedy restoration to better health. Mr. Pelham, your servant."

Glanville walked on in silence till we came to his door: we parted there; and for want of any thing better to do, I sauntered towards the M—— hell. There were only about ten or twelve persons in the rooms, and all were gathered round the hazard table—I looked on silently, seeing the knaves devour the fools, and younger brothers make up in wit for the deficiencies of fortune.

The Honourable Mr. Blgrave came up to me; "Do you never play?" said he.

"Sometimes," was my brief reply.

"Lend me a hundred pounds?" rejoined my kind acquaintance.

"I was just going to make you the same request," said I.

Blgrave laughed heartily. "Well," said he, "be my security to a Jew, and I'll be yours. My fellow lends me money at only forty per cent. My governor is a d——d stingy old fellow, for I am the most moderate son in the universe. I neither hunt nor race, nor have I any one favourite expense, except gambling, and he won't satisfy me in that—now I call such conduct shameful!"

"Unheard-of barbarity," said I; "and you do well to ruin your property by Jews, before you have it; you could not avenge yourself better on 'the governor.'"

"No, d—— me," said Blgrave, "leave me alone for that! Well, I have got five pounds left, I shall go and slap it down."

No sooner had he left me than I was accosted by Mr. G——, a handsome adventurer, who lived the devil knew how, for the devil seemed to take excellent care of him.

"Poor Blgrave!" said he, eyeing the countenance of that ingenious youth. "He is a strange fellow—he asked me the other day, if I ever read the History of England, and told me there was a great deal in it about his ancestor, a Roman general, in the time of William the Conqueror, called Caractacus. He told me at the last Newmarket, that he had made up a capital book, and it turned out that he had hedged with such dexterity, that he *must* lose one thousand pounds, and he *might* lose two. Well, well," continued G——, with a sanctified expression; "I would sooner see those real fools here, than the confounded scoundrels, who pillage one under a false appearance. Never, Mr. Pelham, trust to a man at a gaming-house the honestest look hides the worst sharper! Shall you try your luck to-night?"

"No," said I, "I shall only look on."

G—— sauntered to the table, and sat down next to a rich young man, of the best temper and the worst luck in the world. After a few throws, G—— said to him, "Lord ——, do put your money aside—you have so much on the table, that it interferes with mine—and that is really so unpleasant. Suppose you put some of it in your pocket."

Lord —— took a handful of notes, and stuffed them carelessly in his coat pocket. Five minutes afterwards I saw G—— insert his hand, *empty*, in his neighbour's pocket, and bring it out *full*—and half an hour afterward he handed over a fifty pound note to the marker, saying, "There, sir, is my debt to you. God bless me, Lord ——, how you *have* won; I wish you would not leave all your money about—do put it in your pocket with the rest."

Lord —— (who had perceived the trick, though he was too indolent to resist it) laughed. "No, no, G——," said he, "you must let me keep some!"

G—— coloured, and soon after rose. "D—n my luck!" said he, as he passed me. "I wonder I continue to play—but there are such sharpers in the room. Avoid a gaming-house, Mr. Pelham, if you wish to live."

"And *let* live," thought I.

I was just going away, when I heard a loud laugh on the stairs, and immediately afterward Thornton entered, joking with one of the markers. He did not see me; but approaching the table, drew out the indetical twenty pound note I had given him, and asked for change with the air of a *millionaire*. I did not wait to witness his fortune, good or ill; I cared too little about it. I descended the stairs, and the servant, on opening the door for me, admitted Sir John Tyrrell. "What," I thought, "is the habit *still* so strong?" We stopped each other, and after a few words of greeting, I went, once more, up stairs with him.

Thornton was playing as eagerly with his small quota as Lord C—— with his ten thousands. He nodded with an affected air of familiarity to Tyrrell, who returned his salutation with the most supercilious hauteur; and very soon afterward the baronet was utterly engrossed by the chances of the game. I had, however, satisfied my curiosity, in ascertaining that there was no longer any intimacy between him and Thornton, and accordingly once more I took my departure.

CHAPTER LVII.

—The times have been
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end—but now they rise again.
Macbeth.

It was a strange thing to see a man like Glanville, with costly tastes, luxurious habits, great talents peculiarly calculated for display, courted by the highest members of the state, admired for his beauty and genius by half the women in London, yet living in the most ascetic seclusion from his kind, and indulging in the darkest and most morbid despondency. No female was ever seen to win even his momentary glance of admiration. All

the senses seemed to have lost, for his palate, their customary allurements. He lived among his books, and seemed to make his favourite companions amid the past. At nearly all hours of the night he was awake and occupied, and at daybreak his horse was always brought to his door. He rode alone for several hours, and then, on his return, he was employed till the hour he went to the House, in the affairs and politics of the day. Ever since his *début*, he had entered with much constancy into the more leading debates, and his speeches were invariably of the same commanding order which had characterized his first.

It was singular that, in his parliamentary display, as in his ordinary conversation, there were none of the wild and speculative opinions, or the burning enthusiasm of romance, in which the natural inclination of his mind seemed so essentially to delight. His arguments were always remarkable for the soundness of the principles on which they were based, and the logical clearness with which they were expressed. The feverish fervour of his temperament was, it is true, occasionally shown in a remarkable energy of delivery, or a sudden and unexpected burst of the more impetuous powers of oratory; but these were so evidently natural and spontaneous, and so happily adapted to be impressive of the subject, rather than irrelevant from its bearings, that they never displeased even the oldest and coldest cynics and calculators of the House.

It is no uncommon contradiction in human nature (and in Glanville it seemed peculiarly prominent) to find men of imagination and genius gifted with the strongest common sense, for the admonition or benefit of *others*, even while constantly neglecting to exert it for themselves. He was soon marked out as the most promising and important of all the junior members of the House; and the coldness with which he kept aloof from social intercourse with the party he adopted, only served to increase their respect, though it prevented their affection.

Lady Roseville's attachment to him was scarcely a secret; the celebrity of her name in the world of *ton* made her least look or action the constant subject of present remark and after conversation; and there were too many moments, even in the watchful publicity of society, when that charming but imprudent person forgot every thing but the romance of her attachment. Glanville seemed not only perfectly untouched by it, but even wholly unconscious of its existence, and preserved invariably, whenever he was forced into the crowd, the same stern, cold, unsympathizing reserve, which made him, at once, an object of universal conversation and dislike.

Three weeks after Glanville's first speech in the House, I called upon him, with a proposal from Lord Dawton. After we had discussed it, we spoke on more familiar topics, and, at last, he mentioned Thornton. It will be observed that we had never conversed respecting that person; nor had Glanville once alluded to our former meetings, or to his disguised appearance and false appellation at Paris. Whatever might be the mystery, it was evidently of a painful nature, and it was not, therefore, for me to allude to it. This day he spoke of Thornton with a tone of indifference.

"The man," he said, "I have known for some

time; he was useful to me abroad, and, notwithstanding his character, I rewarded him well for his services. He has since applied to me several times for money, which is spent at the gambling-house as soon as it is obtained. I believe him to be leagued with a gang of sharpers of the lowest description; and I am really unwilling any farther to supply the vicious necessities of himself and his comrades. He is a mean, mercenary rascal, who would scruple at no enormity, provided he was paid for it."

Glanville paused for a few moments, and then added, while his cheek blushed, and his voice seemed somewhat hesitating and embarrassed—

"You remember Mr. Tyrrell, at Paris?"

"Yes," said I—"he is, at present, in London, and—" Glanville started as if he had been shot.

"No, no," he exclaimed, wildly—"he died at Paris, from want,—from starvation."

"You are mistaken," said I; "he is now Sir John Tyrrell, and possessed of considerable property. I saw him myself, three weeks ago."

Glanville, laying his hand upon my arm, looked in my face with a long, stern, prying gaze, and his cheek grew more ghastly and livid with every moment. At last he turned, and muttered something between his teeth; and at that moment the door opened, and Thornton was announced. Glanville sprang towards him, and seized him by the throat!

"Dog!" he cried, "you have deceived me—Tyrrell lives!"

"Hands off!" cried the gamester, with a savage grin of defiance—"hands off! or, by the Lord that made me, you shall have gripe for gripe!"

"Ho, wretch!" said Glanville, shaking him violently, while his worn and slender, yet, still powerful frame, trembled with the excess of his passion; "dost thou dare to threaten me?" and with these words he flung Thornton against the opposite wall with such force, that the blood gushed out of his mouth and nostrils. The gambler rose slowly, and wiping the blood from his face, fixed his malignant and fiery eye upon his aggressor, with an expression of collected hate and vengeance, that made my very blood creep.

"It is not my day now," he said, with a calm, quiet, cold voice, and then, suddenly, changing his manner, he approached me with a sort of bow, and made some remark on the weather.

Meanwhile, Glanville had sunk on the sofa exhausted, less by his late effort than the convulsive passion which had produced it. He rose in a few moments, and said to Thornton, "Pardon my violence; let this pay your bruises;" and he placed a long and apparently well filled purse in Thornton's hand. That *veritable philosophe* took it with the same air as a dog receives the first caress from the hand which has just chastised him; and feeling the purse between his short, hard fingers, as if to ascertain the soundness of its condition, quietly slid it into his breeches pocket, which he then buttoned with care, and pulling his waistcoat down, as if for further protection to the deposit, he turned towards Glanville, and said, in his usual quaint style of vulgarity—

"Least said, Sir Reginald, the soonest mended. Gold is a good plaster for bad bruises. Now, then, your will:—ask and I will answer, unless you think Mr. Pelham *un de trop*."

I was already at the door, with the intention of

leaving the room, when Glanville cried, "Stay, Pelham; I have but one question to ask Mr. Thornton. Is John Tyrrell still living?"

"He is!" answered Thornton, with a sardonic smile.

"And beyond all want?" resumed Glanville.

"He is!" was the tautological reply.

"Mr. Thornton," said Glanville, with a calm voice, "I have now done with you—you may leave the room!"

Thornton bowed with an air of ironical respect, and obeyed the command.

I turned to look at Glanville. His countenance, always better adapted to a stern, than a soft expression, was perfectly fearful; every line in it seemed dug into a furrow; the brows were bent over his large and flashing eyes with a painful intensity of anger and resolve: his teeth were clenched firmly as if by a vice, and the thin upper lip, which was drawn from them with a bitter curl of scorn, was as white as death. His right hand had closed upon the back of the chair, over which his tall nervous frame leant, and was grasping it with an iron force, which it could not support: it snapped beneath his hand like a hazel stick. This accident, slight as it was, recalled him to himself. He apologized with apparent self-possession for his disorder; and, after a few words of fervent and affectionate farewell on my part, I left him to the solitude which I knew he desired.

CHAPTER LVIII.

While I seemed only intent upon pleasure, I locked in my heart the consciousness and vanity of power; in the levity of the lip, I disguised the knowledge and the workings of the brain; and I looked, as with a gifted eye, upon the mysteries of the hidden depths, while I seemed to float an idler with the herd only upon the surface of the stream.
Falkland.

As I walked home, revolving the scene I had witnessed, the words of Tyrrell came into my recollection—viz. that the cause of Glanville's dislike to him had arisen in Tyrrell's greater success in some youthful *liaison*. In this account I could not see much probability. In the first place, the cause was not sufficient to produce such an effect; and, in the second, there was little likelihood that the young and rich Glanville, possessed of the most various accomplishments, and the most remarkable personal beauty, should be supplanted by a needy spendthrift, (as Tyrrell at that time was,) of coarse manners, and unpolished mind; with a person not, indeed, unprepossessing, but somewhat touched by time, and never more comparable to Glanville's than that of the Satyr to Hyperion.

While I was meditating over a mystery which excited my curiosity more powerfully than any thing, not relating to himself, ought ever to occupy the attention of a wise man, I was accosted by Vincent: the difference in our politics had of late much dissevered us, and when he took my arm, and drew me up Bond-street, I was somewhat surprised at his condescension.

"Listen to me, Pelham," he said; "once more I offer you a settlement in our colony. There will be great changes soon: trust me, so radical a party as that you have adopted can never come in: ours, on the contrary, is no less moderate than

liberal. This is the last time of asking; for I knew you will soon have exposed your opinions in public more openly than you have yet done, and then it will be too late. At present I hold, with Hudibras, and the ancients, that it is—

“More honourable far, *arrens*
Civem than slay an adversary.”

“Alas, Vincent,” said I, “I am marked out for slaughter, for you cannot convince me by words, and so, I suppose, you must conquer me by blows. Adieu, this is my way to Lord Dawton’s: where are you going?”

“To mount my horse, and join the *parca juvenus*,” said Vincent, with a laugh at his own witticism, as we shook hands, and parted.

I grieve much, my beloved reader, that I cannot unfold to thee all the particulars of my political intrigue. I am, by the very share which fell to my lot, bound over to the strictest secrecy, as to its nature, and the characters of the chief agents in its execution. Suffice it to say, that the greater part of my time was, though furtively, employed in a sort of home diplomacy, gratifying alike to the activity of my tastes, and the vanity of my mind. I had filled Dawton, and his coadjutors, with an exaggerated opinion of my abilities; but I knew well how to sustain it. I rose by candle-light, and consumed, in the intensest application, the hours which every other individual of our party wasted in enervating slumbers, from the hesternal dissipation or debauch. Was there a question in political economy debated, mine was the readiest and the clearest reply. Did a period in our constitution become investigated, it was I to whom the duty of expositor was referred. From Madame d’Anville, with whom (though lost as a lover) I constantly corresponded as a friend, I obtained the earliest and most accurate detail of the prospects and manoeuvres of the court in which her life was spent, and in whose more secret offices her husband was employed. I spared no means of extending my knowledge of every the minutest point which could add to the reputation I enjoyed. I made myself acquainted with the individual interests and exact circumstances of all whom it was our object to intimidate or to gain. It was I who brought to the house the younger and idler members, whom no more nominally powerful agent could allure from the ball-room or the gaming-house.

In short, while, by the dignity of my birth, and the independent hanteur of my bearing, I preserved the rank of an equal amongst the highest of the set, I did not scruple to take upon myself the labour and activity of the most subordinate. Dawton declared me his right hand; and, though I knew myself rather his head than his hand, I pretended to feel proud of the appellation.

Meanwhile, it was my pleasure to wear in society the eccentric costume of character I had first adopted, and to cultivate the arts which won from women the smile that cheered and encouraged me in my graver contest with men. It was only to Ellen Glanville, that I laid aside an affectation, which, I knew, was little likely to attract a taste so refined and unadulterated as hers. I discovered in her a mind which, while it charmed me by its tenderness and freshness, elevated me by its loftiness of thought. She was, at heart, perhaps, as ambitious as myself; but while my aspirations were concealed by affectation, hers were softened

by her timidity, and purified by her religion. There were moments when I opened myself to her, and caught a new spirit from her look of sympathy and enthusiasm.

“Yes,” thought I, “I do long for honours, but it is that I may ask her to share and ennoble them.” In fine, I loved as other men loved—and I fancied a perfection in her, and vowed an emulation in myself, which it was reserved for time to ratify or deride.

Where did I leave myself? as the Irishman said;—on my road to Lord Dawton’s. I was lucky enough to find that personage at home; he was writing at a table covered with pamphlets and books of reference.

“Hush! Pelham,” said his lordship, who is a quiet, grave, meditative little man, always ruminating on a very small cud—“hush! or *do* oblige me by looking over this history, to find out the date of the Council of Pisa.”

“That will do, my young friend,” said his lordship, after I had furnished him with the information he required—“I wish to heaven, I could finish this pamphlet by to-morrow: it is intended as an answer to ——. But I am so perplexed with business, that——”

“Perhaps,” said I, “if you will pardon my interrupting you, I can throw your observations together—make your Sibylline leaves into a book. Your lordship will find the matter, and I will not spare the trouble.”

Lord Dawton was profuse in his thanks; he explained the subject, and left the arrangement wholly to me. He could not presume to dictate. I promised him, if he lent me the necessary books, to finish the pamphlet against the following evening.

“And now,” said Lord Dawton—“that we have settled this affair—what news from France?”

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“I wish,” sighed Lord Dawton, as we were calculating our forces, “that we could gain over Lord Guloseton.”

“What, the facetious epicure?” said I.

“The same,” answered Dawton: “we want him as a dinner-giver; and, besides, he has four votes in the Lower House.”

“Well,” said I, “he is indolent and independent—it is not impossible.”

“Do you know him?” answered Dawton.

“No,” said I.

Dawton sighed.—“And young A——?” said the statesman, after a pause.

“Has an expensive mistress, and races. Your lordship might be sure of him, were you in power, and sure not to have him while you are out of it.”

“And B.?” rejoined Dawton.

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CHAPTER LIX.

Mangez-vous bien, Monsieur?

Oui, et bois encore mieux.

Mons. de Percevaugnac.

My pamphlet took prodigiously. The authorship was attributed to the most talented members of the opposition; and though there were many

errors in style, and (I now think—then I did not, or I should not have written them) many sophisms in the reasoning, yet it carried the end proposed by all ambition of whatever species—and imposed upon the taste of the public.

Some time afterward, I was going down the stairs at Almack's, when I heard an altercation, high and grave, at the door of reception. To my surprise, I found Lord Gulocton and a very young man in great wrath; the latter had never been to Almack's before, and had forgotten his ticket. Gulocton, who belonged to a very different set from that of the Almackians, insisted that his word was enough to bear his juvenile companion through. The ticket-inspector was irate and obdurate, and, having seldom or never seen Lord Gulocton himself, paid very little respect to his authority.

As I was wrapping myself in my cloak, Gulocton turned to me, for passion makes men open their hearts: too eager for an opportunity of acquiring the epicure's acquaintance, I offered to get his friend's admittance in an instant; the offer was delightfully accepted, and I soon procured a small piece of pencilled paper from Lady —, which effectually silenced the Chasen, and opened the Stygian via to the Elysium beyond.

Gulocton overwhelmed me with his thanks. I remounted the stairs with him—took every opportunity of ingratiating myself—received an invitation to dinner on the following day, and left Willis's transported at the goodness of my fortune.

At the hour of eight on the ensuing evening, I had just made my entrance into Lord Gulocton's drawing-room. It was a small apartment, furnished with great luxury and some taste. A Venus of Titian's was placed over the chimney-piece, in all the gorgeous voluptuousness of her unveiled beauty—the pouting lip, not *silent* though *shut*—the eloquent lid drooping over the eye, whose *recille* you could so easily imagine—the arms—the limbs—the attitude, so composed, yet so redolent of life—all seemed to indicate that sleep was not forgetfulness, and that the dreams of the goddess were not wholly inharmonious with the waking realities in which it was her gentle prerogative to indulge. On either side, was a picture of the delicate and golden hues of Claude; these were the only landscapes in the room: the remaining pictures were more suitable to the Venus of the luxurious Italian. Here was one of the beauties of Sir Peter Lely; there was an admirable copy of the Hero and Leander. On the table lay the Basis of Johannes Secundus, and a few French works on Gastronomy.

As for the *genius loci*—you must imagine a middle-sized, middle-aged man, with an air rather of delicate than florid health. But little of the effects of his good cheer were apparent in the external man. His cheeks were neither swollen nor inflated—his person, though not thin, was of no unwieldy obesity—the tip of his nasal organ was, it is true, of a more ruby tinge than the rest, and one carbuncle, of tender age and gentle dyes, diffused its mellow and moonlight influence over the physiognomical scenery—his forehead was high and bald, and the few locks which still rose above it were carefully and gracefully curled *à l'antique*. Beneath a pair of gray shaggy brows, (which their noble owner had a strange habit of raising and depressing, according to the nature of his

remarks,) rolled two very small, piercing, arch, restless orbs, of a tender green; and the mouth, which was wide and thick-lipped, was expressive of great sensuality, and curved upwards in a perpetual smile.

Such was Lord Gulocton. To my surprise no other guest but myself appeared.

"A new friend," said he, as we descended into the dining-room, "is like a new dish—one must have him all to oneself, thoroughly to enjoy and rightly to understand him."

"A noble precept," said I, with enthusiasm, "Of all vices, indiscriminate hospitality is the most pernicious. It allows neither conversation nor dinner, and, realizing the mythological fable of Tantalus, gives us starvation in the midst of plenty."

"You are right," said Gulocton, solemnly; "I never ask above six persons to dinner, and I never dine out; for a bad dinner, Mr. Pelham, a bad dinner is a most serious—I may add, the most serious calamity."

"Yes," I replied, "for it carries with it no consolation: a buried friend may be replaced—a lost mistress renewed—a slandered character be recovered—even a broken constitution restored; but a dinner, once lost, is irremediable; that day is forever departed; an appetite once thrown away can never, till the cruel proximity of the gastric agents is over, be regained. '*Il y a tant de maîtresses*, (says the admirable Corneille,) '*il n'y a qu'un dîner*.'"

"You speak like an oracle—like the Cook's Oracle, Mr. Pelham; may I send you some soup, it is *à la Carmélite*? But what are you about to do with that case?"

"It contains," said I, "my spoon, my knife, and my fork. Nature afflicted me with a propensity, which, through these machines, I have endeavoured to remedy by art. I eat with *too great a rapidity*. It is a most unhappy failing, for one often hurries over, in *one minute*, what ought to have afforded the fullest delight for the period of *sec*. It is, indeed, a vice which deadens enjoyment, as well as abbreviates it; it is a shameful waste of the gifts, and a melancholy perversion of the bounty of Providence. My conscience tormented me; but the habit, fatally indulged in early childhood, was not easy to overcome. At last I resolved to construct a spoon of peculiarly shallow dimensions, a fork so small that it could only raise a certain portion to my mouth, and a knife rendered blunt and jagged, so that it required a proper and just time to carve the goods 'the gods provide me.' My lord, 'the lovely Thais sits beside me' in the form of a bottle of Madeira. Suffer me to take wine with you?"

"With pleasure, my good friend; let us drink to the memory of the Carmélites, to whom we are indebted for this inimitable soup."

"Yes!" I cried. "Let us for once shake off the prejudices of sectarian faith, and do justice to one order of those incomparable men, who, retiring from the cares of an idle and sinful world, gave themselves with undivided zeal and attention to the theory and practice of the profound science of gastronomy. It is reserved for us, my lord, to pay a grateful tribute of memory to those exalted recluses, who, through a long period of barbarism and darkness, preserved in the solitude of their cloisters, whatever of Roman luxuries and classic

dainties have come down to this later age. We will drink to the Carmelites as a sect, but we will drink also to the monks as a body. Had we lived in those days, we had been monks ourselves!"

"It is singular," answered Lord Gulocton—"by-the-by, what think you of this turbot?"—to trace the history of the kitchen; it affords the greatest scope to the philosopher and the moralist. The ancients seemed to have been more mental, more imaginative, than we are, in their dishes; they fed their bodies as well as their minds upon delusion; for instance, they esteemed beyond all price the tongues of nightingales, because they tasted the very music of the birds in the organs of their utterance. That is what I call the poetry of gastronomy!"

"Yes," said I, with a sigh, "they certainly had, in some respects, the advantage over us. Who can pore over the suppers of Apicius without the fondest regret? The venerable Ude* implies, that the study has not progressed. 'Cookery (he says, in the first part of his work) possesses but few innovators.'"

"It is with the greatest diffidence," said Gulocton, (his mouth full of truth and turbot,) "that we may dare to differ from so great an authority. Indeed, so high is my veneration for that wise man, that if all the evidence of my sense and reason were on one side, and the dictum of the great Ude upon the other, I should be inclined—I think, I should be determined—to relinquish the former, and adopt the latter."†

"Bravo, my lord," cried I, warmly. "'Qu'un Cuisinier est un mortel divin!' Why should we not be proud of our knowledge in cookery? It is the soul of festivity at all times, and to all ages. How many marriages have been the consequence of meeting at dinner? How much good fortune has been the result of a good supper? At what moment of our existence are we happier than at table? There hatred and animosity are lulled to sleep, and pleasure alone reigns. Here the cook, by his skill and attention, anticipates our wishes in the happiest selection of the best dishes and decorations. Here our wants are satisfied, our minds and bodies invigorated, and ourselves qualified for the high delights of love, music, poetry, dancing, and other pleasures; and is he, whose talents have produced these happy effects, to rank no higher in the scale of man than a common servant?‡

"'Yes,' cries the venerable professor himself, in a virtuous and prophetic paroxysm of indignant merit—'yes, my disciples, if you adopt, and attend to the rules I have laid down, the self-love of mankind will consent at last, that cookery shall rank in the class of the sciences, and its professors deserve the name of artists!'"§

"My dear, dear sir," exclaimed Gulocton, with a kindred glow, "I discover in you a spirit similar to my own. Let us drink long life to the venerable Ude!"

"I pledge you, with all my soul," said I, filling my glass to the brim.

"What a pity," rejoined Gulocton, "that Ude, whose practical science was so perfect, should ever have written, or suffered others to write, the work

published under his name; true it is that the opening part, which you have so feelingly recited, is composed with a grace, a charm beyond the reach of art; but the instructions are vapid, and frequently so erroneous, as to make us suspect their authenticity; but, after all, cooking is not capable of becoming a written science—it is the philosophy of practice!"

"Ah! by Lucullus," exclaimed I, interrupting my host, "what a visionary *béchamelle*! Oh, the inimitable sauce; these chickens are indeed worthy of the honour of being dressed. Never, my lord, as long as you live, eat a chicken in the country; excuse a pun, you will have *foul* fare.

"J'ai toujours redouté la volaille perfide,
Qui brave les efforts d'une dent intrépide.
Souvent, par un ami dans ses champs entraîné,
J'ai reconnu le soir le coq infortuné
Qui m'avait le matin à l'aurore naissante
Réveillé brusquement de sa voix glapissante;
Je l'avais admiré dans le sein de la cour;
Avec des yeux jaloux, j'avais vu son amour.
Hélas! le malheureux, abjurant sa tendresse
Exerçait au souper sa fureur vengeresse."

Pardon the prolixity of my quotation for the sake of its value."

"I do, I do," answered Gulocton, laughing at the humour of the lines: till, suddenly checking himself, he said, "we must be grave, Mr. Pelham, it will never do to laugh. What would become of our digestions?"

"True," said I, relapsing into seriousness; "and if you will allow me one more quotation, you will see what my author adds with regard to any abrupt interruption.

"Défendez que personne, au milieu d'un banquet,
Ne vous vienne donner un avis indiscret;
Écartez ce fâcheux qui vers vous s'achemine;
Rien ne doit déranger l'honnête homme qui dîne."

"Admirable advice," said Gulocton, toying with a *filet mignon de poulet*. "Do you remember an example in the Bailly of Suffren, who, being in India, was waited upon by a deputation of natives while he was at dinner? 'Tell them,' said he, 'that the Christian religion peremptorily forbids every Christian, while at table, to occupy himself with any earthly subject, except the function of eating.' The deputation retired in the profoundest respect at the exceeding devotion of the French general."

"Well," said I, after we had chuckled gravely and quietly, with the care of our digestion before us, for a few minutes—"well, however good the invention was, the idea is not entirely new, for the Greeks esteemed eating and drinking plentifully, sort of offering to the gods; and Aristotle explains the very word, *ἑστιά*, or feasts, by an etymologic exposition, 'that it was thought a duty to the gods to be drunk;' no bad idea of our classical patterns of antiquity. Polypheme, too, in the Cyclops of Euripides, no doubt a very sound theologian, says, his stomach is his only deity; and Xenophon tells us that as the Athenians exceeded all other people in the number of their gods, so they exceeded the rest also in the number of their feasts. May I send your lordship an ortolan?"

"Pelham, my boy," said Gulocton, whose eyes began to roll and twinkle with a brilliancy suited to the various liquids which ministered to the rejoicing orbs; "I love you for your classical allusions. Polypheme was a wise fellow, a very wise fellow, and it was a terrible shame in Ulysses to put

* Qu.—The venerable Bede?—*Printer's Devil*.

† See the speech of Mr. Brougham in honour of Mr. Fox.

‡ Ude, verbatim.

§ Ibid.

his eye! No wonder that the ingenious savage made a deity of his stomach; to what known visible source, on this earth, was he indebted for a keener enjoyment—a more rapturous and a more constant delight? No wonder he honoured it with his gratitude, and supplied it with his peace-offerings:—let us imitate so great an example:—let us make our digestive receptacles a temple, to which we will consecrate the choicest goods we possess; let us conceive no pecuniary sacrifice too great, which procures for our altar an acceptable gift;—let us deem it an impiety to hesitate, if a sauce seems extravagant, or an ortolan too dear; and let our last act in this sublunary existence, be a solemn festival in honour of our unceasing benefactor!”

“Amen to your creed!” said I: “edibiliary epicurism holds the key to all morality: for do we not see now how sinful it is to yield to an obscene and exaggerated intemperance?—would it not be to the last degree ungrateful to the great source of our enjoyment, to overload it with a weight which would oppress it with languor, or harass it with pain; and finally to drench away the effects of our impiety with some nauseous potation which revolts it, tortures it, convulses, irritates, enfeebles it, through every particle of its system? How wrong in us to give way to anger, jealousy, revenge, or any evil passion; for does not all that affects the mind operate also upon the stomach; and how can we be so vicious, so obdurate, as to forget, for a momentary indulgence, our debt to what you have so justly designated our perpetual benefactor?”

“Right,” said Lord Gulocton, “a bumper to the Morality of the Stomach.”

The dessert was now on the table. “I have dined well,” said Gulocton, stretching his legs with an air of supreme satisfaction; “but—” and here my philosopher sighed deeply—“we cannot dine again till to-morrow! Happy, happy, happy common people, who can eat supper! Would to Heaven, that I might have one boon—perpetual appetite—a digestive hour, which renewed its virginity every time it was touched. Alas! for the instability of human enjoyment. But now that we have no immediate hope to anticipate, let us cultivate the pleasures of memory. What thought you of the *veau à la Dauphine*?”

“Pardon me if I hesitate at giving my opinion, till I have corrected my judgment by yours.”

“Why, then, I own I was somewhat displeased—disappointed as it were—with that dish; the fact is, veal ought to be killed in its very first infancy; they suffer it to grow to too great an age. It becomes a sort of *hobbydehoy*, and possesses nothing of veal but its insipidity, or of beef but its toughness.”

“Yes,” said I, “it is only in their veal that the French surpass us; their other meats want the ruby juices and elastic freshness of ours. Monsieur L—— allowed this truth, with a candour worthy of his vast mind. *Mon Dieu!* what claret! what a body! and, let me add, what a *soul*, beneath it! Who would *drink* wine like this? it is only made to *taste*. It is the first love—too pure for the eagerness of enjoyment; the rapture it inspires is in a touch, a kiss. It is a pity, my lord, that we do not serve perfumes at dessert: it is their appropriate place. In confectionary, (delicate invention of the Sylphs,) we imitate the forms of the rose, and the jasmine; why not their odours

too! What is nature without its scents?—and as long as they are absent from our desserts, it is in vain that the bard exclaims, that—

—“‘L’observateur de la belle Nature
S’extasie en voyant des fleurs en confiture.’”

“It is an exquisite idea of yours,” said Gulocton—“and the next time you dine here we will have perfumes. Dinner ought to be a reunion of all the senses—

“‘Gladness to the ear, nerve, heart, and sense.’”

There was a momentary pause. “My lord,” said I, “what a lusty lusciousness in this pear! it is like the style of the old English poets. What think you of the seeming good understanding between Mr. Gaskell and the Whigs?”

“I trouble myself little about it,” replied Gulocton, helping himself to some preserves—“politics disturb the digestion.”

“Well,” thought I, “I must ascertain some point in this man’s character easier to handle than his epicurism: all men are vain: let us find out the peculiar vanity of mine host.”

“The Tories,” said I, “seem to think themselves exceedingly secure; they attach no importance to the neutral members; it was but the other day, Lord —— told me that he did not care a straw for Mr. ——, notwithstanding he possessed four votes. Heard you ever such arrogance?”

“No, indeed,” said Gulocton, with a lazy air of indifference—“are you a favourer of the olive?”

“No,” said I, “I love it not; it hath an under taste of sourness, and an upper of oil, which do not make harmony to my palate. But, as I was saying, the Whigs, on the contrary, pay the utmost deference to their partisans; and a man of fortune, rank, and parliamentary influence, might have all the power, without the trouble of a leader.”

“Very likely,” said Gulocton, drowsily.

“I must change my battery,” thought I; but while I was meditating a new attack, the following note was brought me:—

“For God’s sake, Pelham, come out to me: I am waiting in the street to see you; come directly, or it will be too late to render me the service I would ask of you.
“R. GLANVILLE.”

I rose instantly. “You must excuse me, Lord Gulocton, I am called suddenly away.”

“Ha! ha!” laughed the gourmand; “some tempting viand—*post prandia Callirhoë!*”

“My good lord,” said I, not heeding his insinuation—“I leave you with the greatest regret.”

“And I part from you with the same; it is a real pleasure to see such a person at dinner.”

“Adieu! my host—*Je vais vivre et manger en sage.*”

CHAPTER LX.

I do defy him, and I spit at him,
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain—
Which to maintain I will allow him odds.

SHAKESPEARE.

I FOUND Glanville walking before the door with a rapid and uneven step.

“Thank Heaven!” he said, when he saw me—
“I have been twice to Mivart’s to find you. The

second time I saw your servant, who told me where you were gone. I knew you well enough to be sure of your kindness."

Glanville broke off abruptly: and, after a short pause, said, with a quick, low, hurried tone—"The office I wish you to take upon yourself is this:—go immediately to Sir John Tyrrell, with a challenge from me. Ever since I last saw you, I have been hunting out that man, and in vain. He had then left town. He returned this evening, and quits it to-morrow: you have no time to lose."

"My dear Glanville," said I, "I have no wish to learn any secret you would conceal from me; but forgive me if I ask some further instructions than those you have afforded me. Upon what plea am I to call out Sir John Tyrrell? and what answer am I to give to any excuses he may make?"

"I have anticipated your reply," said Glanville, with ill-subdued impatience; "you have only to give this paper: it will prevent all discussion. Read it; I have left it unsealed for that purpose."

I cast my eyes over the lines Glanville thrust into my hand; they ran thus:—

"The time has at length come for me to demand the atonement so long delayed. The bearer of this, who is, probably, known to you, will arrange, with any person you may appoint, the hour and place of our meeting. He is unacquainted with the grounds of my complaint against you, but he is satisfied of my honour: your second will, I presume, be the same with respect to yours. It is for me only to question the latter, and to declare you solemnly to be void alike of principle and courage, a villain, and a poltroon.

"REINALD GLANVILLE."

"You are my earliest friend," said I, when I had read this soothing epistle; "and I will not flinch from the place you assign me; but I tell you fairly and frankly, that I would sooner cut off my right hand than suffer it to give this note to Sir John Tyrrell."

Glanville made no answer; we walked on till he stopped suddenly, and said, "My carriage is at the corner of the street; you must go instantly; Tyrrell lodges at the Clarendon; you will find me at home on your return."

I pressed his hand, and hurried on my mission. It was, I own, one peculiarly unwelcome and displeasing. In the first place, I did not love to be made a party in a business of the nature of which I was so profoundly ignorant. Secondly, if the affair terminated fatally, the world would not lightly condemn me for conveying to a gentleman of birth and fortune a letter so insulting, and for causes of which I was so ignorant. Again, too, Glanville was more dear to me than any one, judging only of my external character, would suppose; and, constitutionally indifferent as I am to danger for myself, I trembled like a woman at the peril I was instrumental in bringing upon him. But what weighed upon me far more than any of these reflections, was the recollection of Ellen. Should her brother fall in an engagement in which I was his supposed adviser, with what success could I hope for those feelings from her, which, at present, constituted the tenderest and the brightest of my hopes? In the midst of these disagreeable ideas, the carriage stopped at the door of Tyrrell's hotel.

The waiter said Sir John was in the coffee-room: thither I immediately marched. Seated in the box nearest the fire sat Tyrrell, and two men of that old fashioned *roué* set, whose members indulged in debauchery as if it were an attribute of manliness, and esteemed it, as long as it were hearty and English, rather a virtue to boast of, than a vice to disown. Tyrrell nodded to me familiarly as I approached him; and I saw, by the half-emptied bottles before him, and the flush of his sallow countenance, that he had not been sparing of his libations. I whispered that I wished to speak to him on a subject of great importance; he rose with much reluctance, and, after swallowing a large tumbler-full of port wine to fortify him for the task, he led the way to a small room, where he seated himself, and asked me, with his usual mixture of bluntness and good-breeding, the nature of my business. I made him no reply: I contented myself with placing Glanville's *billet-doux* in his hand. The room was dimly lighted with a single candle, and the small and capricious fire, near which the gambler was seated, threw its upward light, by starts and intervals, over the strong features and deep lines of his countenance. It would have been a study worthy of Rembrandt.

I drew my chair near him, and half shading my eyes with my hand, sat down in silence to mark the effect the letter would produce. Tyrrell (I imagine) was a man originally of hardy nerves, and had been thrown much into the various situations of life where the disguise of all outward emotion is easily and insensibly taught; but whether his frame had been shattered by his excesses, or that the insulting language of the note touched him to the quick, he seemed perfectly unable to govern his feelings; the lines were written hastily, and the light, as I said before, was faint and imperfect, and he was forced to pause over each word as he proceeded, so that "the iron" had full time to "enter into his soul."

Passion, however, developed itself differently in him as compared with Glanville: in the latter, it was a rapid transition of powerful feelings, one angry wave dashing over another; it was the passion of a strong and keenly susceptible mind, to which every sting was a dagger, and which used the force of a giant to dash away the insect which attacked it. In Tyrrell, it was passion acting on a callous mind but a broken frame—his hand trembled violently—his voice faltered—he could scarcely command the muscles which enabled him to speak; but there was no fiery start—no indignant burst—no flashing forth of the soul:—in him, it was the body overcoming and paralyzing the mind; in Glanville it was the mind governing and convulsing the body.

"Mr. Pelham," he said at last, after a few preliminary efforts to clear his voice, "this note requires some consideration. I know not at present whom to appoint as my second—will you call upon me early to-morrow?"

"I am sorry," said I, "that my sole instructions were to get an immediate answer from you. Surely either of the gentlemen I saw with you would officiate as your second?"

Tyrrell made no reply for some moments. He was endeavouring to compose himself, and in some measure he succeeded. He raised his head with a haughty air of defiance, and tearing the paper deliberately, though still with uncertain and trem-

blowing fingers, he stamped his foot upon the atoms.

"Tell your principal," said he, "that I retort upon him the foul and false words he has uttered against me; that I trample upon his assertions with the same scorn I feel towards himself; and that before this hour to-morrow I will confront him to death as through life. For the rest, Mr. Pelham, I cannot name my second till the morning; leave me your address, and you shall hear from me before you are stirring. Have you any thing farther with me?"

"Nothing," said I, laying my card on the table. "I have fulfilled the most ungrateful charge ever intrusted to me. I wish you good night."

I re-entered the carriage, and drove to Glanville's. I broke into the room rather abruptly; Glanville was leaning on the table, and gazing intently on a small miniature. A pistol-case lay beside him: one of the pistols in order for use, and the other still unarranged; the room was, as usual, covered with books and papers, and on the costly cushions of the ottoman lay the large, black dog, which I remembered well as his companion of yore, and which he kept with him constantly, as the only thing in the world whose society he could at all times bear: the animal lay curled up, with its quick, black eye fixed watchfully upon its master, and directly I entered, it uttered, though without moving, a low, warning growl.

Glanville looked up, and in some confusion thrust the picture into a drawer of the table, and asked me my news. I told him word for word what had passed. Glanville set his teeth, and clenched his hand firmly; and then, as if his anger was at once appeased, he suddenly changed the subject and tone of our conversation. He spoke with great cheerfulness and humour on the various topics of the day; touched upon politics; laughed at Lord Gulocton, and seemed as indifferent and unconscious of the event of the morrow as my peculiar constitution would have rendered myself.

When I rose to depart, for I had too great an interest in him to feel much for the subjects he conversed on, he said, "I shall write one line to my mother, and another to my poor sister; you will deliver them if I fall, for I have sworn that one of us shall not quit the ground alive. I shall be all impatience to know the hour you will arrange with Tyrrell's second. God bless you, and farewell, for the present."

CHAPTER LXI.

Charge, Chester, charge!

Marmion.

Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation.

Picar of Wakefield.

THE next morning I was at breakfast, when a packet was brought me from Tyrrell; it contained a sealed letter to Glanville, and a brief note to myself. The latter I transcribe:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"The enclosed letter to Sir Reginald Glanville will explain my reasons for not keeping my pledge: suffice it to state to you, that they are such as wholly to exonerate me, and fairly to satisfy Sir Reginald. It will be useless to call upon me; I

leave town before you will receive this. Respect for myself obliges me to add that, although there are circumstances to forbid my meeting Sir Reginald Glanville, there are none to prevent my demanding satisfaction of any one, *whoever he may be*; who shall deem himself authorized to call my motives into question.

"I have the honour, &c.

"JOHN TYRRELL."

It was not till I had thrice read this letter that I could credit its contents. From all I had seen of Tyrrell's character, I had no reason to suspect him to be less courageous than the generality of worldly men. And yet when I considered the violent language of Glanville's letter, and Tyrrell's apparent resolution the night before, I scarcely knew to what more honourable motive than the want of courage to attribute his conduct. However, I lost no time in despatching the whole packet to Glanville, with a few lines from myself, saying I should call in an hour.

When I fulfilled this promise, Glanville's servant told me his master had gone out immediately on reading the letters I had sent, and had merely left word that he should not return home the whole day. That night he was to have brought an important motion before the House. A message from him, pleading sudden and alarming illness, devolved this duty upon another member of his party. Lord Dawton was in despair; the motion was lost by a great majority; the papers, the whole of that week, were filled with the most triumphant abuse and ridicule of the Whigs. Never was that unhappy and persecuted party reduced to so low an ebb: never did there seem a fainter probability of their coming into power. They appeared almost annihilated—a mere *nomine umbra*.

On the eighth day from Glanville's disappearance, a sudden event in the cabinet threw the whole country into confusion; the Tories trembled to the very soles of their easy slippers of sinew and office; the eyes of the public were turned to the Whigs; and chance seemed to effect in an instant that change in their favour which all their toil, trouble, eloquence, and art, had been unable for so many years to render even a remote probability.

But there was a strong, though secret party in the state that, concealed under a general name, worked only for a private end, and made a progress in number and respectability, not the less sure for being but little suspected. Foremost among the leaders of this party was Lord Vincent. Dawton, who knew of their existence, and regarded them with fear and jealousy, considered the struggle rather between them and himself, than any longer between himself and the Tories; and strove, while it was yet time, to reinforce himself by a body of allies, which, should the contest really take place, might be certain of giving him the superiority. The Marquis of Chester was among the most powerful of the neutral noblemen: it was of the greatest importance to gain him to the cause. He was a sturdy, sporting, independent man, who lived chiefly in the country, and turned his ambition rather toward promoting the excellence of quadrupeds, than the bad passions of men. To this personage Lord Dawton implored me to be the bearer of a letter, and to aid, with all the dexterity in my power, the purpose it was intended to effect. It was the most consequential mission yet intrusted

to me; and I felt eager to turn my diplomatic energies to so good an account. Accordingly, one bright morning I wrapped myself carefully in my cloak, placed my invaluable person safely in my carriage, and set off to Chester Park, in the county of Suffolk.

CHAPTER LXII.

Hinc Canibus blandis rabies venit—

VIRGIL. Georg.

I should have mentioned, that the day after I sent Glanville Tyrrell's communication, I received a short and hurried note from the former, saying that he had left London in pursuit of Tyrrell, and that he would not rest till he had brought him to account. In the hurry of the public events in which I had been of late so actively engaged, my mind had not had leisure to dwell much upon Glanville; but when I was alone in my carriage, that singular being, and the mystery which attended him, forced themselves upon my reflection, in spite of all the importance of my mission.

I was leaning back in my carriage, at (I think) Ware, while they were changing horses, when a voice, strongly associated with my meditations, struck upon my ear. I looked out, and saw Thornton standing in the yard, attired with all his original smartness of boot and breeches: he was employed in smoking a cigar, sipping brandy and water, and exercising his conversational talents in a mixture of slang and jockeyism, addressed to two or three men of his own rank of life, and seemingly his companions. His brisk eye soon discovered me, and he swaggered to the carriage door with that ineffable assurance of manner which was so peculiarly his own.

"Ah, ah, Mr. Pelham," said he, "going to Newmarket, I suppose? bound there myself—like to be found among my *bettors*. Ha, ha—excuse a pun: what odds on the favourite? What! you won't bet, Mr. Pelham? close and sly at present; well, *the silent sow sups up all the broth—eh!*—"

"I'm not going to Newmarket," replied I: "I never attend races."

"Indeed!" answered Thornton. "Well, if I was as rich as you, I would soon make or spend a fortune on the course. Seen Sir John Tyrrell? No! He is to be there. Nothing can cure him of gambling—what's bred in the bone, &c. Good day, Mr. Pelham—won't keep you any longer—sharp shower coming on. 'The devil will soon be basting his wife with a leg of mutton,' as the proverb says—*au plaisir*, Mr. Pelham."

And at these words my post-boy started, and released me from my *bête noire*. I spare my reader an account of my miscellaneous reflections on Thornton, Dawton, Vincent, Glanville, and *Ellen*, and will land him, without further delay, at Chester Park.

I was ushered through a large oak hall of the reign of James the First, into a room strongly resembling the principal apartment of a club; two or three round tables were covered with newspapers, journals, facing calendars, &c. An enormous fireplace was crowded with men of all ages, I had almost said, of all ranks; but, however various they might appear in their mien and attire, they were wholly of the patrician order. One

thing, however, in this room, belied its similitude to the apartment of a club, viz. a number of dogs, that lay in scattered groups upon the floor. Before the windows were several horses, in body-cloths, led to exercise upon a plain in the park, levelled as smooth as a bowling-green at Putney; and, stationed at an oriel window, in earnest attention to the scene without, were two men; the tallest of these was Lord Chester. There was a stiffness and inelegance in his address which prepossessed me strongly against him. "*Les manières que l'on néglige comme de petites choses, sont souvent ce qui fait que les hommes décident de vous en bien ou en mal.*"

I had long since, when I was at the university, been introduced to Lord Chester; but I had quite forgotten his person, and he the very circumstance. I said, in a low tone, that I was the bearer of a letter of some importance from our mutual friend, Lord Dawton, and that I should request the honour of a private interview at Lord Chester's first convenience.

His lordship bowed, with an odd mixture of the civility of a jockey and the hauteur of a head groom of the stud, and led the way to a small apartment, which I afterward discovered he called his own. (I never could make out, by-the-way, why, in England, the very worst room in the house is always appropriated to the master of it, and dignified by the appellation of "the gentleman's own.") I gave the Newmarket grandee the letter intended for him, and quietly seating myself, awaited the result.

He read it through slowly and silently, and then, taking out a huge pocket-book, full of racing bets, horses' ages, jockey opinions, and such like memoranda, he placed it with much solemnity among this dignified company, and then said, with a cold, but would-be courteous air, "My friend, Lord Dawton, says you are entirely in his confidence, Mr. Pelham. I hope you will honour me with your company at Chester Park for two or three days, during which time I shall have leisure to reply to Lord Dawton's letter. Will you take some refreshment?"

I answered the first sentence in the affirmative, and the latter in the negative; and Lord Chester, thinking it perfectly unnecessary to trouble himself with any further questions or remarks, which the whole jockey club might not hear, took me back into the room we had quitted, and left me to find, or make, whatever acquaintance I could. Pampered and spoiled as I was in the most difficult circles of London, I was beyond measure indignant at the cavalier demeanour of this rustic thane, whom I considered a being as immeasurably beneath me in every thing else, as he really was in antiquity of birth, and, I venture to hope, in cultivation of intellect. I looked round the room, and did not recognise a being of my acquaintance: I seemed literally thrown into a new world: the very language in which the conversation was held sounded strange to my ear. I had always transgressed my general rule of knowing all men in all grades, in the single respect of *sporting characters*: they were a species of bipeds that I would never recognise as belonging to the human race. Alas! I now found the bitter effects of not following my usual maxima. It is a dangerous thing to encourage too great a disdain of one's inferiors; pride must have a fall.

After I had been a whole quarter of an hour in this strange place, my better genius came to my aid. Since I found no society among the two-legged brutes, I turned to the quadrupeds. At one corner of the room lay a black terrier of the true English breed; at another was a short, sturdy, wiry one, of the Scotch. I soon formed a friendship with each of these canine *Pelei*, (little bodies with great souls,) and then by degrees, alluring them from their retreat to the centre of the room, I fairly endeavoured to set them by the ears. Thanks to the national antipathy, I succeeded to my heart's content. The contest soon aroused the other individuals of the genus—up they started from their repose, like Roderic Dhu's merry men, and incontinently flocked to the scene of battle.

"To it," said I; and I took one by the leg and another by the throat, and dashing them against each other, turned all their peevish irascibility at the affront into mutual aggression. In a very few moments, the whole room was a scene of uproarious confusion; the beasts yelled, and bit, and struggled with the most delectable ferocity. To add to the effect, the various owners of the dogs crowded round—some to stimulate, others to appease the fury of the combatants. As for me, I flung myself into an arm-chair, and gave way to an excess of merriment, which only enraged the spectators more: many were the glances of anger, many the murmurs of reproach directed against me. Lord Chester himself eyed me with an air of astonished indignation, that redoubled my hilarity: at length, the conflict was assuaged—by dint of blows, and kicks, and remonstrances from their dignified proprietors, the dogs slowly withdrew, one with the loss of half an ear, another with a shoulder put out, a third with a mouth increased by one-half of its natural dimensions.

In short, every one engaged in the conflict bore some token of its severity. I did not wait for the thunder-storm I foresaw: I rose with a *nonchalant* yawn of *enousi*—marched out of the apartment, called a servant—demanded my own room—repaired to it, and immersed the eternal faculties of my head in Mignet's History of the Revolution, while Bedos busied himself in its outward embellishment.

CHAPTER LXIII.

—Noster ludos, spectaverat unus,
Luserat in campo, Fortunæ filius, omnes. HON.

I DID not leave my room till the first dinner-bell had ceased a sufficient time to allow me the pleasing hope that I should have but a few moments to wait in the drawing-room, previously to the grand epoch and ceremony of a European day. The manner most natural to me, is one rather open and easy; but I pique myself peculiarly upon a certain (though occasional) air which keeps impertinence aloof. This day I assumed a double quantum of dignity, in entering a room which I well knew must be filled with my enemies; there were a few women round Lady Chester, and, as I always feel reassured by a sight of the dear sex, I walked toward them.

Judge of my delight, when I discovered among the group Lady Harriet Garrett. It is true that I had no particular predilection for that lady; but

the sight of a negress I had seen before, I should have hailed with rapture in so desolate and inhospitable a place. If my pleasure at seeing Lady Harriet was great, hers seemed equally so at receiving my salutation. She asked me if I knew Lady Chester—and on my negative reply, immediately introduced me to that personage. I now found myself quite at home; my spirits rose, and I exerted every nerve to be as charming as possible.—In youth to endeavour is to succeed.

I gave a most animated account of the canine battle, interspersed with various sarcasms on the owners of the combatants, which were by no means ill-received either by the marchioness or her companions; and, in fact, when the dinner was announced, they all rose in a mirth sufficiently unrestrained to be any thing but petrician: for my part, I offered my arm to Lady Harriet, and paid her as many compliments on crossing the suite that led to the dining-room as would have turned a much wiser head than her ladyship's.

The dinner went off agreeably enough, as long as the women stayed, but the moment they quitted the room, I experienced exactly the same feeling known unto a mother's darling, left for the first time at that strange, cold, comfortless place—ycleped a school.

I was not, however, in a mood to suffer my flowers of oratory to blush unseen. Besides, it was absolutely necessary that I should make a better impression upon my host. I leant, therefore, across the table, and listened eagerly to the various conversations afloat: at last I perceived on the opposite side Sir Lionel Garrett, a personage whom I had not before even inquired after, or thought of. He was busily and noisily employed in discussing the game-laws. Thank Heaven, thought I, I shall be on firm ground there. The general interest of the subject, and the loudness with which it was debated, soon drew all the scattered conversation into one focus.

"What!" said Sir Lionel, in a high voice, to a modest, shrinking youth, probably from Cambridge, who had supported the liberal side of the question—"what! are our interests to be never consulted? Are we to have our only amusement taken away from us? What do you imagine brings country gentlemen to their seats? Do you not know, sir, the vast importance our residence at our country houses is of to the nation? Destroy the game-laws, and you destroy our very existence as a people!"

"Now," thought I, "it is my time." "Sir Lionel," said I, speaking almost from one end of the table to the other, "I perfectly agree with your sentiments; I am entirely of opinion, first, that it is absolutely necessary for the safety of the nation that game should be preserved; secondly, that if you take away game, you take away country gentlemen: no two propositions can be clearer than these; but I do differ from you with respect to the intended alterations. Let us put wholly out of the question, the interests of the poor people, or of society at large: those are minor matters, not worthy of a moment's consideration; let us only see how far *our* interests as sportsmen will be affected. I think by a very few words I can clearly prove to you, that the proposed alterations will make us much better off than we are at present."

I then entered shortly, yet fully enough, into the nature of the laws as they now stood, and as

they were intended to be changed. I first spoke of the two great disadvantages of the present system to country gentlemen; viz. in the number of poachers, and the expense of preserving. Observing that I was generally and attentively listened to, I dwelt upon these two points with much pathetic energy; and having paused till I had got Sir Lionel and one or two of his supporters, to confess that it would be highly desirable that these defects should, if possible, be remedied, I proceeded to show how and in what manner it was possible. I argued, that to effect this possibility was the exact object of the alterations suggested; I anticipated the objections; I answered them in the form of propositions as clearly and concisely stated as possible; and as I spoke with great civility and conciliation, and put aside every appearance of care for any human being in the world who was not possessed of a qualification, I perceived at the conclusion of my harangue that I had made a very favourable impression. That evening completed my triumph: for Lady Chester and Lady Harriet made so good a story of my adventure with the dogs, that the matter passed off as a famous joke, and I was soon considered by the whole knot as a devilish amusing, good-natured, sensible fellow. So true is it that there is no situation which a little tact cannot turn to our own account: manage *yourself* well, and you may manage all the world.

As for Lord Chester, I soon won his heart by a few feats of horsemanship, and a few extempore inventions respecting the sagacity of dogs. Three days after my arrival we became inseparable; and I made such good use of my time, that in two more, he spoke to me of his friendship for Dawson, and his wish for a dukedom. These motives it was easy enough to unite, and at last he promised me that his answer to my principal should be as acquiescent as I could desire; the morning after this promise commenced *the great day* at Newmarket.

Our whole party was of course bound to the race-ground, and with great reluctance I was pressed into the service. We were not many miles distant from the course, and Lord Chester mounted me on one of his horses. Our shortest way lay through rather an intricate series of cross roads: and as I was very little interested in the conversation of my companions, I paid more attention to the scenery we passed, than is my customary wont: for I study Nature rather in men than fields, and find no landscape afford such variety to the eye, and such subject to the contemplation, as the inequalities of the human heart.

But there were to be fearful circumstances hereafter, to stamp forcibly upon my remembrance some traces of the scenery which now courted and arrested my view. The chief characteristics of the country were broad, dreary plains, diversified at times by dark plantations of fir and larch; the road was rough and stony, and here and there a melancholy rivulet, swelled by the first rains of spring, crossed our path, and lost itself in the rank weeds of some inhospitable marsh.

About six miles from Chester Park, to the left of the road, stood an old house with a new face; the brown, time-honoured bricks which composed the fabric, were strongly contrasted by large Venetian windows newly inserted in frames of the most ostentatious white. A smart, green veranda,

scarcely finished, ran along the low perice, and formed the termination to two thin rows of meager and dwarfish sycamores, which did duty for an avenue, and were bounded on the roadside by a spruce white gate, and a sprucer lodge, so moderate in its dimensions, that it would scarcely have boiled a turnip!—if a rat had got into it, he might have run away with it! The ground was dug in various places, as if for the purpose of further improvements, and here and there a sickly little tree was carefully hurdled round, and seemed pining its puny heart out at the confinement.

In spite of all these well-judged and well-thriving graces of art, there was such a comfortless and desolate appearance about the place, that it quite froze one to look at it; to be sure, a damp marsh on one side, and the skeleton rafters and beams of an old stable on the other, backed by a few dull and sulky looking fir-trees, might in some measure create, or at least considerably add to, the indescribable cheerlessness of the *tout ensemble*. While I was curiously surveying the various parts of this northern "*Délices*," and marvelling at the choice of two crows who were slowly walking over the unwholesome ground, instead of making all possible use of the black wings with which Providence had gifted them, I perceived two men on horseback wind round from the back part of the building, and proceed in a brisk trot down the avenue. We had not advanced many paces before they overtook us; the foremost of them turned round as he passed me, and pulling up his horse abruptly, discovered to my dismayed view the features of Mr. Thornton. Nothing abashed by the slowness of my bow, or the grave stares of my lordly companions, who never forgot the dignity of their birth, in spite of the vulgarity of their tastes, Thornton instantly and familiarly accosted me.

"Told you so, Mr. Pelham—*silent son, &c.*—Sure I should have the pleasure of seeing you, though you kept it so snug. Well, will you bet now? No!—Ah, you're a sly one. Staying here at that nice-looking house—belongs to Dawson, an old friend of mine—shall be happy to introduce you!"

"Sir," said I, abruptly, "you are too good. Permit me to request that you will rejoin your friend, Mr. Dawson."

"O," said the imperturbable Thornton, "it does not signify; he won't be affronted at my lagging a little. However," (and here he caught my eye, which was assuming a sternness that perhaps little pleased him,) "however, as it gets late, and my mare is none of the best, I'll wish you good morning." With these words Thornton put spurs to his horse and trotted off.

"Who the devil have you got there, Pelham?" said Lord Chester.

"A person," said I, "who picked me up at Paris, and insists on the right of 'treasure trove' to claim me in England. But will you let me ask in my turn, whom that cheerful mansion we have just left, belongs to?"

"To a Mr. Dawson, whose father was a gentleman farmer who bred horses, a very respectable person,—for I made one or two excellent bargains with him. The son was always on the turf, and contracted the worst of its habits. He bears but a very indifferent character, and will probably become a complete blackleg. He married, a shrewd

time since, a woman of some fortune, and I suppose it is her taste which has so altered and modernized his house. Come, gentlemen, we are now on even ground, shall we trot?"

We proceeded but a few yards before we were again stopped by a precipitous ascent, and as Lord Chester was then earnestly engaged in praising his horse to one of the cavalcade, I had time to remark the spot. At the foot of the hill we were about slowly to ascend was a broad, unenclosed patch of waste land; a heron, flapping its enormous wings as it rose, directed my attention to a pool overgrown with rushes, and half-sheltered on one side by a decayed tree, which, if one might judge from the breadth and hollowness of its trunk, had been a refuge to the wild bird, and a shelter to the wild cattle, at a time when such were the only intruders upon its hospitality; and when the country, for miles and leagues round, was honoured by as little of man's care and cultivation as was at present the rank waste which still nourished its gnarled and venerable roots. There was something remarkably singular and grotesque in the shape and sinuosity of its naked and spectral branches; two of exceeding length stretched themselves forth, in the very semblance of arms held out in the attitude of supplication; and the bend of the trunk over the desolate pond, the form of the hoary and blasted summit, and the hollow trunk half riven asunder in the shape of limbs, seemed to favour the gigantic deception. You might have imagined it an antediluvian transformation, or a daughter of the Titan race, preserving, in her metamorphosis, her attitude of entreaty to the merciless Olympian.

This was the only tree visible; for a turn of the road, and the unevenness of the ground, completely veiled the house we had passed, and the few low firs and sycamores which made its only plantations. The sullen pool—its ghost-like guardian—the dreary heath around, the rude features of the country beyond, and the apparent absence of all human habitation, conspired to make a scene of the most dispiriting and striking desolation. I know not how to account for it, but, as I gazed around in silence, the whole place appeared to grow over my mind, as one which I had seen, though dimly and drearily, as in a dream, before; and a nameless and unaccountable presentiment of fear and evil sank like ice into my heart. We ascended the hill, and, the rest of the road being of a kind better adapted to expedition, we mended our pace and soon arrived at the goal of our journey.

The race-ground had its customary complement of knaves and fools—the dupers and the duped. Poor Lady Chester, who had proceeded to the ground by the high road (for the way we had chosen was inaccessible to those who ride in chariots, and whose charioteers are set up in high places,) was driving to and fro, the very picture of cold and discomfort; and the few solitary carriages which honoured the course, looked as miserable as if they were witnessing the funeral of their owners' persons, rather than the peril of their characters and purses.

As we rode along to the betting-post, Sir John Tyrrell passed us: Lord Chester accosted him familiarly, and the baronet joined us. He had been an old votary of the turf in his younger days, and he still preserved all his ancient predilection in its favour.

It seemed that Chester had not met him for many years, and after a short and characteristic conversation of "God bless me, how long since I saw you!—d—d good horse you're on—you look thin—admirable condition—what have you been doing!—grand action—a'n't we behindhand!—famous fore-hand—recollect old Queensbury!—hot in the mouth—gone to the devil—what are the odds?" Lord Chester asked Tyrrell to go home with us. The invitation was readily accepted.

"With impotence of will
We wheel, though ghastly shadows interpose
Round us, and round each other."*

Now, then, arose the noise, the clatter, the swearing, the lying, the perjury, the cheating, the crowd, the bustle, the hurry, the rush, the heat, the ardour, the impatience, the hope, the terror, the rapture, the agony of the RACE. The instant the first heat was over, one asked me one thing, one bellowed another; I fled to Lord Chester; he did not heed me. I took refuge with the marchioness; she was sullen as an east wind could make her. Lady Harriet would talk of nothing but the horses; Sir Lionel would not talk at all. I was in the lowest pit of despondency, and the devils that kept me there were as blue as Lady Chester's nose! Silent, sad, sorrowful, and sulky, I rode away from the crowd, and moralized on its vicious propensities. One grows marvellously honest when the species of cheating before us is not suited to one's self. Fortunately, my better angel reminded me, that about the distance of three miles from the course lived an old college friend, blessed, since we had met, with a parsonage and a wife. I knew his tastes too well to imagine that any allurements of an equestrian nature could have seduced him from the ease of his library and the dignity of his books; and hoping, therefore, that I should find him at home, I turned my horse's head in an opposite direction, and, rejoiced at the idea of my escape, bade adieu to the course.

As I cantered across the far end of the heath, my horse started from an object upon the ground; it was a man wrapped from head to foot in a long horseman's cloak, and so well guarded as to the face, from the raw inclemency of the day, that I could not catch even a glimpse of the features, through the hat and neck-shawl which concealed them. The head was turned, with apparent anxiety, toward the distant throng; and imagining the man belonging to the lower orders, with whom I am always familiar, I addressed to him, *en passant*, some trifling remark on the event of the race. He made no answer. There was something about him which induced me to look back several moments after I had left him behind. He had not moved an inch. There is such a certain uncomfortableness always occasioned to the mind by stillness and mystery united, that even the disguising garb, and motionless silence of the man, innocent as I thought they must have been, impressed themselves disagreeably on my meditations as I rode briskly on.

It is my maxim never to be unpleasantly employed, even in thought, if I can help it; accordingly, I changed the course of my reflection, and amused myself with wondering how matrimony and clerical dignity sat on the indolent shoulders of my old acquaintance.

CHAPTER LXIV.

And as for me, tho' that I can but lite
On bookes for me to read, I me delight,
And to hem give I faith and full credence;
And in mine heart have hem in reverence,
So heartily that there is game none,
That fro' my bookes maketh me to gone.
CHAUCER.

CHRISTOPHER CLUTTERBUCK was a common individual of a common order, but little known in this busy and toiling world. I cannot flatter myself that I am about to present to your notice that *rara avis*, a new character—yet there is something interesting, and even unhackneyed, in the retired and simple class to which he belongs: and before I proceed to a darker period in my memoirs, I feel a calm and tranquillizing pleasure in the rest which a brief and imperfect delineation of my college companion affords me. My friend came up to the University with the learning which one about to quit the world might, with credit, have boasted of possessing, and the simplicity which one about to enter it would have been ashamed to confess. Quiet and shy in his habits and his manners, he was never seen out of the precincts of his apartment, except in obedience to the stated calls of dinner, lectures, and chapel. Then his small and stooping form might be marked, crossing the quadrangle with a hurried step, and cautiously avoiding the smallest blade of the barren grass-plots, which are forbidden ground to the feet of all the lower orders of the collegiate oligarchy. Many were the smiles and the jeers, from the worse natured and better appointed students, who loitered idly along the court, at the rude garb and saturnine appearance of the humble under-graduate; and the calm countenance of the grave, but amiable man, who then bore the honour and *onus* of mathematical lecturer at our college, would soften into a glance of mingled approbation and pity, as he noted the eagerness which spoke from the wan cheek and emaciated frame of the ablest of his pupils, hurrying—after each legitimate interruption—to the enjoyment of the crabbed characters and worm-worn volumes, which contained for him all the seductions of pleasure, and all the temptations of youth.

It is a melancholy thing, which none but those educated at a college can understand, to see the debilitated frames of the aspirants for academical honours; to mark the prime—the verdure—the glory—the life—of life wasted irrevocably away in a *labor ineptiarum*, which brings no harvest either to others or themselves. For the poet, the philosopher, the man of science, we can appreciate the recompense if we commiserate the sacrifice; from the darkness of their retreat there goes a light—from the silence of their studies there issues a voice,—to illumine or convince. We can imagine them looking from their privations to the far visions of the future, and hugging to their hearts, in the strength of no unnatural vanity, the reward which their labours are certain hereafter to obtain. To those who can anticipate the vast dominions of immortality among men, what boots the sterility of the cabined and petty *present*? But the mere man of languages and learning—the machine of a memory heavily but unprofitably employed—the Columbus wasting at the galley oar the energies which should have discovered a world—for him there is no day-dream of the future, no grasp at

the immortality of fame. Beyond the walls of his narrow room he knows no object; beyond the elucidation of a dead tongue he indulges no ambition; his life is one long school-day of lexicons and grammars—a fabric of ice, cautiously excluded from a single sunbeam—elaborately useless, ingeniously unprofitable; and leaving, at the moment it melts away, not a single trace of the space it occupied, or the labour it cost.

At the time I went to the University, my poor collegian had attained all the honours his employment could ever procure him. He *had been* a Pitt scholar; *he was* a senior wrangler, and a fellow of his college. It often happened that I found myself next to him at dinner, and I was struck by his abstinence, and pleased with his modesty, despite of the *gaucherie* of his manner, and the fashion of his garb. By degrees I insinuated myself into his acquaintance; and, as I had always some love of scholastic lore, I took frequent opportunities of conversing with him upon Horace, and consulting him upon Lucian.

Many a dim twilight have we sat together, reviving each other's recollection, and occasionally relaxing into the grave amusement of *capping verses*. Then, if by any chance my ingenuity or memory enabled me to puzzle my companion, his good temper would lose itself in a quaint pettishness, or he would hurl against me some line of Aristophanes, and ask me, with a raised voice, and arched brow, to give him a fitting answer to *that*. But if, as was much more frequently the case, he fairly ran me down into a pause and confession of inability, he would rub his hands with a strange chuckle, and offer me, in the bounteousness of his heart, to read aloud a Greek ode of his own, while he treated me “to a dish of tea.” There was much in the good man's innocence, and guilelessness of soul, which made me love him, and I did not rest till I had procured him, before I left the University, the living which he now held. Since then, he had married the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, an event of which he had duly informed me; but, though this great step in the life of “a reading man” had not taken place many months since, I had completely, after a hearty wish for his domestic happiness, consigned it to a dormant place in my recollection.

The house which I now began to approach was small, but comfortable; perhaps there was something *triste* in the old-fashioned hedges cut and trimmed with mathematical precision, which surrounded the glebe, as well as in the heavy architecture and dingy bricks of the reverend recluse's habitation. To make amends for this, there was also something peculiarly still and placid about the appearance of the house, which must have suited well the tastes and habits of the owner. A small formal lawn was adorned with a square fish-pond bricked round, and covered with the green weepings of four willows, which drooped over it from their station at each corner. At the opposite side of this Pierian reservoir was a hermitage, or arbour of laurels, shaped in the stiff rusticity of the Dutch school, in the prevalence of which it was probably planted; behind this arbour, the ground, after slight railing, terminated in an orchard.

The sound I elicited from the gate bell seemed to ring through that retired place with singular shrillness; and I observed at the opposite window

all that bustle of drawing curtains, peeping faces, and hasty retreats, which denote female anxiety and perplexity, at the unexpected approach of a stranger.

After some time the parson's single servant, a middle-aged, slovenly man, in a loose frock, and buff kerseymere nondescripts, opened the gate, and informed me that his master was at home. With a few earnest admonitions to my admitter—who was, like the domestics of many richer men, both groom and valet—respecting the safety of my borrowed horse, I entered the house: the servant did not think it necessary to inquire my name, but threw open the door of the study, with the brief introduction of—"A gentleman, sir."

Clutterbuck was standing, with his back towards me, upon a pair of library steps, turning over some dusky volumes; and below stood a pale, cadaverous youth, with a set and serious countenance, that bore no small likeness to Clutterbuck himself.

"*Mon Dieu*," thought I, "he cannot have made such good use of his matrimonial state as to have raised this lanky impression of himself in the space of seven months!" The good man turned round, and almost fell off the steps with the nervous shock of beholding me so near him; he descended with precipitation, and shook me so warmly and tightly by the hand, that he brought tears into my eyes, as well as his own.

"Gently, my good friend," said I—"parce, precor, or you will force me to say, '*ibimus unaambo, flentes, valido connexi fodere*.'"

Clutterbuck's eyes watered still more, when he heard the grateful sounds of what to him was the mother tongue. He surveyed me from head to foot with an air of benign and fatherly complacency, and dragging forth from its sullen rest a large arm-chair, on whose cushions of rusty horse-hair sat an eternal cloud of classic dust, too sacred to be disturbed, he *plumped* me down upon it, before I was aware of the cruel hospitality.

"O! my nether garments," thought I. "*Quantus sudor inerit Bedoso*, to restore you to your pristine purity!"

"But whence come you?" said my host, who cherished rather a formal and antiquated method of speech.

"From the Pythian games," said I; "the campus hight Newmarket. Do I see right, or is not yon *insignis juvenis* marvellously like you? Of a surety he rivals the Titans, if he is only a seven months' child!"

"Now, truly, my worthy friend," answered Clutterbuck, "you indulge in jesting! The boy is my nephew, a goodly child, and a painstaking. I hope he will thrive at our gentle mother. He goes to Trinity next October. Benjamin Jeremiah, my lad, this is my worthy friend and benefactor, of whom I have often spoken; go, and order him of our best—he will partake of our repast!"

"No, really," I began; but Clutterbuck gently placed the hand, whose strength of affection I had already so forcibly experienced, upon my mouth. "Pardon me, my friend," said he. "No *stranger* should depart till he had broken bread with us; how much more then a friend! Go, Benjamin Jeremiah, and tell your aunt that Mr. Pelham will dine with us; and order, furthermore, that the barrel of oysters sent unto us as a present, by my worthy friend, Dr. Swallow'em, be dressed in the fashion that seemeth best; they are a classic dainty, and we shall think of our great masters the ancients

whilst we devour them. And—stop, Benjamin Jeremiah, see that we have the wine with the black seal; and—now—go, Benjamin Jeremiah!"

"Well, my old friend," said I, when the door closed upon the sallow and smileless nephew, "how do you love the connubial yoke? Do you give the same advice as Socrates? I hope, at least, it is not from the same experience."

"Hem!" answered the grave Christopher, in a tone that struck me as somewhat nervous and uneasy, "you are become quite a humorist since we parted. I suppose you have been warming your wit by the lambent fires of Horace and Aristophanes!"

"No," said I, "the living allow those, whose toilsome lot it is to mix constantly with them, but little time to study the monuments of the dead. But, in sober earnest, are you as happy as I wish you?"

Clutterbuck looked down for a moment, and then, turning towards the table, laid one hand upon a manuscript, and pointed with the other to his books. "With this society," said he, "how can I be otherwise?"

I gave him no reply, but put my hand upon his manuscript. He made a modest and coy effort to detain it, but I knew that writers were like women, and, making use of no displeasing force, I possessed myself of the paper.

It was a treatise on the Greek participle. My heart sickened within me; but as I caught the eager glance of the poor author, I brightened up my countenance into an expression of pleasure, and appeared to read and comment upon the *difficiles nugæ* with an interest commensurate to his own. Meanwhile the youth returned. He had much of that delicacy of sentiment which always accompanies mental cultivation, of whatever sort it may be. He went with a scarlet blush over his thin face, to his uncle, and whispered something in his ear, which from the angry embarrassment it appeared to occasion, I was at no loss to divine.

"Come," said I, "we are too long acquainted for ceremony. Your *placens uxor*, like all ladies in the same predicament, thinks your invitation a little unadvised; and in real earnest I have so long a ride to perform, that I would rather eat your oysters another day!"

"No, no," said Clutterbuck, with greater eagerness than his even temperament was often hurried into betraying—"no, I will go and reason with her myself. 'Wives, obey your husbands,' saith the preacher!" And the quondam senior wrangler almost upset his chair in the perturbation with which he arose from it.

I laid my hand upon him. "Let me go myself," said I, "since you *will* have me dine with you. 'The sex is ever to a *stranger* kind,' and I shall probably be more persuasive than you, in despite of your legitimate authority."

So saying, I left the room with a curiosity more painful than pleasing, to see the collegian's wife. I arrested the man servant, and ordered him to usher and announce me.

I was led *instantly* into the apartment where I had discovered all the signs of female inquisitiveness, which I have before detailed. There I discovered a small woman, in a robe equally slatternly and fine, with a sharp pointed nose, small, cold, gray eyes, and a complexion high towards the cheek bones, but waxing of a light green before it

reached the wide and querulous mouth, which, well I ween, seldom opened to smile upon the unfortunate possessor of her charms. She, like the Rev. Christopher, was not without her companions; a tall meager woman, of advanced age, and a girl, some years younger than herself, were introduced to me as her mother and sister.

My *entrée* occasioned no little confusion, but I knew well how to remedy that. I held out my hand so cordially to the wife, that I enticed, though with evident reluctance, two bony fingers into my own, which I did not dismiss without a most mollifying and affectionate squeeze; and drawing my chair close towards her, began conversing as familiarly as if I had known the whole triad for years. I declared my joy at seeing my old friend so happily settled—commented on the improvement of his looks—ventured a sly joke at the good effects of matrimony—praised a cat couchant, worked in worsted by the venerable hand of the eldest matron—offered to procure her a *real* cat of the true Persian breed, black ears four inches long, with a tail like a squirrel's; and then slid, all at once, into the unauthorized invitation of the good man of the house.

"Clutterbuck," said I, "has asked me very warmly to stay dinner; but, before I accepted his offer, I insisted upon coming to see how far it was confirmed by you. Gentlemen, you are aware, my dear madam, know nothing of these matters, and I never accept a married man's invitation till it has the sanction of his lady; I have an example of that at home. My mother (Lady Frances) is the best tempered woman in the world: but my father could no more take the liberty (for I may truly call it such) to ask even his oldest friend to dinner, without consulting the mistress of the house, than he could think of flying. No one (says my mother, and she says what is very true,) can tell about the household affairs, but those who have the management of them; and in pursuance of this aphorism, I dare not accept any invitation in this house, except from its mistress."

"Really," said Mrs. Clutterbuck, colouring, with mingled embarrassment and gratification, "you are very considerate and polite, Mr. Pelham: I only wish Mr. Clutterbuck had half your attention to these things; nobody can tell the trouble and inconvenience he puts me to. If I *had* known, a little time before, that you were coming—but now I fear we have nothing in the house; but if you can partake of our fare, such as it is, Mr. Pelham——"

"Your kindness enchants me," I exclaimed, "and I no longer scruple to confess the pleasure I have in accepting my old friend's offer."

This affair being settled, I continued to converse for some minutes with as much vivacity as I could summon to my aid, and when I went once more to the library, it was with the comfortable impression of having left those as friends, whom I had visited as foes.

The dinner hour was four, and, till it came, Clutterbuck and I amused ourselves "in commune wise and sage." There was something high in the sentiments and generous in the feelings of this man, which made me the more regret the bias of mind which rendered them so unavailing. At college he had never (*illis dissimilis in nostro tempore natis!*) cringed to the possessors of clerical power. In the duties of his station as dean of the

college, he was equally strict to the black cap and the lordly hat. Nay, when one of his private pupils, whose father was possessed of more church preferment than any nobleman in the peerage, disobeyed his repeated summons, and constantly neglected to attend his instructions, he sent for him, resigned his tuition, and refused any longer to accept a salary which the negligence of his pupil would not allow him to requite. In his clerical tenets he was high: in his judgment of others he was mild. His knowledge of the liberty of Greece was not drawn from the ignorant historian of her republics;* nor did he find in the contemplative mildness and gentle philosophy of the ancients, nothing but a sanction for modern bigotry and existing abuses.

It was a remarkable trait in his conversation, that though he indulged in many references to the old authors, and allusions to classic customs, he never deviated into the innumerable quotations with which his memory was stored. No words, in spite of all the quaintness and antiquity of his dialect, purely Latin or Greek, ever escaped his lips, except in our engagements at capping verses, or when he was allured into accepting a challenge of learning from some of its pretenders; then, indeed, he could pour forth such a torrent of authorities as effectually silenced his opponent; but these contests were rarely entered into, and these triumphs moderately indulged. Yet he loved the use of quotations in others, and I knew the greatest pleasure I could give him was in the frequent use of them. Perhaps he thought it would seem like an empty parade of learning in one who so confessedly possessed it, to deal in the strange words of another tongue, and consequently rejected them, while, with an innocent inconsistency, characteristic of the man, it never occurred to him that there was any thing, either in the quaintness of his dialect or the occupations of his leisure, which might subject him to the same imputation of pedantry.

And yet, at times, when he warmed in his subject, there was a tone in his language as well as sentiment, which might not be improperly termed eloquent; and the real modesty and quiet enthusiasm of his nature, took away, from the impression he made, the feeling of pomposity and affectation with which otherwise he might have inspired you.

"You have a calm and quiet habitation here," said I; "the very rocks seem to have something lulling in that venerable caw which it always does me such good to hear."

"Yes," answered Clutterbuck, "I own that there is much that is grateful to the temper of my mind in this retired spot. I fancy that I can the better give myself up to the contemplation which makes, as it were, my intellectual element and food. And yet I dare say that in this (as in all other things) I do strongly err; for I remember that, during my only sojourn in London, I was wont to feel the sound of wheels and of the throng of steps shake the windows of my lodging in the Strand, as if it were but a warning to recall my mind more closely to its studies:—of a verity the

* It is really a disgrace to our University, that any of its colleges should accept as a reference, or even tolerate as an author, the presumptuous bigot who has bequeathed to us, in his History of Greece, the masterpiece of a disclaimer without energy, and of a pedant without learning.

noisy evidence of man's labour reminded me how little the great interests of this rolling world were to me, and the feeling of solitude among the crowds without made me cling more fondly to the company I found within. For it seems that the mind is ever addicted to contraries, and that when it be transplanted into a soil where all its neighbours do produce a certain fruit, it doth, from a strange perversity, bring forth one of a different sort. You would little believe, my honoured friend, that in this lonely seclusion, I cannot at all times prohibit my thoughts from wandering to that gay world of London, which, during my tarry therein, occupied them in so partial a degree. You smile, my friend, nevertheless it is true; and when you reflect that I dwell in the western department of the metropolis, near unto the noble mansion of Somerset House, and consequently in the very centre of what the idle call fashion, you will not be so surprised at the occasional migration of my thoughts."

Here the worthy Clutterbuck paused and sighed slightly. "Do you farm, or cultivate your garden?" said I; "they are no ignoble nor unclassical employments."

"Unhappily," answered Clutterbuck, "I am inclined to neither; my chest pains me with a sharp and piercing pang when I attempt to stoop, and my respiration is short and asthmatic; and, in truth, I seldom love to stir from my books and papers. I go with Pliny to his garden, and with Virgil to his farm; those mental excursions are the sole ones I indulge in; and when I think of my appetite for application, and my love of idleness, I am tempted to wax proud of the propensities which reverse the censure of Tacitus on our German ancestors, and incline so fondly to quiet, while they turn so restlessly from sloth."

Here the speaker was interrupted, by a long, low, dry cough, which penetrated me to the heart. "Alas!" thought I as I heard it, and looked upon my poor friend's hectic and hollow cheek, "it is not only his mind that will be the victim to the fatality of his studies."

It was some moments before I renewed the conversation, and I had scarcely done so before I was interrupted by the entrance of Benjamin Jeremiah, with a message from his aunt that dinner would be ready in a few minutes. Another long whisper to Christopher succeeded. The *ci-devant* fellow of Trinity looked down at his garments with a perplexed air. I saw at once that he had received a hint on the propriety of a change of raiment. To give him due leisure for this, I asked the youth to show me a room in which I might perform the usual ablutions previous to dinner, and followed him up stairs to a comfortless sort of dressing-room, without a fireplace, where I found a yellowware jug and basin, and a towel, of so coarse a huckaback, that I did not dare adventure its rough texture next my complexion—my skin is not made for such rude fellowship. While I was tenderly and daintily anointing my hands with some hard water, of no Blandusian spring, and that vile composition entitled Windsor soap, I heard the difficult breathing of poor Clutterbuck on the stairs, and soon after he entered the adjacent room. Two minutes more, and his servant joined him, for I heard the rough voice of the domestic say, "There is no more of the wine with the black seal left, sir!"

"No more, good Dixon? you mistake greatly. I had two dozen not a week since."

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir!" answered Dixon, with a careless and half impertinent accent; "but there are great things, like alligators, in the cellar, which break all the bottles!"

"Alligators in my cellar!" said the astonished Clutterbuck.

"Yes, sir—at least a venomous sort of reptile like them, which the people about here call *efts*!"

"What!" said Clutterbuck, innocently, and evidently not seeing the irony of his own question; "What! have the efts broken two dozen bottles in a week? Of an exceeding surety, it is strange that a little creature of the lizard species should be so destructive—perchance they have an antipathy to the vinous smell; I will confer with my learned friend, Dr. Dissectall, touching their strength and habits. Bring up some of the port, then, good Dixon."

"Yes, sir. All the corn is out; I had none for the gentleman's horse."

"Why, Dixon, my memory fails me strangely, or I paid you the sum of four pounds odd shillings for corn on Friday last."

"Yes, sir, but your cow and the chickens eat so much, and then blind Dobbin has four feeds a day, and Farmer Johnson always puts his horse in our stable, and Mrs. Clutterbuck and the ladies fed the jackass the other day in the hired donkey-chaise; besides, the rats and mice are always at it."

"It is a marvel unto me," answered Clutterbuck, "how detrimental the vermin race are; they seem to have noted my poor possessions as their especial prey: remind me that I write to Dr. Dissectall to-morrow, good Dixon."

"Yes, sir; and now I think of it——" but here Mr. Dixon was cut short in his item, by the entrance of a third person, who proved to be Mrs. Clutterbuck.

"What, not dressed yet, Mr. Clutterbuck? what a dawdler you are!—and do look—was ever woman so used? You have wiped your razor upon my nightcap—you dirty, slovenly——"

"I crave you many pardons; I own my error!" said Clutterbuck, in a nervous tone of interruption.

"Error, indeed!" cried Mrs. Clutterbuck, in a sharp, overstretched, querulous falsetto, suited to the occasion: "but this is always the case—I am sure, my poor temper is tried to the utmost—and Lord help thee, idiot! you have thrust those spindle legs of yours into your coat-sleeves instead of your breeches!"

"Of a truth, good wife, your eyes are more discerning than mine; and my legs, which are, as you say, somewhat thin, have indured themselves in what appertaineth not unto them; but for all that, Dorothea, I am not deserving of the epithet of idiot, with which you have been pleased to favour me; although my humble faculties are, indeed, of no eminent or surpassing order——"

"Pooh! pooh! Mr. Clutterbuck, I am sure, I don't know what else you are, muddling your head all day with those good-for-nothing books. And now do tell me, how you could think of asking Mr. Pelham to dinner, when you knew we had nothing in the world but hashed mutton and an apple pudding? Is that the way, sir, you disgrace your wife, after her condescension in marrying you?"

"Really," answered the patient Clutterbuck, "I was forgetful of those matters; but my friend cares as little as myself about the grosser tastes of the table; and the feast of intellectual converse is all that he desires in his brief sojourn beneath our roof."

"Feast of fiddlesticks, Mr. Clutterbuck! did ever man talk such nonsense?"

"Besides," rejoined the master of the house, unheeding this interruption, "we have a luxury even of the palate, than which there are none more delicate, and unto which he, as well as myself, is, I know, somewhat unphilosophically given; I speak of the oysters, sent here by our good friend, Dr. Swallow'em."

"What do you mean, Mr. Clutterbuck! My poor mother and I had those oysters last night for our supper. I am sure she, as well as my sister, are almost starved; but you are always wanting to be pampered up above us all."

"Nay, nay," answered Clutterbuck, "you know you accuse me wrongfully, Dorothea; but now I think of it, would it not be better to modulate the tone of our conversation, seeing that our guest (a circumstance which until now quite escaped my recollection) was shown into the next room, for the purpose of washing his hands, the which, from their notable cleanliness, seemed to me wholly unnecessary. I would not have him overhear you, Dorothea, lest his kind heart should imagine me less happy than—than—it wishes me!"

"Good God, Mr. Clutterbuck!" were the only words I heard farther: and with tears in my eyes, and a suffocating feeling in my throat, for the matrimonial situation of my unfortunate friend, I descended into the drawing-room. The only one yet there was the pale nephew: he was bending painfully over a book; I took it from him; it was "Bentley upon Phalaris." I could scarcely refrain from throwing it into the fire—"Another victim!" thought I.—O, the curse of an English education!

By-and-by, down came the mother, and the sister, then Clutterbuck, and lastly, bedizened out with gewgaws and trumpery,—the wife. Born and nurtured as I was in the art of the *volto sciolto*, *pensieri stretti*, I had seldom found a more arduous task of dissimulation than that which I experienced now. However, the hope to benefit my friend's situation assisted me: the best way, I thought, of obtaining him more respect from his wife, will be by showing her the respect he meets with from others: accordingly, I sat down by her, and having first conciliated her attention by some of that coin termed compliments, in which there is no counterfeit that does not have the universal effect of real, I spoke with the most profound veneration of the talents and learning of Clutterbuck—I dilated upon the high reputation he enjoyed—upon the general esteem in which he was held—upon the kindness of his heart—the sincerity of his modesty—the integrity of his honour—in short, whatever I thought likely to affect her; most of all, I insisted upon the high panegyrics bestowed upon him, by Lord This, and the Earl That, and wound up, with adding that I was certain he would die a bishop. My eloquence had its effect; all dinner time, Mrs. Clutterbuck treated her husband with even striking consideration: my words seemed to have gifted her with a new

light, and to have wrought a thorough transformation in her view of her lord and master's character. Who knows not the truth, that we have dim and short-sighted eyes to estimate the nature of our own kin, and that we borrow the spectacles which alone enable us to discern their merits or their failings from the opinion of strangers! It may be readily supposed that the dinner did not pass without its share of the ludicrous—that the waiter and the dishes, the family and the host, would have afforded ample materials no less for the student of nature in Hogarth, than of caricature in Bunbury; but I was too seriously occupied in pursuing my object, and marking its success, to have time even for a smile. Ah! if ever you would allure your son to diplomacy, show him how subservient he may make it to benevolence.

When the women had retired, we drew our chairs near to each other, and, laying down my watch on the table, as I looked out upon the declining day, I said, "Let us make the best of our time; I can only linger here one half hour longer."

"And how, my friend," said Clutterbuck, "shall we learn the method of making the best use of time? *there*, whether it be in the larger segments, or the petty subdivisions of our life, rests the great enigma of our being. Who is there that has ever exclaimed—(pardon my pedantry, I am for once driven into Greek)—Eugene! to this most difficult of the sciences?"

"Come," said I, "it is not for you, the favoured scholar—the honoured academician—whose hours are never idly employed, to ask this question?"

"Your friendship makes too flattering the acumen of your judgment," answered the modest Clutterbuck. "It has indeed been my lot to cultivate the fields of truth, as transmitted unto our hands by the wise men of old; and I have much to be thankful for, that I have, in the employ, been neither curtailed in my leisure, nor abased in my independence—the two great goods of a calm and meditative mind; yet are there moments in which I am led to doubt of the wisdom of my pursuits: and when, with a feverish and shaking hand, I put aside the books which have detained me from my rest till the morning hour, and repair unto a couch often baffled of slumber by the pains and discomforts of this worn and feeble frame, I almost wish I could purchase the rude health of the peasant by the exchange of an idle and imperfect learning for the ignorance, content with the narrow world it professes, because unconscious of the limitless creation beyond. Yet, my dear and esteemed friend, there is a dignified and tranquilizing philosophy in the writings of the ancients which ought to teach me a better condition of mind; and when I have risen from the lofty, albeit somewhat melancholy strain, which swells through the essays of the graceful and tender Cicero, I have indeed felt a momentary satisfaction at my studies, and an elation even at the petty success with which I have cherished them. But these are brief and fleeting moments, and deserve chastisement for their pride. There is one thing, my Pelham, which has grieved me bitterly of late, and that is, that in the earnest attention which it is the—perhaps fastidious—custom of our University to pay to the minutiae of classic lore, I do now oftentimes lose the spirit and beauty of the general bearing; nay, I derive a far greater pleasure from the ingenious amendment of a perverted text, than

from all the turn and thought of the sense itself: while I am straightening a crooked nail in the wine-cask, I suffer the wine to evaporate; but to this I am somewhat reconciled, when I reflect that it was also the misfortune of the great Porson, and the elaborate Parr, men with whom I blush to find myself included in the same sentence."

"My friend," said I, "I wish neither to wound your modesty, nor to impugn your pursuits; but think you not that it would be better, both for men and for yourself, if, while you are yet in the vigour of your age and reason, you occupy your ingenuity and application in some more useful and lofty work, than that which you suffered me to glance at in your library; and, moreover, as the great object of him who would perfect his mind, is first to strengthen the faculties of his body, would it not be prudent in you to lessen for a time your devotion to books; to exercise yourself in the fresh air—to relax the bow, by loosing the string; to mix more with the living, and impart to men in conversation, as well as in writing, whatever the incessant labour of many years may have hoarded? Come, if not to town, at least to its vicinity; the profits of your living, if even tolerably managed, will enable you to do so without inconvenience. Leave your books to their shelves, and your flock to their curate, and—you shake your head—do I displease you?"

"No, no, my kind and generous adviser;—but as the twig was set, the tree must grow. I have not been without that ambition which, however vain and sinful, is the first passion to enter the wayward and tossing vessel of our soul, and the last to leave its stranded and shattered wreck; but mine found and attained its object at an age when in others it is, as yet, a vague and unsettled feeling; and it feeds now rather upon the recollections of what has been, than ventures forward on a sea of untried and strange expectation. As for my studies! how can you, who have, and in no moderate draught, drunk of the old stream of Castaly,—how can you ask me now to change them? Are not the ancients my food, my aliment, my solace in sorrow, my sympathizers, my very benefactors, in joy? Take them away from me, and you take away the very winds which purify and give motion to the obscure and silent current of my life. Besides, my Pelham, it cannot have escaped your observation, that there is little in my present state which promises a long increase of days; the few that remain to me must glide away like their predecessors; and whatever be the infirmities of my body, and the little harassments which, I am led to suspect, do occasionally molest the most fortunate, who link themselves unto the unstable and fluctuating part of creation, which we term women, more especially in an hymeneal capacity—whatever these may be, I have my refuge and my comforter in the golden-souled and dreaming Plato, and the sententious wisdom of the less imaginative Seneca. Nor, when I am reminded of my approaching dissolution by the symptoms which do mostly at the midnight hour press themselves upon me, is there a small and inglorious pleasure in the hope that I may meet, hereafter, in those islands of the blest which they dimly dreamt of, but which are opened unto my vision, without a cloud, or mist, or shadow of uncertainty and doubt, with those bright spirits which we do now converse with so imperfectly;

that I may catch from the very lips of Homer, the unclouded gorgeousness of fiction, and from the accents of Archimedes, the unadulterated calculations of truth."

Clutterbuck ceased; and the glow of his enthusiasm diffused itself over his sunken eye and presumptive cheek. The boy, who had sat apart, and silent, during our discourse, laid his head upon the table, and sobbed audibly; and I rose, deeply affected, to offer to one to whom they were, indeed, unavailing, the wishes and blessing of an eager, but not hardened disciple of the world. We parted: on this earth we can never meet again. The light has wasted itself away beneath the bushel. It will be six weeks to-morrow since the meek and noble-minded academician breathed his last.

CHAPTER LXV.

'Tis but a single murder.
LILLO'S Fatal Curiosity.

It was in a melancholy and thoughtful mood that I rode away from the parsonage. Numerous and hearty were the maledictions I bestowed upon a system of education which, while it was so ineffective with the many, was so pernicious to the few. Miserable delusion (thought I) that encourages the ruin of health and the perversion of intellect, by studies that are as unprofitable to the world as they are destructive to the possessor—that incapacitate him for public, and unfit him for private, life;—and that, while they expose him to the ridicule of strangers, render him the victim of his wife, and the prey of his domestic!

Buried in such reflections, I rode quickly on, till I found myself, once more, on the heath. I looked anxiously round for the conspicuous equipage of Lady Chester, but in vain: the ground was thin—nearly all the higher orders had retired: the common people, grouped together, and clamouring noisily, were withdrawing: and the shrill voices of the itinerant hawkers of cards and bills had, at length, subsided into silence. I rode over the ground, in the hope of finding some solitary straggler of our party. Alas! there was not one; and, with much reluctance at, and distaste to, my lonely retreat, I turned in a homeward direction from the course.

The evening had already set in, but there was a moon in the cold gray sky, that I could almost have thanked, in a sonnet, for a light which I felt was never more welcomingly dispensed, when I thought of the cross roads and dreary country I had to pass before I reached the longed-for haven of Chester Park. After I had left the direct road, the wind, which had before been piercingly keen, fell, and I perceived a dark cloud behind, which began slowly to overtake my steps. I care little, in general, for the discomfort of a shower; yet, as when we are in one misfortune we always exaggerate the consequence of a new one, I looked upon my dark pursuer with a very impatient and petulant frown, and set my horse on a trot, much more suitable to my inclination than his own. Indeed, he seemed fully alive to the cornless state of the parson's stable, and evinced his sense of the circumstance by a very languid mode of progression, and a constant attempt, whenever his

pace abated, and I suffered the rein to stumble upon his neck, to crop the rank grass that sprang up on either side of our road. I had proceeded about three miles on my way, when I heard the clatter of hoofs behind me. My even pace soon suffered me to be overtaken; and, as the stranger checked his horse, when he was nearly by my side, I turned towards him, and beheld Sir John Tyrrell.

"Well," said he, "this is really fortunate; for I began to fear I should have my ride, this cold evening, entirely to myself."

"I imagined that you had long reached Chester Park by this time," said I. "Did not you leave the course with our party?"

"No," answered Tyrrell; "I had business, at Newmarket, with a rascally fellow of the name of Dawson. He lost to me rather a considerable wager, and asked me to come to town with him after the race, in order to pay me. As he said he lived on the direct road to Chester Park, and would direct, and even accompany me, through all the difficult part of the ride, I the less regretted not joining Chester and his party; and you know, Pelham, that when pleasure pulls one way, and money another, it is all over with the first. Well,—to return to my rascal—would you believe, that when we got to Newmarket, he left me at the inn, in order, he said, to fetch the money; and after having kept me in a cold room, with a smoky chimney, for more than an hour, without making his appearance, I sallied out into the town, and found Mr. Dawson quietly seated in a hell with that scoundrel Thornton, whom I did not conceive, till then, he was acquainted with. It seems that he was to win, at hazard, sufficient to pay his wager! You may fancy my anger, and the consequent increase to it, when he rose from the table, approached me, expressed his sorrow, d—d his ill luck, and informed me that he could not pay me for three months. You know that I could not ride home with such a fellow—he might have robbed me by the way—so I returned to my inn—dined—ordered my horse—set off—*en cavalier seul*—inquired my way of every passenger I passed, and after innumerable misdirections—here I am!"

"I cannot sympathize with you," said I, "since I am benefited by your misfortunes. But do you think it very necessary to trot so fast? I fear my horse can scarcely keep up with yours."

Tyrrell cast an impatient glance at my panting steed. "It is cursed unlucky you should be so badly mounted, and we shall have a pelting shower presently."

In complaisance to Tyrrell, I endeavoured to accelerate my steed. The roads were rough and stony; and I had scarcely got the tired animal into a sharp trot, before—whether or no by some wrench among the deep ruts and flinty causeway—he fell suddenly lame. The impetuosity of Tyrrell broke out in oaths, and we both dismounted to examine the cause of my horse's hurt, in the hope that it might only be the intrusion of some pebble between the shoe and the hoof. While we were yet investigating the cause of our misfortune, two men on horseback overtook us. Tyrrell looked up. "By heaven," said he, in a low tone, "it's that dog Dawson, and his worthy coadjutor, Tom Thornton."

"What's the matter, gentlemen?" cried the

bluff voice of the latter. "Can I be of any assistance?" and without waiting our reply, he dismounted, and came up to us. He had no sooner felt the horse's leg, than he assured us it was a most severe strain, and that the utmost I could expect would be to walk the brute gently home.

As Tyrrell broke out into impatient violence at this speech, the sharper looked up at him with an expression of countenance I by no means liked, but in a very civil, and even respectful tone, said, "If you want, Sir John, to reach Chester Park sooner than Mr. Pelham can possibly do, suppose you ride on with us; I will put you in the direct road before I quit you." (Good breeding, thought I, to propose leaving me to find my own way through this labyrinth of ruts and stones!) However, Tyrrell, who was in a yile humour, refused the offer, in no very courteous manner; and added, that he should continue with me as long as he could, and did not doubt that when he left me he should be able to find his own way. Thornton pressed the invitation still closer, and even offered, *sotto voce*, to send Dawson on before, should the baronet object to his company.

"Pray, sir," said Tyrrell, "leave me alone, and busy yourself about your own affairs." After so tart a reply, Thornton thought it useless to say more; he remounted, and with a silent and swaggering nod of familiarity, soon rode away with his companion.

"I am sorry," said I, as we were slowly proceeding, "that you rejected Thornton's offer."

"Why, to say truth," answered Tyrrell, "I have so very bad an opinion of him, that I was almost afraid to trust myself in his company on so dreary a road. I have nearly (and he knows it) to the amount of two thousand pounds about me; for I was very fortunate in my betting-book to-day."

"I know nothing about racing regulations," said I; "but I thought one never paid sums of that amount upon the ground?"

"Ah!" answered Tyrrell, "but I won this sum, which is 1800*l.*, of a country squire from Norfolk, who said he did not know when he should see me again; and insisted on paying me on the spot: 'faith I was not nice in the matter. Thornton was standing by at the time, and I did not half like the turn of his eye when he saw me put it up. Do you know, too,'" continued Tyrrell, after a pause, "that I had a d—d fellow dodging me all day, and yesterday too; wherever I go, I am sure to see him. He seems constantly, though distantly, to follow me; and what is worse, he wraps himself up so well, and keeps at so cautious a distance, that I can never catch a glimpse of his face."

I know not why, but at that moment the recollection of the muffled figure I had seen upon the course, flashed upon me.

"Does he wear a long horseman's cloak?" said I.

"He does," answered Tyrrell, in surprise; "have you observed him?"

"I saw such a person on the race-ground," replied I; "but only for an instant!"

Farther conversation was suspended by a few heavy drops which fell upon us; the cloud had passed over the moon, and was hastening rapidly and loweringly over our heads. Tyrrell was neither of an age, a frame, nor a temper, to be so indifferent to a hearty wetting as myself.

"God!" he cried, "you must put on that beast of yours—I can't get wet for all the horses in the world."

I was not much pleased with the dictatorial tone of this remark. "It is impossible," said I, "especially as the horse is not my own, and seems considerably lazier than at first; but let me not detain you."

"Well!" cried Tyrrell, in a raised and angry voice, which pleased me still less than his former remark; "but how am I to find my way, if I leave you?"

"Keep straight on," said I, "for a mile farther, then a sign-post will direct you to the left; after a short time, you will have a steep hill to descend, at the bottom of which is a large pool, and a singularly shaped tree; then keep straight on, till you pass a house belonging to Mr. Dawson——"

"Come, come, Pelham, make haste!" exclaimed Tyrrell impatiently, as the rain began now to descend fast and heavy.

"When you have passed that house," I resumed coolly, rather enjoying his petulance, "you must bear to the right for six miles, and you will be at Chester Park in less than an hour."

Tyrrell made no reply, but put spurs to his horse. The pattering rain and the angry heavens soon drowned the last echoes of the receding hoof-clang.

For myself I looked in vain for a tree; not even a shrub was to be found; the fields lay bare on either side, with no other partition but a dead hedge, and a deep dike. "*Levius fit patientia*," etc., thought I, as Horace said, and Vincent would say; and in order to divert my thoughts from my situation, I turned them towards my diplomatic success with Lord Chester. Presently, for I think scarcely five minutes had elapsed since Tyrrell's departure, a horseman passed me at a sharp pace; the moon was hid by the dense cloud; and the night, though not wholly dark, was dim and obscured, so that I could only catch the outline of the fitting figure. A thrill of fear crept over me, when I saw that it was enveloped in a horseman's cloak. I soon rallied;—"There are more cloaks in the world than one," said I to myself; "besides, even if it be Tyrrell's dodger, as he calls him, the banner is better mounted than any highwayman since the days of Du Val; and is, moreover, strong enough and cunning enough to take admirable care of himself." With this reflection I dismissed the occurrence from my thoughts, and once more returned to self-congratulations upon my own incomparable genius. "I shall now," I thought, "have well earned my seat in parliament: Dawson will indisputably be, if not the prime, the principal minister in rank and influence. He cannot fail to promote me for his own sake, as well as mine; and when I have once fairly got my legs in St. Stephen's, I shall soon have my hands in office: 'power,' says some one, 'is a snake that when it once finds a hole into which it can introduce its head, soon manages to wriggle in the rest of its body.'"

With such meditations I endeavoured to beguile the time, and cheat myself into forgetfulness of the lameness of my horse, and the dripping wetness of his rider. At last the storm began sullenly to subside: one impetuous torrent, tenfold more violent than those that had preceded it, was followed by a momentary stillness, which was again broken

by a short relapse of a less formidable severity, and, the moment it ceased, the beautiful moon broke out, the cloud rolled heavily away, and the sky shone forth, as fair and smiling as Lady —— at a ball, after she has been beating her husband at home.

But at that instant, or perhaps a second before the storm ceased, I thought I heard the sound of a human cry. I paused, and my heart stood still—I could have heard a gnat hum: the sound was not repeated; my ear caught nothing but the plashing of the rain-drops from the dead hedges, and the murmur of the swollen dikes, as the waters pent within them rolled hurriedly on. By-and-by, an owl came suddenly from behind me, and screamed as it flapped across my path; that, too, went rapidly away: and with a smile at what I deemed my own fancy, I renewed my journey. I soon came to the precipitous descent I have before mentioned; I dismounted, for safety, from my drooping and jaded horse, and led him down the hill. At a distance beyond I saw something dark moving on the grass which bordered the road; as I advanced, it started forth from the shadow, and fled rapidly before me, in the moonshine—it was a riderless horse. A chilling foreboding seized me: I looked round for some weapon, such as the hedge might afford; and finding a strong stick of tolerable weight and thickness, I proceeded more cautiously, but more fearlessly than before. As I wound down the hill, the moonlight fell full upon the remarkable and lonely tree I had observed in the morning. Bare, wan, and giant-like, as it rose amidst the surrounding waste, it borrowed even a more startling and ghostly appearance from the cold and lifeless moonbeams which fell around and upon it like a shroud. The retreating steed I had driven before me paused before this tree. I hastened my steps, as if by an involuntary impulse, as well as the enfeebled animal I was leading would allow me, and discovered a horseman galloping across the waste at full speed. The ground over which he passed was steeped in the moonshine, and I saw the long and disguising cloak, in which he was enveloped, as clearly as by the light of day. I paused, and as I was following him with my looks, my eye fell upon some obscure object by the left side of the pool. I threw my horse's rein over the hedge firmly, and, grasping my stick, hastened to the spot. As I approached the object, I perceived that it was a human figure; it was lying still and motionless: the limbs were half immersed in the water—the face was turned upwards—the side and throat were wet with a deep red stain—it was of blood; the thin, dark hairs of the head were clotted together over a frightful and disfiguring contusion. I bent over the face in a shuddering and freezing silence. It was the countenance of Sir John Tyrrell.

CHAPTER LXVI.

—— Marry, he was dead—
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late;
Whom you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed,
For Fleance fled. *Macbeth.*

It is a fearful thing, even to the hardest nerves, to find ourselves suddenly alone with the dead. How much more so, if we have, but a breathing

interval before, moved and conversed with the warm and living likeness of the motionless clay before us!

And this was the man from whom I had parted in coldness—almost in anger—at a word—a breath! I took up the heavy hand—it fell from my grasp; and as it did so, I thought a change passed over the livid countenance. I was deceived; it was but a light cloud fitting over the moon;—it rolled away, and the placid and guiltless light shone over that scene of dread and blood, making more wild and chilling the eternal contrast of earth and heaven—man and his Maker—passion and immutability—dust and immortality.

But that was not a moment for reflection—a thousand thoughts hurried upon me, and departed as swift and confusedly as they came. My mind seemed a jarring and benighted chaos of the faculties which were its elements; and I had stood several minutes over the corpse before, by a vigorous effort, I shook off the stupor that possessed me, and began to think of the course that it now behooved me to pursue.

The house I had noted in the morning was, I knew, within a few minutes' walk of the spot: but it belonged to Dawson, upon whom the first weight of my suspicions rested. I called to mind the disreputable character of that man, and the still more daring and hardened one of his companion Thornton. I remembered the reluctance of the deceased to accompany them, and the well-grounded reason he assigned; and, my suspicions amounting to certainty, I resolved rather to proceed to Chester Park, and there give the alarm, than to run the unnecessary risk of interrupting the murderers in the very lair of their retreat. And yet, thought I, as I turned slowly away, how, if *they* were the villains; is the appearance and flight of the disguised horseman to be accounted for?

Then flashed upon my recollection all that Tyrrell had said of the dogged pursuit of that mysterious person, and the circumstance of his having passed me upon the road so immediately after Tyrrell had quitted me. These reflections (associated with a name that I did not dare breathe even to myself, although I could not suppress a suspicion which accounted at once for the pursuit, and even for the deed) made me waver in, and almost renounce, my former condemnation of Thornton and his friend: and by the time I reached the white gate and dwarfish avenue which led to Dawson's house, I resolved, at all events, to halt at the solitary mansion, and mark the effect my information would cause.

A momentary fear for my own safety came across me, but was as instantly dismissed:—for even supposing the friends were guilty, still it would be no object to them to extend their remorseless villany to me; and I knew that I could sufficiently command my own thoughts to prevent any suspicion I might form, from mounting to my countenance, or discovering itself in my manner.

There was a light in the upper story; it burned still and motionless. How holy seemed the tranquillity of life contrasted with the forced and fearful silence of the death scene I had just witnessed! I rang twice at the door—no one came to answer my summons, but the light in the upper window moved hurriedly to and fro.

"They are coming," said I to myself. No such thing—the casement above was opened—I looked

up, and discovered, to my infinite comfort and delight, a blunderbuss protruded eight inches out of the window in a direct line with my head; I receded close to the wall with no common precipitation.

"Get away, you rascal," said a gruff but trembling voice, "or I'll blow your brains out."

"My good sir," I replied, still keeping my situation, "I come on urgent business, either to Mr. Thornton or Mr. Dawson; and you had better, therefore, if the delay is not very inconvenient, defer the honour you offer me, till I have delivered my message."

"Master and 'Squire Thornton are not returned from Newmarket, and we cannot let any one in till they come home," replied the voice, in a tone somewhat mollified by my rational remonstrance; and while I was deliberating what rejoinder to make, a rough, red head, like Liston's in a farce, poked itself cautiously out under cover of the blunderbuss, and seemed to reconnoitre my horse and myself. Presently another head, but attired in the more civilized gear of a cap and flowers, peeped over the first person's left shoulder; the view appeared to reassure them both.

"Sir," said the female, "my husband and Mr. Thornton are not returned; and we have been so much alarmed of late, by an attack on the house, that I cannot admit any one till their return."

"Madam," I replied, reverently doffing my hat, "I do not like to alarm you by mentioning the information I should have given to Mr. Dawson; only oblige me by telling them, on their return, to look beside the pool on the common; they will then do as best pleases them."

Upon this speech, which certainly was of no agreeable tendency, the blunderbuss palpitated so violently, that I thought it highly imprudent to tarry any longer in so perilous a vicinity; accordingly, I made the best of my way out of the avenue, and once more resumed my road to Chester Park.

I arrived there at length; the gentlemen were still in the dining-room. I sent out for Lord Chester, and communicated the scene I had witnessed, and the cause of my delay.

"What, Brown Bob lamed?" said he, "and Tyrrell—poor—poor fellow, how shocking! We must send instantly. Here, John! Tom! Wilson!" and his lordship shouted and rang the bell in an indescribable agitation.

The under butler appeared, and Lord Chester began—"My head groom—Sir John Tyrrell is murdered—violent sprain in off leg—send lights with Mr. Pelham—poor gentleman—an express instantly to Dr. Physicon—Mr. Pelham will tell you all—Brown Bob—his throat cut from ear to ear—what shall be done?" and with this coherent and explanatory harangue, the marquis sank down in his chair in a sort of hysteric.

The under butler looked at him in suspicious bewilderment. "Come," said I, "I will explain what his lordship means;" and, taking the man out of the room, I gave him, in brief, the necessary particulars. I ordered a fresh horse for myself, and four horsemen to accompany me. While these were preparing, the news was rapidly spreading, and I was soon surrounded by the whole house. Many of the gentlemen wished to accompany me; and Lord Chester, who had at last recovered from his stupor, insisted upon heading the search. We set off, to the number of fourteen, and soon arrived

at Dawson's house: the light in the upper room was still burning. We rang, and after a brief pause, Thornton himself opened the door to us. He looked pale and agitated.

"How shocking!" he said directly—"we are only just returned from the spot."

"Accompany us, Mr. Thornton," said I, sternly, and fixing my eye upon him.

"Certainly," was his immediate answer, without testifying any confusion—"I will fetch my hat." He went into the house for a moment.

"Do you suspect these people?" whispered Lord Chester.

"Not suspect," said I "but *doubt*."

We proceeded down the avenue: "Where is Mr. Dawson?" said I to Thornton.

"O, within!" answered Thornton. "Shall I fetch him?"

"Do," was my brief reply.

Thornton was absent some minutes; when he reappeared, Dawson was following him. "Poor fellow," said he to me in a low tone—"he was so shocked by the sight, that he is still all in a panic; besides, as you will see, he is half drunk still."

I made no answer, but looked narrowly at Dawson; he was evidently, as Thornton said, greatly intoxicated; his eyes swam, and his feet staggered as he approached us; yet, through all the natural effects of drunkenness, he seemed nervous and frightened. This, however, might be the natural (and consequently innocent) effect of the mere sight of an object so full of horror; and, accordingly, I laid little stress upon it.

We reached the fatal spot: the body seemed perfectly unmoved. "Why," said I, apart to Thornton, while all the rest were crowding fearfully round the corpse—"why did you not take the body within?"

"I was going to return here with our servant for that purpose," answered the gambler; "for poor Dawson was both too drunk and too nervous to give me any assistance."

"And how came it," I rejoined, eyeing him searchingly, "that you and your friend had not returned home when I called there, although you had both long since passed me on the road, and I had never overtaken you?"

Thornton, without any hesitation, replied—"Because, during the violence of the shower, we cut across the fields to an old shed, which we recollected, and we remained there till the rain had ceased."

"They are probably innocent," thought I—and I turned to look once more at the body, which our companions had now raised. There was upon the head a strong contusion, as if inflicted by some blunt and heavy instrument. The fingers of the right hand were deeply gashed, and one of them almost dismembered: the unfortunate man had, in all probability, grasped the sharp weapon from which his other wounds proceeded; these were one wide cut along the throat, and another in the side; either of them would have occasioned his death.

In loosening the clothes, another wound was discovered, but apparently of a less fatal nature; and in lifting the body, the broken blade of a long sharp instrument, like a case-knife, was discovered. It was the opinion of the surgeon, who afterward examined the body, that the blade had been broken by coming in contact with one of the rib bones; and it was by this that he accounted for the slight-

ness of the last mentioned wound. I looked carefully among the fern and long grass, to see if I could discover any other token of the murderer: Thornton assisted me. At the distance of some feet from the body, I thought I perceived something glitter. I hastened to the place, and picked up a miniature. I was just going to cry out, when Thornton whispered—"Hush! I know the picture: it is as I suspected!"

An icy thrill ran through my very heart. With a desperate but trembling hand, I cleansed from the picture the blood, in which, notwithstanding its distance from the corpse, the greater part of it was bathed. I looked upon the features; they were those of a young and singularly beautiful female. I recognised them not: I turned to the other side of the miniature; upon it were braided two locks of hair—one was the long, dark ringlet of a woman, the other was of a light auburn. Beneath were four letters. I looked eagerly at them. "My eyes are dim," said I, in a low tone to Thornton, "I cannot trace the initials."

"But I can," replied he, in the same whispered key, but with a savage exultation, which made my heart stand still: "they are G. D., R. G.; they are the initials of Gertrude Douglass and *Reginald Glanville*."

I looked up at the speaker—our eyes met—I grasped his hand vehemently. He understood me. "Put it up," said he; "we will keep the secret." All this, so long in the recital, passed in the rapidity of a moment.

"Have you found any thing there, Pelham?" shouted one of our companions.

"No!" cried I, thrusting the miniature in my bosom, and turning unconcernedly away.

We carried the corpse to Dawson's house. The poor wife was in fits. We heard her scream as we laid the body upon a table in the parlour.

"What more can be done?" said Lord Chester.

"Nothing," was the general answer. No excitation makes the English people insensible to the chance of catching cold!

"Let us go home, then, and send to the nearest magistrate," exclaimed our host: and this proposal required no repetition.

On our way, Chester said to me, "That fellow Dawson looked devilish uneasy—don't you still suspect him and his friend?"

"I do not!" answered I, emphatically.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

And now I'm in the world alone,
* * * * *
But why for others should I groan,
When none will sigh for me?
BYRON.

THE whole country was in confusion at the news of the murder. All the myrmidons of justice were employed in the most active research for the murderers. Some few persons were taken up on suspicion, but were as instantly discharged. Thornton and Dawson underwent a long and rigorous examination; but no single tittle of evidence against them appeared: they were consequently dismissed. The only suspicious circumstance against them was their delay on the road: but the cause given, the same as Thornton had at

first assigned to me, was probable and natural. The shed was indicated, and, as if to confirm Thornton's account, a glove belonging to that person was found there. To crown all, my own evidence, in which I was constrained to mention the circumstance of the muffled horseman having passed me on the road, and being found by me on the spot itself, threw the whole weight of suspicion upon that man, whoever he might be.

All attempts, however, to discover him were in vain. It was ascertained that a man, muffled in a cloak, was seen at Newmarket, but not remarkably observed; it was also discovered, that a person so habited had put up a gray horse to bait in one of the inns at Newmarket; but in the throng of strangers, neither the horse nor its owner had drawn down any particular remark.

On further inquiry, testimony differed; *four* or *five* men, in cloaks, had left their horses at the stables; one ostler changed the colour of the steed to brown, a second to black, a third deposed that the gentleman was remarkably tall, and the waiter swore solemnly he had given a glass of brandy and water to an *unked* looking gentleman, in a cloak, who was remarkably short. In fine, no material point could be proved, and though the officers were still employed in active search, they could trace nothing that promised a speedy discovery.

As for myself, as soon as I decently could, I left Chester Park, with a most satisfactory despatch in my pocket, from its possessor to Lord Dawton, and found myself once more on the road to London.

Alas! how different were my thoughts, how changed the temper of my mind, since I had last travelled that road! Then I was full of hope, energy, ambition—of interest for Reginald Glanville—of adoration for his sister; and *now*, I leaned back listless and dispirited, without a single feeling to gladden the restless and feverish despair which, ever since *that* night, had possessed me! What was ambition henceforth to me! The most selfish among us must have some human being to whom to refer—with whom to connect—to associate—to treasure the triumphs and gratifications of self. Where now for my heart was such a being! My earliest friend, for whom my esteem was the greater for his sorrows, my interest the keener for his mystery, Reginald Glanville, was a murderer! a dastardly, a barbarous felon, whom the chance of an instant might convict!—and she—she, the only woman in the world I had ever really loved—who had ever pierced the thousand folds of my ambitious and scheming heart—*she* was the sister of the assassin!

Then came over my mind the savage and exulting eye of Thornton, when it read the damning record of Glanville's guilt; and in spite of my horror at the crime of my former friend, I trembled for his safety; nor was I satisfied with myself at my prevarication as a witness. It is true that I had told the truth, but I had concealed *all* the truth; and my heart swelled proudly and bitterly against the miniature which I still concealed in my bosom.

Light as I may seem to the reader, bent upon the pleasures and the honours of the great world, as I really was, there had never, since I had recognised and formed a decided code of principles, been a single moment in which I had transgressed it: and perhaps I was sterner and more inflexible in the tenets of my morality, such as they were,

than even the most zealous worshipper of the letter, as well as the spirit, of the law and the prophets would require. Certainly there were many pangs within me, when I reflected, that to save a criminal, in whose safety I was selfishly concerned, I had tampered with my honour, paltered with the truth, and broken what I felt to be a peremptory and inviolable duty. Let it be for ever remembered, that, once acknowledge and ascertain that a principle is publicly good, and no possible private motive should ever induce you to depart from it.

It was with a heightened pulse, and a burning cheek, that I entered London; before midnight I was in high fever; they sent for the vultures of physic—I was bled copiously—I was kept quiet in bed for six days; at the end of that time, my constitution and youth restored me. I took up one of the newspapers listlessly; Glanville's name struck me; I read the paragraph which contained it—it was a high flown and festian panegyric on his genius and promise. I turned to another column: it contained a long speech he had the night before made in the House of Commons.

"Can such things be?" thought I; yea, and thereby hangs a secret and an anomaly in the human heart. A man may commit the greatest of crimes, and—(if no other succeed to it) it changes not the current of his being; to all the world—to all intents—for all objects he may be the same. He may equally serve his country—equally benefit his friends—he generous—brave, benevolent, all that he was before. One crime, however heinous, makes no revolution in the system—it is only the *perpetual* course of sins, vices, follies, however insignificant they may seem, which alters the nature and hardens the heart.

My mother was out of town when I returned there. They had written to her during my illness, and while I was yet musing over the day's journal, a letter from her was put into my hand. I transcribe it.

"MY DEAREST HENRY,—

"How dreadfully uneasy I am about you! write to me directly. I would come to town myself, but am staying with dear Lady Dawton, who will not hear of my going; and I cannot offend her, for *your* sake. By-the-by, why have you not called upon Lord Dawton! but I forget, you have been ill. My dear, dear child, I am wretched about you, and how pale your illness will make you look! just too, as the best part of the season is coming on. How unlucky! Pray, don't wear a black cravat when you next call on Lady Rosville; but choose a very fine *baptiste* one—it will make you look rather delicate than ill. What physician do you have? I hope, in God, that it is Sir Henry Halford. I shall be too miserable if it is not. I am sure no one can conceive the anguish I suffer. Your father, too, poor man, has been laid up with the gout for the last three days. Keep up your spirits, my dearest child, and get some light books to entertain you: but, pray, as soon as you are well, do go to Lord Dawton's—he is dying to see you; but he sure not to catch cold. How did you like Lady Chester? Pray take the greatest care of yourself, and write soon to

"Your wretched, and most affectionate mother,

"F. P.

"P. S. How dreadfully shocking about that poor Sir John Tyrrell!"

I tossed the letter from me. Heaven pardon me if the misanthropy of my mood made me less grateful for the maternal solicitude than I should otherwise have been.

I took up one of the numerous books with which my table was covered; it was a worldly work of one of the French reasoners; it gave a new turn to my thoughts—my mind reverted to its former projects of ambition. Who does not know what active citizens private misfortune makes us? The public is like the pool of Bethesda—we all hasten there, to plunge in and rid ourselves of our afflictions.

I drew my portfolio to me, and wrote to Lord Dawton. Three hours after I had sent the note, he called upon me. I gave him Lord Chester's letter, but he had already received from that nobleman a notification of my success. He was profuse in his compliments and thanks.

"And, do you know," added the statesman, "that you have quite made a conquest of Lord Gulocton? He speaks of you publicly in the highest terms; I wish we could get him and his votes. We must be strengthened, my dear Pelham; every thing depends on the crisis."

"Are you certain of the cabinet?" I asked.

"Yes; it is not yet publicly announced, but it is fully known among us, who comes in, and who stays out. I am to have the place of —."

"I congratulate your lordship from my heart. What post do you design for me?"

Lord Dawton changed countenance. "Why—really—Pelham, we have not yet filled up the lesser appointments, but you shall be well remembered—well, my dear Pelham—be sure of it!"

I looked at the noble speaker with a glance which, I flatter myself, is peculiar to me. Is, I thought I, the embryo minister playing upon me as upon one of his dependent tools? Let him beware! The anger of the moment passed away.

"Lord Dawton," said I, "one word, and I have done discussing my claims for the present. Do you mean to place me in Parliament as soon as you are in the cabinet? What else you intend for me, I question not."

"Yes, assuredly, Pelham. How can you doubt it?"

"Enough!—and now read this letter from France."

• • • • •

Two days after my interview with Lord Dawton, as I was riding leisurely through the Green Park, in no very bright and social mood, one of the favoured carriages, whose owners are permitted to say, "*Hic iter est nobis*," overtook me. A sweet voice ordered the coachman to stop, and then addressed itself to me.

"What, the hero of Chester Park returned, without having once narrated his adventures to me?"

"Beautiful Lady Roseville," said I, "I plead guilty of negligence—not treason. I forgot, it is true, to appear before you, but I forget not the devotion of my duty now that I behold you. Command, and I obey."

"See, Ellen," said Lady Roseville, turning to a bending and blushing countenance beside her, which I then first perceived—"see what it is to be a knight-errant; even his language is worthy of Amadis of Gaul—but—(again addressing me)—

your adventures are really too shocking a subject to treat lightly. We lay our serious orders on you to come to our castle this night; we shall be alone."

"Willingly shall I repair to your bower, *sayre ladic*; but tell me, I beseech you, how many persons are signified in the word 'alone?'"

"Why," answered Lady Roseville, "I fear we may have two or three people with us; but I think, Ellen, we may promise our chevalier that the number shall not exceed twelve."

I bowed and rode on. What worlds would I not have given to have touched the hand of the countess's companion, though only for an instant. But—and that fearful *but* chilled me like an ice-bolt. I put spurs to my horse, and dashed fiercely onwards. There was rather a high wind stirring, and I bent my face from it, so as scarcely to see the course of my spirited and impatient horse.

"What ho, sir!—what ho!" cried a shrill voice—"for God's sake, don't ride over me before dinner, whatever you do after it!"

I pulled up. "Ah, Lord Gulocton! how happy I am to see you; pray forgive my blindness, and my horse's stupidity."

"'Tis an ill wind," answered the noble gourmand, "which blows nobody good;—an excellent proverb, the veracity of which is daily attested;—for, however unpleasant a keen wind may be, there is no doubt of its being a marvellous whetter of that greatest of Heaven's blessings—an appetite. Little, however, did I expect, that besides blowing me a relish for my *sauté de foie gras*, it would also blow me one who might, probably, be a partaker of my enjoyment. Honour me with your company at dinner to-day."

"What saloon will you dine in, my Lord Lucullus?" said I, in allusion to the custom of the epicure, by whose name I addressed him.

"The saloon of Diana," replied Gulocton—"for she must certainly have shot the fine buck of which Lord H. sent me the haunch that we shall have to-day. It is the true old Meynell breed. I ask you not to meet Mr. So-and-so, and Lord What-d'ye-call-him: I ask you to meet a *sauté de foie gras*, and a haunch of venison."

"I will most certainly pay them my respects. Never did I know before how far *things* were better company than persons. Your lordship has taught me that great truth."

"God bless me!" cried Gulocton, with an air of vexation, "here comes the Duke of Stilton, a horrid person, who told me the other day, at my *petit diner*, when I apologized to him for some strange error of my *artiste's*, by which common vinegar had been substituted for Chili—who told me—what think you he told me? You cannot guess,—he told me, forsooth, that he did not care what he ate; and, for his part, he could make a very good dinner off a beef-steak! Why the deuce, then, did he come and dine with me? Could he have said any thing more cutting? Imagine my indignation, when I looked round my table and saw so many good things thrown away upon such an idiot."

Scarcely was the last word out of the gourmand's mouth before the noble personage so designated joined us. It amused me to see Gulocton's contempt (which he scarcely took the pains to suppress) of a person whom all Europe honoured, and his evident weariness of a companion whose society every one else would have coveted as the

submissum because of worldly distinction. As for me, feeling any thing but social, I soon left the ill-matched pair, and rode into the other park.

Just as I entered it, I perceived, on a dull, yet cross-looking pony, Mr. Wormwood, of bitter memory. Although we had not met since our mutual sojourn at Sir Lionel Garrett's, and were then upon very cool terms of acquaintance, he seemed resolved to recognise and claim me.

"My dear sir," said he, with a ghastly smile, "I am rejoiced once more to see you; bless me, how pale you look. I heard you had been very ill. Pray, have you been yet to that man who professes to cure consumption in the worst stages?"

"Yes," said I, "he read me two or three letters of reference from the patients he had cured. His last, he said, was a gentleman very far gone—a Mr. Wormwood."

"O, you are pleased to be facetious," said the cynic, coldly—"but pray do tell me about that horrid affair at Chester Park. How disagreeable it must have been to you to be taken up on suspicion of the murder!"

"Sir," said I, haughtily, "what do you mean?"

"O, you were not—wer'n't you? Well, I always thought it unlikely; but every one says so——"

"My dear sir," I rejoined, "how long is it since you have minded what everybody says? If I were so foolish, I should not be riding with you now; but I have always said, in contradiction to everybody, and even in spite of being universally laughed at for my singular opinion, that you, my dear Mr. Wormwood, were by no means silly, nor ignorant, nor insolent, nor intrusive; that you were, on the contrary, a very decent author, and a very good sort of man; and that you were so benevolent, that you daily granted, to some one or other, the greatest happiness in your power: it is a happiness I am now about to enjoy, and it consists in wishing you 'good by!'" And without waiting for Mr. Wormwood's answer, I gave the rein to my horse, and was soon lost among the crowd, which had now begun to assemble.

Hyde Park is a stupid place. The English of the fashionable world make business an enjoyment, and enjoyment a business: they are born without a smile; they rove about public places like so many easterly winds—cold, sharp, and cutting; or like a group of fogs on a frosty day, sent out of his hall by Boreas, for the express purpose of looking black at one another. When they ask you, "how you do," you would think they were measuring the length of your coffin. They are ever, it is true, labouring to be agreeable; but they are like Sisyphus, the stone they roll up the hill with so much toil, runs down again, and hits you a thump on the legs. They are sometimes polite, but invariably uncivil; their warmth is always artificial—their cold never; they are stiff without dignity, and cringing without manners. They offer you an affront, and call it, "plain truth;" they wound your feelings, and tell you it is manly "to speak their minds;" at the same time, while they have neglected all the graces and charities of artifice, they have adopted all its falsehood and deceit. While they profess to abhor servility, they adulate the peerage; while they tell you they care not a rush for the minister, they move heaven and earth for an invitation from the minister's wife. There is not another court in Europe where such a systematized meanness is carried on,—where

they will even believe you, when you assert that it exists. Abroad, you can smile at the vanity of one class, and the flattery of another: the first is too well bred to affront, the latter too graceful to disgust; but here, the pride of a noblesse, (by-the-way, the most mushroom in Europe,) knocks you down in a hail-storm, and the fawning of the bourgeois makes you sick with hot water. Then their amusements!—the heat—the dust—the sameness—the slowness of that odious park in the morning; and the same exquisite scene repeated in the evening, on the condensed stage of a rout-room, where one has more heat, with less air, and a narrower dungeon, with diminished possibility of escape!—we wander about like the damned in the story of Vathek, and we pass our lives, like the royal philosopher of Prussia, in conjugating the verb, *je m'ennuie*.

CHAPTER LXIX.

— In solo vivendi causa palato est.

JOURNAL.

— They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.
Vicar of Wakefield.

THE reflections which closed the last chapter will serve to show that I was in no very amiable or convivial temper, when I drove to Lord Gulocton's dinner. However, in the world, it matters little what may be our real mood, the mask hides the bent brow and the writhing lip.

Gulocton was stretched on his sofa, gazing with upward eye at the beautiful Venus which hung above his hearth. "You are welcome, Pelham; I am worshipping my household divinity!"

I prostrated myself on the opposite sofa, and made some answer to the classical epicure, which made us both laugh heartily. We then talked of pictures, painters, poets, the ancients, and Doctor Henderson on Wines; we gave ourselves up, without restraint, to the enchanting fascination of the last-named subject; and, our mutual enthusiasm confirming our cordiality, we went down stairs to our dinner, as charmed with each other as boon companions always should be.

"This is as it should be," said I, looking round at the well filled table, and the sparkling spirits immersed in the ice-pails; "a genuine friendly dinner. It is very rarely that I dare intrust myself to such extempore hospitality—*miserum est alienâ vivere quadrâ*;—a friendly dinner, a family meal, are things from which I fly with undisguised aversion. It is very hard that, in England, one cannot have a friend, on pain of being shot or poisoned; if you refuse his familiar invitations, he thinks you mean to affront him, and says something rude, for which you are forced to challenge him; if you accept them, you perish beneath the weight of boiled mutton and turnips, or——"

"My dear friend," interrupted Gulocton, with his mouth full, "it is very true; but this is no time for talking; let us eat."

I acknowledged the justice of the rebuke, and we did not interchange another word beyond the exclamations of surprise, pleasure, admiration, or dissatisfaction, called up by the objects which engrossed our attention, till we found ourselves alone with our dessert.

When I thought my host had imbibed a sufficient quantity of wine, I once more renewed my attack. I had tried him before upon that point of vanity which is centred in power, and political consideration, but in vain; I now bethought me of another.

"How few persons there are," said I, "capable of giving even a tolerable dinner—how many capable of admiring one worthy of estimation! I could imagine no greater triumph for the ambitious epicure, than to see at his board the first and most honoured persons of the state, all lost in wonder at the depth, the variety, the purity, the munificence of his taste; all forgetting, in the extorted respect which a gratified palate never fails to produce, the more visionary schemes and projects which usually occupy their thoughts;—to find those whom all England are soliciting for posts and power, become, in their turn, eager and craving aspirants for places at his table;—to know that all the grand movements of the ministerial body are planned and agitated over the inspirations of his viands and the excitement of his wine. From a haunch of venison, like the one of which we have partaken to-day, what noble and substantial measures might arise! From a *sauté de foie*, what delicate subtleties of finesse might have their origin! From a ragout à la financière, what god-like improvements in taxation! O, could such a lot be mine, I would envy neither Napoleon for the goodness of his fortune, nor S— for the grandeur of his genius."

Guloseton laughed. "The ardour of your enthusiasm blinds your philosophy, my dear Pelham; like Montesquieu, the liveliness of your fancy often makes you advance paradoxes which the consideration of your judgment would afterward condemn. For instance, you must allow, that if one had all those fine persons at one's table, one would be forced to talk more, and consequently to eat less: moreover, you would either be excited by your triumph, or you would not,—that is indisputable; if you are not excited, you have the bore for nothing; if you are excited, you spoil your digestion: nothing is so detrimental to the stomach as the feverish inquietude of the passions. All philosophies recommend calm as the *to kalon* of their code; and you must perceive, that if, in the course you advise, one has occasional opportunities of pride, one also has those of mortification. Mortification! terrible word; how many apoplexies have arisen from its source! No, Pelham, away with ambition; fill your glass, and learn, at last, the secret of real philosophy."

"Confound the man!" was my *mental* anathema—"Long life to the Solomon of *sautés*," was my *audible* exclamation.

"There is something," resumed Guloseton, "in your countenance and manner, at once so frank, lively, and ingenuous, that one is not only prepossessed in your favour, but desirous of your friendship. I tell you, therefore, in confidence, that nothing more amuses me than to see the courtship I receive from each party. I laugh at all the unwise and passionate contests in which others are engaged, and I would as soon think of entering into the chivalry of Don Quixote, or attacking the visionary enemies of the Bedlamite, as of taking part in the fury of politicians. At present, looking afar off at their delirium, I can ridicule it; were I to engage in it, I should be hurt by it. I

have no wish to become the weeping, instead of the laughing, philosopher. I sleep well now—I have no desire to sleep ill. I eat well—why should I lose my appetite? I am undisturbed and untackled in the enjoyments best suited to my taste—for what purpose should I be hurried into the abuse of the journalists and the witticisms of pamphleteers? I can ask those whom I like to my house—why should I be forced into asking those whom I do not like? In fine, my good Pelham, why should I sour my temper and shorten my life, put my green old age into flannel and physic, and become, from the happiest of sages, the most miserable of fools? Ambition reminds me of what Bacon says of anger—'It is like rain, it breaks itself upon that which it falls on.' Pelham, my boy, taste the *Château Margot*."

However hurt my vanity might be in having so ill succeeded in my object, I could not help smiling with satisfaction at my entertainer's principles of wisdom. My diplomatic honour, however, was concerned, and I resolved yet to gain him. If, hereafter, I succeeded, it was by a very different method than I had yet taken; meanwhile, I departed from the house of this modern Apicius, with a new insight into the great book of mankind, and a new conclusion from its pages; viz. that no virtue can make so perfect a philosopher as the senses. There is no content like that of the epicure—no active code of morals so difficult to conquer as the inertness of his indolence; he is the only being in the world for whom the present has a suppler gratification than the future.

My cabriolet soon whirled me to Lady Roseville's door; the first person I saw in the drawing-room was Ellen. She lifted up her eyes with that familiar sweetness with which they had long since learnt to welcome me. "She is the sister of a murderer!" was the thought that curdled my blood, and I bowed distantly and passed on.

I met Vincent. He seemed dispirited and dejected. He already saw how ill his party had succeeded; above all, he was enraged at the idea of the person assigned by rumour to fill the place he had intended for himself. This person was a sort of rival to his lordship, a man of quaintness and quotation, with as much learning as Vincent, equal wit, and—but that personage is still in office, and I will say no more, lest he should think I flatter.

To our subject. It has probably been observed that Lord Vincent had indulged less of late in that peculiar strain of learned humour formerly his wont. The fact is, that he had been playing another part; he wished to remove from his character that appearance of literary coxcombry with which he was accused. He knew well how necessary, in the game of politics, it is to appear no less a man of the world than of books; and though he was not averse to display his clerkship and scholastic information, yet he endeavoured to make them seem rather valuable for their weight, than curious for their fashion. How few there are in the world who retain, after a certain age, the character originally natural to them! We all get, as it were, a second skin; the little foibles, propensities, eccentricities, we first indulged through affectation, conglomerate and encrust till the artificiality grows into nature.

"Pelham," said Vincent, with a cold smile, "the day will be yours; the battle is not to the

strong—the Whigs will triumph. '*Pugère Pudor. verumque, fidesque; in quorum subière locum fraudesque dolique insidiasque, et vis, et amor accleratus habendi.*'"

"A pretty modest quotation," said I. "You must allow, at least, that the *amor accleratus habendi* was also, in some moderate degree, shared by the *Pudor* and *Fides* which characterize your party; otherwise I am at a loss how to account for the tough struggle against us we have lately had the honour of resisting."

"Never mind," replied Vincent, "I will not refute you:—"

"*La richesse permet une juste fierté;
Mais il faut être souple avec la pauvreté.*"

It is not for us, the defeated, to argue with you, the victors. But pray," continued Vincent, with a sneer which pleased me not, "pray, among this windfall of the Hesperian fruit, what nice little apple will fall to your share?"

"My good Vincent, don't let us anticipate; if any such apple should come into my lap, let it not be that of discord between us."

"Who talks of discord?" asked Lady Roseville, joining us.

"Lord Vincent," said I, "fancies himself the celebrated fruit, on which was written, *detur pulchriori*, to be given to the fairest. Suffer me, therefore, to make him a present to your ladyship."

Vincent muttered something which, as I really liked and esteemed him, I was resolved not to hear; accordingly I turned to another part of the room: there I found Lady Dawton—she was a tall, handsome woman, as proud as a liberal's wife ought to be. She received me with unusual graciousness, and I sat myself beside her. Three dowagers, and an old beau of the old school, were already sharing the conversation with the haughty countess. I found that the topic was society.

"No," said the old beau, who was entitled Mr. Clarendon, "society is very different from what it was in my younger days. You remember, Lady Paulet, those delightful parties at D—— House? Where shall we ever find any thing like them? Such ease, such company—even the mixture was so piquant; if one chanced to sit next a *bourgeois*, he was sure to be distinguished for his wit or talent. People were not tolerated, as now, merely for their riches."

"True," cried Lady Dawton, "it is the introduction of low persons, without any single pretension, which spoils the society of the present day!" And the three dowagers sighed amen, to this remark.

"And yet," said I, "since I may safely say so here without being suspected of a personality in the shape of a compliment, don't you think, that without any such mixture we should be very indifferent company? Do we not find those dinners and *soirées* the pleasantest where we see a minister next to a punster, a poet to a prince, and a coxcomb like me next to a beauty like Lady Dawton? The more variety there is in the conversation, the more agreeable it becomes!"

"Very just," answered Mr. Clarendon; "but it is precisely because I wish for that variety that I dislike a miscellaneous society. If one does not know the person beside whom one has the happiness of sitting, what possible subject can one broach with any prudence. I put politics aside, because,

thanks to party spirit, we rarely meet those we are strongly opposed to; but if we sneer at the Methodists, our neighbour may be a saint—if we abuse a new book, he may have written it—if we observe that the tone of the piano-forte is bad, his father may have made it—if we complain of the uncertainty of the commercial interest, his uncle may have been gazetted last week. I name no exaggerated instances; on the contrary, I refer these general remarks to particular individuals, whom all of us have probably met. Thus, you see, that a variety of topics is proscribed in a mixed company, because some one or other of them will be certain to offend."

Perceiving that we listened to him with attention, Mr. Clarendon continued—"Nor is this more than a minor objection to the great mixture prevalent among us: a more important one may be found in the universal imitation it produces. The influx of common persons being once permitted, certain sets recede, as it were, from the contamination, and contract into very diminished coterie. *Living familiarly solely* among themselves, however they may be forced into *visiting promiscuously*, they imbibe certain manners, certain peculiarities in mode and words—even in an accent or a pronunciation, which are confined to themselves: and whatever differs from these little eccentricities, they are apt to condemn as vulgar and suburban. Now, the fastidiousness of these sets making them difficult of intimate access, even to many of their superiors in actual rank, those very superiors, by a natural feeling in human nature, of prizing what is rare, even if it is worthless, are the first to solicit their acquaintance; and, as a sign that they enjoy it, to imitate those peculiarities which are the especial hieroglyphics of this sacred few. The lower grades catch the contagion, and imitate those they imagine most likely to know the *propriétés* of the mode; and thus manners, unnatural to all, are transmitted second-hand, third-hand, fourth-hand, till they are ultimately filtered into something worse than no manners at all. Hence you perceive all people timid, stiff, unnatural, and ill at ease; they are dressed up in a garb which does not fit them, to which they have never been accustomed, and are as little at home as the wild Indian in the boots and garments of the more civilized European."

"And hence," said I, "springs that universal vulgarity of idea, as well as manner, which pervades all society—for nothing is so plebeian as imitation."

"A very evident truism!" said Clarendon. "What I lament most, is the injudicious method certain persons took to change this order of things, and to diminish the *désagréments* of the mixture we speak of. I remember well, when Almack's was first set up, the intention was to keep away the rich *roturiers* from a place, the tone of which was also intended to be contrary to their own. For this purpose the patronesses were instituted, the price of admission made extremely low, and all ostentatious refreshments discarded: it was an admirable institution for the interests of the little oligarchy who ruled it—but it has only increased the general imitation and vulgarity. Perhaps the records of that institution contain things more disgraceful to the aristocracy of England, than the whole history of Europe can furnish. And how could the *Messieurs et Mesdames Jourdain* help

following the servile and debasing example of *Monsieur le Duc et Pair*?"

"How strange it is," said one of the dowagers, "that of all the novels on society with which we are annually inundated, there is scarcely one which gives even a tolerable description of it!"

"Not strange," said Clarendon with a formal smile, "if your ladyship will condescend to reflect. Most of the writers upon our little, great world, have seen nothing of it: at most, they have been occasionally admitted into the routs of the B.'s and C.'s of the second, or rather the third set. A very few are, it is true, gentlemen; but gentlemen, who are not writers, are as bad as writers who are not gentlemen. In one work, which, since it is popular, I will not name, there is a stiffness and stiltedness in the dialogue and descriptions perfectly ridiculous. The author makes his countesses always talking of their family, and his earls always quoting the peerage. There is as much fuss about state, and dignity, and pride, as if the greatest among us were not far too busy with the petty affairs of the world to have time for such lofty vanities. There is only one rule necessary for a clever writer who wishes to delineate the *beau monde*. It is this: let him consider that 'dukes, and lords, and noble princes' eat, drink, talk, move, exactly the same as any other class of civilized people—say, the very subjects in conversation are, for the most part, the same in all sets—only, perhaps, they are somewhat more familiarly and easily treated with us than among the lower orders, who fancy rank is distinguished by pomposity, and that state affairs are discussed with the solemnity of a tragedy—that we are always my lording and my ladying each other—that we ridicule commoners, and curl our hair with Debreth's Peerage."

We all laughed at this speech, the truth of which we readily acknowledged.

"Nothing," said Lady Dawton, "amuses me more than to see the great distinction which novel-writers make between the titled and the untitled; they seem to be perfectly unaware that a commoner, of ancient family and large fortune, is very often of far more real rank and estimation, and even weight, in what they are pleased to term *fashion*, than many of the members of the Upper House. And what amuses me as much, is the no distinction they make between all people who have titles:—Lord A——, the little baron, is exactly the same as Lord Z——, the great marquis, equally haughty and equally important."

"*Mais, mon Dieu*," said a little French count, who had just joined us; "how is it that you can expect to find a description of society entertaining, when the society itself is so dull?—the closer the copy, the more tiresome it must be. Your manner, *pour vous amuser*, consists in standing on a crowded staircase, and complaining that you are terribly bored. *L'on s'accoutume difficilement à une vie qui se passe sur l'escalier*."

"It is very true," said Clarendon, "we cannot defend ourselves. We are a very sensible, thinking, brave, sagacious, generous, industrious, noble-minded people; but it must be confessed, that we are terrible bores to ourselves and all the rest of the world. Lady Paulet, if you are going so soon, honour me by accepting my arm."

"You should say your *hand*," said the Frenchman.

"Pardon me," answered the gallant old beau;

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"I say with your brave countryman when he lost his legs in battle, and was asked by a lady, like the one who now leans on me, whether he would not sooner have lost his arms? 'No, madam,' said he, (and this, Monsieur le Comte, is the answer I give to your rebuke,) 'I want my hands to guard my heart.'"

Finding our little knot was now broken up, I went into another part of the room, and joined Vincent, Lady Roseville, Ellen, and one or two other persons who were assembled round a table covered with books and prints. Ellen was sitting on one side of Lady Roseville; there was a vacant chair next her, but I avoided it, and seated myself on the other side of Lady Roseville.

"Pray, Miss Glanville," said Lord Vincent, taking up a thin volume, "do you greatly admire the poems of this lady?"

"What, Mrs. Hemans?" answered Ellen. "I am more enchanted with her poetry than I can express: if that is 'The Forest Sanctuary' which you have taken up, I am sure you will bear me out in my admiration."

Vincent turned over the leaves with the quiet cynicism of manner habitual to him; but his countenance grew animated after he had read two pages. "This is, indeed, beautiful," said he, "really and genuinely beautiful. How singular that such a work should not be more known! I never met with it before. But whose pencil-marks are these?"

"Mine, I believe," said Ellen, modestly.

And Lady Roseville turned the conversation upon Lord Byron.

"I must confess, for my part," said Lord Edward Neville, (an author of some celebrity and more merit,) "that I am exceedingly weary of those doleful ditties with which we have been favoured for so many years. No sooner had Lord Byron declared himself unhappy, than every young gentleman with a pale face and dark hair, thought himself justified in frowning in the glass and writing odes to Despair. All persons who could scribble two lines were sure to make them into rhymes of 'blight' and 'night.' Never was there so grand a *penchant* for the *triste*."

"It would be interesting enough," observed Vincent, "to trace the origin of this melancholy mania. People are wrong to attribute it to poor Lord Byron—it certainly came from Germany; perhaps Werter was the first hero of that school."

"There seems," said I, "an unaccountable prepossession among all persons, to imagine that whatever seems gloomy must be profound, and whatever is cheerful must be shallow. They have put poor Philosophy into deep mourning, and given her a coffin for a writing-desk, and a skull for an inkstand."

"O," cried Vincent, "I remember some lines so applicable to your remark, that I must forthwith interrupt you, in order to introduce them. Madame de Staël said, in one of her works, that melancholy was a source of perfection. Listen now to my author—

"Une femme nous dit, et nous prouve en effet,
Qu'avant quelques mille ans l'homme sera parfait,
Qu'il devra cet état à la *mélancolie*.
On sait que la tristesse annonce le génie;
Nous avons déjà fait des progrès étonnans;
Que de tristes écrits—que de tristes romans!
Des plus noires horreurs nous sommes idolâtres,
Et la *mélancolie* a gagné nos théâtres."

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"What!" cried I, "are you so well acquainted with my favourite book?"

"Yours!" exclaimed Vincent. "Gods, what a sympathy;* it has long been my most familiar acquaintance; but—

"Tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad?"

My eye followed Vincent's to ascertain the meaning of this question, and rested upon Glanville, who had that moment entered the room. I might have known that he was expected, by Lady Roseville's abstraction, the restlessness with which she started at times from her seat, and as instantly resumed it; and the fond expecting looks toward the door, every time it shut or opened, which denote so strongly the absent and dreaming heart of the woman who loves.

Glanville seemed paler than usual, and perhaps even sadder; but he was less *distracted* and abstracted; no sooner did he see, than he approached me, and extended his hand with great cordiality, *His hand!* thought I, and I could not bring myself to accept it; I merely addressed him in the commonplace salutation. He looked hard and inquisitively at me, and then turned abruptly away. Lady Roseville had risen from her chair—her eyes followed him. He had thrown himself on a settee near the window. She went up to him, and sat herself by his side. I turned—my face burned—my heart beat—I was now next to Ellen Glanville; she was looking down, apparently employed with some engravings, but I thought her hand (that small, delicate, *Titania* hand) trembled.

There was a pause. Vincent was talking with the other occupants of the table: a woman, at such times, is always the first to speak. "We have not seen you, Mr. Pelham," said Ellen, "since your return to town."

"I have been very ill," I answered, and I felt my voice falter. Ellen looked up anxiously at my face; I could not brook those large, deep, tender eyes, and it now became my turn to occupy myself with the prints.

"You *do* look pale," she said, in a low voice. I did not trust myself with a further remark—dissembler as I was to others, I was like a guilty child before the woman I loved. There was another pause—at last Ellen said, "How do you think my brother looks?"

I started; yes, he *was* her brother, and I was once more myself at that thought. I answered so coldly, and almost haughtily, that Ellen coloured, and said with some dignity, that she should join Lady Roseville. I bowed slightly, and she withdrew to the countess. I seized my hat and departed—but not utterly alone—I had managed to secrete the book which Ellen's hand had marked: through many a bitter day and sleepless night, that book has been my only companion: I have it before me now; and it is open at a page which is yet blistered with the traces of former tears!

CHAPTER LXX.

—Our mistress is a little given to philosophy; what disputations shall we have here by-and-by?—*Gil Blas*.

It was now but seldom that I met Ellen, for I went little into general society, and I grew every

* La Gastronomie, Poème, par J. Berchoux.

day more engrossed in political affairs. Sometimes, however, when wearied of myself, and my graver occupations, I yielded to my mother's solicitations, and went to one of the nightly haunts of the goddess we term *Pleasure*, and the Greeks, *Moria*, the game of dissipation (to use a Spanish proverb) shuffled us together. It was then that I had the most difficult task of my life to learn and to perform; to check the lip—the eye—the soul—to heap curb on curb, upon the gushings of the heart, which daily and hourly yearned to overflow; and to feel, that while the mighty and restless tides of passion were thus fettered and restrained, all within was a parched and arid wilderness, that wasted itself, for want of very moisture, away. Yet there was something grateful in the sadness with which I watched her form in the dance, or listened to her voice in the song; and I felt soothed, and even happy, when my fancy flattered itself, that her step never now seemed so light, as it was wont to be when in harmony with mine, nor the songs that pleased her most, so gay as those that were formerly her choice.

Distant and unobserved, I loved to feed my eyes upon her pale and downcast cheek; to note the abstraction that came over her at moments, even when her glance seemed brightest, and her lip most fluent; and to know, that while a fearful mystery might for ever forbid the union of our hands, there was an invisible, but electric chain, which connected the sympathies of our hearts.

Ah! why is it, that the noblest of our passions should be also the most selfish?—that while we would make all earthly sacrifice for the one we love, we are perpetually demanding a sacrifice in return; that if we cannot have the rapture of blessing, we find a consolation in the power to afflict; and that we acknowledge, while we reprobate, the maxim of the sage: "*L'on veut faire tout le bonheur, ou, si cela ne se peut ainsi, tout le malheur de ce qu'on aime.*"

The beauty of Ellen was not of that nature which rests solely upon the freshness of youth, nor even the magic of expression; it was as faultless as it was dazzling; no one could deny its excess or its perfection; her praises came constantly to my ear into whatever society I went. Say what we will of the power of love, it borrows greatly from opinion: pride, above all things, sanctions and strengthens affection. When all voices were united to panegyricize her beauty—when I knew, that the powers of her wit—the charms of her conversation—the accurate judgment, united to the sparkling imagination, were even more remarkable characteristics of her *mind*, than loveliness of her *person*, I could not but feel my ambition, as well as my tenderness, excited; I dwelt with a double intensity on my choice, and with a tenfold bitterness on the obstacle which forbade me to indulge it.

Yet there was one circumstance, to which, in spite of all the evidence against Reginald, my mind still fondly and eagerly clung. In searching the pockets of the unfortunate Tyrrell, the money he had mentioned to me as being in his possession could not be discovered. Had Glanville been the murderer, at all events he could not have been the robber. It was true that in the death scuffle, which in all probability took place, the money might have fallen from the person of the deceased, either among the long grass which grew rankly an

luxuriantly around, or in the sullen and slimy pool, close to which the murder was perpetrated; it was also possible, that Thornton, knowing that the deceased had so large a sum about him, and not being aware that the circumstance had been communicated to me or any one else, might not have been able (when he and Dawson first went to the spot) to resist so great a temptation. However, there was a slight crevice in this fact for a sunbeam of hope to enter, and I was too sanguine, by habitual temperament and present passion, not to turn toward it from the general darkness of my thoughts.

With Glanville I was often brought into immediate contact. Both united in the same party, and engaged in concerting the same measures, we frequently met in public, and sometimes even alone. However, I was invariably cold and distant, and Glanville confirmed rather than diminished my suspicions, by making no commentary on my behaviour, and imitating it in the indifference of his own. Yet, it was with a painful and aching heart, that I marked, in his emaciated form and sunken cheek, the gradual but certain progress of disease and death; and while all England rang with the renown of the young, but almost unrivalled orator, and both parties united in anticipating the certainty and brilliancy of his success, I felt how improbable it was, that, even if his crime escaped the unceasing vigilance of justice, this living world would long possess any traces of his genius but the remembrance of his name. There was something in his love of letters, his habits of luxury and expense, the energy of his mind—the solitude, the darkness, the hauteur, the reserve of his manners and life, which reminded me of the German Wallenstein; nor was he altogether without the superstition of that evil, but extraordinary man. It is true that he was not addicted to the romantic fables of astrology, but he was an earnest, though secret, advocate of the world of spirits. He did not utterly disbelieve the various stories of their return to earth and their visits to the living; and it would have been astonishing to me, had I been a less diligent observer of human inconsistencies, to mark a mind, otherwise so reasoning and strong, in this respect so credulous and weak; and to witness its reception of a belief, not only so averse to ordinary reflection, but so absolutely contradictory to the philosophy it passionately cultivated, and the principles it obstinately espoused.

One evening, I, Vincent, and Clarendon, were alone at Lady Roseville's, when Reginald and his sister entered. I rose to depart; the beautiful countess would not suffer it; and when I looked at Ellen, and saw her blush at my glance, the weakness of my heart conquered, and I remained.

Our conversation turned partly upon books, and principally on the science *du cœur et du monde*, for Lady Roseville was *un peu philosophe*, as well as more than *un peu littéraire*; and her house, like those of the Du Deffands and D'Epinays of the old French régime, was one where serious subjects were cultivated, as well as the lighter ones; where it was the mode to treat no less upon *things* than to scandalize *persons*; and where maxims on men and reflections on manners were as much in their places, as strictures on the opera and invitations to balls.

All who were now assembled were more or less suited to one another; all were people of the

world, and yet occasional students of the closet; but all had a different method of expressing their learning or their observations. Clarendon was dry, formal, shrewd, and possessed of the suspicious philosophy common to men hackneyed in the world. Vincent relieved his learning by the quotation or metaphor, or originality of some sort, with which it was expressed. Lady Roseville seldom spoke much, but when she did, it was rather with grace than solidity. She was naturally melancholy and pensive, and her observations partook of the colourings of her mind; but she was also a *dame de la cour*, accustomed to conceal, and her language was gay and trifling, while the sentiments it clothed were pensive and sad.

Ellen Glanville was an attentive listener, but a diffident speaker. Though her knowledge was even masculine, for its variety and extent, she was averse from displaying it; the childish, the lively, the tender, were the outward traits of her character—the flowers were above, but the mine was beneath; one noted the beauty of the former—one seldom dreamt of the value of the latter.

Glanville's favourite method of expressing himself was terse and sententious. He did not love the labour of detail: he conveyed the knowledge of years in problem. Sometimes he was fanciful, sometimes false; but, generally, dark, melancholy, and bitter.

As for me, I entered more into conversation at Lady Roseville's than I usually do elsewhere; being, according to my favourite philosophy, gay on the serious, and serious on the gay; and, perhaps, this is a juster method of treating the two than would be readily imagined: for things which are usually treated with importance are, for the most part, deserving of ridicule; and those which we receive as trifles swell themselves into a consequence we little dreamt of before they depart.

Vincent took up a volume: it was Shelley's *Posthumous Poems*. "How fine," said he, "some of these are; but they are fine fragments of an architecture in bad taste: they are imperfect in themselves, and faulty in the school they belonged to; yet, such as they are, the master hand is evident upon them. They are like the pictures of Paul Veronese—often offending the eye, often irritating the judgment, but breathing of something vast and lofty—their very faults are majestic—this age, perhaps no other, will ever do them justice—but the disciples of future schools will make glorious pillage of their remains. The writings of Shelley would furnish matter for a hundred volumes; they are an admirable museum of ill-arranged curiosities—they are diamonds awkwardly set; but one of them, in the hands of a skilful jeweller, would be inestimable: and the poet of the future will serve him as Mercury did the tortoise, in his own translation of Homer—make him 'sing sweetly when he's dead!' Their lyres will be made out of his *shell*."

"If I judge rightly," said Clarendon, "his literary faults were these: he was too learned in his poetry, and too poetical in his learning. Learning is the bane of a poet. Imagine how beautiful Petrarch would be without his platonic conceits; fancy the luxuriant imagination of Cowley, left to run wild among the lofty objects of nature, not the minute peculiarities of art. Even Milton, who made a more graceful and gorgeous use of learning than, perhaps, any other poet, would have been far more

popular if he had been more familiar. Poetry is for the multitude—erudition for the few. In proportion as you mix them, erudition will gain in readers, and poetry lose.”

“True,” said Glanville; “and thus the poetical, among philosophers, are the most popular of their time; and the philosophical among poets, the least popular of theirs.”

“Take care,” said Vincent, smiling, “that we are not misled by the *point* of your deduction; the remark is true, but with a certain reservation, viz. that the philosophy which renders a poet less popular, must be the philosophy of *learning*, not of *wisdom*. Wherever it consists in the knowledge of the *plainer* springs of the heart, and not in *abstruse* inquiry into its metaphysical and hidden subtleties, it necessarily increases the popularity of the poem; because, instead of being limited to the few, it comes home to every one. Thus, it is the philosophy of Shakspeare which puts him into every one’s hands and hearts—while that of Lucretius, wonderful poet as he is, makes us often throw down the book, because it fatigues us with the scholar. Philosophy, therefore, only sins in poetry, when, in the severe garb of learning, it becomes ‘harsh and crabbed,’ and not ‘musical as is Apollo’s lute.’”

“Alas!” said I, “how much more difficult than of yore education is become: formerly, it had only one object—to acquire learning; and now, we have not only to acquire it, but to know what to do with it when we have; nay, there are not a few cases where the very perfection of learning will be to *appear* ignorant.”

“Perhaps,” said Glanville, “the very perfection of *wisdom* may consist in *retaining* actual ignorance. Where was there ever the individual who, after consuming years, life, health, in the pursuit of science, rested satisfied with its success, or rewarded by its triumphs? Common sense tells us that the best method of employing life is to *enjoy* it. Common sense tells us, also, the ordinary means of this enjoyment; health, competence, and the indulgence, but the *moderate* indulgence, of our passions. What have these to do with science?”

“I might tell you,” replied Vincent, “that I myself have been no idle nor inactive seeker after the hidden treasures of mind; and that, from my own experience, I could speak of pleasure, pride, complacency, in the pursuit, that were no inconsiderable augmenters of my stock of enjoyment: but I have the candour to confess, also, that I have known disappointment, mortification, despondency of mind, and infirmity of body, that did more than balance the account. The fact is, in my opinion, that the individual is a sufferer for his toils; but then the mass is benefited by his success. It is we who reap, in idle gratification, what the husbandman has sown in the bitterness of labour. Genius did not save Milton from poverty and blindness—nor Tasso from the madhouse—nor Galileo from the inquisition: *they* were the sufferers, but posterity the gainers. The literary empire reverses the political; it is not the many made for one—it is the one made for many. Wisdom and genius must have their martyrs as well as religion, and with the same results, viz. *semen ecclesiæ est sanguis martyrorum*. And this reflection must console us for their misfortunes, for, perhaps, it was sufficient to console *them*. In the midst of the most affecting passage in the most wonderful work, perhaps, ever

produced, for the mixture of universal thought with individual interest—I mean the last two cantos of Childe Harold—the poet warms from himself at his hopes of being remembered

“‘—————In his line
With his land’s language.’—”

And who can read the noble and heart-speaking apology of Algernon Sydney, without entering into his consolation no less than his misfortunes! Speaking of the law being turned into a snare instead of a protection, and instancing its uncertainty and danger in the times of Richard the Second, he says, ‘God only knows what will be the issue of the like practices in these our days; perhaps he will in his mercy speedily visit his afflicted people; *I die in the faith that he will do it, though I know not the time or ways.*’”

“I love,” said Clarendon, “the enthusiasm which places comfort in so noble a source; but, is vanity, think you, a less powerful agent than philanthropy? Is it not the desire of shining before men that prompts us to whatever may effect it? and if it can *create*, can it not also *support*? I mean, that if you allow that to shine, to dazzle, to enjoy praise, is no ordinary incentive to the commencement of great works, the conviction of future success for this desire becomes no inconsiderable reward. Grant, for instance, that this desire produced the ‘Paradise Lost,’ and you will not deny that it might also support the poet through his misfortunes. Do you think that he thought rather of the pleasure *his* work should afford to posterity, than of the praises *posterity* should extend to his work? Had not Cicero left us such frank confessions of himself, how patriotic, how philanthropic we should have esteemed him! Now we know both his motive and meed was vanity, may we not extend the knowledge of human nature which we have gained in this instance by applying it to others? For my part, I should be loath to inquire how large a quantum of vanity mingled with the haughty patriotism of Sydney, or the unconquered soul of Cato.”

Glanville bowed his head in approval.

“But,” observed I, ironically, “why be so uncharitable to this poor and persecuted principle, since none of you deny the good and great actions it effects; why stigmatize vanity as a vice, when it creates, or, at least, participates in, so many virtues? I wonder the ancients did not erect the choicest of their temples to its worship. *Quant à moi*, I shall henceforth only speak of it as the *primum mobile* of whatever we venerate and admire, and shall think it the highest compliment I can pay to a man, to tell him *he is eminently vain*.”

“I incline to your opinion,” cried Vincent, laughing. “The reason we dislike vanity in others is, because it is perpetually hurting our own. Of all passions (if for the moment I may call it such) it is the most indiscreet; it is for ever blabbing out its own secrets. If it would but keep its counsel, it would be as graciously received in society, as any other well-dressed and well-bred intruder of quality. Its garrulity makes it despised. But in truth it must be clear, that vanity in itself is neither a vice nor a virtue, any more than this knife, in itself, is dangerous or useful; the person who employs gives it its qualities: thus, for instance, a great mind desires to shine, *or is vain*, in great actions; a frivolous one, in frivoli-

ties; and so on through the varieties of the human intellect. But I cannot agree with Mr. Clarendon that my admiration of Algernon Sydney (Cato I never *did* admire) would be at all lessened by the discovery, that his resistance to tyranny in a great measure originated in vanity, or that the same vanity consoled him when he fell a victim to that resistance; for what does it prove but this, that, among the various feelings of his soul, indignation at oppression, (so common to all men)—enthusiasm for liberty, (so predominant in him)—the love of benefiting others—the noble pride of being, in death, consistent with himself; among all these feelings, among a crowd of others equally honourable and pure—there was also one, and perhaps no inconsiderable feeling, of desire that his life and death should be hereafter appreciated justly? Contempt of fame is the contempt of virtue. Never consider that vanity an offence which limits itself to wishing for the praise of good men for good actions: ‘next to our own esteem,’ says the best of the Roman philosophers, ‘it is a virtue to desire the esteem of others.’”

“By your emphasis on the word *esteem*,” said Lady Roseville, “I suppose you attach some peculiar importance to the word?”

“I do,” answered Vincent. “I use it in contradistinction to *admiration*. We may covet general admiration for a *bad* action—(for many bad actions have the *cliquant*, which passes for real gold)—but one can expect general *esteem* only for a *good* one.”

“From this distinction,” said Ellen, modestly, “may we not draw an inference, which will greatly help us in our consideration of vanity; may we not deem that vanity which desires only the *esteem* of others to be invariably a virtue, and that which only longs for *admiration* to be frequently a vice?”

“We may admit your inference,” said Vincent; “and before I leave this question, I cannot help remarking upon the folly of the superficial, who imagine, by studying human motives, that philosophers wish to depreciate human actions. To direct our admiration to a proper point, is surely not to destroy it: yet how angry inconsiderate enthusiasts are, when we assign real, in the place of exaggerated feelings. Thus the advocates for the doctrine of utility—the most benevolent, because the most indulgent, of all philosophies—are branded with the epithets of selfish and interested; deniers of moral excellence, and disbelievers in generous actions. Vice has no friend like the prejudices which call themselves virtue. *Le prétexte ordinaire de ceux qui font le malheur des autres est qu'ils veulent leur bien.*”

My eyes were accidentally fixed on Glanville as Vincent ceased; he looked up, and coloured faintly as he met my look; but he did not withdraw his own—keenly and steadily we gazed upon each other, till Ellen, turning round suddenly, remarked the unwonted meaning of our looks, and placed her hand in her brother's, with a sort of fear.

It was late; he rose to withdraw, and passing me, said in a low tone, “A little while, and you shall know all.” I made no answer—he left the room with Ellen.

“Lady Roseville has had but a dull evening, I fear, with our stupid saws and ancient instances,” said Vincent. The eyes of the person he addressed were fixed upon the door; I was standing close

by her, and, as the words struck her ear, she turned abruptly; a tear fell upon my hand—she perceived it, and though I *would not* look upon her face, I saw that her very neck blushed; but she, like me, if she gave way to feeling, had learnt too deep a lesson from the world, not readily to resume her self-command; she answered Vincent railingly, upon his bad compliment to us, and received our adieus with all her customary grace, and more than her customary gayety.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Ah! sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day; but, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that, perhaps, when you least expect it.
Vicar of Wakefield.

WHAT with the anxiety and uncertainty of my political prospects, the continued whirlpool in which I lived, and, above all, the unpropitious state of my *belle passion*, my health gave way; my appetite forsook me—my sleep failed me—a wrinkle settled itself under my left eye, and my mother declared, that I should have no chance with an heiress; all these circumstances together were not without their weight. So I set out one morning to Hampton Court, for the benefit of the country air.

It is by no means an unpleasant thing to turn one's back upon the great city, in the height of its festivities. Misanthropy is a charming feeling for a short time, and one inhales the country, and animadverts on the town, with the most melancholy satisfaction in the world. I sat myself down at a pretty little cottage, a mile out of the town. From the window of my drawing-room I revelled in the luxurious contemplation of three pigs, one cow, and a straw yard; and I could get to the Thames in a walk of five minutes, by a short cut through a lime-kiln. Such pleasing opportunities of enjoying the beauties of nature are not often to be met with: you may be sure, therefore, that I made the most of them. I rose early, walked before breakfast, *pour ma santé*, and came back with a most satisfactory headache, *pour mes peines*. I read for just three hours, walked for two more, thought over Abernethy, dyspepsia, and blue pills, till dinner; and absolutely forgot Lord Dawton, ambition, Guloseton, epicurism—ay, all but—of course, reader, you know whom I am about to except—the lady of my love.

One bright, laughing day, I threw down my book an hour sooner than usual, and sallied out with a lightness of foot and exhilaration of spirit to which I had long been a stranger. I had just sprung over a stile that led into one of those green shady lanes, which make us feel that the old poets who loved, and lived for nature, were right in calling our island “the merry England”—when I was startled by a short, quick bark, on one side of the hedge. I turned sharply round; and, seated upon the sward, was a man, apparently of the pedlar profession; a large deal box was lying open before him; a few articles of linen, and female dress, were scattered round, and the man himself appeared earnestly occupied in examining the deeper recesses of his itinerant warehouse. A small black terrier flew towards me with no friendly growl

"Down," said I: "all strangers are not foes—though the English generally think so."

The man hastily looked up; perhaps he was struck with the quaintness of my remonstrance to his canine companion; for, touching his hat, civilly, he said—"The dog, sir, is very quiet; he only means to give *me* the alarm by giving it to *you*; for dogs seem to have no despicable insight into human nature, and know well that the best of us may be taken by surprise."

"You are a moralist," said I, not a little astonished in my turn by such an address from such a person. "I could not have expected to stumble upon a philosopher so easily. Have you any wares in your box likely to suit me? if so, I should like to purchase of so moralizing a vender?"

"No, sir," said the seeming pedlar, smiling, and yet at the same time hurrying his goods into his box, and carefully turning the key—"no, sir, I am only a bearer of other men's goods; my morals are all that I can call my own, and those I will sell you at your own price."

"You are candid, my friend," said I, "and your frankness alone would be inestimable in this age of deceit, and country of hypocrisy."

"Ah, sir!" said my new acquaintance, "I see already that you are one of those persons who look to the dark side of things; for my part, I think the present age the best that ever existed, and our own country the most virtuous in Europe."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Optimist, on your opinions," quoth I; "but your observation leads me to suppose, that you are both an historian and a traveller: am I right?"

"Why," answered the box bearer, "*I have* dabbled a little in books, and wandered *not* a little among men. I am just returned from Germany, and am now going to my friends in London. I am charged with this box of goods: God send me the luck to deliver it safe!"

"Amen," said I; "and with that prayer and this trifle, I wish you a good morning."

"Thank you a thousand times, sir, for both," replied the man—"but do add to your favours by informing me of the right road to the town of"

"I am going in that direction myself: if you choose to accompany me part of the way, I can ensure your not missing the rest."

"Your honour is too good!" returned he of the box, rising, and slinging his fardel across him—"it is but seldom that a gentleman of your rank will condescend to walk three paces with *one* of mine. You smile, sir; perhaps you think I should not class myself among gentlemen; and yet I have as good a right to the name as most of the set. I belong to no trade—I follow no calling: I rove where I list, and rest where I please: in short, I know no occupation but my indolence, and no law but my will. Now, sir, may I not call myself a gentleman?"

"Of a surety!" quoth I. "You seem to me to hold a middle rank between a half-pay captain and the king of the gipsies."

"You have hit it, sir," rejoined my companion, with a slight laugh. He was now by my side, and as we walked on, I had leisure more minutely to examine him. He was a middle-sized, and rather athletic man, apparently about the age of

thirty-eight. He was attired in a dark blue frock coat, which was neither shabby nor new, but ill made, and much too large and long for its present possessor; beneath this was a faded velvet waistcoat, that had formerly, like the Persian ambassador's tunic, "blushed with crimson, and blazed with gold;" but which might now have been advantageously exchanged in Monmouth-street for the lawful sum of two shillings and nine-pence; under this was an inner vest of the cashmere shawl pattern, which seemed much too new for the rest of the dress. Though his shirt was of a very unwashed hue, I remarked with some suspicion, that it was of a very respectable fineness; and a pin, which might be paste, or could be diamond, peeped below a tattered and dingy black kid stock, like a gipsy's eye beneath her hair.

His trousers were of a light gray, and the justice of Providence, or of the tailor, avenged itself upon them, for the prodigal length bestowed upon their ill-sorted companion, the coat; for they were much too tight for the muscular limbs they concealed, and, rising far above the ankle, exhibited the whole of a thick Wellington boot, which was the very picture of Italy upon the map.

The face of the man was commonplace and ordinary; one sees a hundred such, every day, in Fleet-street or on the 'Change; the features were small, irregular, and somewhat flat: yet, when you looked twice upon the countenance, there was something marked and singular in the expression, which fully atoned for the commonness of the features. The right eye turned away from the left, in that watchful squint which seems constructed on the same considerate plan as those Irish guns, made for shooting round a corner; his eyebrows were large and shaggy, and greatly resembled bramble bushes, in which his foxlike eyes had taken refuge. Round these vulpine retreats was a labyrinthine maze of those wrinkles, vulgarly called crow's-feet; deep, intricate, and intersected, they seemed for all the world like the web of a chancery suit. Singular enough, the rest of the countenance was perfectly smooth and undented; even the lines from the nostril to the corners of the mouth, usually so deeply traced in men of his age, were scarcely more apparent than in a boy of eighteen.

His smile was frank—his voice clear and hearty—his address open, and much superior to his apparent rank of life, claiming somewhat of equality, yet conceding a great deal of respect; but notwithstanding all these certainly favourable points, there was a sly and cunning expression in his perverse and vigilant eye and all the wrinkles demesnes in its vicinity, that made me mistrust even while I liked my companion; perhaps, indeed, he was too frank, too familiar, too *déjà* to be quite natural. Your honest men soon become reserved by experience. Rogues are communicative and open, because confidence and openness cost them nothing. To finish the description of my new acquaintance, I should observe that there was something in his countenance which struck me as not wholly unfamiliar; it was one of those which we have not, in all human probability, seen before, and yet which (perhaps from their very commonness) we imagine we have encountered a hundred times.

We walked on briskly, notwithstanding the warmth of the day; in fact, the air was so pu

the grass so green, the laughing noonday so full of the hum, the motion, and the life of creation, that the feeling produced was rather that of freshness and invigoration, than of languor and heat.

"We have a beautiful country, sir," said my hero of the box. "It is like walking through a garden, after the more sterile and sullen features of the continent. A pure mind, sir, loves the country; for my part, I am always disposed to burst out in thanksgiving to Providence when I behold its works, and, like the valleys in the psalm, I am ready to laugh and sing."

"An enthusiast," said I, "as well as a philosopher! perhaps, (and I believed it likely,) I have the honour of addressing a poet also."

"Why, sir," replied the man, "I have made verses in my life; in short, there is little I have not done, for I was always a lover of variety; but, perhaps, your honour will let me return the suspicion! Are *you* not a favourite of the muse?"

"I cannot say that I am," said I. "I value myself only on my common sense—the very antipodes to genius, you know, according to the orthodox belief."

"Common sense!" repeated my companion, with a singular and meaning smile, and a twinkle with his left eye. "Common sense! Ah, that is not my *forte*, sir. You, I dare say, are one of those gentlemen whom it is very difficult to take in, either passively or actively, by appearance or in act! For my part, I have been a dupe all my life—a child might cheat me! I am the most unsuspicious person in the world."

"Too candid by half," thought I. "The man is certainly a rascal; but what is that to me! I shall never see him again;" and, true to my love of never losing an opportunity of ascertaining individual character, I observed that I thought such an acquaintance very valuable, especially if he were in trade; it was a pity, therefore, for my sake, that my companion had informed me that he followed no calling.

"Why, sir," said he, "I am occasionally in employment; my nominal profession is that of a broker. I buy shawls and handkerchiefs of poor countesses, and retail them to rich plebeians. I fit up new married couples with linen, at a more moderate rate than the shops, and procure the bridegroom his present of jewels, at forty per cent. less than the jewellers; nay, I am as friendly to an intrigue as a marriage; and when I cannot sell my jewels, I will my good offices. A gentleman so handsome as your honour may have an affair upon your hands: if so, you may rely upon my secrecy and zeal. In short, I am an innocent, good-natured fellow, who does harm to no one for nothing, and good to every one for something."

"I admire your code," quoth I, "and whenever I want a mediator between Venus and myself, will employ you. Have you always followed your present idle profession, or were you brought up to any other?"

"I was intended for a silversmith," answered my friend: "but Providence willed it otherwise: they taught me from childhood to repeat the Lord's prayer: Heaven heard me, and delivered me from temptation—there is, indeed, something terribly seducing in the face of a silver spoon!"

"Well," said I, "you are the honestest knave

I ever met, and one would trust you with one's purse for the ingenuousness with which you own you would steal it. Pray, think you it is probable that I have ever had the happiness to meet you before? I cannot help fancying so—as yet I have never been in the watch-house, or the Old Bailey, my reason tells me that I must be mistaken."

"Not at all, sir," returned my worthy: "I remember you well, for I never saw a face like yours that I did *not* remember. I had the honour of sipping some British liquors, in the same room with yourself one evening; you were then in company with my friend Mr. Gordon."

"Ha!" said I, "I thank you for the hint. I now remember well, by the same token, that he told me you were the most ingenious gentleman in England; and that you had a happy propensity of mistaking other people's possessions for your own. I congratulate myself upon so desirable an acquaintance."—

My friend, who was indeed no other than Mr. Job Jonson, smiled with his usual blandness, and made me a low bow of acknowledgment before he resumed:—

"No doubt, sir, Mr. Gordon informed you right. I flatter myself few gentlemen understand better than myself, the art of *appropriation*; though I say it who should not say it, I deserve the reputation I have acquired. Sir, I have always had ill fortune to struggle against, and have always remedied it by two virtues—perseverance and ingenuity. To give you an idea of my ill fortune, know that I have been taken up twenty-three times, on suspicion; of my perseverance, know that twenty-three times I have been taken up *justly*; and of my ingenuity, know that I have been twenty-three times let off, because there was not a tittle of legal evidence against me!"

"I venerate your talents, Mr. Jonson," replied I, "if by the name of Jonson it pleaseth it you to be called, although, like the heathen deities, I presume that you have many titles, whereof some are more grateful to your ears than others."

"Nay," answered the man of two virtues—"I am never ashamed of my name; indeed, I have never done any thing to disgrace me. I have never indulged in low company, nor profligate debauchery: whatever I have executed by way of profession, has been done in a superior and artist-like manner; not in the rude, bungling fashion of other adventurers. Moreover, I have always had a taste for polite literature, and went once as an apprentice to a publishing bookseller, for the sole purpose of reading the new works before they came out. In fine, I have never neglected any opportunity of improving my mind; and the worst that can be said against me is, that I have remembered my catechism, and taken all possible pains 'to learn and labour truly, to get my living, and do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call me.'"

"I have often heard," answered I, "that there is *honour* among thieves; I am happy to learn from you, that there is also religion: your baptismal sponsors must be proud of so diligent a godson."

"They ought to be, sir," replied Mr. Jonson, "for I gave *them* the first specimens of my ad-

dress : the story is long, but if you ever give me an opportunity, I will relate it."

"Thank you," said I; "meanwhile I must wish you good morning: your road now lies to the right. I return you my best thanks for your condescension, in accompanying so undistinguished an individual as myself."

"O, never mention it, your honour," rejoined Mr. Jonson. "I am always too happy to walk with a gentleman of your 'common sense.' Farewell, sir; may we meet again!"

So saying, Mr. Jonson struck into his new road, and we parted.*

I went home, musing on my adventure, and delighted with my adventurer. When I was about three paces from the door of my home, I was accosted, in a most pitiful tone, by a poor old beggar, apparently in the last extreme of misery and disease. Notwithstanding my political economy, I was moved into alms-giving by a spectacle so wretched. I put my hand into my pocket, my purse was gone; and, on searching the other, lo—my handkerchief, my pocket-book, and a gold locket, which had belonged to Madame d'Anville, had vanished too.

One does not keep company with men of two virtues, and receive compliments upon one's common sense, for nothing!

The beggar still continued to importune me.

"Give him some food and half a crown," said I, to my landlady. Two hours afterward, she came up to me—"O, sir! my silver tea-pot—that villain the beggar!"

A light flashed upon me—"Ah, Mr. Job Jonson! Mr. Job Jonson!" cried I, in an indescribable rage; "out of my sight, woman! out of my sight!" I stopped short; my speech failed me. Never tell me that shame is the companion of guilt—the sinful knave is never so ashamed of himself as is the innocent fool who suffers by him.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that peace disdains to seek.

BYRON.

In the quiet of my retreat I remained for eight days—during which time I never looked once at a newspaper—imagine how great was my philosophy! On the ninth, I began to think it high time for me to hear from Dawton: and finding that I had eaten two rolls for breakfast, and that my untimely wrinkle began to assume a more mitigated appearance, I bethought me once more of the "Beauties of Babylon."

While I was in this kindly mood toward the great city and its inhabitants, my landlady put two letters in my hand—one was from my mother, the other from Guloeeton. I opened the latter first; it ran thus—

"DEAR PELHAM,

"I was very sorry to hear you had left town—and so unexpectedly too. I obtained your address at Mivart's, and hasten to avail myself of it. Pray come to town immediately. I have received some

chevreuil as a present, and long for your opinion; it is too nice to keep: for all things nice were made but to grow bad when nicest; as Moore, I believe, says of flowers, substituting sweet and fleetest, for bad and nicest; so you see, you must come without loss of time.

"But you, my friend—how can you possibly have been spending your time? I was kept awake all last night, by thinking what you *could* have for dinner. Fish is out of the question in the country; chickens die of the pip everywhere but in London; game is out of season; it is impossible to send to Giblett's for meat; it is equally impossible to get it anywhere else; and as for the only two natural productions of the country, vegetables and eggs, I need no extraordinary penetration to be certain that your cook cannot *transmute* the latter into an *omelette aux huitres*, nor the former into *légumes à la crème*.

"Thus you see, by a series of undeniable demonstrations, you *must* absolutely be in a state of starvation. At this thought, the tears rush into my eyes: for heaven's sake, for my sake, for your own sake, but *above all*, for the sake of the *chevreuil*, hasten to London. I figure you to myself in the last stage of atrophy—airy as a trifle, thin as the ghost of a greyhound.

"I need say no more on the subject. I may rely on your own discretion to procure me the immediate pleasure of your company. Indeed, were I to dwell longer on your melancholy situation, my feelings would overcome me.—*Mais raisonnons nos moutons*: (a most pertinent phrase, by-the-by—O! the French excel us in every thing, from the paramount science of cookery, to the little art of conversation.)

"You must tell me your candid, your unbiased, your deliberate opinion of *chevreuil*. For my part, I should not wonder at the mythology of the northern heathen nations, which places hunting among the chief enjoyments of their heaven, were *chevreuil* the object of their chase; but *nil est omni parte beatum*, it wants *fat*, my dear Pelham, it wants fat: nor do I see how to remedy this defect; for were we by art to supply the *fat*, we should deprive ourselves of the *flavour* bestowed by nature; and this, my dear Pelham, was always my great argument for liberty. Cooped, chained, and confined in cities, and slavery, all things lose the fresh and *generous tastes*, which it is the peculiar blessing of freedom and the country to afford.

"Tell me, my friend, what has been the late subject of your reflections. My thoughts have dwelt, much and seriously, on the 'terra incognita,' the undiscovered tracts in the *pays culinaire*, which the profoundest investigators have left untouched and unexplored in—*veal*. But more of this hereafter:—the lightness of a letter is ill suited to the depths of philosophical research.

"Lord Dawton sounded me upon my votes yesterday. 'A thousand pities too,' said he, 'that you never speak in the House of Lords.'—'*Orator fit*,' said I—*orators are subject to apoplexy*.

"Adieu, my dear friend, for friend you are, if the philosopher was right in defining true friendship to consist in liking and disliking the same things. You hate *pâtis au naturel*—so do I; you love *pâtés de foie gras*, et moi aussi:—*voilà donc les meilleurs amis du monde!*

"GULOETON."

* If any one should think this sketch from nature exaggerated, I refer him to the "Memoirs of James Hardy Vaux."

So much for my friend, thought I—and now for my mother—opening the maternal epistle, which I herewith transcribe:—

“MR DEAR HENRY,

“Lose no time in coming to town. Every day the ministers are filling up the minor places, and it requires a great stretch of recollection in a politician to remember the absent. Mr. V—— said yesterday, at a dinner party where I was present, that Lord Dawton had promised him the borough of ——. Now you know, my dear Henry, that was the very borough he promised to you: you must see further into this. Lord Dawton is a good sort of man enough, but refused once to fight a duel; therefore, if he has disregarded his honour in one instance, he may do so in another: at all events, you have no time to lose.

“The young Duke of ——— gives a ball to-morrow evening: Mrs. ——— pays all the expenses, and I know for a certainty that she will marry him in a week; this as yet is a secret. There will be a great mixture, but the ball will be worth going to. I have a card for you.

“Lady Hufflehall and I think that we shall not patronise the future dutchess; but have not yet made up our minds. Lady Roseville, however, speaks of the intended match with great respect, and says that since we admit *convenance*, as the chief rule in matrimony, she never remembers an instance in which it has been more consulted.

“There are to be several promotions in the peerage. Lord H——’s friends wish to give out that he will have a dukedom; *mais j’en doute*. However, he has well deserved it; for he not only gives the best dinners in town, but the best account of them in the Morning Post afterwards; which I think is very properly upholding the dignity of our order.

“I hope most earnestly that you do not (in your country retreat) neglect your health; nor, I may add, your mind; and that you take an opportunity every other day of practising waltzing, which you can very well do with the help of an arm-chair. I would send you down (did I not expect you here so soon) Lord Mount E——’s Musical Reminiscences; not only because it is a very entertaining book, but because I wish you to pay much greater attention to music than you seem inclined to do. * * * *, who is never very refined in his *bons mots*, says that Lord M. seems to have considered the world a concert, in which the best performer plays first fiddle. It is, indeed, quite delightful to see the veneration our musical friend has for the orchestra and its occupants. I wish to heaven, my dear Henry, he could instil into you a little of his ardour. I am quite mortified at times by your ignorance of tunes and operas: nothing tells better in conversation than a knowledge of music, as you will one day or other discover.

“God bless you, my dearest Henry. Fully expecting you, I have sent to engage your former rooms at Mivart’s; do not let me be disappointed.

“Yours, &c.

“F. P.”

I read the above letter twice over, and felt my cheek glow and my heart swell as I passed the passage relative to Lord Dawton and the borough. The new minister had certainly, for some weeks

since, been playing a double part with me: it would long ago have been easy to procure me a subordinate situation—still easier to place me in parliament; yet he had contented himself with doubtful promises and idle civilities. What, however, seemed to me most unaccountable was, his motive in breaking or paltering with his engagement: he knew that I had served him and his party better than half his corps; he professed, not only to me, but to society, the highest opinion of my abilities, knowledge, and application: he saw, consequently, how serviceable I could be as a friend; and, from the same qualities, joined to the rank of my birth and connexions, and the high and resentful temper of my mind, he might readily augur that I could be equally influential as a foe.

With this reflection, I stilled the beating of my heart, and the fever of my pulse. I crushed the obnoxious letter in my hand, walked thrice up and down the room, paused at the bell—rang it violently—ordered post horses instantly, and in less than an hour was on the road to London.

How different is the human mind, according to the difference of place! In our passions, as in our creeds, we are the mere dependants of geographical situation. Nay, the trifling variation of a single mile will revolutionize the whole tides and torrents of our hearts. The man who is meek, generous, benevolent, and kind in the country, enters the scene of contest, and becomes forthwith fiery or mean, selfish or stern, just as if the virtues were only for solitude, and the vices for the city. I have ill expressed the above reflection; *n’importe*!—so much the better shall I explain my feelings at the time I speak of—for I was then too eager and engrossed to attend to the niceties of words. On my arrival at Mivart’s I scarcely allowed myself time to change my dress before I set out to Lord Dawton. He shall afford me an explanation, I thought, or a recompense, or a revenge. I knocked at the door—the minister was out. “Give him this card,” said I to the porter, “and say I shall call to-morrow at three.”

I walked to Brooks’s—there I met Mr. V——. My acquaintance with him was small; but he was a man of talent, and, what was more to my purpose, of open manners. I went up to him, and we entered into conversation. “Is it true,” said I, “that I am to congratulate you upon the certainty of your return for Lord Dawton’s borough of —?”

“I believe so,” replied V——. “Lord Dawton engaged it to me last week, and Mr. H——, the present member, has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. You know all our family support Lord Dawton warmly on the present crisis, and my return for this borough was materially insisted upon. Such things are, you see, Mr. Pelham, even in these virtuous days of parliamentary purity.”

“True,” said I, dissembling my chagrin, “yourself and Dawton have made an admirable exchange. Think you the ministry can be said to be fairly seated?”

“By no means; every thing depends upon the motion of —, brought on next week. Dawton looks to that as to the decisive battle for this session.”

Lord Gavelton now joined us, and I sauntered away with the utmost (seeming) indifference. At the top of St. James’s-street, Lady Roseville’s well-

known carriage passed me—she stopped for a moment. “We shall meet at the Duke of —’s to-night,” said she, “shall we not?”

“If you go—certainly,” I replied.

I went home to my solitary apartment; and if I suffered somewhat of the torments of baffled hope and foiled ambition, the pang is not for the spectator. My lighter moments are for the world—my deeper for myself; and, like the Spartan boy, I would keep, even in the pangs of death, a mantle over the teeth and fangs which are fastening upon my breast.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

—Nocet empti dolore voluptas.
OVID.

THE first person I saw at the Duke of —’s was Mr. Mivart—he officiated as gentleman usher: the second was my mother—she was, as usual, surrounded by men, “the shades of heroes that have been,” remnants of a former day, when the feet of the young and fair Lady Frances were as light as her head, and she might have rivalled, in the science *de la danse*, even the graceful Dutchess of B——d. Over the dandies of her own time she still preserved her ancient empire; and it was amusing enough to hear the address of the *ci-devant jeunes hommes*, who continued, through habit, the compliments begun thirty years since through admiration.

My mother was, indeed, what the world calls a very charming, agreeable woman. Few persons were more popular in society: her manners were perfection—her smile enchantment: she lived, moved, breathed, only for the world, and the world was not ungrateful for the constancy of her devotion. Yet, if her letters have given my readers any idea of her character, they will perceive that the very desire of supremacy in *ton*, gave (God forgive my filial impiety!) a sort of demi-vulgarism to her ideas; for they who live wholly for the opinion of others, always want that self-dignity which alone confers a high cast upon the sentiments; and the most really unexceptionable in mode, are frequently the least genuinely patrician in mind.

I joined the maternal party, and Lady Frances soon took an opportunity of whispering, “You are looking very well, and very handsome; I declare you are *not* unlike me, especially about the eyes. I have just heard that Miss Glanville will be a great heiress, for poor Sir Reginald cannot live much longer. She is here to-night; pray do not lose the opportunity.”

My cheek burned like fire at this speech, and my mother, quietly observing that I had a beautiful colour, and ought therefore *immediately* to find out Miss Glanville, lest it should vanish by the least delay, turned from me to speak of a public breakfast about shortly to be given. I passed into the dancing-room; there I found Vincent; he was in unusually good spirits.

“Well,” said he, with a sneer, “you have not taken your seat yet. I suppose Lord Dawton’s representative, whose place you are to supply, is like Theseus; *sedet eternumque sedebit*. A thousand pities you can’t come in before next week;

we shall then have fiery motions in the Lower House, as the astrologers say.”

I smiled. “*Ah mon cher!*” said I, “Sparta hath many a worthier son than me! Meanwhile, how get on the noble Lords Leeborough and Lincoln? ‘sure such a pair were never seen, so justly formed to meet by nature!’”

“Pooh!” said Vincent, coarsely, “they shall get on well enough, before you get in. Look to yourself, and remember that ‘Caesar plays the ingrate.’”

Vincent turned away; my eyes were riveted on the ground; the beautiful Lady — passed by me; “What, you in a revery?” said she, laughing; “our very host will turn thoughtful next!”

“Nay,” said I, “in your absence would you have me glad? However, if Moore’s mythology be true—Beauty loves Folly the better for borrowing something from Reason; but, come, this is a place not for the grave, but the giddy. Let us join the waltzers.”

“I am engaged.”

“I know it! do you think I would dance with any woman who was *not* engaged?—there would be no triumph to one’s vanity in that case. *Adieu, ma belle*, you *must* prefer me to an engagement;” and so saying, I led off my prize.

Her intended partner was Mr. V——; just as we had joined the dancers, he spied us out, and approached with his long, serious, respectful face: the music struck up, and the next moment poor V. was very nearly struck down. Fraught with the most political spite, I whirled up against him; apologized with my blindest smile, and left him wiping his mouth, and rubbing his shoulder, the most forlorn picture of Hope in adversity, that can possibly be conceived.

I soon grew weary of my partner, and, leaving her to fate, rambled into another room. There, seated alone, was Lady Roseville. I placed myself beside her; there was a sort of freemasonry between her and myself; each knew something more of the other than the world did, and read his or her heart by other signs than words. I soon saw that she was in no mirthful mood: so much the better—she was the fitter companion for a baffled aspirant like me.

The room we were in was almost deserted, and finding ourselves uninterrupted, the stream of conversation flowed into sentiment.

“How little,” said Lady Roseville, “can the crowd know of the individuals who compose it! As the most opposite colours may be blended into one, and so lose their individual hues, and be classed under a single name, so every one here will come home, and speak of the ‘gay scene,’ without thinking for a moment, how many breaking hearts may have composed it.”

“I have often thought,” said I, “how harsh are in our judgments of others—how often we censure those persons of being worldly, who merely seem so to the world. Who, for instance, I saw you in your brightest moments, would ever suppose that you could make the confession you have just made?”

“I would *not* make such a confession to me besides yourself,” answered Lady Roseville. “No, you need not thank me. I am some years older than you; I have lived longer in the world, and have seen much of its various characters; and

experience has taught me to penetrate and prize a character like yours. While you seem frivolous to the superficial, I know you to have a mind not only capable of the most solid and important affairs, but habituated by reflection to consider them. You appear effeminate, I know that none are more daring—indolent, none are more actively ambitious—utterly selfish, and I know that no earthly interest could bribe you into meanness or injustice—no, nor even into a venial dereliction of principle. It is from this estimate of your character, that I am frank and open to you. Besides, I recognise something in the careful pride with which you conceal your higher and deeper feelings, resembling the strongest actuating principle in my own mind. All this interests me warmly in your fate; may it be as bright as my presentiments forebode!”

I looked into the beautiful face of the speaker as she concluded; perhaps, at that solitary moment, my heart was unfaithful to Ellen; but the infidelity passed away like the breath from the mirror. Coxcomb as I was, I knew well how passionless was the interest expressed for me. Libertine as I had been, I knew also, how pure may be the friendship of a woman,—*provided she loves another!*

I thanked Lady Roseville, warmly, for her opinion. “Perhaps,” I added, “dared I solicit your advice, you would not find me wholly undeserving of your esteem.”

“My advice,” answered Lady Roseville, “would be, indeed, worse than useless, were it not regulated by a certain knowledge which, perhaps, you do not possess. You seem surprised. *Eh bien*; listen to me—are you not in no small degree *lié* with Lord Dawton?—do you not expect something from him worthy of your rank and merit?”

“You do, indeed, surprise me,” said I. “However close my connexion with Lord Dawton may be, I thought it much more secret than it appears to be. However, I own that I have a *right* to expect from Lord Dawton, not, perhaps, a recompense of service, but, at least, a fulfilment of promises. In this expectation I begin to believe I shall be deceived.”

“You will?” answered Lady Roseville. “Bend your head lower—the walls have ears. You have a friend, an unwearied and earnest friend, with those now in power; directly he heard that Mr. V—— was promised the borough, which he knew had been long engaged to you, he went straight to Lord Dawton. He found him with Lord Clandonald; however, he opened the matter immediately. He spoke with great warmth of your claims—he did more—he incorporated them with his own, which are of no mean order, and asked no other recompense for himself than the fulfilment of a long-made promise to you. Dawton was greatly confused, and Lord Clandonald replied, for him, that certainly there was no denying your talents—that they were very great—that you had, unquestionably, been of much service to their party, and that, consequently, it must be politic to attach you to their interests; but that there was a certain *fierté*, and assumption, and he might say (mark the climax) *independence* about you, which could not but be highly displeasing in one so young; moreover, that it was impossible to trust to you—that you pledged yourself to no

party—that you spoke only of conditions and terms—that you treated the proposal of placing you in Parliament, rather as a matter of favour on your part than on Lord Dawton’s—and, in a word, that there was no relying upon you. Lord Dawton then took courage, and chimed in, with a long panegyric on V——, and a long account of what was due to him, and to the zeal of his family: adding, that, in a crisis like this, it was absolutely necessary to engage a certain rather than a doubtful and undecided support; that, for his part, if he placed you in Parliament, he thought you quite as likely to prove a foe as a friend; that, owing to the marriage of your uncle, your expectations were by no means commensurate with your presumption, and that the same talents which made your claims to favour as an ally, created also no small danger in placing you in any situation where you could become hurtful as an enemy. All this, and much more to the same purpose, was strenuously insisted upon by the worthy pair; and your friend was obliged to take his leave, perfectly convinced that, unless you assumed a more complaisant bearing, or gave a more decided pledge, to the new minister, it was hopeless for you to expect any thing from him, at least, for the present. The fact is, he stands too much in awe of you, and would rather keep you out of the House, than contribute an iota toward obtaining you a seat. Upon all this you may rely as certain.

“I thank you from my heart,” said I, warmly, seizing and pressing Lady Roseville’s hand. “You tell me what I have long suspected; I am now upon my guard, and they shall find that I can *offend* as well as *defend*. But it is no time for me to boast; oblige me by informing me of the name of my unknown friend; I little thought there was a being in the world who would stir three steps for Henry Pelham.”

“That friend,” replied Lady Roseville, with a faltering voice and a glowing cheek, “was Sir Reginald Glanville.”

“What!” cried I, “repeat the name to me again, or—” I paused, and recovered myself. “Sir Reginald Glanville,” I resumed haughtily, “is too gracious to enter into my affairs. I must be strangely altered if I need the officious zeal of *any* intermeddler to redress my wrongs.”

“Nay, Mr. Pelham,” said the countess, hastily, “you do Glanville—you do yourself injustice. For him, there never passes a day in which he does not mention you with the highest encomiums and the most affectionate regard. He says of late, that you have altered towards him, but that he is not surprised at the change—he never mentions the cause; if I am not intruding, suffer me to inquire into it; perhaps (O how happy it would make me!) I may be able to reconcile you; if you knew—if you could but guess half of the noble and lofty character of Sir Reginald Glanville, you would suffer no petty difference to divide you.”

“It is no *petty* difference,” said I, rising, “nor am I permitted to mention the cause. Meanwhile, may God bless you, dearest Lady Roseville, and preserve that kind and generous heart from *worse* pangs than those of disappointed ambition, or betrayed trust.”

Lady Roseville looked down—her bosom heaved violently; she felt the meaning of my words. I left her and returned home.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Good Mr. Knave, give me my due,
I like a tart as well as you;
But I would starve on good roast beef,
Ere I would look so like a thief.
The Queen of Hearts.

— Nunc vino pellite curas:
Cras ingens harabimus sequor.

HORAT.

THE next morning I received a note from Gulocton, asking me to dine with him at eight, to meet his *chevreuil*. I sent back an answer in the affirmative, and then gave myself wholly up to considering what was the best line of conduct to pursue with regard to Lord Dawton. "It would be pleasant enough," said Anger, "to go to him to ask him boldly for the borough so often pledged to you, and in case of his refusal, to confront, to taunt, and to break with him." "True," replied that more homely and less stage-effect arguer, which we term Knowledge of the World; "but this would neither be useful nor dignified—common sense never quarrels with any one. Call upon Lord Dawton, if you will—ask him for his promise, with your second best smile, and receive his excuses with your very best. Then do as you please—break with him or not—you can do either with grace and quiet; never make a scene about any thing—reproach and anger always *do* make a scene." "Very true," said I, in answer to the latter suggestion—and having made up my mind, I repaired a quarter before three to Lord Dawton's house.

"Ah, Pelham," said the little minister, "delighted to see you look so much the better from the country air; you will stay in town now, I hope, till the end of the season?"

"Certainly, my lord, or at all events, till the prorogation of Parliament; how, indeed, could I do otherwise, with your lordship's kind promise before my eyes? Mr. —, the member for your borough of —, has, I believe, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds? I feel truly obliged to you for so promptly fulfilling your promise to me."

"Hem! my dear Pelham, hem!" murmured Lord Dawton. I bent forward as if in the attitude of listening respect, but really the more clearly to perceive, and closely to enjoy his confusion. He looked up and caught my eye, and not being too much gratified with its involuntary expression, he grew more and more embarrassed; at last he summoned courage.

"Why, my dear sir," he said, "I did, it is true, promise you that borough; but individual friendship must frequently be sacrificed for the public good. All our party insisted upon returning Mr. V—— in place of the late member: what could I do? I mentioned your claims; they all, to a man, enlarged upon your rival's: to be sure he is an older person, and his family is very powerful in the Lower House; in short, you perceive, my dear Pelham—that is, you are aware—you can feel for the delicacy of my situation—one could not appear too eager for one's own friends at first, and I was forced to concede."

Lord Dawton was now fairly delivered of his speech; it was, therefore, only left me to congratulate him on his offspring.

"My dear lord," I began, "you could not have pleased me better: Mr. V—— is a most estimable

man, and I would not for the world have had you suspected of placing such a trifle as your own honour—that is to say—your promise to me, before the commands—that is to say, the interests—of your party; but no more of this now. Was your lordship at the Duke of ——'s last night?"

Dawton seized joyfully the opportunity of changing the conversation, and we talked and laughed on indifferent matters till I thought it time to withdraw; this I did with the most cordial appearance of regard and esteem: nor was it till I had fairly set my foot out of his door, that I suffered myself to indulge the "black bile" at my breast. I turned towards the Green Park, and was walking slowly along the principal mall with my hands behind me, and my eyes on the ground, when I heard my own name uttered. On looking back, I perceived Lord Vincent on horseback; he stopped, and conversed with me. In the humour I was in with Lord Dawton, I received him with greater warmth than I had done of late; and he also, being in a social mood, seemed so well satisfied with our *rencontre*, and my behaviour, that he dismounted to walk with me.

"This park is a very different scene now," said Vincent, "from what it was in the times of 'The Merry Monarch'; yet it is still a spot much more to my taste than its more gaudy and less classical brother of Hyde. There is something pleasingly melancholy, in walking over places haunted by history; for all of us live more in the past than the present."

"And how exactly alike in all ages," said I, "men have been. On the very spot we are on now, how many have been actuated by the same feelings that now actuate us—how many have made perhaps exactly the same remark just made by you! It is this universal identity which forms our most powerful link with those that have been—there is a satisfaction in seeing how closely we resemble the Agamemnons of gone times, and we take care to lose none of it, by thinking how closely we also resemble the sordid Thersites."

"True," replied Vincent: "if wise and great men did but know how little difference there is between them and the foolish or the mean, they would not take such pains to be wise and great; to use the Chinese proverb, 'they sacrifice a picture, to get possession of its ashes.' It is almost a pity that the desire to progress should be so necessary to our being; ambition is often a fine, but never a felicitous feeling. Cyprian, in a beautiful passage on envy, calls it 'the moth of the soul,' but, perhaps, even that passion is less gnawing, less a '*tubercle pectoris*,' than ambition. You are surprised at my heat—the fact is, I am enraged at thinking how much we forfeit, when we look up only, and trample unconsciously, in the blindness of our aspiration, on the affections which strew our path. Now, you and I have been utterly estranged from each other of late. Why!—for any dispute—any disagreement in private—any discovery of meanness—treachery, unworthiness in the other? No! merely because I dine with Lord Lincoln, and you with Lord Dawton, *voilà tout*. Well say the Jesuits, that they who live for the public must renounce all private ties; the very day we become citizens we are to cease to be men. Our privacy is like *Leo Decimus*; directly it dies, all peace, comfort, joy, and sociality are to die with

it: and an iron age, '*barbaras vis et dura malorum omnium incommoda*'* to succeed."

"It is a pity that we struck into different paths," said I; "no pleasure would have been to me greater than making our political interests the same; but—"

"Perhaps there is *no* but," interrupted Vincent; "perhaps, like the two knights in the hackneyed story, we are only giving different names to the same shield, because we view it on different sides; let us also imitate them in their reconciliation, as well as their quarrel, and since we have already run our lances against each other, be convinced of our error, and make up our difference."

I was silent; indeed, I did not like to trust myself to speak. Vincent continued:—

"I know," said he, "and it is in vain for you to conceal it, that you have been ill-used by Dawton. Mr. V—— is my first cousin; he came to me the day after the borough was given to him, and told me all that Clandonald and Dawton had said to him at the time. Believe me, they did not spare you;—the former you have grievously offended; you know that he has quarrelled irremediably with his son Dartmore, and he insists that you are the friend and abettor of that ingenious youth, in all his debaucheries and extravagance—*tu illum corrumpi sinis*. I tell you this without hesitation, for I know you are less vain than ambitious, and I do not care about hurting you in the one point, if I advance you in the other. As for me, I own to you candidly and frankly, that there are no pains I would spare to secure you to our party. Join us, and you shall, as I have often said, be on the parliamentary benches of our corps, without a moment of unnecessary delay. More I cannot promise you, because I cannot promise more to myself; but from that instant your fortune, if I augur aught aright from your ability, will be in your hands. You shake your head—surely you must see that our differences are not vehement—it is a difference, not of measures, but men. There is but a verbal disagreement between us; and we must own the wisdom of the sentence recorded in Aulus Gellius, that '*he is but a madman, who splits the weight of things upon the hair-breadths of words*.' You laugh at the quaintness of the quotation; quaint proverbs are often the truest."

If my reader should think lightly of me, when I own that I felt wavering and irresolute at the end of this speech, let him for a moment place himself in my situation—let him feel indignant at the treachery, the injustice, the ingratitude of one man; and, at the very height of his resentment, let him be soothed, flattered, courted, by the offered friendship and favour of another. Let him personally despise the former, and esteem the latter; and let him, above all, be *convinced*, as well as *persuaded*, of the truth of Vincent's hint, viz. that no sacrifice of principle, nor of measures, was required—nothing but an alliance against *men*, not measures. And who were those men? bound to me by a single tie—meriting from my gratitude a single consideration? No! the men, above all others who had offered me the greatest affront, and deserved from me the smallest esteem.

But, however human feelings might induce me to waver, I felt that it was not by them—only I was to decide. I am not a man whose vices or vir-

tues are regulated by the impulse and passion of the moment: if I am quick to act, I am habitually slow to deliberate. I turned to Vincent, and pressed his hand: "I dare not trust myself to answer you now," said I; "give me till to-morrow; I shall then have both considered and determined."

I did not wait for his reply. I sprang from him, turned down the passage which leads to Pall Mall, and hastened home once more to commune with my own heart, and—not to be still.

In these confessions I have made no scruple of owning my errors and my foibles; all that could occasion mirth or benefit to the reader were his own. I have kept a veil over the darker and stormier emotions of my soul; all that could neither amuse nor instruct him *are mine*!

Hours passed on—it became time to dress—I rang for Bedos—dressed as usual—great emotions interfere little with the mechanical operations of life—and drove to Guloseton's.

He was unusually entertaining; the dinner too was unusually good; but, thinking that I was sufficiently intimate with my host not to be obliged to belie my feelings, I remained *distracted*, absent, and dull.

"What is the matter with you, my friend?" said the good-natured epicure; "you have neither applauded my jokes, nor tasted my *escalopes*; and your behaviour has trifled alike with my *chevreuil* and my feelings?"—The proverb is right, in saying, "Grief is communicative." I confess that I was eager to unbosom myself to one upon whose confidence I could depend. Guloseton heard me with great attention and interest—"Little," said he, kindly, "little as I care for these matters myself, I can feel for those who do: I wish I could serve you better than by advice. However, you cannot, I imagine, hesitate to accept Vincent's offer. What matters it whether you sit on one bench or on another, so that you do not sit in a thorough draught—or dine at Lord Lincoln's, or Lord Dawton's, so long as the cooks are equally good? As for Dawton, I always thought him a shuffling, mean fellow, who buys his wines at the second price, and sells his offices at the first. Come, my dear fellow, let us drink to his confusion."

So saying, Guloseton filled my glass to the brim. He had sympathized with me—I thought it, therefore, my duty to sympathize with him; nor did we part till the eyes of the *bon vivant* saw more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the sober.

CHAPTER LXXV.

— Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expendenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia. TULLY.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have.

Julius Caesar.

I rose at my usual early hour; sleep had tended to calm, and I hope also to better my feelings. I had now leisure to reflect, that I had not embraced my party from any private or interested motive; it was not, therefore, from a private or interested motive that I was justified in deserting it. Our

passions are terrible sophists! When Vincent had told me, the day before, that it was from men, not measures, that I was to change, and that such a change could scarcely deserve the name, my heart adopted the assertion, and fancied it into truth.

I now began to perceive the delusion; were government as mechanically perfect as it has never yet been, (but as I trust it may yet be,) it would signify little who were the mere mechanics that regulated its springs: but in a constitution like ours, the chief character of which—pardon me, ye De Lolmeites—is its uncertainty; where men invariably make the measures square to the dimensions of their own talent or desire; and where, reversing the maxim of the tailor, the measures so rarely make the men; it required no penetration to see how dangerous it was to intrust to the aristocratic prejudice of Lincoln, or the vehement imbecility of Lesborough, the execution of the very same measures which might safely be committed to the plain sense of Dawton, and, above all, to the great and various talents of his coadjutors. But what made the vital difference between the two parties was less in the leaders than the body. In the Dawton faction, the best, the purest, the wisest of the day were enrolled; they took upon themselves the origin of all the active measures, and Lord Dawton was the mere channel through which those measures flowed; the plain, the unpretending, and somewhat feeble character of Lord Dawton's mind, readily conceded to the abler components of his party the authority it was so desirable that they should exert. In Vincent's party, with the exception of himself, there was scarcely an individual with the honesty requisite for loving the projects they affected to purpose, or the talents that were necessary for carrying them into effect, even were their wishes sincere; nor was either the haughty Lincoln, or his noisy and overbearing companion, Lesborough, at all of a temper to suffer that quiet, yet powerful interference of others, to which Dawton unhesitatingly submitted.

I was the more resolved to do all possible justice to Dawton's party, from the inclination I naturally had to lean towards the other; and in all matters, where private pique or self-interest can possibly penetrate, it has ever been the object of my *maturer* consideration to direct my particular attention to that side of the question which such undue partisans are the least likely to espouse. While I was gradually, but clearly, feeling my way to a decision, I received the following note from Guloseston:—

"I said nothing to you last night of what is now to be the subject of my letter, lest you should suppose it arose rather from the heat of an extempore conviviality than its real source, viz. a sincere esteem for your mind, a sincere affection for your heart, and a sincere sympathy in your resentment and your interest.

"They tell me that Lord Dawton's triumph or discomfiture rests entirely upon the success of the motion upon ———, brought before the House of Commons, on the ———. I care, you know, very little, for my *own* part, which way this question is decided; do not think, therefore, that I make any sacrifice when I request you to suffer me to follow your advice in the disposal of my four votes. I imagine, of course, that you would wish them to adopt the contrary side to Lord Dawton; and upon

receiving a line from you to that effect, they shall be empowered to do so.

"Pray oblige me also by taking the merit of this measure upon yourself, and saying (wherever it may be useful to you) how entirely both the voters and their influence are at your disposal. I trust we shall yet play the Bel to this Dragon, and fell him from his high places.

"Pity me, my dear friend; I dine out to-day, and feel already, by an intuitive shudder, that the soup will be cold, and the sherry hot. Adieu.

"Ever yours,
"GULOSESTON."

Now, then, my triumph, my vanity, and my revenge might be fully gratified. I had before me a golden opportunity of displaying my own power, and of humbling that of the minister. My heart swelled high at the thought. Let it be forgiven me, if, for a single moment, my previous calculations and morality vanished from my mind, and I saw only the offer of Vincent, and the generosity of Guloseston. But I checked the risings of my heart, and compelled my proud spirit to obedience.

I placed Guloseston's letter before me, and, as I read it once more in order to reply to it, the disinterested kindness and delicacy of one, whom I had long, in the injustice of my thoughts, censured as selfish, came over me so forcibly, and contrasted so deeply with the hollowness of friends more sounding, alike in their profession and their creeds, that the tears rushed to my eyes.

A thousand misfortunes are less affecting than a single kindness.

I wrote, in answer, a warm and earnest letter of thanks for an offer, the kindness of which penetrated me to the soul. I detailed at some length the reasons which induced me to the decision I had taken; I sketched also the nature of the very important motion about to be brought before the House, and deduced from that sketch the impossibility of conscientiously opposing Lord Dawton's party in the debate. I concluded with repeating the expressions my gratitude suggested; and, after declining all interference with Lord Guloseston's votes, ventured to add, that had I interfered, it would have been in support of Dawton; not as a man, but a minister—not as an individual friend, but a public servant.

I had just despatched this letter when Vincent entered; I acquainted him, though in the most respectful and friendly terms, with my determination. He seemed greatly disappointed, and endeavoured to shake my resolution; finding this was in vain, he appeared at last satisfied, and ever affected with my reasons. When we parted, I was with a promise, confirmed by both, that no public variance should ever again alter our private opinion of each other.

When I was once more alone, and saw myself brought back to the very foot of the ladder I had so far and so fortunately climbed; when I saw that in rejecting all the overtures of my friends, I was left utterly solitary and unaided among my foes—when I looked beyond, and saw no faint loop-hol of hope, no single stepping stone on which to recommence my broken but unwearied career—perhaps one pang of regret and repentance at my determination came across me: but there is something marvellously restorative in a good conscience, and one soon learns to look with hope to the

future, when one can feel justified in turning with pride to the past.

My horse came to the door at my usual hour for riding: with what gladness I sprang upon his back, felt the free wind freshening over my fevered cheek, and turned my rein toward the green lanes that border the great city on its western side. I know few counsellors more exhilarating than a spirited horse. I do not wonder that the Roman emperor made a consul of his steed. On horseback I always best feel my powers, and survey my resources: on horseback I always originate my subtlest schemes, and plan their ablest execution. Give me but a light rein, and a free bound, and I am Cicero—Cato—Cæsar; dismount me, and I become a mere clod of the earth which you condemn me to touch: fire, energy, *ethereality*, have departed; I am the soil without the sun—the cask without the wine—the garments without the man.

I returned homewards with increased spirits and collected thoughts: I urged my mind from my own situation, and suffered it to rest upon what Lady Roseville had told me of Reginald Glanville's interference in my behalf. That extraordinary man still continued powerfully to excite my interest; nor could I dwell, without some yearning of the kindlier affections, upon his unsolicited, and, but for Lady Roseville's communication, unknown exertions in my cause. Although the officers of justice were still actively employed in the pursuit of Tyrrell's murderer, and although the newspapers were still full of speculations on their indifferent success, public curiosity had begun to flag upon the inquiry. I had, once or twice, been in Glanville's company when the murder was brought upon the tapis, and narrowly examined his behaviour upon a subject which touched him so fearfully. I could not, however, note any extraordinary confusion or change in his countenance; perhaps the pale cheek grew somewhat paler, the dreaming eye more abstracted, and the absent spirit more wandering than before; but many other causes than guilt could account for signs so doubtful and minute.

"You shall soon know all," the last words which he had addressed to me, yet rang in my ears: and most intensely did I anticipate the fulfilment of this promise. My hopes too—those flatterers, so often the pleasing antithesis of reason—whispered that this was not the pledge of a guilty man; and yet he had said to Lady Roseville, that he did not wonder at my estrangement from him: such words seemed to require a less favourable construction than those he had addressed to me; and, in making this mental remark, another, of no flattering nature to Glanville's disinterestedness, suggested itself; might not his interference for me with Lord Dawton arise rather from policy than friendship; might it not occur to him, if, as I surmised, he was acquainted with my suspicions, and acknowledged their dreadful justice, that it would be advisable to propitiate my silence? Such were among the thousand thoughts which flashed across me, and left my speculations in debate and doubt.

Nor did my reflections pass unnoticed the nature of Lady Roseville's affection for Glanville. From the seeming coldness and austerity of Sir Reginald's temperament, it was likely that this was innocent, at least in act; and there was also something guileless in the manner in which she appeared rather to exult in, than to conceal, her attach-

ment. True that she was bound by no ties; she had neither husband nor children, for whose sake love became a crime: free and unfettered, if she gave her heart to Glanville, it was also allowable to render the gift lawful and perpetual by the blessing of the church.

Alas! how little can woman, shut up in her narrow and limited circle of duties, know of the wandering life and various actions of her lover! Little, indeed, could Lady Roseville, when, in the heat of her enthusiasm, she spoke of the lofty and generous character of Glanville, dream of the foul and dastardly crime of which he was more than suspected; nor, while it was, perhaps, her fondest wish to ally herself to his destiny, could her wildest fancies anticipate the felon's fate, which, if death came not in a hastier and kinder shape, must sooner or later await him.

Of Thornton I had neither seen nor heard aught since my departure from Lord Chester's; that reprieve was, however, shortly to expire. I had scarcely got into Oxford-street, in my way homewards, when I perceived him crossing the street with another man. I turned round to scrutinize the features of his companion, and, in spite of a great change of dress, a huge pair of false whiskers, and an artificial appearance of increased age, my habit of observing countenances enabled me to recognise, on the instant, my intellectual and virtuous friend, Mr. Job Jonson. They disappeared in a shop, nor did I think it worth while further to observe them, though I still bore a reminiscitory spite against Mr. Job Jonson, which I was fully resolved to wreak at the first favourable opportunity.

I passed by Lady Roseville's door. Though the hour was late, and I had, therefore, but a slight chance of finding her at home, yet I thought the chance worth the trouble of inquiry. To my agreeable surprise, I was admitted: no one was in the drawing-room. The servant said, Lady Roseville was at that moment engaged, but would very shortly see me, and begged I would wait.

Agitated as I was by various reflections, I walked (in the restlessness of my mood) to and fro the spacious rooms which formed Lady Roseville's apartments of reception. At the far end was a small *boudoir*, where none but the goddess's favoured few were admitted. As I approached towards it, I heard voices, and the next moment recognised the deep tones of Glanville. I turned hastily away, lest I should overhear the discourse; but I had scarcely got three steps, when the convulsed sound of a woman's sob came upon my ear. Shortly afterward steps descended the stairs, and the street door opened.

The minutes rolled on, and I became impatient. The servant re-entered—Lady Roseville was so suddenly and seriously indisposed, that she was unable to see me. I left the house, and, full of bewildered conjectures, returned to my apartments.

The next day was one of the most important in my life. I was standing wistfully by my fireplace, listening with the most mournful attention to a broken-winded hurdy-gurdy, stationed opposite to my window, when Bedos announced Sir Reginald Glanville. It so happened, that I had that morning taken the miniature I had found in the fatal field, from the secret place in which I usually kept it, in order closely to examine it, lest any proof of its owner, more convincing than

the initials and Thornton's interpretation, might be discovered by a minuter investigation.

The picture was lying on the table when Glanville entered: my first impulse was to seize and secrete it; my second to suffer it to remain, and to watch the effect the sight of it might produce. In following the latter, I thought it, however, as well to choose my own time for discovering the miniature; and, as I moved to the table, I threw my handkerchief carelessly over it. Glanville came up to me at once, and his countenance, usually close and reserved in its expression, assumed a franker and bolder aspect.

"You have lately changed towards me," he said:—"mindful of our former friendship, I have come to demand the reason."

"Can Sir Reginald Glanville's memory," answered I, "supply him with no probable cause?"

"It can," replied Glanville, "but I would not trust *only* to that. Sit down, Pelham, and listen to me. I can read your thoughts, and I might affect to despise their import—perhaps two years since I should—at present I can pity and excuse them. I have come to you now, in the love and confidence of our early days, to claim as then your good opinion and esteem. If you require any explanation at my hands, it shall be given. My days are approaching their end. I have made up my accounts with others—I would do so with you. I confess that I would fain leave behind me in your breast, the same affectionate remembrance I might heretofore have claimed, and which, whatever be your suspicions, I have done nothing to forfeit. I have, moreover, a dearer interest than my own to consult in this wish—you colour, Pelham—you know to whom I allude; for my sister's sake, if not for my own, you will hear me."

Glanville paused for a moment. I raised the handkerchief from the miniature—I pushed the latter towards him—"Do you remember this!" said I, in a low tone.

With a wild cry, which thrilled through my heart, Glanville sprang forward and seized it. He gazed eagerly and intensely upon it, and his cheek flushed—his eyes sparkled—his breast heaved. The next moment he fell back in his chair, in one of the half swoons to which, upon a sudden and violent emotion, the debilitating effects of his disease subjected him.

Before I could come to his assistance, he had recovered. He looked wildly and fiercely upon me. "Speak," he cried, "speak—where got you this—where?—answer, for mercy's sake!"

"Recollect yourself," said I, sternly. "I found that token of your presence upon the spot where Tyrrell was murdered."

"True, true," said Glanville, slowly, and in an absent and abstracted tone. He ceased abruptly, and covered his face with his hands; from this attitude he started with some sudden impulse.

"And tell me," he said, in a low, inward, exulting tone, "was it—was it red with the blood of the murdered man?"

"Wretch!" I exclaimed, "do you glory in your guilt?"

"Hold!" said Glanville, rising, with an altered and haughty air; "it is not to your accusations that I am now to listen: if you are yet desirous of weighing their justice before you decide upon them, you will have the opportunity; I shall be at home at ten this night; come to me, and *you shall know*

all. At present, the sight of this picture has unnerved me. Shall I see you?"

I made no other rejoinder than the brief expression of my assent, and Glanville instantly left the room.

During the whole of that day, my mind was wrought up into a state of feverish and preternatural excitation. I could not remain in the same spot for an instant: my pulse beat with the irregularity of delirium. For the last hour I placed my watch before me, and kept my eyes constantly fixed upon it. It was not *only* Glanville's confession that I was to hear; my own fate, my future connexion with Ellen, rested upon the story of that night. For myself, when I called to mind Glanville's acknowledgment of the picture, and his slow and involuntary remembrance of the spot where it was found, I scarcely allowed my temper, sanguine as it was, to hope.

Some minutes before the hour of ten I repaired to Glanville's house. He was alone—the picture was before him.

I drew my chair towards him in silence, and, accidentally lifting up my eyes, encountered the opposite mirror. I started at my own face; the intensity and fearfulness of my interest had rendered it even more hueless than that of my companion.

There was a pause for some moments, at the end of which Glanville thus began.—

CHAPTER LXXVI.

I do but hide
Under these words, like embers, every spark
Of that which has consumed me. Quick and dark
The grave is yawning;—as its roof shall cover
My limbs with dust and worms, under and over,
So let oblivion hide this grief.

Julian and Maddalo.

With thee, the very future fled,
I stand amid the past alone,
A tomb which still shall guard the dead,
Though every earthlier trace be flown;
A tomb o'er which the weeds that love
Decay—their wild luxuriance wreaths!
The cold and callous stone above—
And only thou and Death beneath.

From Unpublished Poems by —

THE HISTORY OF SIR REGINALD GLANVILLE.

"You remember my character at school—the difficulty with which you drew me from the visionary and abstracted loneliness which, even at that time, was more consonant to my taste, than all the sports and society resorted to by other boys—and the deep, and, to you, inexplicable delight with which I returned to my reveries and solitude again. That character has continued through life the same; circumstances have strengthened, not altered it. So has it been with *you*; the temper, the habits, the tastes, so strongly contrasted with mine in boyhood, have lost nothing of that contrast. Your ardour for the various ambitions of life is still the antipodes to my indifference: your daring, restless, thoughtful resolution in the pursuit, still shames my indolence and abstraction. You are still the votary of the world, but will become its conqueror—I its fugitive—and shall die its victim.

"After we parted at school, I went for a short time to a tutor's in —shire. Of this place I soon grew weary; and, my father's death render-

ing me in a great measure my own master, I lost no time in leaving it. I was seized with that mania for travel common enough to all persons of my youth and disposition. My mother allowed me an almost unlimited command over the fortune hereafter to be my own; and, yielding to my wishes, rather than her fears, she suffered me, at the age of eighteen, to set out for the continent alone. Perhaps the quiet and reserve of my character made her think me less exposed to the dangers of youth, than if I had been of a more active and versatile temper. This is no uncommon mistake; a serious and contemplative disposition is, however, often the worst formed to acquire readily the knowledge of the world, and always the most calculated to suffer deeply from the experience.

"I took up my residence for some time at Spa. It is, you know, perhaps, a place dull enough to make gambling the only amusement; every one played—and I did not escape the contagion; nor did I wish it: for, like the minister Godolphin, my habitual silence made me love gaming for its own sake, because it was a substitute for conversation. This pursuit brought me acquainted with Mr. Tyrrell, who was then staying at Spa; he had not, at that time, quite dissipated his fortune, but was daily progressing to so desirable a consummation. A gambler's acquaintance is readily made, and easily kept,—provided you gamble too.

"We became as intimate as the reverse of my habits ever suffered me to become with any one but you. He was many years older than I—had seen a great deal of the world—had mixed much in its best societies, and at that time, whatever was the *grossièreté* of his mind, had little of the coarseness of *manner* which very soon afterward distinguished him; evil communication works rapidly in its results. Our acquaintance was, therefore, natural enough, especially when it is considered that my purse was entirely at his disposal—for borrowing is 'twice blessed,' in him that takes and him that gives—the receiver becomes complaisant and conceding, and the lender thinks favourably of one he has obliged.

"We parted at Spa, under a mutual promise to write. I forget if this promise was kept—probably not; we were not, however, the worse friends for being bad correspondents. I continued my travels for about another year: I then returned to England, the same melancholy and dreaming enthusiast as before. It is true that we are the creatures of circumstances; but circumstances are also, in a great measure, the creatures of *us*. I mean, they receive their colour from the previous bent of our own minds; what raises one would depress another, and what vitiates my neighbour might correct me. Thus the experience of the world makes some persons more worldly—others more abstracted; and the indulgence of the senses becomes a violence to one mind, and a second nature to another. As for me, I had tasted all the pleasures youth and opulence can purchase, and was more averse to them than ever. I had mixed with many varieties of men—I was still more riveted to the *monotony* of *self*.

"I cannot hope, while I mention these peculiarities, that I am a very uncommon character: I believe the present age has produced many such. Some time hence, it will be a curious inquiry to ascertain the causes of that acute and sensitive morbidity of mind, which has been, and still is, so

epidemic a disease. You know me well enough to believe, that I am not fond of the cant of assuming an artificial character, or of creating a fictitious interest; and I am far from wishing to impose upon you a malady of constitution for a dignity of mind. You must pardon my prolixity. I own that it is very painful to me to come to the main part of my confessions, and I am endeavouring to prepare myself by lingering over the prelude."

Glanville paused here for a few moments. In spite of the sententious coolness with which he pretended to speak, I saw that he was powerfully and painfully affected.

"Well," he continued, "to resume the thread of my narrative; after I had stayed some weeks with my mother and sister, I took advantage of their departure for the continent, and resolved to make a tour through England. Rich people, and I have always been very rich, grow exceedingly tired of the embarrassment of their riches. I seized with delight at the idea of travelling without carriages and servants; I took merely a favourite horse, and the black dog, poor Terror, which you now see at my feet.

"The day I commenced this plan was to me the epoch of a new and terrible existence. However, you must pardon me if I am not here sufficiently diffuse. Suffice it, that I became acquainted with a being whom, for the first and only time in my life, I loved! This miniature attempts to express her likeness; the initials at the back, interwoven with my own, are here."

"Yes," said I, incautiously, "they are the initials of Gertrude Douglas."

"What!" cried Glanville, in a loud tone, which he instantly checked, and continued in an indrawn, muttered whisper: "How long is it since I heard that name! and now—now—" he broke off abruptly, and then said, with a calmer voice, "I know not how you have learnt *her* name; perhaps you will explain?"

"From Thornton," said I.

"And has he told you more?" cried Glanville, as if gasping for breath—"the history—the dreadful—"

"Not a word," said I, hastily; "he was with me when I found the picture, and he explained the initials."

"It is well!" answered Glanville, recovering himself; "you will see presently if I have reason to love that those foul and sordid lips should profane the story I am about to relate. Gertrude was an only daughter; though of gentle blood, she was no match for me, either in rank or fortune. Did I say just now that the world had not altered me? See my folly; one year before I saw her, and I should not have thought *her*, but *myself*, honoured by a marriage;—twelve little months had sufficed to—God forgive me! I took advantage of her love—her youth—her innocence—she fled with me—but not to the altar!"

Again Glanville paused, and again, by a violent effort, conquered his emotion, and proceeded:—

"Never let vice be done by halves—never let a man invest all his purer affections in the woman he ruins—never let him cherish the kindness, if he gratifies the selfishness, of his heart. A profligate who really loves his victim is one of the most wretched of beings. In spite of my successful and triumphant passion—in spite of the first intoxication of possession, and the better and deeper

delight of a reciprocity of thought—feeling, sympathy, for the first time, found;—in the midst of all the luxuries my wealth could produce, and of the voluptuous and spring-like hues with which youth, health, and first love clothe the earth which the loved one treads, and the air which she inhales: in spite of these, in spite of all, I was anything but happy. If Gertrude's cheek seemed a shade more pale, or her eyes less bright, I remembered the sacrifice she had made me, and believed that *she* felt it too. It was in vain, that, with the tender and generous devotion—never found but in woman—she assured me that my love was a recompense for all; the more touching was her tenderness, the more poignant was my remorse. I never loved but her; I have never, therefore, entered into the commonplace of passion, and I cannot, even to this day, look upon her sex as ours do in general. I thought, I think so still, that ingratitude to a woman is often a more odious offence—I am sure it contains a more painful penalty—than ingratitude to a man. But enough of this; if you know me, you can penetrate the nature of my feelings—if not, it is in vain to expect your sympathy.

"I never loved living long in one place. We travelled over the greater part of England and France. What must be the enchantment of love, when accompanied with innocence and joy, since, even in sin, in remorse, in grief, it brings us a rapture to which all other things are tame! O! those were moments steeped in the very elixir of life; overflowing with the hoarded fondness and sympathies of hearts too full for words, and yet too agitated for silence, when we journeyed alone, and at night, and, as the shadows and stillness of the waning hours gathered round us, drew closer to each other, and concentrated this breathing world in the deep and embracing sentiment of our mutual love! It was then that I laid my burning temples on her bosom, and felt, while my hand clasped hers, that my visions were realized, and my wandering spirit had sunk unto its rest.

"I remember well that, one night, we were travelling through one of the most beautiful parts of England; it was in the very height and flush of summer, and the moon (what scene of love—whether in reality, or romance—has any thing of tenderness, or passion, or divinity, where her light is not!) filled the intense skies of June with her presence, and cast a sadder and paler beauty over Gertrude's cheek. She was always of a melancholy and despondent temper; perhaps, for that reason, she was more congenial to my own; and when I gazed upon her that night, I was not surprised to see her eyes filled with tears. 'You will laugh at me,' she said, as I kissed them off and inquired into the cause; 'but I feel a presentiment that I cannot shake off; it tells me that you will travel this road again before many months are past, and that I shall not be with you, perhaps not upon the earth.' She was right in all her forebodings, but the suggestion of her death;—*that* came later.

"We took up our residence for some time at a beautiful situation, a short distance from a small watering place. At this watering place, to my great surprise, I met with Tyrrell. He had come there partly to see a relation from whom he had some expectations, and partly to recruit his health, which was much broken by his irregularities and

excesses. I could not refuse to renew my old acquaintance with him; and, indeed, I thought him too much of a man of the world, and of society, to feel with him that particular delicacy, in regard to Gertrude, which made me in general shun all intercourse with my former friends. He was in great pecuniary embarrassment—much more deeply so than I then imagined; for I believed the embarrassment to be only temporary. However, my purse was then, as before, at his disposal, and he did not scruple to avail himself very largely of my offers. He came frequently to our house; and poor Gertrude, who thought I had, for her sake, made a real sacrifice in renouncing my acquaintance, endeavoured to conquer her usual diffidence, and that more painful feeling than diffidence natural to her station, and even to affect a pleasure in the society of my friend, which she was very far from feeling.

"I was detained at ——— for several weeks by Gertrude's confinement. The child—happy being!—died a week after its birth. Gertrude was still in bed, and unable to leave it, when I received a letter from Ellen, to say that my mother was then staying at Toulouse, and dangerously ill; if I wished once more to see her, Ellen besought me to lose no time in setting off for the continent. You may imagine my situation, or rather you cannot, for you cannot conceive the smallest particle of that intense love I bore to Gertrude. To you—to any other man, it might seem no extraordinary hardship to leave her even for an uncertain period—to me it was like tearing away the very life from my heart.

"I procured her a sort of half companion, and half nurse; I provided for her every thing that the most anxious and fearful love could suggest; and, with a mind full of forebodings too darkly to be realized hereafter, I hastened to the nearest sea-port, and set sail for France.

"When I arrived at Toulouse my mother was much better, but still in a very uncertain and dangerous state of health. I stayed with her for more than a month, during which time every post brought me a line from Gertrude, and bore back a message from 'my heart to hers' in return. This was no mean consolation, more especially when each letter spoke of increasing health and strength. At the month's end, I was preparing to return—my mother was slowly recovering, and I no longer had any fears on her account; but, there are links in our destiny fearfully interwoven with each other, and ending only in the anguish of our ultimate doom. The day before that fixed for my departure, I had been into a house where an epidemic disease raged; that night I complained of oppressive and deadly illness—before morning I was in a high fever.

"During the time I was sensible of my state, I wrote constantly to Gertrude, and carefully concealed my illness; but for several days I was delirious. When I recovered, I called eagerly for my letters—*there were none—none!* I could not believe I was yet awake; but days still passed on, and not a line from England—from Gertrude. The instant I was able, I insisted upon putting horses to my carriage; I could bear no longer the torture of my suspense. By the most rapid journeys my debility would allow me to bear, I arrived in England. I travelled down to ——— by the same road that I had gone over with her! the

words of her foreboding, at that time, sank like ice into my heart, 'You will travel this road again before many months are past, and I shall not be with you: perhaps I shall not be upon the earth!' At that thought I could have called unto the grave to open for me. Her unaccountable and lengthened silence, in spite of all the urgency and entreaties of my letters for a reply, filled me with presentiments the most fearful. O, God—O, God, they were nothing to the truth!

"At last I arrived at —; my carriage stopped at the very house—my whole frame was perfectly frozen with dread—I trembled from limb to limb—the ice of a thousand winters seemed curdling through my blood. The bell rang—once, twice—no answer—I would have leaped out of the carriage—I would have forced an entrance, but I was unable to move. A man fettered and spell-bound by an incubus, is less helpless than I was. At last, an old female I had never seen before, appeared.

"Where is she! How!—' I could utter no more—my eyes were fixed upon the inquisitive and frightened countenance opposite to my own. Those eyes, I thought, might have said all that my lips could not; I was deceived—the old woman understood me no more than I did her; another person appeared—I recognised the face—it was that of a girl, who had been one of our attendants. Will you believe, that at that sight, the sight of one I had seen before, and could associate with the remembrance of the breathing, the living, the present Gertrude, a thrill of joy flashed across me—my fears seemed to vanish—my spell to cease?

"I sprang from the carriage; I caught the girl by the robe. 'Your mistress,' said I, 'your mistress—she is well—she is alive—speak, speak?' The girl shrieked out; my eagerness, and, perhaps, my emaciated and altered appearance, terrified her; but she had the strong nerves of youth, and was soon reassured. She requested me to step in, and she would tell me all. My wife (Gertrude always went by that name) was alive, and, she believed, well, but she had left that place some weeks since. Trembling, and still fearful, but in heaven, comparatively to my former agony, I followed the girl and the old woman into the house.

"The former got me some water. 'Now,' said I, when I had drunk a long and hearty draught, 'I am ready to hear *all*—my wife has left this house, you say—for what place?' The girl hesitated and looked down; the old woman, who was somewhat deaf, and did not rightly understand my questions, or the nature of the personal interest I had in the reply, answered,—'What does the gentleman want? the poor young lady who was last here? Lord help her!'

"What of her? I called out in a new alarm. 'What of her? Where has she gone? Who took her away?'

"Who took her!' mumbled the old woman, fretful at my impatient tone; 'who took her? *why, the mad doctor, to be sure!*'

"I heard no more; my frame could support no longer the agonies my mind had undergone; I fell lifeless on the ground.

"When I recovered, it was at the dead of the night. I was in bed, the old woman and the girl were at my side. I rose slowly and calmly. You know, all men, who have ever suffered much, know the strange anomalies of despair—the quiet of our

veriest anguish. Deceived by my bearing, I learned by degrees, from my attendants, that Gertrude had some weeks since betrayed sudden symptoms of insanity; that these, in a very few hours, arose to an alarming pitch. From some reason the woman could not explain, she had, a short time before, discharged the companion I had left with her; she was, therefore, alone among servants. They sent for the ignorant practitioners of the place; they tried their nostrums without success; her madness increased; her attendants, with that superstitious horror of insanity common to the lower classes, became more and more violently alarmed; the landlady insisted on her removal;—and—and I told you, Pelham—I told you—they sent her away—sent her to a madhouse! All this I listened to!—all!—ay, and patiently. I noted down the address of her present abode: it was about the distance of twenty miles from —. I ordered fresh horses and set off immediately.

"I arrived there at daybreak. It was a large, old house, which, like a French hotel, seemed to have no visible door: dark and gloomy, the pile appeared worthy of the purpose to which it was devoted. It was a long time before we aroused any one to answer our call; at length, I was ushered into a small parlour—how minutely I remember every article in the room!—what varieties there are in the extreme passions! sometimes the same feeling will deaden all the senses—sometimes render them a hundredfold more acute!

"At last, a man of a smiling and rosy aspect appeared. He pointed to a chair—rubbed his hands—and begged me to unfold my business; few words sufficed to do that. I requested to see his patient; I demanded by what authority she had been put under his care. The man's face altered. He was but little pleased with the nature of my visit. 'The lady,' he said, coolly, 'had been intrusted to his care, with an adequate remuneration, by Mr. Tyrrell; without that gentleman's permission, he could not think even of suffering me to see her.' I controlled my passion; I knew something, if not of the nature of private mad-houses, at least of that of mankind. I claimed his patient as my wife; I expressed myself obliged by his care, and begged his acceptance of a further remuneration, which I tendered, and which was eagerly accepted. The way was now cleared—there is no hell to which a golden branch will not win your admittance.

"The man detained me no longer; he hastened to lead the way. We passed through various long passages; sometimes the low moan of pain and weakness came upon my ear—sometimes the confused murmur of the idiot's drivelling soliloquy. From one passage, at right angles with the one through which we proceeded, broke a fierce and thrilling shriek; it sank at once into silence—*perhaps beneath the lash!*

"We were now in a different department of the building—all was silence—hushed—deep—breathless; this seemed to me more awful than the terrible sounds I had just heard. My guide went slowly on, sometimes breaking the stillness of the dim gallery by the jingle of his keys—sometimes by a muttered panegyric on himself and his humanity. I neither heeded nor answered him.

"We read in the annals of the Inquisition, of every limb, nerve, sinew of the victim, being so

nicely and accurately strained to their utmost, that the frame would not bear the additional screwing of a single hair-breadth. Such seemed *my* state. We came to a small door, at the right hand; it was the last but one in the passage. We paused before it. 'Stop,' said I, 'for one moment;' and I was so faint and sick at heart, that I leaned against the wall to recover myself, before I let him open the door: when he did, it was a greater relief than I can express, to see that all was utterly dark. 'Wait, sir,' said the guide, as he entered: and a sullen noise told me that he was unbarring the heavy shutter.

"Slowly the gray cold light of the morning broke in: a dark figure was stretched upon a wretched bed, at the far end of the room. She raised herself at the sound. She turned her face towards me; I did not fall, nor faint, nor shriek; I stood motionless, as if fixed into stone: and yet it was Gertrude upon whom I gazed. O, heaven! who but myself could have recognised her? Her cheek was as the cheek of the dead—the hueless skin clung to the bone—the eye was dull and glassy for one moment; the next it became terribly and preternaturally bright—but not with the ray of intellect, or consciousness, or recognition. She looked long and hard at me; a voice hollow and broken, but which still penetrated my heart, came forth through the wan lips, that scarcely moved with the exertion. 'I am very cold,' it said—'but if I complain, you will beat me.' She fell down again upon the bed, and hid her face.

"My guide, who was leaning carelessly by the window, turned to me with a sort of smirk—'This is her way, sir,' he said; 'her madness is of a very singular description: we have not, as yet, been able to discover how far it extends; sometimes she seems conscious of the past, sometimes utterly oblivious of every thing: for days she is perfectly silent, or, at least, says nothing more than you have just heard; but, at times, she raves so violently, that—that—but I never use force where it can be helped.'

"I looked at the man, but I could not answer, unless I had torn him to pieces on the spot. I turned away hastily from the room: but I did not quit the house without Gertrude—I placed her in the carriage, by my side—notwithstanding all the protestations and fears of the keeper; these were readily silenced by the sum I gave him; it was large enough to have liberated half his household. In fact, I gathered from his conversation, that Tyrrell had spoken of Gertrude as an unhappy female whom he himself had seduced, and would now be rid of. I thank you, Pelham, for that frown, but keep your indignation till a fitter season for it.

"I took *my* victim, for I then regarded her as such, to a secluded and lonely spot: I procured for her whatever advice England could afford; all was in vain. Night and day I was by her side, but she never, for a moment, seemed to recollect me: yet were there times of fierce and overpowering delirium, when my name was uttered in the transport of the most passionate enthusiasm—when my features as absent, though not present, were recalled and dwelt upon with all the minuteness of the most faithful detail; and I knelt by her in all those moments, when no other human being was near, and clasped her wan hand, and wiped the dew from her forehead, and gazed upon her convulsed and changing face, and called upon her in

a voice which could once have allayed her wildest emotions; and had the agony of seeing her eye dwell upon me with the most estranged indifference, or the most vehement and fearful aversion. But, ever and anon, she uttered words which chilled the very marrow of my bones; words which I would not, dared not believe, had any meaning or method in their madness—but which entered into my own brain, and preyed there like the devouring of a fire. There *was* a truth in those ravings—a reason in that incoherence—and my cup was not yet full.

"At last, one physician, who appeared to me to have more knowledge than the rest of the mysterious workings of her dreadful disease, advised me to take her to the scenes of her first childhood; 'Those scenes,' said he, justly, 'are in all stages of life the most fondly remembered; and I have noted that in many cases of insanity, places are easier recalled than persons; perhaps, if we can once awaken one link in the chain, it will communicate to the rest.'

"I took this advice, and set off to Norfolk. Her early home was not many miles distant from the churchyard where you once met me, and in that churchyard her mother was buried. *She* had died before Gertrude's flight; the father's death had followed it: perhaps my sufferings were a just retribution. The house had gone into other hands, and I had no difficulty in engaging it. Thank Heaven, I was spared the pain of seeing any of Gertrude's relations.'

"It was night when we moved to the house. I had placed within the room where she used to sleep, all the furniture and books, with which it appeared, from my inquiries, to have been formerly filled. We laid her in the bed that had held that faded and altered form, in its freshest and purest years. I shrouded myself in one corner of the room, and counted the dull minutes, till the daylight dawned. I pass over the detail of my recital—the experiment partially succeeded—would to God that it had not! would that she had gone down to her grave with her dreadful secret unrevealed! would—but——"

Here Glanville's voice failed him, and there was a brief silence before he recommenced.

"Gertrude now had many lucid intervals; but these my presence were always sufficient to change into a delirious raving, even more incoherent than her insanity had ever yet been. She would fly from me with the most fearful cries, bury her face in her hands, and seemed like one oppressed and haunted by a supernatural visitation, as long as I remained in the room; the moment I left her, she began, though slowly, to recover.

"This was to me the bitterest affliction of all—to be forbidden to nurse, to cherish, to tend her was like taking from me my last hope! but little can the thoughtless or the worldly dream of the depths of real love; I used to wait all day by her door, and it was luxury enough to me to catch her accents, or hear her move, or sigh, or even weep and all night, when she could not know of my presence, I used to lie down by her bedside; and when I sank into a short and convulsed sleep I saw her once more, in my brief and fleeting dreams, in all the devoted love, and glowing beauty which had once constituted the whole of my happiness and *my* world.

"One day I had been called from my post by her door. They came to me hastily. *She* was in

strong convulsions. I flew up stairs, and supported her in my arms till the fits had ceased : we then placed her in bed ; she never rose from it again : but on that bed of death, the words, as well as the cause of her former insanity, were explained—the mystery was unravelled.

"It was a still and breathless night. The moon, which was at its decrease, came through the half-closed shutters, and, beneath its solemn and eternal light, she yielded to my entreaties, and revealed all. The man—my friend—Tyrrell—had polluted her ear with his addresses, and when forbidden the house, had bribed the woman I had left with her, to convey his letters ; she was discharged—but Tyrrell was no ordinary villain ; he entered the house one evening, when no one but Gertrude was there.—Come near me, Pelham—nearer—bend down your ear—he used force, violence ! That night Gertrude's senses deserted her—you know the rest.

"The moment that I gathered, from Gertrude's broken sentences, their meaning, that moment the demon entered into my soul. All human feelings seemed to fly from my heart ; it shrank into one burning, and thirsty, and fiery want—and that want was for revenge ! I would have sprung from the bedside, but Gertrude's hand clung to me, and detained me ; the damp, chill grasp grew colder and colder—it ceased—the hand fell—I turned—one slight, but awful shudder, went over that face, made yet more wan by the light of the waning and ghastly moon—one convulsion shook the limbs—one murmur passed the falling and hueless lips. I cannot tell you the rest—you know—you can guess it.

"That day week we buried her in the lonely churchyard—where she had, in her lucid moments, wished to lie—by the side of her mother.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

— I breathed,
But not the breath of human life ;
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my very thought to strife.
The Glacier.

"THANK heaven, the most painful part of my story is at an end. You will now be able to account for our meeting in the churchyard at ——. I secured myself a lodging at a cottage not far from the spot which held Gertrude's remains. Night after night I wandered to that lonely place, and longed for a couch beside the sleeper, whom I mourned in the selfishness of my soul. I prostrated myself on the mound : I humbled myself to tears. In the overflowing anguish of my heart I forgot all that had aroused its stormier passions into life. Revenge, hatred,—all vanished. I lifted up my face to the tender heavens : I called aloud to the silent and placid air ; and when I turned again to that unconscious mound, I thought of nothing but the sweetness of our early love, and the bitterness of her early death. It was in such moments that your footstep broke upon my grief : the instant others had seen me—other eyes penetrated the sanctity of my regret—from that instant, whatever was more soft and holy in the passions and darkness of my mind seemed to vanish away like a scroll. I again returned to the intense and withering remembrance which was henceforward to make the very key and pivot of my existence. I

again recalled the last night of Gertrude's life ; I again shuddered at the low, murmured sounds, whose dreadful sense broke slowly upon my soul. I again felt the cold—cold, slimy grasp of those wan and dying fingers ; and I again nerved my heart to an iron strength, and vowed deep, deep-rooted, endless, implacable revenge.

"The morning after the night you saw me, I left my abode. I went to London, and attempted to methodize my plans of vengeance. The first thing to discover, was Tyrrell's present residence. By accident, I heard he was at Paris, and, within two hours of receiving the intelligence, I set off for that city. On arriving there, the habits of the gambler soon discovered him to my search. I saw him one night at a hell. He was evidently in distressed circumstances, and the fortune of the table was against him. Unperceived by him, I feasted my eyes on his changing countenance, as those deadly and wearing transitions of feeling, only to be produced by the gaming table, passed over it. While I gazed upon him, a thought of more exquisite and refined revenge, than had yet occurred to me, flashed upon my mind. Occupied with the ideas it gave rise to, I went into the adjoining room, which was quite empty. There I seated myself, and endeavoured to develope, more fully, the rude and imperfect outline of my scheme.

"The arch tempter favoured me with a trusty coadjutor in my designs. I was lost in a reverie, when I heard myself accosted by name. I looked up, and beheld a man whom I had often seen with Tyrrell, both at Spa, and ——, (the watering place where, with Gertrude, I had met Tyrrell.) He was a person of low birth and character ; but esteemed, from his love of coarse humour, and vulgar enterprise, a man of infinite parts—a sort of Yorick—by the set most congenial to Tyrrell's tastes. By this undue reputation, and the levelling habit of gaming, to which he was addicted, he was raised, in certain societies, much above his proper rank : need I say that this man was Thornton ? I was but slightly acquainted with him ; however, he accosted me cordially, and endeavoured to draw me into conversation.

"Have you seen Tyrrell ?" said he ; "he is at it again ; what's bred in the bone, you know, &c." I turned pale with the mention of Tyrrell's name, and replied very laconically, to what purpose, I forget.—"Ah ! ah !" rejoined Thornton, eyeing me with an air of impertinent familiarity—"I see you have not forgiven him ; he played you but a shabby trick at —— ; seduced your mistress, or something of that sort ; he told me all about it : pray how is the poor girl now ?"

"I made no reply ; I sank down and gasped for breath. All I had suffered seemed nothing to the indignity I then endured. *She—she—who had once been my pride—my honour—life—to be thus spoken of—and ——. I could not pursue the idea. I rose hastily, looked at Thornton with a glance which might have abashed a man less shameless and callous than himself, and left the room.*

"That night, as I tossed restless and feverish on my bed of thorns, I saw how useful Thornton might be to me in the prosecution of the scheme I had entered into ; and the next morning I sought him out, and purchased (no very difficult matter) both his secrecy and his assistance. My plan of vengeance, to one who had seen and observed less

of the varieties of human nature than you have done, might seem far-fetched and unnatural; for while the superficial are ready to allow eccentricity as natural in the coolness of ordinary life, they never suppose it can exist in the heat of the passions—as if, in such moments, any thing was ever considered absurd in the means which was favourable to the end. Were the secrets of one passionate and irregulated heart laid bare, there would be more romance in them, than in all the fables which we turn from with incredulity and disdain, as exaggerated and overdrawn.

“Among the thousand schemes for retribution which had chased each other across my mind, the death of my victim was only the ulterior object. Death, indeed—the pang of one moment—appeared to me but very feeble justice for the life of lingering and restless anguish to which his treachery had condemned me; but my penance, my doom, I could have forgiven: it was the fate of a more innocent and injured being which irritated the sting and fed the venom of my revenge. That revenge no ordinary punishment could appease. If fanaticism can only be satisfied by the rack and the flames, you may readily conceive a like unappeasable fury, in a hatred so deadly, so concentrated, and so just as mine—and if fanaticism persuades itself into a virtue, so also did my hatred.

“The scheme which I resolved upon was, to attach Tyrrell more and more to the gaming table, to be present at his infatuation, to feast my eyes upon the feverish intensity of his suspense—to reduce him, step by step, to the lowest abyss of poverty—to glut my soul with the abjectness and humiliation of his penury—to strip him of all aid, consolation, sympathy, and friendship—to follow him, unseen, to his wretched and squalid home—to mark the struggles of the craving nature with the loathing pride—and, finally, to watch the frame wear, the eye sink, the lip grow livid, and all the terrible and torturing progress of gnawing want, to utter starvation. Then, in that last state, but not before, I might reveal myself—stand by the hopeless and succourless bed of death—shriek out in the dizzy ear a name, which could treble the horrors of remembrance—snatch from the struggling and agonizing conscience the last plank, the last straw, to which, in its madness, it could cling, and blacken the shadows of departing life, by opening to the shuddering sense the threshold of an impatient and yawning hell.

“Hurried away by the unhallowed fever of these projects, I thought of nothing but their accomplishment. I employed Thornton, who still maintained his intimacy with Tyrrell, to decoy him more and more to the gambling-house: and, as the unequal chances of the public table were not rapid enough in their termination to consummate the ruin even of an impetuous and vehement gamester, like Tyrrell, so soon as my impatience desired, Thornton took every opportunity of engaging him in private play, and accelerating my object by the unlawful arts of which he was master. My enemy was every day approaching the farthest verge of ruin: near relations he had none, all his distant ones he had disobliged; all his friends, and even his acquaintance, he had fatigued by his importunity, or disgusted by his conduct. In the whole world there seemed not a being who would stretch forth a helping hand to save him from the total and penniless beggary to which he was

hopelessly advancing. Out of the wrecks of his former property, and the generosity of former friends, whatever he had already wrung, had been immediately staked at the gaming house, and as immediately lost.

“Perhaps this would not so soon have been the case, if Thornton had not artfully fed and sustained his expectations. He had been long employed by Tyrrell in a professional capacity, and he knew well all the gamester's domestic affairs; and when he promised, should things come to the worst, to find some expedient to restore them, Tyrrell easily adopted so flattering a belief.

“Meanwhile, I had taken the name and disguise under favour of which you met me at Paris, and Thornton had introduced me to Tyrrell as a young Englishman of great wealth, and still greater inexperience. The gambler grasped eagerly at an acquaintance, which Thornton readily persuaded him he could turn to such account; and I had thus every facility of marking, day by day, how my plot thickened, and my vengeance hastened to its triumph.

“This was not all. I said, there was not in the wide world a being who would have saved Tyrrell from the fate he deserved and was approaching. I forgot there *was* one who still clung to him with affection, and for whom he still seemed to harbour the better and purer feelings of less degraded and guilty times. This person (you will guess readily it was a woman) I made it my especial business and care to wean away from my prey; I would not suffer him a consolation he had denied to me. I used all the arts of seduction to obtain the transfer of her affections. Whatever promises and vows—whether of love or wealth—could effect, were tried; nor, at last, without success—I triumphed. The woman became my slave. It was she, who, whenever Tyrrell faltered in his course to destruction, combated his scruples, and urged on his reluctance; it was she who informed me minutely of his pitiful finances, and assisted, to her utmost, in expediting their decay. The still more bitter treachery of deserting him in his veriest want I reserved till the fittest occasion, and contemplated with a savage delight.

“I was embarrassed in my scheme by two circumstances: first, Thornton's acquaintance with you: and secondly, Tyrrell's receipt (some time afterward) of a very unexpected sum of two hundred pounds, in return for renouncing all further and possible claim on the purchasers of his estate. To the former, so far as it might interfere with my plans, or lead to my detection, you must pardon me for having put a speedy termination; the latter threw me into great consternation—for Tyrrell's first idea was to renounce the gaming table, and endeavour to live upon the trifling pittance he had acquired, as long as the utmost economy would permit.

“This idea, Margaret, the woman I spoke of, according to my instructions, so artfully and successfully combated, that Tyrrell yielded to his natural inclination, and returned once more to the infatuation of his favourite pursuit. However, I had become restlessly impatient for the termination to this prefatory part of my revenge, and, accordingly, Thornton and myself arranged that Tyrrell should be persuaded by the former to risk all, even to his very last farthing, in a private game with me. Tyrrell, who believed he should readily recruit himself by my unskilfulness in the game, fell easily

into the snare; and on the second night of our engagement, he not only had lost the whole of his remaining pittance, but had signed bonds owing to a debt of far greater amount than he, at that time, could ever even have dreamt of possessing.

"Flushed, heated, almost maddened with my triumph, I yielded to the exultation of the moment. I did not know you were so near—I discovered myself—you remember the scene. I went joyfully home: and for the first time since Gertrude's death, I was happy; but there I imagined my vengeance only would begin: I revelled in the burning hope of marking the hunger and extremity that must ensue. The next day, when Tyrrell turned round, in his despair, for one momentary word of comfort from the lips to which he believed, in the fond credulity of his heart, falsehood and treachery never came, his last earthly friend taunted and deserted him. Mark me, Pelham—I was by, and heard her!

"But here my power of retribution was to close: from the thirst still unslaked and unappeased, the cup was abruptly snatched. Tyrrell disappeared—no one knew whither. I set Thornton's inquiries at work. A week afterward he brought me word that Tyrrell had died in extreme want, and from very despair. Will you credit, that at hearing this news, my first sensations were only rage and disappointment? True, he had died, died in all the misery my heart could wish, but *I had not seen him die*; and the death-bed seemed to me robbed of its bitterest pang.

"I know not to this day, though I have often questioned him, what interest Thornton had in deceiving me by this tale; for my own part, I believe that he himself was deceived; certain it is, (for I inquired,) that a person, very much answering to Tyrrell's description, had perished in the state Thornton mentioned; and this might, therefore, in all probability, have misled him.

"I left Paris, and returned, through Normandy, to England, (where I remained some weeks;) there we again met: but I think we did not meet till I had been persecuted by the insolence and importunity of Thornton. The tools of our passions cut both ways; like the monarch who employed strange beasts in his army, we find our treacherous allies less destructive to others than ourselves. But I was not of a temper to brook the tauntings or the encroachment of my own creature; it had been with but an ill grace that I had endured his familiarity, when I absolutely required his services, much less could I suffer his intrusion when those services—services not of love, but hire—were no longer necessary. Thornton, like all persons of his stamp, has a low pride, which I was constantly offending. He had mixed with men, more than my equals in rank, on a familiar footing, and he could ill brook the hauteur with which my disgust at his character absolutely constrained me to treat him. It is true, that the profuseness of my liberality was such, that the mean wretch stomached affronts for which he was so largely paid; but with the cunning and malicious spite natural to him, he knew well how to repay them in kind. While he assisted, he affected to ridicule, my revenge; and though he soon saw that he durst not, for his very life, breathe a syllable openly against Gertrude, or her memory,

yet he contrived, by general remarks, and covert insinuations, to gall me to the very quick, and in the very tenderest point. Thus a deep and cordial antipathy to each other arose, and grew, and strengthened, till, I believe, like the fiends in hell, our mutual hatred became our common punishment.

"No sooner had I returned to England, than I found him here awaiting my arrival. He favoured me with frequent visits and requests for money. Although not possessed of any secret really important affecting my character, he knew well, that he was possessed of one important to my quiet; and he availed himself to the utmost of my strong and deep aversion even to the most delicate recurrence to my love to Gertrude, and its unhallowed and disastrous termination. At length, however, he wearied me. I found that he was sinking into the very dregs and refuse of society, and I could not longer brook the idea of enduring his familiarity and feeding his vices.

"I pass over any detail of my own feelings, as well as my *outward* and *worldly* history. Over my mind, a great change had passed; I was no longer torn by violent and contending passions; upon the tumultuous sea a dead and heavy torpor had fallen; the very winds, necessary for health, had ceased;

"*'I slept on the abyss without a surge.'*

One violent and engrossing passion is among the worst of all *immoralities*, for it leaves the mind too stagnant and exhausted for those activities and energies which constitute our real duties. However, now that the tyrant feeling of my mind was removed, I endeavoured to shake off the apathy it had produced, and return to the various occupations and business of life. Whatever could divert me from my own dark memories, or give a momentary motion to the stagnation of my mind, I grasped at with the fondness and eagerness of a child. Thus, you found me surrounding myself with luxuries which palled upon my taste the instant that their novelty had passed: *now* striving for the vanity of literary fame; *now*, for the emptier baubles which riches could procure. At one time I shrouded myself in my closet, and brooded over the dogmas of the learned, and the errors of the wise; at another, I plunged into the more engrossing and active pursuits of the living crowd which rolled around me,—and flattered my heart, that amidst the applause of senators, and the whirlpool of affairs, I could lull to rest the voices of the past, and the spectre of the dead.

"Whether these hopes were effectual, and the struggle not in vain, this haggard and wasting form, drooping day by day into the grave, can declare; but I said I would not dwell long upon this part of my history, nor is it necessary. Of one thing only, not connected with the main part of my confessions, it is right, for the sake of one tender and guiltless being, that I should speak.

"In the cold and friendless world in which I mixed, there was a heart which had years ago given itself wholly up to me. At that time I was ignorant of the gift I so little deserved, or (for it was before I knew Gertrude) I might have returned it, and been saved years of crime and anguish. Since then, the person I allude to had married, and, by the death of her husband, was once more free. Intimate with my family, and more espe-

* It seems (from subsequent investigation) that this was really the case.

cially with my sister, she now met me constantly; her compassion for the change she perceived in me, both in mind and person, was stronger than even her reserve, and this is the only reason why I speak of an attachment which ought otherwise to be concealed: I believe that you already understand to whom I allude, and since you have discovered her weakness, it is right that you should know also her virtue; it is right that you should learn, that it was not in her the fantasy, or passion of a moment, but a long and secreted love; that you should learn, that it was her pity, and no unfeminine disregard to opinion, which betrayed her into imprudence, and that she is, at this moment, innocent of every thing but the folly of loving me."

"I pass on to the time when I discovered that I had been, either intentionally or unconsciously, deceived, and that my enemy yet lived! lived in honour, prosperity, and the world's blessings. This information was like removing a barrier from a stream hitherto pent into quiet and restraint. All the stormy thoughts, feelings, and passions, so long at rest, rushed again into a terrible and tumultuous action. The newly formed stratum of my mind was swept away; every thing seemed a wreck, a chaos, a convulsion of jarring elements; but this is a trite and tame description of my feelings; words would be but commonplace to express the revulsion which I experienced: yet, amidst all, there was one paramount and presiding thought, to which the rest were as atoms in the heap—the awakened thought of vengeance!—but how was it to be gratified?

"Placed as Tyrrell now was in the scale of society, every method of retribution but the one formerly rejected, seemed at an end. To that one, therefore, weak and merciful as it appeared to me, I resorted—you took my challenge to Tyrrell—you remember his behaviour—conscience doth indeed make cowards of us all! The letter enclosed to me in his to you, contained only the commonplace argument urged so often by those who have injured us: viz. the reluctance of attempting our life after having ruined our happiness. When I found that he had left London my rage knew no bounds; I was absolutely frantic with indignation; the earth reeled before my eyes; I was almost suffocated by the violence—the *whirlpool*—of my emotions. I gave myself no time to think,—I left town in pursuit of my foe.

"I found that—still addicted, though, I believe, not so madly as before, to his old amusements—he was in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, awaiting the races shortly to ensue. No sooner did I find his address, than I wrote him another challenge, still more forcibly and insultingly worded than the one you took. In this I said that his refusal was of no avail; that I had sworn that my vengeance should overtake him; and that, sooner or later, in the face of heaven and despite of hell, my oath should be fulfilled. Remember those words, Pelham, I shall refer to them hereafter.

"Tyrrell's reply was short and contemptuous; he affected to treat me as a madman. Perhaps (and I confess that the incoherence of my letter authorized such suspicion) he believed I really was one. He concluded by saying, that if he received any more of my letters, he should shelter himself from my aggressions by the protection of the law.

"On receiving this reply, a stern, sullen, iron

spirit entered into my bosom. I betrayed no external mark of passion; I sat down in silence—I placed the letter and Gertrude's picture before me. There, still and motionless, I remained for hours. I remember well, I was awakened from my gloomy reverie by the clock, as it struck the first hour of the morning. At that lone and ominous sound, the associations of romance and dread which the fables of our childhood connect with it, rushed coldly and fearfully into my mind; the damp dews broke out upon my forehead, and the blood curdled in my limbs. In that moment I knelt down and vowed a frantic and deadly oath—the words of which I would not now dare to repeat—that before three days expired, hell should no longer be cheated of its prey. I rose—I flung myself on my bed, and slept.

"The next day I left my abode. I purchased a strong and swift horse, and, disguising myself from head to foot in a long horseman's cloak, I set off alone, locking in my heart the calm and cold conviction, that my oath should be kept. I placed, concealed in my dress, two pistols; my intention was to follow Tyrrell wherever he went, till we could find ourselves alone, and without the chance of intrusion. It was then my determination to force him into a contest, and that no trembling of the hand, no error of the swimming sight, might betray my purpose, to place foot to foot, and the mouth of each pistol almost to the very temple of each antagonist. Nor was I deterred for a moment from this resolution by the knowledge that my own death must be as certain as my victim's. On the contrary, looked forward to dying thus, and so baffling the more lingering, but not less sure, disease, which was daily wasting me away, with the same fierce, yet not unquiet delight with which men have rushed into battle, and sought out a death less bitter to them than life.

"For two days, though I each day saw Tyrrell, fate threw into my way no opportunity of executing my design. The morning of the third came—Tyrrell was on the race ground: sure that he would remain there for some hours, I put up my wearied horse in the town, and, seating myself in an obscure corner of the course, was contented with watching, as the serpent does his victim, the distant motions of my enemy. Perhaps you can recollect passing a man seated on the ground, and robed in a horseman's cloak. I need not tell you that it was I whom you passed and accosted. I saw you ride by me; but the moment you were gone I forgot the occurrence. I looked upon the rolling and distant crowd, as a child views the figures of the phantasmagoria, scarcely knowing if my eyes deceived me, feeling impressed with some stupifying and ghastly sensation of dread and cherishing the conviction that my life was as the life of the creatures that passed before me.

"The day waned—I went back for my horse. I returned to the course, and keeping at a distance as little suspicious as possible, followed the motions of Tyrrell. He went back to the town—rested there—repaired to a gaming table—stayed in it a short time—returned to his inn, and ordered his horse.

In all these motions I followed the object of my pursuit; and my heart bounded with joy, when at last, saw him set out alone, and in the advancing twilight. I followed him till he left the main road. Now, I thought, was my time. I redoubled

my pace, and had nearly reached him, when some horsemen appearing, constrained me again to slacken my pace. Various other similar interruptions occurred to delay my plot. At length all was undisturbed. I spurred my horse, and was nearly on the heels of my enemy, when I perceived him join another man—this was *you*—I clenched my teeth, and drew my breath, as I once more retreated to a distance. In a short time two men passed me, and I found, that, owing to some accident on the road, they stopped to assist you. It appears by your evidence on a subsequent event, that these men were Thornton and his friend Dawson: at the time they passed too rapidly, and I was too much occupied in my own dark thoughts, to observe them: still I kept up to you and Tyrrell, sometimes catching the outlines of your figures through the moonlight, at others (with the acute sense of anxiety) only just distinguishing the clang of your horses' hoofs on the stony ground. At last, a heavy shower came on; imagine my joy, when Tyrrell left you and rode off alone!

"I passed you, and followed my enemy as fast as my horse would permit; but it was not equal to Tyrrell's, which was almost at its full speed. However, I came, at last, to a very steep, and almost precipitous, descent. I was forced to ride slowly and cautiously; this, however, I the less regarded, from my conviction that Tyrrell must be obliged to use the same precaution. My hand was on my pistol with the grasp of premeditated revenge, when a shrill, sharp, solitary cry broke on my ear.

"No sound followed—all was silence. I was just approaching toward the close of the descent, when a horse without its rider passed me. The shower had ceased, and the moon broken from the cloud some minutes before; by its light, I recognised the horse rode by Tyrrell; perhaps, I thought, it has thrown its master, and my victim will now be utterly in my power. I pushed hastily forward in spite of the hill, not yet wholly passed. I came to a spot of singular desolation—it was a broad patch of waste land, a pool of water was on the right, and a remarkable and withered tree hung over it. I looked round, but saw nothing of life stirring. A dark and imperfectly developed object lay by the side of the pond—I pressed forward—merciful God! my enemy had escaped my hand, and lay in the stillness of death before me!"

"What!" I exclaimed, interrupting Glanville, for I could contain myself no longer, "it was not by *you* then that Tyrrell fell?" With these words I grasped his hand; and, excited as I had been by my painful and wrought-up interest in his recital, I burst into tears of gratitude and joy. Reginald Glanville was innocent—Ellen was not the sister of an assassin!

After a short pause, Glanville continued—

"I gazed upon the upward and distorted face, in a deep and sickening silence; an awe dark and undefined crept over my heart; I stood beneath the solemn and sacred heavens, and felt that the hand of God was upon me—that a mysterious and fearful edict had gone forth—that my headlong and unholy wrath had, in the very midst of its fury, been checked, as if but the idle anger of a child—that the plan I had laid in the foolish wisdom of my heart had been traced, step by step, by an all-seeing Eye, and baffled in the moment of its fancied success, by an inscrutable and awful doom. I had wished the death of my enemy—lo! my wish was

accomplished—how, I neither knew nor guessed—there, a still and senseless clod of earth, without power of offence or injury, he lay beneath my feet—it seemed as if, in the moment of my uplifted arm, the Divine Avenger had asserted His prerogative—as if the angel which had smitten the Assyrian, had again swept forth, though against a meaner victim—and, while he punished the guilt of a human criminal, had set an eternal barrier to the vengeance of a human foe!

"I dismounted from my horse, and bent over the murdered man. I drew from my bosom the miniature, which never forsook me, and bathed the lifeless resemblance of Gertrude in the blood of her betrayer. Scarcely had I done so, before my ear caught the sounds of steps; hastily I thrust, as I thought, the miniature in my bosom, remounted, and rode hurriedly away. At that hour, and for many which succeeded to it, I believe that all sense was suspended. I was like a man haunted by a dream, and wandering under its influence; or, as one whom a spectre pursues, and for whose eye the breathing and busy world is but as a land of unreal forms and flitting shadows, teeming with the monsters of darkness and the terrors of the tomb.

"It was not till the next day that I missed the picture. I returned to the spot—searched it carefully; but in vain—the miniature could not be found; I returned to town, and shortly afterward the newspapers informed me of what had subsequently occurred. I saw, with dismay, that all appearances pointed to me as the criminal, and that the officers of justice were at that moment tracing the clue which my cloak and the colour of my horse afforded them. My mysterious pursuit of Tyrrell; the disguise I had assumed; the circumstance of my passing you on the road, and of my flight when you approached, all spoke volumes against me. A stronger evidence yet remained, and it was reserved for Thornton to indicate it—at this moment my life is in his hands. Shortly after my return to town, he forced his way into my room, shut the door—bolted it—and, the moment we were alone, said, with a savage and fiendish grin of exultation and defiance—'Sir Reginald Glanville, you have many a time and oft insulted me with your pride, and more with your gifts: now it is my time to insult and triumph over you—know that one word of mine could sentence you to the gibbet.'

"He then minutely summed up the evidence against me, and drew from his pocket the threatening letter I had last written to Tyrrel. You remember that therein I said my vengeance was sworn against him, and that, sooner or later, it should overtake him. 'Couple,' said Thornton, coldly, as he replaced the letter in his pocket—'couple these words with the evidence already against you, and I would not buy your life at a farthing's value.'

"How Thornton came by this paper, so important to my safety, I know not: but when he read it, I was startled by the danger it brought upon me: one glance sufficed to show me that I was utterly at the mercy of the villain who stood before me: he saw and enjoyed my struggles.

"'Now,' said he, 'we know each other;—at present I want a thousand pounds; you will not refuse it me, I am sure; when it is gone, I shall call again; till then you can do without me.' I flung him a note for the money, and he departed.

"You may conceive the mortification I endured in this sacrifice of pride to prudence: but those were no ordinary motives which induced me to submit to it. Fast approaching to the grave, it mattered to me but little whether a violent death should shorten a life to which a limit was already set, and which I was far from being anxious to retain: but I could not endure the thought of bringing upon my mother and my sister, the wretchedness and shame which the mere suspicion of a crime so enormous would occasion them; and when my eye caught all the circumstances arrayed against me, my pride seemed to suffer a less mortification even in the course I adopted than in the thought of the felon's jail, and the criminal's trial; the hoots and execrations of the mob, and the death and ignominious remembrance of the murderer.

"Stronger than either of these motives was my shrinking and loathing aversion to whatever seemed likely to unrip the secret history of the past. I sickened at the thought of Gertrude's name and fate being bared to the vulgar eye, and exposed to the comment, the strictures, the ridicule of the gaping and curious public. It seemed to me, therefore, but a very poor exertion of philosophy to conquer my feelings of humiliation at Thornton's insolence and triumph, and to console myself with the reflection, that a few months must rid me alike of his exactions and my life.

"But, of late, Thornton's persecutions and demands have risen to such a height, that I have been scarcely able to restrain my indignation and control myself into compliance. The struggle is too powerful for my frame; it is rapidly bringing on the fiercest and the last contest I shall suffer, before 'the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.' Some days since, I came to a resolution, which I am now about to execute; it is to leave this country and take refuge on the continent. There I shall screen myself from Thornton's pursuit and the danger which it entails upon me; and there, unknown and undisturbed, I shall await the termination of my disease.

"But two duties remained for me to fulfil before I departed; I have now discharged them both. One was due to the warm-hearted and noble being who honoured me with her interest and affection—the other to you. I went yesterday to the former; I sketched the outline of that history which I have detailed to you. I showed her the waste of my barren heart, and spoke to her of the disease which was wearing me away. How beautiful is the love of woman! She would have followed me over the world—received my last sigh, and seen me to the rest I shall find, at length; and this without a hope, or thought of recompense, even from the worthlessness of love.

"But, enough!—of her my farewell has been taken. Your suspicions I have seen and forgiven—for they were natural; it was due to me to remove them: the pressure of your hand tells me that I have done so: but I had another reason for my confessions. I have filtered away the romance of my heart, and I have now no indulgence for the little delicacies and petty scruples which often stand in the way of our real happiness. I have marked your former addresses to Ellen, and, I confess, with great joy; for I know, amidst all your worldly ambition, and the incrustated artificiality of your exterior, how warm and generous is your real heart—how noble and intellectual is your real

mind: and were my sister tenfold more perfect than I believe her, I do not desire to find on earth one more deserving of her than yourself. I have remarked your late estrangement from Ellen; and, while I *guessed*, I felt that, however painful to me, I ought to *remove* the cause: she loves you—though, perhaps, you know it not—much and truly; and since my earlier life has been passed in a selfish inactivity, I would fain let it close with the reflection of having served two beings whom I prize so dearly, and the hope that their happiness will commence with my death.

"And now, Pelham, I have done; I am weak and exhausted, and cannot bear more—even of your society, now. Think over what I have last said, and let me see you again to-morrow; on the day after, I leave England for ever."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

* * * * *

But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above,
And the heavens reject not.
The desire of the moth for the star
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

P. B. SHELLEY.

It was not with a light heart—for I loved Glanville too well, not to be powerfully affected by his awful history—but with a chastised and sober joy, that I now beheld my friend innocent of the guilt my suspicions had accused him of, and the only obstacle to my marriage with his sister removed. True it was that the sword yet hung over his head, and that while he lived, there could be no rational assurance of his safety from the disgrace and death of the felon. In the world's eye, therefore, the barrier to my union with Ellen would have been far from being wholly removed; but, at that moment, my disappointments had disgusted me with the world, and I turned with a double yearning of heart to her whose pure and holy love could be at once my recompense and retreat.

Nor was this selfish consideration my only motive in the conduct I was resolved to adopt; on the contrary, it was scarcely more prominent in my mind, than those derived from giving to a friend who was now dearer to me than ever, his only consolation on this earth, and to Ellen the safest protection, in case of any danger to her brother. With these, it is true, were mingled feelings which, in happier circumstances, might have been those of transport at a bright and successful termination to a deep and devoted love; but these I had, while Glanville's very life was so doubtful, little right to indulge, and I checked them as soon as they arose.

After a sleepless night, I repaired to Lady Glanville's house. It was long since I had been there, and the servant who admitted me seemed somewhat surprised at the earliness of my visit. I desired to see the mother, and waited in the parlour till she came. I made but a scanty exordium to my speech. In very few words I expressed my love to Ellen, and besought her mediation in my behalf; nor did I think it would be a slight consideration in my favour, with the fond mother, to mention Glanville's concurrence with my suit.

"Ellen is up stairs in the drawing-room," said

Lady Glanville. "I will go and prepare her to receive you—if you have her consent you have mine."

"Will you suffer me then," said I, "to forestall you? Forgive my impatience, and let me see her before you do."

Lady Glanville was a woman of the good old school, and stood somewhat upon forms and ceremonies. I did not, therefore, await the answer, which I foresaw might not be favourable to my success, but with my customary assurance, left the room, and hastened up stairs. I entered the drawing-room, and shut the door. Ellen was at the far end; and as I entered with a light step, she did not perceive me till I was close by.

She started when she saw me; and her cheek, before very pale, deepened into crimson. "Good heavens! is it you?" she said, falteringly. "I—I thought—but—but excuse me for an instant, I will call my mother."

"Stay for one instant, I beseech you—it is from your mother that I come—she has referred me to you." And with a trembling and hurried voice, for all my usual boldness forsook me, I poured forth, in rapid and burning words, the history of my secret and hoarded love—its doubts, fears, and hopes.

Ellen sank back on her chair, overpowered and silent by her feelings, and the vehemence of my own. I knelt, and took her hand; I covered it with my kisses—it was not withdrawn from them. I raised my eyes, and beheld in hers all that my heart had hoped, but did not dare to portray.

"You—you," said she—when at last she found words—"I imagined that you only thought of ambition and the world—I could not have dreamt of this." She ceased, blushing and embarrassed.

"It is true," said I, "that you had a right to think so, for, till this moment, I have never opened to you even a glimpse of my veiled heart, and its secret and wild desires; but do you think that my love was the less a treasure because it was hidden? or the less deep because it was cherished at the bottom of my soul? No—no; believe me, *that* love was not to be mingled with the ordinary objects of life—it was too pure to be profaned by the levities and follies which are all of my nature that I have permitted myself to develope to the world. Do not imagine, that, because I have seemed an idler with the idle—selfish with the interested—and cold, and vain, and frivolous, with those to whom such qualities were both a passport and a virtue; do not imagine that I have concealed within me nothing more worthy of you and of myself; my very love for you shows that I am wiser and better than I have seemed. Speak to me, Ellen—may I call you by that name—one word—one syllable! speak to me, and tell me that you have read my heart, and that you will not reject it!"

There came no answer from those dear lips; but their soft and tender smile told me that I might hope. That hour I still recall and bless! that hour was the happiest of my life.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
2d Part of Henry VI.

FROM Ellen, I hastened to the house of Sir Reginald. The hall was in all the confusion of approaching departure. I sprang over the paraphernalia of books and boxes which obstructed my way,

and bounded up the stairs. Glanville was, as usual, alone: his countenance was less pale than it had been lately, and when I saw it brighten as I approached, I hoped, in the new happiness of my heart, that he might baffle both his enemy and his disease.

I told him all that had just occurred between Ellen and myself. "And now," said I, as I clasped his hand, "I have a proposal to make, to which you must accede: let me accompany you abroad; I will go with you to whatever corner of the world you may select. We will plan together every possible method of concealing our retreat. Upon the past I will never speak to you. In your hours of solitude I will never disturb you by an unwelcome and ill-timed sympathy. I will tend upon you, watch over you, bear with you, with more than the love and tenderness of a brother. You shall see me only when you wish it. Your loneliness shall never be invaded. When you get better, as I presage you will, I will leave you to come back to England, and provide for the worst, by ensuring your sister a protector. I will then return to you alone, that your seclusion may not be endangered by the knowledge, even of Ellen, and you shall have me by your side till—till—"

"The last!" interrupted Glanville. "Too—too generous Pelham, I feel—these tears (the first I have shed for a long, long time) tell you, that I feel to the heart—your friendship and disinterested attachment; but in the moment your love for Ellen has become successful, I will not tear you from its enjoyment. Believe me, all that I could derive from your society, could not afford me half the happiness I should have in knowing that you and Ellen were blest in each other. No—no, my solitude will, at that reflection, be deprived of its sting. You shall hear from me once again; my letter shall contain a request, and your executing that last favour must console and satisfy the kindness of your heart. For myself, I shall die as I have lived—*alone*. All fellowship with my griefs would seem to me strange and unwelcome."

I would not suffer Glanville to proceed. I interrupted him with fresh arguments and entreaties, to which he seemed at last to submit, and I was in the firm hope of having conquered his determination, when we were startled by a sudden and violent noise in the hall.

"It is Thornton," said Glanville, calmly. "I told them not to admit him, and he is forcing his way."

Scarcely had Sir Reginald said this, before Thornton burst abruptly into the room.

Although it was scarcely noon, he was more than half intoxicated, and his eyes swam in his head with a maudlin expression of triumph and insolence, as he rolled towards us.

"O, O! Sir Reginald," he said, "thought of giving me the slip, eh? Your d—d servants said you were out; but I soon silenced them. 'Egad I made them *as nimble as cows in a cage*—I have not learnt the use of my fists for nothing. So, you're going abroad to-morrow; without my leave, too,—pretty good joke that, indeed. Come, come, my brave fellow, you need not scowl at me in that way. Why, you look as surly as a butcher's dog with a broken head."

Glanville, who was livid with ill-suppressed rage, rose haughtily.

"Mr. Thornton," he said, in a calm voice, although he was trembling in his extreme passion,

from head to foot, "I am not now prepared to submit to your insolence and intrusion. You will leave this room instantly. If you have any further demands upon me, I will hear them to-night, at any hour you please to appoint."

"No, no, my fine fellow," said Thornton, with a coarse chuckle; "you have as much wit as three folks,—two fools, and a madman!—but you won't *do me*, for all that. The instant my back is turned, yours will be turned too; and by the time I call again, your honour will be halfway to Calais. But—bless my stars, Mr. Pelham, is that you? I really did not see you before; I suppose you are not in the secret?"

"I have no secrets from Mr. Pelham," said Glanville; "nor do I care if you discuss the whole of your nefarious transactions with me in his presence. Since you doubt my word, it is beneath my dignity to vindicate it, and your business can as well be despatched now as hereafter. You have heard rightly, that I intend leaving England to-morrow: and now, sir, what is your will?"

"By G—, Sir Reginald Glanville!" exclaimed Thornton, who seemed stung to the quick by Glanville's contemptuous coldness, "you shall not leave England without my leave. Ay, you may frown, but I say you shall not; nay, you shall not budge a foot from this very room unless I cry, 'Be it so.'"

Glanville could no longer restrain himself. He would have sprung towards Thornton, but I seized and arrested him. I read, in the malignant and incensed countenance of his persecutor, all the danger to which a single imprudence would have exposed him, and I trembled for his safety.

I whispered, as I forced him again to his seat, "Leave me alone to settle with this man, and I will endeavour to free you from him." I did not tarry for his answer; but, turning to Thornton, said to him coolly but civilly; "Sir Reginald Glanville has acquainted me with the nature of your very extraordinary demands upon him. Did he adopt my advice, he would immediately place the affair in the hands of his legal advisers. His ill health, however, his anxiety to leave England, and his wish to sacrifice almost every thing to quiet, induce him, rather than take this alternative, to silence your importunities, by acceding to claims, however illegal and unjust. If, therefore, you now favour Sir Reginald with your visit, for the purpose of making a demand previous to his quitting England, and which, consequently, will be the last to which he will concede, you will have the goodness to name the amount of your claim, and should it be reasonable, I think Sir Reginald will authorize me to say that it shall be granted."

"Well, now!" cried Thornton, "that's what I call talking like a sensible man: and though I am not fond of speaking to a third person when the principal is present, yet as you have always been very civil to me, I have no objection to treating with you. Please to give Sir Reginald this paper: if he will but take the trouble to sign it, he may go to the Falls of Niagara for me! I won't interrupt him—so he had better put pen to paper, and get rid of me at once, for I know I am as welcome as snow in harvest."

I took the paper, which was folded up, and gave it to Glanville, who leant back on his chair, half exhausted by rage. He glanced his eye over it, and then tore it into a thousand pieces, and tram-

pled it beneath his feet: "Go!" exclaimed he, "go, rascal, and do your worst! I will not make myself a beggar to enrich you. My whole fortune would but answer this demand."

"Do as you please, Sir Reginald," answered Thornton, grinning, "do as you please. It's not a long walk from hence to Bow-street, nor a long swing from Newgate to the gallows; do as you please, Sir Reginald, do as you please!" and the villain flung himself at full length on the ottoman, and eyed Glanville's countenance with an easy and malicious effrontery, which seemed to say, "I know you will struggle, but you cannot help yourself."

I took Glanville aside: "My dear friend," said I, "believe me, that I share your indignation to the utmost; but we must do any thing rather than incense this wretch: what is his demand?"

"I speak literally," replied Glanville, "when I say, that it covers nearly the whole of my fortune; for my habits of extravagance have very much curtailed my means: it is the exact sum I had set apart for a marriage gift to my sister, in addition to her own fortune."

"Then," said I, "you shall give it him; your sister has no longer any necessity for a portion: her marriage with me prevents *that*—and with regard to yourself, your wants are not many—such as it is, you can share *my* fortune."

"No—no—no!" cried Glanville; and his generous nature lashing him into fresh rage, he broke from my grasp, and moved menacingly to Thornton. That person still lay on the ottoman, regarding us with an air half contemptuous, half exulting.

"Leave the room instantly," said Glanville, "or you will repent it!"

"What! another murder, Sir Reginald!" said Thornton. "No, I am not a sparrow, to have my neck wrenched by a woman's hand like yours. Give me my demand—sign the paper, and I will leave you for ever and a day."

"I will commit no such folly," answered Glanville. "If you will accept five thousand pounds, you shall have that sum; but were the rope on my neck, you should not wring from me a farthing more!"

"Five thousand!" repeated Thornton; "a mere drop—a child's toy—why, you are playing with me, Sir Reginald—nay, I am a reasonable man, and will abate a trifle or so of my just claims, but you must not take advantage of my good nature. Make me snug and easy for life—let me keep a brace of hunters—a cosey box—a bit of land to it, and a girl after my own heart, and I'll say quits with you. Now, Mr. Pelham, who is a long-headed gentleman, and does not *spit on his own blanket*, knows well enough that one can't do all this for five thousand pounds; make it a thousand a year—that is, give me a cool twenty thousand—and I won't exact another sou. Egad, this drinking makes one deuced thirsty—Mr. Pelham, just reach me that glass of water—I *hear bees in my head!*"

Seeing that I did not stir, Thornton rose, with an oath against pride; and swaggering towards the table, took up a tumbler of water, which happened accidentally to be there: close by it was the picture of the ill-fated Gertrude. The gambler, who was evidently so intoxicated as to be scarcely conscious of his motions or words, (otherwise, in

all probability, he would, to borrow from himself a proverb illustrative of his profession, have played his cards better,) took up the portrait.

Glanville saw the action, and was by his side in an instant. "Touch it not with your accursed hands!" he cried, in an ungovernable fury. "Leave your hold this instant, or I will dash you to pieces."

Thornton kept a firm gripe of the picture. "Here's a to-do!" said he, tauntingly: "was there ever such work about a poor —— (using a word too coarse for repetition) before?"

The word had scarcely passed his lips, when he was stretched at his full length upon the ground. Nor did Glanville stop there. With all the strength of his nervous and Herculean frame, fully requited for the debility of disease by the fury of the moment, he seized the gamester as if he had been an infant, and dragged him to the door: the next moment, I heard his heavy frame rolling down the stairs with no decorous slowness of descent.

Glanville reappeared. "Good God!" I cried, "what have you done?" But he was too lost in his still unappeased rage to heed me. He leaned, panting and breathless, against the wall, with clenched teeth, and a flashing eye, rendered more terribly bright by the feverish lustre natural to his disease.

Presently I heard Thornton reascend the stairs; he opened the door, and entered but one pace. Never did human face wear a more fiendish expression of malevolence and wrath. "Sir Reginald Glanville," he said, "I thank you heartily. He must have iron nails who scratches a bear. You have sent me a challenge, and the hangman shall bring you my answer. Good day, Sir Reginald—good day, Mr. Pelham;" and so saying, he shut the door, and, rapidly descending the stairs, was out of the house in an instant.

"There is no time to be lost," said I; "order post horses to your carriage, and be gone instantly."

"You are wrong," replied Glanville, slowly recovering himself. "I must not fly; it would be worse than useless; it would seem the strongest argument against me. Remember that if Thornton has really gone to inform against me, the officers of justice would arrest me long before I reached Calais; or even if I did elude their pursuit so far, I should be as much in their power in France as in England: but, to tell you the truth, I do not think Thornton *will* inform. Money, to a temper like his, is a stronger temptation than revenge; and, before he has been three minutes in the air, he will perceive the folly of losing the golden harvest he may yet make of me, for the sake of a momentary passion. No: my best plan will be to wait here till to-morrow, as I originally intended. In the mean while he will, in all probability, pay me another visit, and I will make a compromise with his demands."

Despite of my fears, I could not but see the justice of these observations, the more especially as a still stronger argument than any urged by Glanville, forced itself on my mind; this was my internal conviction, that Thornton himself was guilty of the murder of Tyrrell, and that, therefore, he would, for his own sake, avoid the new and particularizing scrutiny into that dreadful event, which his accusation of Glanville would necessarily occasion.

Both of us were wrong. Villains have passions as well as honest men; and they will, therefore, forfeit their own interest in obedience to those passions, while the calculations of prudence invariably suppose, that that interest is their *only* rule.

Glanville was so enfeebled by his late excitation, that he besought me once more to leave him to himself. I did so, under a promise that he would admit me again in the evening; for notwithstanding my persuasion that Thornton would not put his threats into execution, I could not conquer a latent foreboding of dread and evil.

CHAPTER LXXX.

Away with him to prison—where is the provost?
Measure for Measure.

I RETURNED home, perplexed by a thousand contradictory thoughts upon the scene I had just witnessed; the more I reflected, the more I regretted the fatality of the circumstances that had tempted Glanville to accede to Thornton's demand. True it was, that Thornton's self-regard might be deemed a sufficient guarantee for his concealment of such extortionate transactions: moreover, it was difficult to say, when the formidable array of appearances against Glanville was considered, whether any other line of conduct than that which he had adopted, could, with safety, have been pursued.

His feelings, too, with regard to the unfortunate Gertrude, I could fully enter into, and sympathize with; but, in spite of all these considerations, it was with an inexpressible aversion that I contemplated the idea of that tacit confession of guilt, which his compliance with Thornton's exactions so unhappily implied; it was, therefore, a thought of some satisfaction, that my rash and hasty advice, of a still further concession to those extortions, had not been acceded to. My present intention, in the event of Glanville's persevering to reject my offer of accompanying him, was to remain in England, for the purpose of sifting the murder; nor did I despair of accomplishing this most desirable end, through the means of Dawson; for there was but little doubt in my own mind, that Thornton and himself were the murderers, and I hoped that address or intimidation might win a confession from Dawson, although it might probably be unavailing with his hardened and crafty associate.

Occupied with these thoughts, I endeavoured to while away the hours till the evening summoned me once more to the principal object of my reflections. The instant Glanville's door was opened, I saw, by one glance, that I had come too late; the whole house was in confusion; several of the servants were in the hall, conferring with each other, with that mingled mystery and agitation which always accompany the fears and conjectures of the lower classes. I took aside the valet, who had lived with Glanville for some years, and who was remarkably attached to his master, and learned, that, somewhat more than an hour before, Mr. Thornton had returned to the house, accompanied by three men of very suspicious appearance. "In short, sir," said the man, lowering his voice to a

whisper, "I knew one of them by sight; he was Mr. S., the Bow-street officer; with these men, Sir Reginald left the house, merely saying, in his usual quiet manner, that he did not know when he should return."

I concealed my perturbation, and endeavoured, as far as I was able, to quiet the evident apprehensions of the servant. "At all events, Seymour," said I, "I know that I may trust you sufficiently to warn you against mentioning the circumstance any farther; above all, let me beg of you to stop the mouths of those idle loiterers in the hall—and be sure that you do not give any unnecessary alarm to Lady and Miss Glanville."

The poor man promised, with tears in his eyes, that he would obey my injunctions; and, with a calm face, but a sickening heart, I turned away from the house. I knew not whither to direct my wanderings; fortunately, I recollected that I should, in all probability, be among the first witnesses summoned on Glanville's examination, and that, perhaps, by the time I reached home, I might already receive an intimation to that effect; accordingly, I retraced my steps, and, on re-entering my hotel, was told by the waiter, with a mysterious air, that a gentleman was waiting to see me. Seated by the window in my room, and wiping his forehead with a red silk pocket-handkerchief, was a short, thickset man, with a fiery and rugose complexion, not altogether unlike the aspect of a mulberry: from underneath a pair of shaggy brows peeped two singularly small eyes, which made ample amends, by their fire, for their deficiency in size—they were black, brisk, and somewhat fierce in their expression. A nose, of that shape, vulgarly termed bottled, formed the "arch sublime," the bridge, the twilight, as it were, between the purple sunset of one cheek, and the glowing sunrise of the other. His mouth was small, and drawn up at each corner, like a purse—there was something sour and crabbed about it; if it *was* like a purse, it was the purse of a miser: a fair round chin had not been condemned to single blessedness—on the contrary, it was like a farmer's pillion, and carried double; on either side of a very low forehead, hedged round by closely mowed bristles, of a dingy black, was an enormous ear, of the same intensely rubicund colour as that inflamed pendant of flesh which adorns the throat of an enraged turkey-cock;—ears so large, and so red, I never beheld before—they were something preposterous!

This enchanting figure, which was attired in a sober suit of leaden black, relieved by a long gold watch-chain, and a plentiful decoration of seals, rose at my entrance with a solemn grunt, and a still more solemn bow. I shut the door carefully, and asked him his business. As I had foreseen, it was a request from the magistrate at —, to attend a private examination on the ensuing day.

"Sad thing, sir, sad thing," said Mr. —, "it would be quite shocking to hang a gentleman of Sir Reginald Glanville's quality—so distinguished an orator, too; sad thing, sir—very sad thing."

"O!" said I, quietly, "there is not a doubt as to Sir Reginald's innocence of the crime laid to him; and, probably, Mr. —, I may call in your assistance to-morrow, to ascertain the real murderers—I think I am possessed of some clue."

Mr. — pricked up his ears—those enormous

ears! "Sir," he said, "I shall be happy to accompany you—very happy; give me the clue you speak of, and I will soon find the villains. Horrid thing, sir, murder—very horrid. It's too hard that a gentleman cannot take his ride home from a race, or a merry-making, but he must have his throat cut from ear to ear—ear to ear, sir," and with these words, the speaker's own auricular protuberances seemed, as in conscious horror, to glow with a double carnation.

"Very true, Mr. —!" said I; "say I will certainly attend the examination—till then, good by!" At this hint, my fiery-faced friend made me a low bow, and blazed out of the room, like the ghost of a kitchen fire.

Left to myself, I resolved, earnestly and anxiously, every thing that could tend to diminish the appearances against Glanville, and direct suspicion to that quarter where I was confident the guilt rested. In this endeavour I passed the time till morning, when I fell into an uneasy slumber, which lasted some hours; when I awoke, it was almost time to attend the magistrate's appointment. I dressed hastily, and soon found myself in the room of inquisition.

It is impossible to conceive a more courteous, and yet more equitable man, than the magistrate whom I had the honour of attending. He spoke with great feeling on the subject for which I was summoned—owned to me, that Thornton's statement was very clear and forcible—trusted that my evidence would contradict an account which he was very loath to believe; and then proceeded to the question. I saw, with an agony which I can scarcely express, that all my answers made powerfully against the cause I endeavoured to support. I was obliged to own that a man on horseback passed me soon after Tyrrell had quitted me; that, on coming to the spot where the deceased was found, I saw this same horseman on the very place; that I believed, nay, that I was sure, (how could I evade this?) that this man was Reginald Glanville.

Farther evidence Thornton had already offered to adduce. He could prove, that the said horseman had been mounted on a gray horse, sold to a person answering exactly to the description of Sir Reginald Glanville; moreover, that that horse was yet in the stables of the prisoner. He produced a letter, which, he said, he had found upon the person of the deceased, signed by Sir Reginald Glanville, and containing the most deadly threats against Sir John Tyrrell's life; and, to crown all, he called upon me to witness, that we had both discovered upon the spot where the murder was committed, a picture belonging to the prisoner, since restored to him, and now in his possession.

At the close of this examination, the worthy magistrate shook his head, in evident distress! "I have known Sir Reginald Glanville personally," said he: "in private as in public life, I have always thought him the most upright and honourable of men. I feel the greatest pain in saying, that it will be my duty fully to commit him for trial."

I interrupted the magistrate; I demanded that Dawson should be produced. "I have already," said he, "inquired of Thornton respecting that person, whose testimony is of evident importance; he tells me that Dawson has left the country, and can give me no clue to his address."

"He lies!" cried I, in the abrupt anguish of my

heart; "his associate *shall* be produced. Hear me: I have been, next to Thornton, the chief witness against the prisoner, and when I swear to you, that, in spite of all appearances, I most solemnly believe in his innocence, you may rely on my assurance, that there are circumstances in his favour which have not yet been considered, but which I will pledge myself hereafter to adduce." I then related to the private ear of the magistrate my firm conviction of the guilt of the accuser himself. I dwelt forcibly upon the circumstance of Tyrrell's having mentioned to me, that Thornton was aware of the large sum he had on his person, and of the strange disappearance of that sum, when his body was examined in the fatal field. After noting how impossible it was that Glanville could have stolen the money, I insisted strongly on the distressed circumstances—the dissolute habits, and the hardened character, of Thornton—I recalled to the mind of the magistrate the singularity of Thornton's absence from home when I called there, and the doubtful nature of his excuse: much more I said, but all equally in vain. The only point where I was successful, was in pressing for a delay, which was granted to the passionate manner in which I expressed my persuasion that I could confirm my suspicions by much stronger data before the reprieve expired.

"It is very true," said the righteous magistrate, "that there are appearances somewhat against the witness; but certainly not tantamount to any thing above a slight suspicion. If, however, you positively think you can ascertain any facts, to elucidate this mysterious crime, and point the inquiries of justice to another quarter, I will so far strain the question, as to remand the prisoner to another day—let us say the day after to-morrow. If nothing important can before then be found in his favour, he *must* be committed for trial."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

Nihil est furachus illo
Non fuit Autolyçi tam piceata manus.
MARTIAL.
Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
HORAT.

WHEN I left the magistrate, I knew not whither my next step should tend. There was, however, no time to indulge the idle stupor, which Glanville's situation at first occasioned; with a violent effort, I shook it off, and bent all my mind to discover the best method to avail myself, to the utmost, of the short reprieve I had succeeded in obtaining. At length, one of those sudden thoughts which, from their suddenness, appear more brilliant than they really are, flashed upon my mind. I remembered the accomplished character of Mr. Job Jonson, and the circumstance of my having seen him in company with Thornton. Now, although it was not very likely that Thornton should have made Mr. Jonson his confidant, in any of those affairs which it was so essentially his advantage to confine exclusively to himself; yet the acuteness and penetration visible in the character of the worthy Job, might not have lain so fallow during his companionship with Thornton, but that it might have made some discoveries which would considerably assist me in my researches; besides, as it is literally

true in the systematized roguery of London, that "birds of a feather flock together," it was by no means unlikely that the honest Job might be honoured with the friendship of Mr. Dawson, as well as the company of Mr. Thornton; in which case I looked forward with greater confidence to the detection of the notable pair.

I could not, however, conceal from myself, that this was but a very unstable and ill-linked chain of reasoning; and there were moments, when the appearances against Glanville were so close a semblance of truth, that all my friendship could scarcely drive from my mind an intrusive suspicion that he might have deceived me, and that the accusation might not be groundless.

This unwelcome idea did not, however, at all lessen the rapidity with which I hastened towards the memorable gin shop, where I had whilom met Mr. Gordon: there I hoped to find either the address of that gentleman, or of the "Club," to which he had taken me, in company with Tringle and Dartmore: either at this said club, or of that said gentleman, I thought it not unlikely that I might hear some tidings of the person of Mr. Job Jonson—if not, I was resolved to return to the office, and employ Mr. —, my mulberry-cheeked acquaintance of the last night, in search after the holy Job.

Fate saved me a world of trouble: as I was hastily walking onwards, I happened to turn my eyes on the opposite side of the way, and discovered a man dressed in what the newspapers term the very height of fashion, viz. in the most ostentatious attire that ever flaunted at Margate, or blazed in the *Palais-Royal*. The nether garments of this *petit-maitre* consisted of a pair of blue tight pantaloons, profusely braided, and terminating in Hessian boots, adorned with brass spurs of the most burnished resplendency; a black velvet waistcoat, studded with gold stars, was *backed* by a green frock coat, covered, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, with fur, and frogged and *cordonné* with the most lordly indifference, both as to taste and expense: a small French hat, which might not have been much too large for my lord of —, was set jauntily in the centre of a system of long black curls, which my eye, long accustomed to penetrate the arcana of habilitary art, discovered at once to be a wig. A fierce black mustachio, very much curled, wandered lovingly from the upper lip towards the eyes, which had an unfortunate prepossession for eccentricity in their direction. To complete the picture, we must suppose some colouring—and this consisted in a very nice and delicate touch of the *rouge pot*, which could not be called by so harsh a term as paint;—say rather that it was a *tinge*!

No sooner had I set my eyes upon this figure, than I crossed over to the side of the way which it was adorning, and followed its motions at a respectful but observant distance.

At length my *freluquet* marched into a jeweller's shop in Oxford-street; with a careless air, I affected, two minutes afterwards, to saunter into the same shop; the shopman was showing his *bijouterie* to him of the Hessians with the greatest respect; and, beguiled by the splendour of the wig and waistcoat, turned me over to his apprentice. Another time, I might have been indignant at perceiving that the *air noble*, on which I so much piqued myself, was by no means so universally

acknowledged as I had vainly imagined:—at that moment I was too occupied to think of my insulted dignity. While I was pretending to appear wholly engrossed with some seals, I kept a vigilant eye on my superb fellow customer; at last, I saw him secrete a diamond ring, and thrust it, by a singular movement of the forefinger, up the fur cuff of his capacious sleeve; presently, some other article of minute size disappeared in the like manner.

The gentleman then rose, expressed himself *very well satisfied* by the great taste of the jeweller, said he should look in again on Saturday, when he hoped the set he had ordered would be completed, and gravely took his departure amidst the prodigal bows of the shopman and his helpmates. Meanwhile, I bought a seal of small value, and followed my old acquaintance, for the reader has doubtless discovered, long before this, that *the gentleman* was no other than Mr. Job Jonson.

Slowly and struttingly did the man of two virtues perform the whole pilgrimage of Oxford-street. He stopped at Cumberland-gate, and, looking round with an air of gentlemanlike indecision, seemed to consider whether or not he should join the loungers in the park: fortunately for that well bred set, his doubts terminated in their favour, and Mr. Job Jonson entered the park. Every one happened to be thronging to Kensington-gardens, and the man of two virtues accordingly cut across the park as the shortest, but the least frequented way thither, in order to confer upon the seekers of pleasure the dangerous honour of his company.

As soon as I perceived that there were but few persons in the immediate locality to observe me, and that those consisted of a tall guardsman and his wife, a family of young children with their nursery-maid, and a debilitated East India captain, walking for the sake of his liver, I overtook the incomparable Job, made him a low bow, and thus reverently accosted him—

“Mr. Jonson, I am delighted once more to meet you—suffer me to remind you of the very pleasant morning I passed with you in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court. I perceive, by your mustachios and military dress, that you have entered the army, since that day; I congratulate the British troops on such an admirable acquisition.”

Mr. Jonson's assurance forsook him for a moment, but he lost no time in regaining a quality which was so natural to his character. He assumed a fierce look, and, *relevant sa moustache, sourit amèrement*, like Voltaire's governor.*—“D—me, sir,” he cried, “do you mean to insult me? I know none of your Mr. Jonsons, and I never set my eyes upon you before.”

“Lookye, my dear Mr. Job Jonson,” replied I, “as I can prove not only all I say, but much more that I shall not say—such as your little mistakes just now, at the jeweller's shop in Oxford-street, &c. &c., perhaps it would be better for you not to oblige me to create a mob, and give you in charge—pardon my abruptness of speech—to a constable!—Surely there will be no need of such a disagreeable occurrence, when I assure you, in the first place, that I perfectly forgive you for ridding me of the unnecessary comforts of a pocket-book and handkerchief, the unphilosophical appendage of a purse, and the effeminate *gage d'amour* of a gold locket; nor is this all—it is perfectly indifferent to

me, whether you levy contributions on jewellers or gentlemen, and I am very far from wishing to intrude upon your harmless occupations, or to interfere with your innocent amusements. I see, Mr. Jonson, that you are beginning to understand me; let me facilitate so desirable an end by an additional information, that, since it is preceded with a promise to open my purse, may tend somewhat to open your heart; I am at this moment, in great want of your assistance—favour me with it, and I will pay you to your soul's content. Are we friends now, Mr. Job Jonson?”

My old friend burst out into a loud laugh. “Well, sir, I must say that your frankness enchants me. I can no longer dissemble with you; indeed, I perceive it would be useless; besides, I always adored candour—it is my favourite virtue. Tell me how I can help you, and you may command my services.”

“One word,” said I: “will you be open and ingenuous with me? I shall ask you certain questions, not in the least affecting your own safety, but to which, if you would serve me, you must give me (and, since candour is your favourite virtue, this will be no difficult task) your most candid replies. To strengthen you in so righteous a course, know also that the said replies will come verbatim before a court of law, and that, therefore, it will be a matter of prudence to shape them as closely to the truth as your inclinations will allow. To counterbalance this information, which, I own, is not very inviting, I repeat that the questions asked you will be wholly foreign to your own affairs, and that, should you prove of that assistance to me which I anticipate, I will so testify my gratitude as to place you beyond the necessity of pillaging rural young gentlemen and credulous shopkeepers for the future;—all your present pursuits need thenceforth only be carried on for your private amusement.”

“I repeat, that you may command me,” returned Mr. Jonson, gracefully putting his hand to his heart.

“Pray, then,” said I, “to come at once to the point, how long have you been acquainted with Mr. Thomas Thornton?”

“For some months, only,” returned Job, without the least embarrassment.

“And Mr. Dawson?” said I.

A slight change came over Jonson's countenance—he hesitated. “Excuse me, sir,” said he; “but I am, really, perfectly unacquainted with you, and I may be falling into some trap of the law, of which, Heaven knows, I am as ignorant as a babe unborn.”

I saw the knavish justice of this remark: and in my predominating zeal to serve Glanville, I looked upon the *inconvenience* of discovering myself to a pickpocket and sharper, as a consideration not worth attending to. In order, therefore, to remove his doubts, and, at the same time, to have a more secret and undisturbed place for our conference, I proposed to him to accompany me home. At first, Mr. Jonson demurred, but I soon half persuaded and half intimidated him into compliance.

Not particularly liking to be publicly seen with a person of his splendid description and celebrated character, I made him walk before me to Mivart's, and I followed him closely, never turning my eye, either to the right or the left, lest he should endeavour to escape me. There was no fear of this, for

* Don Fernand d'Barra, in the “Candide.”

Mr. Jonson was both a bold and a crafty man, and it required, perhaps, but little of his penetration to discover that I was no officer nor informer, and that my communication had been of a nature likely enough to terminate in his advantage; there was, therefore, but little need of his courage in accompanying me to my hotel.

There were a good many foreigners of rank at Mivart's, and the waiters took my companion for an ambassador at least:—he received their homage with the mingled dignity and condescension natural to so great a man.

As the day was now far advanced, I deemed it but hospitable to offer Mr. Job Jonson some edible refreshment. With the frankness on which he so justly valued himself, he accepted my proposal. I ordered some cold meat, and two bottles of wine; and, mindful of old maxims, deferred my business till his repast was over. I conversed with him merely upon ordinary topics, and, at another time, should have been much amused by the singular mixture of impudence and shrewdness which formed the stratum of his character.

At length his appetite was satisfied, and one of the bottles emptied: with the other before him, his body easily reclining on my library chair, his eyes apparently cast downwards, but ever and anon glancing up at my countenance with a searching and curious look, Mr. Job Jonson prepared himself for our conference; accordingly I began.

"You say that you *are* acquainted with Mr. Dawson; where is he at present?"

"I don't know," answered Jonson, laconically.

"Come," said I, "no trifling—if you do not know, you can learn."

"Possibly I can, in the course of time," rejoined honest Job.

"If you cannot tell me his residence at once," said I, "our conference is at an end; that is a leading feature in my inquiries."

Jonson paused before he replied—"You have spoken to me frankly, let us do nothing by halves—tell me, at once, the nature of the service I can do you, and the amount of my reward, and then you shall have my answer. With respect to Dawson, I will confess to you that I did once know him well, and that we have done many a mad prank together, which I should not like the bugaboos and bulkies to know; you will, therefore, see that I am naturally reluctant to tell you any thing about him, unless your honour will inform me of the why and the wherefore."

I was somewhat startled by this speech, and by the shrewd, cunning eye which dwelt upon me, as it was uttered; but, however, I was by no means sure, that acceding to his proposal would not be my readiest and wisest way to the object I had in view. Nevertheless, there were some preliminary questions to be got over first: perhaps Dawson might be too dear a friend to the candid Job, for the latter to endanger his safety: or perhaps, (and this was more probable,) Jonson might be perfectly ignorant of any thing likely to aid me: in this case my communication would be useless; accordingly I said, after a short consideration—

"Patience, my dear Mr. Jonson—patience; you shall know all in good time; meanwhile I must—even for Dawson's sake—question you blindfold. What, now, if your poor friend Dawson were in imminent danger, and you had, if it so pleased

you, the power to save him; would you not do all you could?"

The small, coarse features of Mr. Job grew blank with a curious sort of disappointment: "Is that all?" said he. "No! unless I were well paid for my pains in his behalf, he might go to Botany Bay, for all I care."

"What!" I cried, in a tone of reproach, "is this your friendship? I thought, just now, that you said Dawson had been an old and firm associate of yours."

"An old one, your honour; but not a firm one. A short time ago, I was in a great distress, and he and Thornton had, God knows how! about two thousand between them; but I could not worm a stiver out of Dawson—that gripe-all, Thornton, got it all from him."

"Two thousand pounds!" said I, in a calm voice, though my heart beat violently; "that's a great sum for a poor fellow like Dawson. How long ago is it since he had it?"

"About two or three months," answered Jonson.

"Pray," I asked, "have you seen much of Dawson lately?"

"I have," replied Jonson.

"Indeed!" said I. "I thought you told me, just now, that you were unacquainted with his residence!"

"So I am," replied Jonson, coldly, "it is not at his own house that I ever see him."

I was silent, for I was now rapidly and minutely weighing the benefits and disadvantages of trusting Jonson as he had desired me to do.

To reduce the question to the simplest form of logic, he had either the power of assisting my investigation, or he had not; if not, neither could he much impede it, and therefore it mattered little whether he was in my confidence or not: if he *had* the power, the doubt was, whether it would be better for me to benefit by it openly, or by stratagem; that is, whether it were wiser to state the whole case to him, or continue to gain whatever I was able by dint of a blind examination. Now, the disadvantage of candour was, that if it were his wish to screen Dawson and his friend, he would be prepared to do so, and even to put them on their guard against my suspicions; but the indifference he had testified with regard to Dawson seemed to render this probability very small. The benefits of candour were more prominent: Job would then be fully aware that his own safety was not at stake; and should I make it more his interest to serve the innocent than the guilty, I should have the entire advantage, not only of any actual information he might possess, but of his skill and shrewdness in providing additional proof, or at least suggesting advantageous hints. Moreover, in spite of my vanity and opinion of my own penetration, I could not but confess, that it was unlikely that my cross-examination would be very successful with so old and experienced a sinner as Mr. Jonson. "Set a thief to catch a thief," is among the wisest of wise sayings, and accordingly I resolved in favour of a disclosure.

Drawing my chair close to Jonson's, and fixing my eye upon his countenance, I briefly proceeded to sketch Glanville's situation (only concealing his name) and Thornton's charges. I mentioned my own suspicions of the accuser, and my desire of discovering Dawson, whom Thornton appeared to me artfully to secrete. Lastly, I concluded with a

solemn promise, that if my listener could, by any zeal, exertion, knowledge, or contrivance of his own, procure the detection of the men who, I was convinced, were the murderers, a pension of three hundred pounds a year should be immediately settled upon him.

During my communication, the patient Job sat mute and still, fixing his eyes on the ground, and only betraying, by an occasional elevation of the brows, that he took the slightest interest in the tale: when, however, I touched upon the peroration, which so tenderly concluded with the mention of three hundred pounds a year, a visible change came over the countenance of Mr. Jonson. He rubbed his hands with an air of great content, and one sudden smile broke over his features, and almost buried his eyes amid the intricate host of wrinkles it called forth: the smile vanished as rapidly as it came, and Mr. Job turned round to me with a solemn and sedate aspect.

"Well, your honour," said he, "I'm glad you've told me all: we must see what can be done. As for Thornton, I'm afraid we shan't make much out of him, for he's an old offender, whose conscience is as hard as a brick-bat; but of Dawson, I hope better things. However, you must let me go now, for this is a matter that requires a vast deal of private consideration. I shall call upon you tomorrow, sir, before ten o'clock, since you say matters are so pressing; and, I trust, you will then see that you have no reason to repent of the confidence you have placed in a man of *honour*."

So saying, Mr. Job Jonson emptied the remainder of the bottle into his tumbler, held it up to the light with the *gusto* of a connoisseur, and concluded his potations with a hearty smack of the lips; followed by a long sigh.

"Ah, your honour!" said he, "good wine is a marvellous whetter of the intellect; but your true philosopher is always moderate: for my part I never exceed my two bottles."

And with these words, this true philosopher took his departure.

No sooner was I freed from his presence, than my thoughts flew to Ellen; I had neither been able to call nor write the whole of the day; and I was painfully fearful, lest my precaution with Sir Reginald's valet had been frustrated, and the alarm of his imprisonment had reached her and Lady Glanville. Harassed by this fear, I disregarded the lateness of the hour, and immediately repaired to Berkeley-square.

Lady and Miss Glanville were alone and at dinner: the servant spoke with his usual unconcern. "They are quite well?" said I, relieved, but still anxious: and the servant replying in the affirmative, I again returned home, and wrote a long, and, I hope, consoling letter to Sir Reginald.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

2nd Part of Henry IV.

PUNCTUAL to his appointment, the next morning came Mr. Job Jonson. I had been on the rack of expectation for the last three hours previous to his arrival, and the warmth of my welcome must

have removed any little diffidence with which so shamefaced a gentleman might possibly have been troubled.

At my request, he sat himself down, and seeing that my breakfast things were on the table, remarked what a famous appetite the fresh air always gave him. I took the hint, and pushed the rolls toward him. He immediately fell to work, and, for the next quarter of an hour, his mouth was far too well occupied for the intrusive impertinence of words. At last the things were removed, and Mr. Jonson began.

"I have thought well over the matter, your honour, and I believe we can manage to trounce the rascal—for I agree with you, that there is not a doubt that Thornton and Dawson are the real criminals; but the affair, sir, is one of the greatest difficulty and importance—nay, of the greatest personal danger. My life may be the forfeit of my desire to serve you—you will not, therefore, be surprised at my accepting your liberal offer of three hundred a year, should I be successful; although I do assure you, sir, that it was my original intention to reject all recompense, for I am naturally benevolent and love doing a good action. Indeed, sir, if I were alone in the world, I should scorn any remuneration, for virtue is its own reward; but a real moralist, your honour, must not forget his duties on any consideration, and I have a little family to whom my loss would be an irreparable injury; this, upon my honour, is my only inducement for taking advantage of your generosity;" and, as the moralist ceased, he took out of his waistcoat pocket a paper, which he handed to me with his usual bow of deference.

I glanced over it—it was a bond apparently drawn up in all the legal formalities, pledging my self, in case Job Jonson, before the expiration of three days, gave that information which should lead to the detection and punishment of the true murderers of Sir John Tyrrell, deceased, to ensure to the said Job Jonson the yearly annuity of three hundred pounds.

"It is with much pleasure that I shall sign this paper," said I; "but allow me, *par parenthèse*, to observe, that since you only accept the annuity for the sake of benefiting your little family, in case of your death, this annuity, ceasing with your life, will leave your children as penniless as at present."

"Pardon me, your honour," rejoined Job, not a whit daunted at the truth of my remark, "*I can ensure!*"

"I forgot that," said I, signing, and restoring the paper; "and now to business."

Jonson gravely and carefully looked over the interesting document I returned to him, and, carefully lapping it in three envelopes, inserted it in a huge red pocket-book, which he thrust into an innermost pocket in his waistcoat.

"Right, sir," said he, slowly; "to business. Before I begin, you must, however, promise me, upon your honour as a gentleman, the strictest secrecy, as to my communications."

I readily agreed to this, so far as that secrecy did not impede my present object; and Job, being content with this condition, resumed.

"You must forgive me, if, in order to arrive at the point in question, I set out from one which may seem to you a little distant."

I nodded my assent, and Job continued.

"I have known Dawson for some years; my acquaintance with him commenced at Newmarket, for I have always had a slight tendency to the turf. He was a wild, foolish fellow, easily led into any mischief, but ever the first to sneak out of it; in short, when he became one of us, which his extravagance soon compelled him to do, we considered him as a very serviceable tool, but one who, while he was quite wicked enough to begin a bad action, was much too weak to go through with it; accordingly he was often employed, but never trusted. By the word *us*, which I see has excited your curiosity, I merely mean a body corporate, established furtively, and restricted *solely* to exploits on the turf. I think it right to mention this," continued Mr. Jonson aristocratically, "because I have the honour to belong to many other societies to which Dawson could never have been admitted. Well, sir, our club was at last broken up, and Dawson was left to shift for himself. His father was still alive, and the young hopeful, having quarrelled with him, was in the greatest distress. He came to me with a pitiful story, and a more pitiful face; so I took compassion upon the poor devil, and procured him, by dint of great interest, admission into a knot of good fellows, whom I visited, by-the-way, last night. Here I took him under my especial care; and, as far as I could, with such a dull-headed dromedary, taught him some of the most elegant arts of my profession. However, the ungrateful dog soon stole back to his old courses, and robbed me of half my share of a booty to which I had helped him myself. I hate treachery and ingratitude, your honour; they are so awfully ungentlemanlike!

"I then lost sight of him, till between two and three months ago, when he returned to town, and attended our meetings in company with Tom Thornton, who had been chosen a member of the club some months before. Since we had met, Dawson's father had died, and I thought his flash appearance in town arose from his new inheritance. I was mistaken: old Dawson had tied up the property so tightly, that the young one could not scrape enough to pay his debts; accordingly, before he came to town he gave up his life interest in the property to his creditors. However that be, Master Dawson seemed at the top of fortune's wheel. He kept his horses, and sported the set to champagne and venison: in short, there would have been no end to his extravagance, had not Thornton sucked him like a leech.

"It was about that time that I asked Dawson for a trifle to keep me from jail: for I was ill in bed, and could not help myself. Will you believe, sir, that the rascal told me to go and be d—d, and Thornton said amen? I did not forget the ingratitude of my *protégé*, though when I recovered I appeared entirely to do so. No sooner could I walk about, than I relieved all my necessities. He is but a fool who starves, with all London before him! In proportion as my finances improved, Dawson's visibly decayed. With them decreased also his spirits. He became pensive and downcast; never joined any of our parties, and gradually grew quite a useless member of the corporation. To add to his melancholy, he was one morning present at the execution of an unfortunate associate of ours; this made a deep impression upon him; from that moment, he became thoroughly moody and despondent. He was frequently

heard talking to himself, could not endure to be left alone in the dark, and began rapidly to pine away.

"One night when he and I were seated together, he asked me if I never repented of my sins, and then added, with a groan, that I had never committed the heinous crime he had. I pressed him to confess, but he would not. However, I coupled that half avowal with his sudden riches and the mysterious circumstances of Sir John Tyrrell's death; and dark suspicions came into my mind. At that time, and indeed ever since Dawson reappeared, we were often in the habit of discussing the notorious murder which then engrossed public attention; and as Dawson and Thornton had been witnesses on the inquest, we frequently referred to them respecting it. Dawson always turned pale, and avoided the subject; Thornton, on the contrary, brazened it out with his usual impudence. Dawson's aversion to the mention of the murder now came into my remembrance with double weight, to strengthen my suspicions; and, on conversing with one or two of our comrades, I found that my doubts were more than shared, and that Dawson had frequently, when unusually oppressed with his hypochondria, hinted at his committal of some dreadful crime, and at his unceasing remorse for it.

"By degrees, Dawson grew worse and worse—his health decayed, he started at a shadow—drank deeply, and spoke, in his intoxication, words that made the hairs of our *green men* stand on end.

"'We must not suffer this,' said Thornton, whose hardy effrontery enabled him to lord it over the jolly boys, as if he were their dimmer-damber; 'his ravings and humdudgeon will unman all our youngsters.' And so, under this pretence, Thornton had the unhappy man conveyed away to a secret asylum, known only to the chiefs of the gang, and appropriated to the reception of persons who, from the same weakness as Dawson, were likely to endanger others or themselves. There many a poor wretch has been secretly immured, and never suffered to revisit the light of heaven. The moon's minions, as well as the monarch's, must have their state prisoners, and their state victims.

"Well, sir, I shall not detain you much longer. Last night, after your obliging confidence, I repaired to the meeting; Thornton was there, and very much out of humour. When our messmates dropped off, and we were alone, at one corner of the room, I began talking to him carelessly about his accusation of your friend, who, I have since learnt, is Sir Reginald Glanville—an old friend of mine too; ay, you may look, sir,—but I can stake my life to having picked his pocket one night at the opera! Thornton was greatly surprised at my early intelligence of a fact hitherto kept so profound a secret: however, I explained it away by a boast of my skill in acquiring information; and he then incautiously let out, that he was exceedingly vexed with himself for the charge he had made against the prisoner, and very uneasy at the urgent inquiries set on foot for Dawson. More and more convinced of his guilt, I quitted the meeting, and went to Dawson's retreat.

"For fear of his escape, Thornton had had him closely confined to one of the most secret rooms in the house. His solitude and the darkness of the place, combined with his remorse, had worked upon

a mind, never too strong, almost to insanity. He was writhing with the most acute and morbid pangs of conscience that my experience, which has been pretty ample, ever witnessed. The old hag, who is the Hecate (you see, sir, I have had a classical education) of the place, was very loath to admit me to him, for Thornton had bullied her into a great fear of the consequences of disobeying his instructions; but she did not dare to resist my orders. Accordingly I had a long interview with the unfortunate man; he firmly believes that Thornton intends to murder him; and says, that if he could escape from his dungeon, he would surrender himself to the first magistrate he could find.

"I told him that an innocent man had been apprehended for the crime of which I *knew* he and Thornton were guilty; and then, taking upon myself the office of a preacher, I exhorted him to atone, as far as possible, for his past crime, by a full and faithful confession, that would deliver the innocent and punish the guilty. I held out to him the hope that this confession might perhaps serve the purpose of king's evidence, and obtain him a pardon for his crime; and I promised to use my utmost zeal and diligence to promote his escape from his present den.

"He said, in answer, that he did not wish to live; that he suffered the greatest torture of mind; and that the only comfort earth held out to him would be to ease his remorse by a full acknowledgment of his crime, and to hope for future mercy by expiating his offence on the scaffold; all this, and much more, to the same purpose, the hearted fellow told me with sighs and groans. I would fain have taken his confession on the spot, and carried it away with me, but he refused to give it to me, or to any one but a parson, whose services he implored me to procure him. I told him, at first, that the thing was impossible; but, moved by his distress and remorse, I promised, at last, to bring one to-night, who should both administer spiritual comfort to him and receive his deposition. My idea at the moment was to disguise *myself* in the dress of the *pater coe*,* and perform the double job:—since then I have thought of a better scheme.

"As my character, you see, your honour, is not so highly prized by the magistrates as it ought to be, any confession made to me might not be of the same value as if it were made to any one else—to a gentleman like you, for instance; and, moreover, it will not do for me to appear in evidence against any of the fraternity; and for two reasons; first, because I have taken a solemn oath never to do so; and, secondly, because I have a very fair chance of joining Sir John Tyrrell in kingdom come if I do. My present plan, therefore, if it meets your concurrence, would be to introduce your honour as the parson, and for you to receive the confession, which, indeed, you might take down in writing. This plan, I candidly confess, is not without great difficulty, and some danger; for I have not only to impose you upon Dawson as a priest, but also upon Brimstone Bess as one of our jolly boys; since I need not tell you that any real parson might knock a long time at her door before it would be opened to him. You must, therefore, be as mum as a mole unless she *cants* to you, and your answers

must then be such as I shall dictate; otherwise she may detect you, and, should any of the true men be in the house, we should both come off worse than we went in."

"My dear Mr. Job," replied I, "there appears to me to be a much easier plan than all this; and that is, simply to tell the Bow-street officers where Dawson may be found, and I think they would be able to carry him away from the arms of Mrs. Brimstone Bess, without any great difficulty or danger."

Jonson smiled.

"I should not long enjoy my annuity, your honour, if I were to set the runners upon our best hive. I should be stung to death before the week were out. Even you, should you accompany me to-night, will never know where the spot is situated, nor would you discover it again if you searched all London, with the whole police at your back. Besides, Dawson is not the only person in the house for whom the law is hunting—there are a score others whom I have no desire to give up to the gallows—hid among the odds and ends of the house, as snug as plums in a pudding. God forbid that I should betray them—and *for nothing too!* No, your honour, the only plan I can think of is the one I proposed; if you do not approve of it, (and it certainly is open to exception,) I must devise some other: but that may require delay."

"No, my good Job," replied I, "I am ready to attend you: but could we not manage to release Dawson, as well as take his deposition!—his personal evidence is worth all the written ones in the world."

"Very true," answered Job, "and if it be possible to give Bess the slip, we will. However, let us not lose what we may get by grasping at what we may not; let us have the confession first, and we'll try for the release afterwards. I have another reason for this, sir, which, if you knew as much of penitent prigs as I do, you would easily understand. However, it may be explained by the old proverb of 'the devil was sick,' &c. As long as Dawson is stowed away in a dark hole, and fancies devils in every corner, he may be very anxious to make confessions, which, in broad daylight, might not seem to him so desirable. Darkness and solitude are strange stimulants to the conscience, and we may as well not lose any advantage they give us."

"You are an admirable reasoner," cried I, "and I am impatient to accompany you—at what hour shall it be?"

"Not much before midnight," answered Jonson; "but your honour must go back to school and learn lessons before then. Suppose Bess were to address you thus: 'Well, you parish bull prig, are you for lushing jackey, or pattering in the hum box?'* I'll be bound you would not know how to answer."

"I am afraid you are right, Mr. Jonson," said I, in a tone of self-humiliation.

"Never mind," replied the compassionate Job, "we are all born ignorant—knowledge is not learnt in a day. A few of the most common and necessary words in our St. Giles's Greek, I shall be able to teach you before night; and I will, beforehand, prepare the old lady for seeing a young hand in the profession. As I must disguise you before we

* A parson, or minister—but generally applied to a priest of the lowest order.

* Well, you parson thief, are you for drinking gin, or talking in the pulpit?

go, and that cannot well be done here, suppose you dine with me at my lodgings."

"I shall be too happy," said I, not a little surprised at the offer.

"I am in Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, No. —. You must ask for me by the name of Captain De Courcy," said Job, with dignity: "and we'll dine at five, in order to have time for your preliminary initiation."

"With all my heart," said I; and Mr. Job Jonson then rose, and, reminding me of my promise of secrecy, took his departure.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

Pectus præceptis format amictis.

HORAT.

Est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.
IBID.

WITH all my love of enterprise and adventure, I cannot say that I should have particularly chosen the project before me for my evening's amusement, had I been left solely to my own will; but Glanville's situation forbade me to think of self: and, so far from shrinking at the danger to which I was about to be exposed, I looked forward with the utmost impatience to the hour of rejoining Jonson.

There was yet a long time upon my hands before five o'clock; and the thought of Ellen left me no doubt how it should be passed. I went to Berkeley-square; Lady Glanville rose eagerly when I entered the drawing-room.

"Have you seen Reginald?" said she, "or do you know where he has gone?"

I answered, carelessly, that he had left town for a few days, and, I believed, merely upon a vague excursion, for the benefit of the country air.

"You reassure us," said Lady Glanville; "we have been quite alarmed by Seymour's manner. He appeared so confused when he told us Reginald had left town, that I really thought some accident had happened to him."

I sat myself by Ellen, who appeared wholly occupied in the formation of a purse. While I was whispering into her ear words which brought a thousand blushes to her cheek, Lady Glanville interrupted me, by an exclamation of "Have you seen the papers to-day, Mr. Pelham?" and on my reply in the negative, she pointed to an article in the Morning Herald, which she said had occupied their conjectures all the morning: it ran thus:—

"The evening before last, a person of rank and celebrity was privately carried before the magistrate at ——. Since then, he has undergone an examination, the nature of which, as well as the name of the individual, is as yet kept a profound secret."

I believe that I have so firm a command over my countenance, that I should not change tint nor muscle, to hear of the greatest calamity that could happen to me. I did not therefore betray a single one of the emotions this paragraph excited within me; but appeared, on the contrary, as much at a loss as Lady Glanville, and wondered and guessed with her, till she remembered my present situation in the family, and left me alone with Ellen.

Why should the *tête-à-tête* of lovers be so uninteresting to the world, when there is scarcely a being in it who has not loved? The expressions

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of every other feeling come home to us all—the expressions of love weary and fatigue us. But the interview of that morning was far from resembling those delicious meetings which the history of love at that early period of its existence so often delineates. I could not give myself up to happiness which a moment might destroy: and though I veiled my anxiety and coldness from Ellen, I felt it as a crime to indulge even the appearance of transport, while Glanville lay alone, and in prison, with the charges of murder yet uncontroverted, and the chances of its doom undiminished.

The clock had struck four before I left Ellen, and without returning to my hotel, I threw myself into a hackney-coach, and drove to Charlotte-street. The worthy Job received me with his wonted dignity and ease: his lodgings consisted of a first floor, furnished according to all the notions of Bloomsbury elegance—viz. new, glaring Brussels carpeting; convex mirrors, with massy gilt frames, and eagles at the summit; rosewood chairs, with chintz cushions; bright grates, with a flower-pot, cut out of yellow paper, in each; in short, all that especial neatness of upholstering paraphernalia, which Vincent used, not inaptly, to designate by the title of "the tea-chest taste." Jonson seemed not a little proud of his apartments—accordingly, I complimented him upon their elegance.

"Under the rose be it spoken," said he, "the landlady, who is a widow, believes me to be an officer on half-pay, and thinks I wish to marry her; poor woman! my black locks and green coat have a witchery that surprises even me: who would be a slovenly thief, when there are such advantages in being a smart one?"

"Right, Mr. Jonson!" said I: "but shall I own to you that I am surprised that a gentleman of your talents should stoop to the lower arts of the profession. I always imagined that pickpocketing was a part of your business left only to the plebeian purloiner; now I know, to my cost, that you do not disdain that manual accomplishment."

"Your honour speaks like a judge," answered Job: "the fact is, that I *should* despise what you rightly designate 'the lower arts of the profession,' if I did not value myself upon giving them a charm, and investing them with a dignity, never bestowed upon them before. To give you an idea of the superior dexterity with which I manage my slight of hand, know, that four times I have been in that shop where you saw me *borrow* the diamond ring, which you now remark upon my little finger; and four times have I brought back some token of my visitations; nay, the shopman is so far from suspecting me, that he has twice favoured me with the piteous tale of the very losses I myself brought upon him; and I make no doubt that I shall hear, in a few days, the whole history of the departed diamond, now in my keeping, coupled with that of *your honour's* appearance and custom! Allow that it would be a pity to suffer pride to stand in the way of the talents with which Providence has blest me; to scorn the little *delicacies* of art, which I execute so well, would, in my opinion, be as absurd as for an epic poet to disdain the composition of a perfect epigram, or a consummate musician the melody of a faultless song."

"Bravo! Mr. Job," said I; "a truly great man, you see, can confer honour upon trifles." More I might have said, but was stopped short by the

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entrance of the landlady, who was a fine, fair, well-dressed, comely woman, of about thirty-nine years, and eleven months; or, to speak less precisely, *between thirty and forty*. She came to announce that dinner was served below. We descended, and found a sumptuous repast of roast beef and fish; this primary course was succeeded by that great dainty with common people—a duck and green peas.

"Upon my word, Mr. Jonson," said I, "you fare like a prince; your weekly expenditure must be pretty considerable for a single gentleman."

"I don't know," answered Jonson, with an air of lordly indifference—"I have never paid my good hostess any coin but compliments, and, in all probability, never shall."

Was there ever a better illustration of Moore's admonition—

"O, ladies, beware of a gay young knight," &c.

After dinner, we remounted to the apartments Job emphatically called *his own*; and he then proceeded to initiate me in those phrases of the noble language of "Flash," which might best serve my necessities on the approaching occasion. The slang part of my Cambridge education had made me acquainted with some little elementary knowledge, which rendered Jonson's precepts less strange and abstruse. In this lecture, "sweet and holy," the hours passed away till it became time for me to dress. Mr. Jonson then took me into the penetralia of his bed-room. I stumbled against an enormous trunk. On hearing the involuntary anathema which this accident conjured up to my lips, Jonson said—"Ah, sir! *do* oblige me by trying to move that box."

I did so, but could not stir it an inch.

"Your honour never saw a *jewel box* so heavy before, I think," said Jonson with a smile.

"A jewel box!" I repeated.

"Yes," returned Jonson—"a jewel box, for it is full of *precious stones*! When I go away—not a little in my good landlady's books—I shall desire her, very importantly, to take the greatest care of '*my box*.' Egad! it would be a treasure to Mac-Adam: he might pound its flinty contents into a street."

With these words, Mr. Jonson unlocked a wardrobe in the room, and produced a full suit of rusty black.

"There!" said he, with an air of satisfaction—"there! this will be your first step to the pulpit."

I doffed my own attire, and with "some natural sighs" at the deformity of my approaching metamorphosis, I slowly indued myself in the clerical garments: they were much too wide, and a little too short for me: but Jonson turned me round, as if I were his eldest son, breeched for the first time—and declared, with an emphatical oath, that the clothes fitted me to a hair.

My host next opened a tin dressing box, of large dimensions, from which he took sundry powders, lotions, and paints. Nothing but my extreme friendship for Glanville could ever have supported me through the operation I then underwent. My poor-complexion, thought I, with tears in my eyes, it is ruined for ever! To crown all—Jonson robbed me, by four clips of his scissors, of the luxuriant locks which, from the pampered indulgence so long accorded to them, might have rebelled

against the new dynasty which Jonson now elected to *the crown*. This dynasty consisted of a shaggy, but admirably made wig, of a sandy colour. When I was thus completely attired from head to foot, Job displayed me to myself before a full length looking-glass.

Had I gazed at the reflection for ever, I should not have recognised either my form or visage. I thought my soul had undergone a real transmigration, and not carried to its new body a particle of the original one. What appeared the most singular was, that I did not seem even to myself at all a ridiculous or *outré* figure; so admirably had the skill of Mr. Jonson been employed. I overwhelmed him with encomiums, which he took *au pied de la lettre*. Never, indeed, was there a man so vain of being a rogue.

"But," said I, "why this disguise? Your friends will, probably, be well versed enough in the mysteries of metamorphosis, to see even through your arts; and, as they have never beheld me before, it would very little matter if I went in *propre* *person*."

"True," answered Job, "but you don't reflect that without disguise you may hereafter be recognised; our friends walk in Bond-street, as well as your honour; and, in that case, you might be shot without a second, as the saying is."

"You have convinced me," said I; "and now, before we start, let me say one word further respecting our *object*. I tell you, fairly, that I think Dawson's written deposition but a secondary point; and, for this reason, should it not be supported by any *circumstantial* or *local* evidence, hereafter to be ascertained; it may be quite insufficient fully to acquit Glanville, (in spite of all appearances,) and criminate the real murderers. If, therefore, it be *possible* to carry off Dawson, *after* having secured his confession, we must. I think it right to insist more particularly on this point, as you appeared to me rather averse to it this morning."

"I say ditto to your honour," returned Job; "and you may be sure that I shall do all in my power to effect your object, not only from that love of virtue which is implanted in my mind, when no stronger inducement leads me astray, but from the more worldly reminiscence, that the annuity we have agreed upon, is only to be given in case of *success*—not merely for *well meaning attempts*. To say that I have no objection to the release of Dawson would be to deceive your honour; I own that I have; and the objection is, first, my fear lest he should *peach* respecting other affairs besides the murder of Sir John Tyrrell; and, secondly, my scruples as to *appearing* to interfere with his escape. Both of these chances expose me to great danger; however, one does not get three hundred a year for washing one's hands, and I must balance the one against the other."

"You are a sensible man, Mr. Job," said I, "and I am sure you will richly earn, and long enjoy your annuity."

As I said this, the watchman beneath our window, called "past eleven!" and Jonson, starting up, hastily changed his own gay gear for a more simple dress, and throwing over all a Scotch plaid, gave me a similar one, in which I closely wrapped myself. We descended the stairs softly, and Jonson *let us out* into the street, by the "open sesame" of a key, which he retained about his person.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Et cedere pares, et respondere parati.
VINCEN.

As we walked on into Tottenham-court-road, where we expected to find a hackney-coach, my companion earnestly and strenuously impressed on my mind the necessity of implicitly obeying any instructions or hints he might give me in the course of our adventure. "Remember," said he, forcibly, "that the least deviation from them will not only defeat our object of removing Dawson, but even expose our lives to the most imminent peril." I faithfully promised to conform to the minutest tittle of his instructions.

We came to a stand of coaches. Jonson selected one, and gave the coachman an order; he took care it should not reach my ears. During the half hour we passed in this vehicle, Job examined and re-examined me in my "canting catechism," as he termed it. He expressed himself much pleased with the quickness of my parts, and honoured me with an assurance that in less than three months he would engage to make me as complete a raffer as *ever nailed a swell*.

To this gratifying compliment I made the best return in my power.

"You must not suppose," said Jonson—some minutes afterward, "from our use of this language, that our club consists of the lower order of thieves,—quite the contrary; we are a knot of gentlemen adventurers, who wear the best clothes, ride the best hacks, frequent the best gaming houses as well as the *genteel*est haunts, and sometimes keep *the first company*—in London. We are limited in number: we have nothing in common with ordinary pigs, and should my own little private amusements (as you appropriately term them) be known in the set, I should have a very fair chance of being expelled for *ungentlemanlike* practices. We rarely condescend to speak 'flash' to each other in our ordinary meetings, but we find it necessary for many shifts to which fortune sometimes drives us. The house you are going this night to visit, is a sort of colony we have established for whatever persons amongst us are in danger of blood-money.* There they sometimes lie concealed for weeks together, and are at last shipped off for the continent, or enter the world under a new alias. To this refuge of the distressed we also send any of the men, who, like Dawson, are troubled with qualms of conscience, which are likely to endanger the commonwealth: there they remain, as in a hospital, till death, or a cure; in short, we put the house, like its inmates, to any purposes likely to frustrate our enemies, and serve ourselves. Old Brimstone Bass, to whom I shall introduce you, is, as I before said, the guardian of the place; and the language that respectable lady chiefly indulges in, is the one into which you have just acquired so good an insight. Partly in compliment to her, and partly from inclination, the dialogue adopted in her house is almost entirely 'flash!,' and you, therefore, perceive the necessity of appearing not utterly ignorant of a tongue, which is not only the language of the country, but one with which no true boy, however high in his profession, is ever unacquainted."

By the time Jonson had finished this speech,

the coach stopped—I looked eagerly out of the window—Jonson observed the motion: "We have not got halfway yet, your honour," said he. We left the coach, which Jonson requested me to pay, and walked on.

"Tell me frankly, sir," said Job, "do you know where you are?"

"Not in the least," replied I, looking wistfully up a long, dull, ill-lighted street.

Job rolled his sinister eye towards me with a searching look, and then turning abruptly to the right, penetrated into a sort of covered lane, or court, which terminated in an alley, that brought us suddenly to a stand of three coaches; one of these Job hailed—we entered it—a secret direction was given, and we drove furiously on, faster than I should think the crazy body of hackney chariot ever drove before. I observed, that we had now entered a part of the town which was singularly strange to me; the houses were old, and for the most part of the meanest description; we appeared to me to be threading a labyrinth of alleys; once, I imagined that I caught, through a sudden opening, a glimpse of the river, but we passed so rapidly, that my eye might have deceived me. At length we stopped: the coachman was again dismissed, and I again walked onwards, under the guidance and almost at the mercy of my honest companion.

Jonson did not address me—he was silent and absorbed, and I had therefore full leisure to consider my present situation. Though (thanks to my physical constitution) I am as callous to fear as most men, a few chilling apprehensions certainly flitted across my mind, when I looked round at the dim and dreary sheds—houses they were not—which were on either side of our path; only here and there a single lamp shed a sickly light upon the dismal and intersecting lanes (though lane is too lofty a word) through which our footsteps woke a solitary sound. Sometimes this feeble light was altogether withheld, and I could scarcely catch even the outline of my companion's muscular frame. However, he strode on through the darkness, with the mechanical rapidity of one to whom every stone is familiar. I listened eagerly for the sound of the watchman's voice;—in vain,—that note was never heard in those desolate recesses. My ear drank in nothing but the sound of our own footsteps, or the occasional burst of obscene and unholy merriment from some half-closed hovel, where infamy and vice were holding revels. Now and then, a wretched thing, in the vilest extreme of want, and loathsomeness, and rags, loitered by the unfrequent lamps, and interrupted our progress with solicitations which made my blood run cold. By degrees even these tokens of life ceased—the last lamp was entirely shut from our view—we were in utter darkness.

"We are near our journey's end now," whispered Jonson.

At these words a thousand unwelcome reflections forced themselves involuntarily on my mind: I was about to plunge into the most secret retreat of men whom long habits of villany and desperate abandonment had hardened into a nature which had scarcely a sympathy with my own; unarmed and defenceless, I was about to penetrate a concealment upon which their lives perhaps depended; what could I anticipate from their vengeance, but the sure hand and the deadly knife, which their self-preservation would more than justify to such

* Rewards for the apprehension of thieves, &c.

lawless reasoners? And who was my companion? One who literally gloried in the perfection of his nefarious practices; and who, if he had stopped short of the worst enormities, seemed neither to disown the principle upon which they were committed, nor to balance for a moment between his interest and his conscience.

Nor did he attempt to conceal from me the danger to which I was exposed; much as his daring habits of life, and the good fortune which had attended him, must have hardened his nerves, even *he* seemed fully sensible of the peril he incurred—a peril certainly considerably less than that which attended *my* temerity. Bitterly did I repent, as these reflections rapidly passed my mind, my negligence in not providing myself with a single weapon in case of need; the worst pang of death is the falling without a struggle.

However, it was no moment for the indulgence of fear; it was rather one of those eventful periods which so rarely occur in the monotony of common life, when our minds are sounded to their utmost depths: and energies, of which we dreamt not when at rest in their secret retreats, arise like spirits at the summons of the wizard, and bring to the invoking mind an unlooked for and preternatural aid.

There was something too in the disposition of my guide, which gave me a confidence in him, not warranted by the occupations of his life; an easy and frank boldness, an ingenuous vanity of abilities, skilfully, though dishonestly exerted, which had nothing of the meanness and mystery of an ordinary villain, and which being equally prominent with the rascality they adorned, prevented the attention from dwelling only upon the darker shades of his character. Besides, I had so closely entwined his interest with my own, that I felt there could be no possible ground either for suspecting him of any deceit towards me, or of omitting any art or exertion which could conduce to our mutual safety, or our common end.

Forcing myself to dwell solely upon the more encouraging side of the enterprise I had undertaken, I continued to move on with my worthy comrade, silent and in darkness, for some minutes longer—Jonson then halted.

"Are you quite prepared, sir?" said he, in a whisper: "if your heart fails, in God's name let us turn back: the least evident terror will be as much as your life is worth."

My thoughts were upon Reginald and Ellen, as I replied—

"You have told and *convinced* me that I may trust in you, and I have no fears; my present object is one as strong to me as life."

"I would we had a *glim*," rejoined Job, musingly; "I should like to see your face; but will you give me your hand, sir?"

I did, and Jonson held it in his own for more than a minute.

"Fore heaven, sir," said he at last, "I would you were one of us. You would live a brave man, and die a game one. Your pulse is like iron; and your hand does not sway—no—not so much as to wave a dove's feather; it would be a burning shame if harm came to so stout a heart." Job moved on a few steps. "Now, sir," he whispered, "remember your flash; do exactly as I may have occasion to tell you; and be sure to sit away from the light, should we be in company."

With these words he stopped. By the touch, (for it was too dark to see,) I felt that he was leaning down, apparently in a listening attitude; presently he tapped five times at what I supposed was a door, though I afterwards discovered it was the shutter to a window; upon this, a faint light broke through the crevices of the boards, and a low voice uttered some sound, which my ear did not catch. Job replied in the same key, and in words which were perfectly unintelligible to me; the light disappeared; Job moved round, as if turning a corner, I heard the heavy bolts and bars of a door slowly withdraw; and in a few moments, a harsh voice said, in the thieves' dialect,

"Ruffling Job, my prince of prigs, is that you? are you come to the ken alone, or do you carry double?"

"Ah, Bess, my covess, strike me blind if my sees don't tout your bingo muns in spite of the darkmans. Egad, you carry a bene blink aloft. Come to the ken alone—no! my blowen; did not I tell you I should bring a pater cove, to chop up the whiners for Dawson?"

"Stubble it, you ben, you deserve to cly the jerk for your patter; come in, and be d—d to you."

Upon this invitation, Jonson, seizing me by the arm, pushed me into the house, and followed. "Go for a glim, Bess, to light in the black 'un with proper respect. I'll close the gig of the crib."

At this order, delivered in an authoritative tone, the old woman, mumbling "strange oaths" to herself, moved away; when she was out of hearing, Job whispered,

"Mark, I shall leave the bolts undrawn; the door opens with a latch, which you press *thus*—do not forget the spring; it is easy, but peculiar; should you be forced to run for it, you will also remember, above all, when you are out of the door, to turn to the right, and go straight forwards."

The old woman now reappeared with a light, and Jonson ceased, and moved hastily towards her: I followed. The old woman asked whether the door had been carefully closed, and Jonson, with an oath at her doubts of such a matter, answered in the affirmative.

We proceeded onwards, through a long and very narrow passage, till Bess opened a small door to the right, and introduced us into a large room, which, to my great dismay, I found already occupied by four men, who were sitting, half immersed in smoke, by an oak table, with a capacious bowl of hot liquor before them. At the back-ground of this room, which resembled the kitchen of a public house, was an enormous skreen, of antique fashion; a low fire burnt sullenly in the grate, and beside it was one of those high-backed chairs, seen frequently in old houses and old pictures. A clock stood in one corner, and in the opposite nook was a flight of narrow stairs, which led downwards, probably to a cellar. On a row of shelves, were various bottles of the different liquors generally in request among the "flash" gentry, together with an old-fashioned fiddle, two bridles, and some strange looking tools, probably of more use to true boys than to honest men.

Brimstone Bess was a woman about the middle size, but with bones and sinews which would not have disgraced a prize-fighter; a cap, that *might* have been cleaner, was rather *thrown* than *put* on the back of her head, developing, to full advantage, the few scanty locks of grizzled ebony which adorn-

ed her countenance. Her eyes, large, black, and prominent, sparkled with a fire half vivacious, half vixen. The nasal feature was broad and *fungous*, and, as well as the whole of her capacious physiognomy, blushed with the deepest scarlet: it was evident to see that many a full bottle of "British compounds" had contributed to the feeding of that burning and phosphoric illumination which was, indeed, "the outward and visible sign of an inward and *spiritual* grace."

The expression of the countenance was not wholly bad. Amid the deep traces of searing vice and unrestrained passion—amid all that was bold, and unfeminine, and fierce, and crafty, there was a latent look of coarse good humour, a twinkle of the eye that bespoke a tendency to mirth and drollery, and an upward curve of the lip that showed, however the human creature might be debased, it still cherished its grand characteristic—the propensity to laughter.

The garb of this dame Leonarda was by no means of that humble nature which one might have supposed. A gown of crimson silk, flounced and furbelowed to the knees, was tastefully relieved by a bright yellow shawl; and a pair of heavy pendants glittered in her ears, which were of the size proper to receive "the big words" they were in the habit of hearing. Probably this finery had its origin in the policy of her guests, who had seen enough of life to know that age, which tames all other passions, never tames the passion of dress in a woman's mind.

No sooner did the four revellers set their eyes upon me than they all rose.

"Zounds, Bess!" cried the tallest of them, "what cull's this? Is this a bowsing ken for every cove to shove his trunk in?"

"What ho, my kiddy!" cried Job, "don't be glimflashy: why you'd cry beef on a blater; the cove is a bob cull, and a pal of my own; and moreover, is as pretty a Tyburn blossom as ever was brought up to ride a horse foaled by an acorn."

Upon this commendatory introduction I was forthwith surrounded, and one of the four proposed that I should be immediately "elected."

This motion, which was probably no gratifying ceremony, Job negatived with a dictatorial air, and reminded his comrades that however they might find it convenient to lower themselves occasionally, yet that they were gentlemen sharpers, and not vulgar cracksmen and clyfakers, and that, therefore, they ought to welcome me with the good breeding appropriate to their station.

Upon this hint, which was received with mingled laughter and deference, (for Job seemed to be a man of might among these Philistines,) the tallest of the set, who bore the euphonious appellation of Spider-shanks, politely asked me if I would "blow a cloud with him?" and, upon my assent, (for I thought such an occupation would be the best excuse for silence,) he presented me with a pipe of tobacco, to which dame Brimstone applied a light, and I soon lent my best endeavours to darken still farther the atmosphere around us.

Mr. Job Jonson then began artfully to turn the conversation away from me to the elder confederates of his crew; these were all spoken of under certain singular appellations which might well baffle impertinent curiosity. The name of one was "the Gimlet," another "Crack Crib," a third, the "Magician," a fourth, "Cherry coloured Jowl." The

tallest of the present company was called (as I before said) "Spider-shanks," and the shortest, "Fib Fakescrew;" Job himself was honoured by the *venerable nomen* of "Guinea Pig." At last Job explained the cause of my appearance; viz. his wish to pacify Dawson's conscience by dressing up one of the pals, whom the sinner could not recognise, as an "autem bawler," and so obtaining him the benefit of the clergy without endangering the gang by his confession. This detail was received with great good humour, and Job, watching his opportunity, soon after rose, and, turning to me, said—

"Toddle, my bob cull—we must track up the dancers and tout the sinner."

I wanted no other hint to leave my present situation.

"The ruffian cly thee, Guinea Pig, for stashing the lush," said Spider-shanks, helping himself out of the bowl, which was nearly empty.

"Stash the lush!" cried Mrs. Brimstone, "ay, and toddle off to Ruggins. Why, you would not be boosing till lightman's in a square crib like mine, as if you were in a flash panny?"

"That's bang up, mort!" cried Fib. "A square crib, indeed! ay, square as Mr. Newman's courtyard—dingboys on three sides, and the crap on the fourth!"

This characteristic witticism was received with great applause; and Jonson, taking a candlestick from the fair fingers of the exasperated Mrs. Brimstone, the hand thus conveniently released immediately transferred itself to Fib's cheeks, with so hearty a concussion that it almost brought the rash jester to the ground. Jonson and I lost not a moment in taking advantage of the confusion this gentle remonstrance appeared to occasion; but instantly left the room, and closed the door.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

'Tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, should our courage be.
SHAKESPEARE.

We proceeded a short way, when we were stopped by a door; this Job opened, and a narrow staircase, lighted from above, by a dim lamp, was before us. We ascended, and found ourselves in a sort of gallery; here hung another lamp, beneath which Job opened a closet.

"This is the place where Bess generally leaves the keys," said he; "we shall find them here, I hope."

So saying, Master Job entered, leaving me in the passage; but soon returned with a disappointed air.

"The old harridan has left them below," said he; "I must go down for them; your honour will wait here till I return."

Suiting the action to the word, honest Job immediately descended, leaving me alone with my own reflections. Just opposite to the closet was the door of some apartment; I leant accidentally against it; it was only a jar, and gave away; the ordinary consequence in such accidents is a certain precipitation from the centre of gravity. I am not exempt from the general lot; and accordingly entered the room in a manner entirely contrary to that which my natural inclination would have

prompted me to adopt. My ear was accosted by a faint voice, which proceeded from a bed at the opposite corner; it asked, in the thieves' dialect, and in the feeble accents of bodily weakness, who was there? I did not judge it necessary to make any reply, but was withdrawing as gently as possible, when my eye rested upon a table at the foot of the bed, upon which, among two or three miscellaneous articles, were deposited a brace of pistols, and one of those admirable swords, made according to the modern military regulation, for the united purpose of cut and thrust. The light which enabled me to discover the contents of the room, proceeded from a rush-light placed in the grate; this general symptom of a valetudinarian, together with some other little odd matters, (combined with the weak voice of the speaker,) impressed me with the idea of having intruded into the chamber of some sick member of the crew. Imboldened by this notion, and by perceiving that the curtains were drawn closely around the bed, so that the inmate could have optical discernment of nothing that occurred without, I could not resist taking two soft steps to the table, and quietly removing a weapon whose bright face seemed to invite me as a long known and long tried friend.

This was not, however, done in so noiseless a manner, but what the voice again addressed me, in a somewhat louder key, by the appellation of "Brimstone Bess," asking with sundry oaths, "what was the matter?" and requesting something to drink. I need scarcely say that, as before, I made no reply, but crept out of the room as gently as possible, blessing my good fortune for having thrown into my way a weapon with the use of which, above all others, I was best acquainted. Scarcely had I regained the passage, before Jonson reappeared with the keys; I showed him my treasure, (for indeed it was of no size to conceal.)

"Are you mad, sir?" said he, "or do you think that the best way to avoid suspicion is to walk about with a drawn sword in your hand? I would not have Bess see you for the best diamond I ever borrowed." With these words Job took the sword from my reluctant hand.

"Where did you get it?" said he.

I explained in a whisper, and Job, reopening the door I had so unceremoniously entered, laid the weapon softly on a chair that stood within reach. The sick man, whose senses were of course rendered doubly acute by illness, once more demanded in a fretful tone, who was there? And Job replied, in the flash language, that Bess had sent him up to look for her keys, which she imagined she had left there. The invalid rejoined, by a request to Jonson to reach him a draught, and we had to undergo a farther delay until his petition was complied with; we then proceeded up the passage, till we came to another flight of steps, which led to a door: Job opened it, and we entered a room of no common dimensions.

"This," said he, "is Bess Brimstone's sleeping apartment; whoever goes into the passage that leads not only to Dawson's room, but to the several other chambers occupied by such of the gang as require particular care, must pass first through this room. You see that bell by the bedside—I assure you it is no ordinary tintinnabulum; it communicates with every sleeping apartment in the house, and is only rung in cases of great alarm, when every boy must look well to himself; there

are two more of this description, one in the room which we have just left, another in the one occupied by Spider-shanks, who is our watchdog, and keeps his kennel below. Those steps in the common room, which seem to lead to a cellar, conduct to his den. As we shall have to come back through this room, you see the difficulty of smuggling Dawson—and if the old dame rung the alarm, the whole hive would be out in a moment."

After this speech, Job led me from the room, by a door at the opposite end, which showed us a passage, similar in extent and fashion to the one we had left below; at the very extremity of this was the entrance to an apartment at which Jonson stopped.

"Here," said he, taking from his pocket a small paper book and an ink-horn; "here, your honour, take these, you may want to note the heads of Dawson's confession, we are now at his door." Job then applied one of the keys of a tolerably sized bunch to the door, and the next moment we were in Dawson's apartment.

The room which, though low and narrow, was of considerable length, was in utter darkness, and the dim and flickering light which Jonson held, only struggled with, rather than penetrated, the thick gloom. About the centre of the room stood the bed, and sitting upright on it, with a wan and hollow countenance, bent eagerly towards us, was a meager, attenuated figure. My recollection of Dawson, whom it will be remembered I had only seen once before, was extremely faint, but it had impressed me with the idea of a middle-sized and rather athletic man, with a fair and florid complexion: the creature I now saw was totally the reverse of this idea. His cheeks were yellow and drawn in; his hand, which was raised in the act of holding aside the curtains, was like the talons of a famished vulture, so thin was it, so long, so withered in its hue and texture.

No sooner did the advancing light allow him to see us distinctly, than he half sprung from the bed, and cried, in that peculiar tone of joy which seems to throw off from the breast a suffocating weight of previous terror and suspense, "Thank God, thank God! it is you at last; and you have brought the clergyman—God bless you, Jonson, you are a true friend to me."

"Cheer up, Dawson," said Job; "I have smuggled in this worthy gentleman, who, I have no doubt, will be of great comfort to you—but you must be open with him, and tell all."

"That I will—that I will," cried Dawson, with a wild and vindictive expression of countenance—"if it be only to hang him. Here, Jonson, give me your hand, bring the light nearer—I say—he, the devil—the fiend—has been here to-day, and threatened to murder me; and I have listened, and listened, all night, and thought I heard his step along the passage, and up the stairs, and at the door; but it was nothing, Job, nothing—and you are come at last, good, kind, worthy Job. O! 'tis so horrible to be left in the dark, and not sleep—and in this large, large room, which looks like eternity at night—and one does see such sights, Job—such horrid, horrid sights. Feel my wrist-band, Jonson, and here at my back you would think they had been pouring water over me, but it's only the cold sweat. O! it is a fearful thing to have a bad conscience, Job; but you won't leave me till daylight, now, that's a dear, good Job!"

"For shame, Dawson," said Jonson; "pluck up, and be a man; you are like a baby frightened by its nurse. Here's the clergyman come to heal your poor wounded conscience, will you hear him now?"

"Yes," said Dawson; "yes!—but go out of the room—I can't tell all if you're here; go, Job, go!—but you're not angry with me—I don't mean to offend you."

"Angry!" said Job; "Lord help the poor fellow! no, to be sure not. I'll stay outside the door till you've done with the clergyman—but make haste, for the night's almost over, and it's as much as the parson's life is worth to stay here after daybreak."

"I will make haste," said the guilty man, tremulously; "but Job, where are you going—what are you doing? *leave the light! here, Job, by the bedside.*"

Job did as he was desired, and quitted the room, leaving the door not so firmly shut but that he might hear, if the penitent spoke aloud, every particular of his confession,

I seated myself on the side of the bed, and taking the skeleton hand of the unhappy man, spoke to him in the most consolatory and comforting words I could summon to my assistance. He seemed greatly soothed by my efforts, and at last implored me to let him join me in prayer. I knelt down, and my lips readily found words for that language, which, whatever be the formula of our faith, seems, in all emotions which come home to our hearts, the most natural method of expressing them. It is *here*, by the bed of sickness, or remorse, that the ministers of God have their real power! it is here that their office is indeed a divine and unearthly mission; and that, in breathing balm and comfort, in healing the broken heart, in raising the crushed and degraded spirit—they are the voice and oracle of the FATHER, who made us in benevolence, and will judge of us in mercy! I rose, and after a short pause, Dawson, who expressed himself impatient for the comfort of confession, thus began—

"I have no time, sir, to speak of the earlier part of my life. I passed it upon the race-course, and at the gaming-table—all that was, I know, very wrong and wicked; but I was a wild, idle boy, and eager for any thing like enterprise or mischief. Well, sir, it is now more than three years ago since I first met one Tom Thornton; it was at a boxing match. Tom was chosen chairman, at a sort of club of the farmers and yeomen; and being a lively, amusing fellow, and accustomed to the company of gentlemen, was a great favourite with all of us. He was very civil to me, and I was quite pleased with his notice. I did not, however, see much of him then, nor for more than two years afterward; but some months ago we met again. I was in very poor circumstances, so was he, and this made us closer friends than we might otherwise have been. He lived a great deal at the gambling-houses, and fancied he had discovered a certain method of winning* at hazard. So, whenever he could not find a gentleman whom he could cheat with false dice, tricks at cards, &c., he would go into any hell to try his infallible game. I did not, however, perceive that he made a good living by it: and though sometimes, either by that me-

thod or some other, he had large sums of money in his possession, yet they were spent as soon as acquired. The fact was, that he was not a man that could ever grow rich; he was extremely extravagant in all things—loved women and drinking, and was always striving to get into the society of people above him. In order to do this, he affected great carelessness of money; and if, at a race or a cock-fight, any real gentlemen would go home with him, he would insist upon treating them to the best of every thing.

"Thus, sir, he was always poor, and at his wit's end for means to supply his extravagance. He introduced me to three or four *gentlemen*, as he called them, but whom I have since found to be markers, sharpers, and blacklegs; and this set soon dissipated the little honesty my own habits of life had left me. They never spoke of things by their right names; and, therefore, those things never seemed so bad as they really were—to swindle a gentleman did not sound a crime when it was called 'macing a swell,'—nor transportation a punishment, when it was termed, with a laugh, 'lagging a cove.' Thus, insensibly, my ideas of right and wrong, always obscure, became perfectly confused: and the habit of treating all crimes as subjects of jest in familiar conversation, soon made me regard them as matters of very trifling importance.

"Well, sir, at Newmarket races, this spring meeting, Thornton and I were on *the look out*. He had come down to stay, during the races, at a house I had just inherited from my father, but which was rather an expense to me than an advantage; especially as my wife, who was an inn-keeper's daughter, was very careless and extravagant. It so happened that we were both taken in by a jockey, who we had bribed very largely, and were losers to a very considerable amount. Among other people, I lost to a Sir John Tyrrell. I expressed my vexation to Thornton, who told me not to mind it, but to tell Sir John that I would pay him if he came to the town; and that he was quite sure we could win enough, by his certain game at hazard, to pay off my debt. He was so very urgent, that I allowed myself to be persuaded; though Thornton has since told me, that his only motive was to prevent Sir John's going to the Marquis of Chester's (where he was invited) with my lord's party; and so to have an opportunity of accomplishing the crime he then meditated.

"Accordingly, as Thornton desired, I asked Sir John Tyrrell to come with me to Newmarket. He did so. I left him, joined Thornton, went to the gambling house. Here we were engaged in Thornton's sure game, when Sir John entered. I went up and apologized for not paying, and said I would pay him in three months. However, Sir John was very angry, and treated me with such rudeness, that the whole table remarked it. When he was gone, I told Thornton how hurt and indignant I was at Sir John's treatment. He incensed me still more—exaggerated Sir John's conduct—said that I had suffered the grossest insult, and, at last, put me into such a passion, that I said, that if I was a gentleman, I would fight Sir John Tyrrell across the table.

"When Thornton saw I was so moved, he took me out of the room, and carried me to an inn. Here he ordered dinner, and several bottles of wine. I never could bear much drink: he knew this, and artfully plied me with wine till I scarcely knew

* A very common delusion, both among sharpers and their prey.

what I did or said. He then talked much of our destitute situation—affected to put himself out of the question—said he was a single man, and could easily make shift upon a potato—but that I was encumbered with a wife and child, whom I could not suffer to starve. He then said that Sir John Tyrrell had publicly disgraced me—that I should be blown upon the course—that no gentleman would bet with me again, and a great deal more of the same sort. Seeing what an effect he had produced upon me, he then told me that he had seen Sir John receive a large sum of money, which would more than pay our debts, and set us up like gentlemen, and, at last, he proposed to me to rob him. Intoxicated as I was, I was somewhat startled at this proposition. However, the slang terms in which Thornton disguised the greatness and danger of the offence very much diminished both in my eyes; so at length I consented.

"We went to Sir John's inn, and learnt that he had just set out: accordingly we mounted our horses and rode after him. The night had already closed in. After we had got some distance from the main road, into a lane, which led both to my house and to Chester Park—for the former was on the direct way to my lord's—we passed a man on horseback. I only observed that he was wrapped in a cloak—but Thornton said, directly we had passed him, 'I know that man well—he has been following Tyrrell all day—and though he attempts to screen himself, I have penetrated his disguise:—he is Tyrrell's mortal enemy.'

"Should the worst come to the worst,' added Thornton, (words which I did not at that moment understand,) 'we can make *him* bear the blame.'

"When we had got some way further, we came up to Tyrrell and a gentleman, whom, to our great dismay, we found that Sir John had joined—the gentleman's horse had met with an accident, and Thornton dismounted to offer his assistance. He assured the gentleman, who proved afterward to be a Mr. Pelham, that the horse was quite lame, and that he would scarcely be able to get it home; and he then proposed to Sir John to accompany us, and said that we would put him in the right road; this offer Sir John rejected very haughtily, and we rode on.

"It's all up with us,' said I; 'since he has joined another person.'

"Not at all,' replied Thornton; 'for I managed to give the horse a sly poke with my knife; and if I know any thing of Sir John Tyrrell, he is much too impatient a spark to crawl along, a snail's pace, with any companion, especially with this heavy shower coming on.'

"But,' said I, for I now began to recover from my intoxication, and to be sensible of the nature of our undertaking, 'the moon is up, and unless this shower conceals it, Sir John will recognise us; so you see, even if he leaves the gentleman, it will be no use, and we had much better make haste home and go to bed.'

"Upon this, Thornton cursed me for a faint-hearted fellow, and said that the cloud would effectually hide the moon—or, if not—he added—'I know how to silence a prating tongue.' At these words I was greatly alarmed, and said, that if he meditated murder as well as robbery, I would have nothing further to do with it. Thornton laughed, and told me not to be a fool. While we were thus debating, a heavy shower came on; we

rode hastily to a large tree, by the side of a pond—which, though bare and withered, was the nearest shelter the country afforded, and was only a very short distance from my house. I wished to go home—but Thornton would not let me, and as I was always in the habit of yielding, I remained with him, though very reluctantly, under the tree.

"Presently, we heard the trampling of a horse.

"It is he—it is he,' cried Thornton with a savage tone of exultation—and alone!—Be ready—we must make a rush—I will be the one to bid him to deliver—you hold your tongue.'

"The clouds and rain had so overcast the night, that, although it was not *perfectly dark*, it was sufficiently obscure to screen our countenances. Just as Tyrrell approached, Thornton dashed forward, and cried, in a feigned voice—'Stand, on your peril!' I followed, and we were now both by Sir John's side.

"He attempted to push by us—but Thornton seized him by the arm—there was a stout struggle, in which, as yet, I had no share;—at last, Tyrrell got loose from Thornton, and I seized him—he set spurs to his horse, which was a very spirited and strong animal—it reared upwards, and very nearly brought me and my horse to the ground—at that instant, Thornton struck the unfortunate man a violent blow across the head with the butt-end of his heavy whip—Sir John's hat had fallen before in the struggle, and the blow was so stunning that it felled him upon the spot. Thornton dismounted, and made me do the same—'There is no time to lose,' said he; 'let us drag him from the road-side, and rifle him.' We accordingly carried him (he was still senseless) to the side of the pond before mentioned. While we were searching for the money Thornton spoke of, the storm ceased, and the moon broke out—we were detained some moments by the accident of Tyrrell's having transferred his pocket-book from the pocket Thornton had seen him put it in on the race-ground to an inner one.

"We had just discovered, and seized the pocket-book, when Sir John awoke from his swoon, and his eyes opened upon Thornton, who was still bending over him, and looking at the contents of the book to see that all was right; the moonlight left Tyrrell in no doubt as to our persons; and struggling hard to get up, he cried, 'I know you! I know you! you shall hang for this.' No sooner had he uttered this imprudence, than it was all over with him. 'We will see that, Sir John,' said Thornton, setting his knee upon Tyrrell's chest, and nailing him down. While thus employed, he told me to feel in his coat-pocket for a case-knife.

"For God's sake,' cried Tyrrell, with a tone of agonizing terror which haunts me still, 'spare my life!'

"It is too late,' said Thornton, deliberately, and taking the knife from my hands, he plunged it into Sir John's side, and as the blade was too short to reach the vitals, Thornton drew it backwards and forwards to widen the wound. Tyrrell was a strong man, and still continued to struggle and call out for mercy—Thornton drew out the knife—Tyrrell seized it by the blade, and his fingers were cut through before Thornton could snatch it from his grasp; the wretched gentleman then saw all hope was over: he uttered one loud, sharp cry of despair. Thornton put one hand to

his mouth, and with the other gashed his throat from ear to ear.

" 'You have done for him and for us now,' said I, as Thornton slowly rose from the body. 'No,' replied he, 'look, he still moves : ' and sure enough he did, but it was in the last agony. However, Thornton, to make all sure, plunged the knife again into his body : the blade came in contact with a bone, and snapped in two ; so great was the violence of the blow, that, instead of remaining in the flesh, the broken piece fell upon the ground among the long fern and grass.

"While we were employed in searching for it, Thornton, whose ears were much sharper than mine, caught the sound of a horse. 'Mount ! mount !' he cried, 'and let us be off !' We sprung upon our horses, and rode away as fast as we could. I wished to go home, as it was so near at hand ; but Thornton insisted on making to an old shed, about a quarter of a mile across the fields : thither, therefore, we went."

"Stop," said I : "what did Thornton do with the remaining part of the case-knife ? Did he throw it away, or carry it with him ?"

"He took it with him," answered Dawson, "for his name was engraved on a silver plate on the handle ; and he was therefore afraid of throwing it into the pond, as I advised, lest at any time it should be discovered. Close by the shed there is a plantation of young firs of some extent : Thornton and I entered, and he dug a hole with the broken blade of the knife, and buried it, covering up the hole again with the earth."

"Describe the place," said I. Dawson paused, and seemed to recollect. I was on the very tenter-hooks of suspense, for I saw with one glance all the importance of his reply.

After some moments, he shook his head : "I cannot describe the place," said he, "for the wood is so thick ; yet I know the exact spot so well, that, were I in any part of the plantation, I could point it out immediately."

I told him to pause again, and recollect himself ; and at all events, to try to indicate the place. However, his account was so confused and perplexed, that I was forced to give up the point in despair, and he continued.

"After we had done this, Thornton told me to hold the horses, and said he would go alone, to spy whether we might return ; accordingly he did so, and brought back word, in about half an hour, that he had crept cautiously along till in sight of the place, and then, throwing himself down on his face by the ridge of a bank, had observed a man (who he was sure was the person with a cloak we had passed, and who, he said, was Sir Reginald Glanville) mount his horse on the very spot of the murder, and ride off, while another person (Mr. Pelham) appeared, and also discovered the fatal place.

" 'There is no doubt now,' said he, 'that we shall have the hue-and-cry upon us. However, if you are stanch and stout-hearted, no possible danger can come to us ; for you may leave me alone to throw the whole guilt upon Sir Reginald Glanville.'

" 'We then mounted, and rode home. We stole up stairs by the back way. Thornton's linen and hands were stained with blood. The former he took off, locked up carefully, and burnt the first opportunity : the latter he washed ; and, that the water might not lead to detection, drank it.

We then appeared as if nothing had occurred, and learnt that Mr. Pelham had been to the house ; but as, very fortunately, our out-buildings had been lately robbed by some idle people, my wife and servants had refused to admit him. I was thrown into great agitation, and was extremely frightened. However, as Mr. Pelham had left a message that we were to go to the pond, Thornton insisted upon our repairing there to avoid suspicion."

Dawson then proceeded to say, that, on their return, as he was still exceedingly nervous, Thornton insisted on his going to bed. When our party from Lord Chester's came to the house, Thornton went into Dawson's room, and made him swallow a large tumbler of brandy ;* this intoxicated him so as to make him less sensible to his dangerous situation. Afterward, when the picture was found, which circumstance Thornton communicated to him, along with that of the threatening letter sent by Glanville to the deceased, which was discovered in Tyrrell's pocket-book, Dawson recovered courage ; and justice being entirely thrown on a wrong scent, he managed to pass his examination without suspicion. He then went to town with Thornton, and constantly attended "the club" to which Jonson had before introduced him ; at first, among his new comrades, and while the novel flush of the money he had so fearfully acquired lasted, he partially succeeded in stifling his remorse. But the success of crime is too contrary to nature to continue long ; his poor wife, whom, in spite of her extravagant and his dissolute habits, he seemed really to love, fell ill, and died ; on her death-bed she revealed the suspicions she had formed of his crime, and said, that those suspicions had preyed upon, and finally destroyed her health : this awoke him from the guilty torpor of his conscience. His share of the money, too, the greater part of which Thornton had bullied out of him, was gone. He fell, as Job had said, into despondency and gloom, and often spoke to Thornton so forcibly of his remorse, and so earnestly of his gnawing and restless desire to appease his mind by surrendering himself to justice, that the fears of that villain grew, at length, so thoroughly alarmed, as to procure his removal to his present abode.

It was here that his real punishment commenced ; closely confined to his apartment, at the remotest corner of the house, his solitude was never broken but by the short and hurried visits of his female jailer, and (worse even than loneliness) the occasional invasions of Thornton. There appeared to be in that abandoned wretch what, for the honour of human nature, is but rarely found, viz. a love of sin, not for its objects, but itself. With a malignity, doubly fiendish from its inutility, he forbade Dawson the only indulgence he craved—a light during the dark hours ; and not only insulted him for his cowardice, but even added to his terrors, by threats of effectually silencing them.

These fears had so wildly worked upon the man's mind, that prison itself appeared to him an elysium to the hell he endured ; and when his confession was ended, and I said, "If you can be freed from this place, would you repeat before a magistrate all that you have now told me ?" he started up in delight at the very thought. In truth, besides his remorse, and that inward and impelling voice

* A common practice with thieves who fear the weak nerves of their accomplices.

which, in all the annals of murder, seems to urge the criminal onward to the last expiation of his guilt—besides these, there mingled in his mind a sentiment of bitter, yet cowardly, vengeance, against his inhuman accomplice; and perhaps he found consolation for his own fate, in the hope of wreaking upon Thornton's head somewhat of the tortures that ruffian had inflicted upon him.

I had taken down in my book the heads of the confession, and I now hastened to Jonson, who, waiting without the door, had (as I had anticipated) heard all.

"You see," said I, "that, however satisfactory this recital has been, it contains no secondary or innate proofs to confirm it; the only evidence with which it could furnish us, would be the remnant of the broken knife, engraved with Thornton's name: but you have heard from Dawson's account, how impossible it would be in an extensive wood, for any one to discover the spot but himself. You will agree with me, therefore, that we must not leave this house without Dawson."

Job changed colour slightly.

"I see as clearly as you do," said he, "that it will be necessary for my annuity, and your friend's full acquittal, to procure Dawson's personal evidence, but it is late now; the men may be still drinking below; Bess may be still awake, and stirring; even if she sleeps, how could we pass her room without disturbing her? I own that I do not see a chance of effecting his escape to-night, without incurring the most probable peril of having our throats cut. Leave it, therefore, to me to procure his release as soon as possible—probably to-morrow, and let us now quietly retire, content with what we have yet got."

Hitherto I had implicitly obeyed Job; it was now my turn to command. "Look you," said I, calmly, but sternly, "I have come into this house under your guidance, solely to procure the evidence of that man; the evidence he has, as yet, given may not be worth a straw; and, since I have ventured among the knives of your associates, it shall be for some purpose. I tell you fairly that, whether you befriend or betray me, I will either leave these walls with Dawson, or remain in them a corpse."

"You are a bold blade, sir," said Jonson, who seemed rather to respect than resent the determination of my tone, "and we will see what can be done: wait here, your honour, while I go down to see if the boys are gone to bed, and the coast is clear."

Job descended, and I re-entered Dawson's room. When I told him that we were resolved, if possible, to effect his escape, nothing could exceed his transport and gratitude; this was, indeed, expressed in so mean and servile a manner, mixed so many with petty threats of vengeance against Thornton, that I could scarcely conceal my disgust.

Jonson returned, and beckoned me out of the room.

"They are all in bed, sir," said he—"Bess as well as the rest; indeed, the old girl has lushed so well at the bingo, that she sleeps as if her next morrow was the day of judgment. I have, also, seen that the street-door is still unbarred, so that, upon the whole, we have, perhaps, as good a chance to-night as we may ever have again. All my fear is about that cowardly lubber. I have left both Bess's doors wide open, so we have nothing to do but to creep through; as for me, I am an old file,

and could steal my way through a sick man's room, like a sunbeam through a keyhole."

"Well," said I, in the same strain, "I am no elephant, and my dancing master used to tell me I might tread on a butterfly's wing without brushing off a tint: (poor Coulon! he little thought of the use his lessons would be to me hereafter!—) so let us be quick, Master Job."

"Stop," said Jonson; "I have yet a ceremony to perform with our cage bird. I must put a fresh gag on his mouth; for though, if he escapes, I must leave England, perhaps, for ever, for fear of the jolly boys, and, therefore, care not what he blabs about me; yet there are a few fine fellows among the club, whom I would not have hurt for the Indies; so I shall make master Dawson take our last oath—the devil himself would not break that, I think! Your honour will stay outside the door, for we can have no witness while it is administered."

Job then entered; I stood without;—in a few minutes I heard Dawson's voice in the accents of supplication. Soon after Job returned. "The craven dog won't take the oath," said he, "and may my right hand rot above ground before it shall turn key for him unless he does." But when Dawson saw that Job had left the room, and withdrawn the light, the conscience-stricken coward came to the door, and implored Job to return. "Will you swear then?" said Jonson. "I will, I will," was the answer.

Job then re-entered—minutes passed away—Job reappeared, and Dawson was dressed, and clinging hold of him—"All's right!" said he to me, with a satisfied air.

The oath had been taken—what it was I know not—but it was never broken.*

Dawson and Job went first—I followed—we passed the passage, and came to the chamber of the sleeping Mrs. Brimstone. Job leant eagerly forward to listen, before we entered; he took hold of Dawson's arm, and beckoning to me to follow, stole, with a step that the blind mole would not have heard, across the room. Carefully did the practised thief veil the candle he carried, with his hand, as he now began to pass by the bed. I saw that Dawson trembled like a leaf, and the palpitation of his limbs made his step audible and heavy. Just as they had halfway passed the bed, I turned my look on Brimstone Bess, and observed, with a shuddering thrill, her eyes slowly open, and fix upon the forms of my companions. Dawson's gaze had been bent in the same direction, and when he met the full, glassy stare of the beldame's eyes, he uttered a faint scream. This completed our danger: had it not been for that exclamation, Bess might, in the uncertain vision of drowsiness, have passed over the third person, and fancied it was only myself and Jonson, in our way from Dawson's apartment; but no sooner had her ear caught the sound, than she started up, and sat erect on her bed, gazing at us in mingled wrath and astonishment.

That was a fearful moment—we stood riveted to the spot! "O, my kiddies," cried Bess, at last finding speech, "you are in Queer-street, I trow! Plant your stumps, Master Guinea Pig; you are going to stall off the Daw's baby in prime twig,

* Those conversant with the annals of Newgate well know how religiously the oaths of these fearful Freemasonries are kept.

eh! But Bess stags you, my cove! Bess stags you."

Jonson looked irresolute for one instant; but the next he had decided. "Run, run," cried he, "for your lives;" and he and Dawson (to whom fear did indeed lend wings) were out of the room in an instant. I lost no time in following their example; but the vigilant and incensed hag was too quick for me; she pulled violently the bell, on which she had already placed her hand: the alarm rang like an echo in a cavern; below—around—far—near—from wall to wall—from chamber to chamber, the sound seemed multiplied and repeated! and in the same breathing point of time, she sprang from her bed, and seized me, just as I had reached the door.

"On, on, on," cried Jonson's voice to Dawson, as they had already gained the passage, and left the whole room, and the staircase beyond, in utter darkness.

With a firm, muscular, nervous gripe, which almost showed a masculine strength, the hag clung to my throat and breast; behind, among some of the numerous rooms of the passage we had left, I heard sounds, which told too plainly how rapidly the alarm had spread. A door opened—steps approached—my fate seemed fixed; but despair gave me energy; it was no time for the ceremonials due to the *beau seve*. I dashed Bess to the ground, tore myself from her relaxing grasp, and fled down the steps with all the precipitation the darkness would allow. I gained the passage, at the far end of which hung the lamp, now weak and waning in its socket, which, it will be remembered, burnt close by the sick man's chamber that I had so unintentionally entered. A thought flashed upon my mind, and lent me new nerves and fresh speed; I flew along the passage, guided by the dying light. The staircase I had left shook with the footsteps of my pursuers. I was at the door of the sick thief—I burst it open—seized the sword as it lay within reach on the chair, where Jonson had placed it, and feeling, at the touch of the familiar weapon, as if the might of ten men had been transferred to my single arm, I bounded down the stairs before me—passed the door at the bottom, which Dawson had fortunately left open—flung it back almost upon the face of my advancing enemies, and found myself in the long passage which led to the street-door, in safety, but in the thickest darkness. A light flashed from a door to the left; the door was that of the "common room" which we had first entered; it opened, and Spidershanks, with one of his comrades, looked forth; the former holding a light. I darted by them, and, guided by their lamp, fled along the passage and reached the door. Imagine my dismay—when, either through accident, or by the desire of my fugitive companions to impede pursuit, I found it unexpectedly closed!

The two villains had now come up to me; close at their heels were two more, probably my pursuers from the upper apartments. Providentially the passage was (as I before said) extremely narrow, and as long as no firearms were used, nor a general rush resorted to, I had little doubt of being able to keep the ruffians at bay, until I had hit upon the method of springing the latch, and so winning my escape from the house.

While my left hand was employed in feeling the latch, I made such good use of my right, as to keep my antagonists at a safe distance. The one who

was nearest to me was Fib Fakescrew; he was armed with a weapon exactly similar to my own. The whole passage rung with oaths and threats. "Crash the cull—down with him—down with him before he dubs the jigger. Tip him the degen, Fib, fake him through and through; if he pikes, we shall all be scragged."

Hitherto, in the confusion, I had not been able to recall Job's instructions in opening the latch; at last I remembered, and pressed the screw—the latch rose—I opened the door; but not wide enough to escape through the aperture. The ruffians saw my escape at hand. "Rush the b—cove! rush him!" cried the loud voice of one behind; and, at the word, Fib was thrown forwards upon the extended edge of my blade; scarcely with an effort of my own arm the sword entered his bosom, and he fell at my feet bathed in blood; the motion which the men thought would prove my destruction, became my salvation; staggered by the fall of their companion, they gave way: I seized advantage of the momentary confusion—threw open the door, and, mindful of Job's admonition, *turned to the right*, and fled onwards, with a rapidity which baffled and mocked pursuit.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

Ille viam secat ad naves sociosque revisit.

Vizen.

THE day had already dawned, but all was still and silent; my footsteps smote the solitary pavement with a strange and unanswered sound. Nevertheless, though all pursuit had long ceased, I still continued to run on mechanically, till, faint and breathless, I was forced into pausing. I looked round, but could recognise nothing familiar in the narrow and filthy streets; even the names of them were to me like an unknown language. After a brief rest I renewed my wanderings, and at length came to an alley, called River Lane; the name did not deceive me, but brought me, after a short walk, to the Thames; there, to my inexpressible joy, I discovered a solitary boatman, and transported myself forthwith to the Whitehall-stairs.

Never, I ween, did gay gallant, in the decaying part of the season, arrive at those stairs for the sweet purpose of accompanying his own mistress or another's wife to green Richmond or sunny Hampton, with more eager and animated delight than I felt when rejecting the arm of the rough boatman, and leaping on the well known stones, I hastened to that stand of "jarvies" which has often been the hope and shelter of belated member of St. Stephen's, or bewetted fugitive from the Opera—startled a sleeping coachman,—flung myself into his vehicle,—and descended at Mivart's.

The drowsy porter surveyed, and told me to be gone; I had forgotten, till then, my strange attire. "Pooh, my friend," said I, "may not Mr. Pelham go to a masquerade as well as his betters?" My voice and words undeceived my Cerberus, and I was admitted; I hastened to bed, and no sooner had I laid my head on my pillow, than I fell fast asleep. It must be confessed, that I had deserved "tired nature's sweet restorer."

I had not been above a couple of hours in the land of dreams, when I was awakened by some

one grasping my arm: the events of the past night were so fresh in my memory, that I sprung up, as if the knife was at my throat—my eyes opened upon the peaceful countenance of Mr. Job Jonson.

"Thank heaven, sir, you are safe! I had but a very faint hope of finding you here when I came."

"Why," said I, rubbing my eyes, "it is very true that I am safe, honest Job: but, I believe, I have few thanks to give *you* for a circumstance so peculiarly agreeable to myself. It would have saved me much trouble, and your worthy friend, Mr. Fib Fakescrew, some pain, if you had left the door open—instead of shutting me up with your *club*, as you are pleased to call it!"

"Very true, sir," said Job, "and I am extremely sorry at the accident; it was Dawson who shut the door, through utter unconsciousness, though I told him especially not to do it—the poor dog did not know whether he was on his head or his heels."

"You have got him safe?" said I, quickly.

"Ay, trust me for that, your honour. I have locked him up at home while I came here to look for you."

"We will lose no time in transferring him to safer custody," said I, leaping out of bed; "but be off to — street directly."

"Slow and sure, sir," answered Jonson. "It is for you to do whatever you please, but my part of the business is over. I shall sleep at Dover to-night, and breakfast at Calais to-morrow. Perhaps it will not be very inconvenient to your honour to furnish me with my first quarter's annuity in advance, and to see that the rest is duly paid into Lafitte's, at Paris, for the use of Captain de Courcy. Where I shall live hereafter is at present uncertain; but I dare say there will be few corners except old England and *new* England in which I shall not make merry on your honour's bounty."

"Pooh! my good fellow," rejoined I, "never desert a country to which your talents do such credit; stay here, and reform on your annuity. If ever I can accomplish my own wishes, I will consult yours still farther; for I shall always think of your services with gratitude,—though you *did* shut the door in my face."

"No, sir," replied Job—"life is a blessing I would fain enjoy a few years longer; and, at present, my sojourn in England would put it wofully in danger of '*club law*.' Besides, I begin to think that a good character is a very agreeable thing, when not too troublesome: and, as I have none left in England, I may as well make the experiment abroad. If your honour will call at the magistrate's, and take a warrant and an officer, for the purpose of ridding me of my charge, at the very instant I see my responsibility at an end I will have the honour of bidding you adieu."

"Well, as you please," said I. "Curse your scoundrel's cosmetics! How the dense am I ever to regain my natural complexion? Look ye, sirrah! you have painted me with a long wrinkle on the left side of my mouth, big enough to engulf all the beauty I ever had. Why, water seems to have no effect upon it!"

"To be sure not, sir," said Job, calmly—"I should be but a poor dauber if my paints washed off with a wet sponge."

"Grant me patience!" cried I, in a real panic: "how, in the name of Heaven, *are* they to wash off! Am I, before I have reached my twenty-third

year, to look like a Methodist parson on the wrong side of forty, you rascal!"

"The latter question, your honour can best answer," returned Job. "With regard to the former, I have an unguent here, if you will suffer me to apply it, which will remove all other colours than those which nature has bestowed upon you."

With that, Job produced a small box; and, after a brief submission to his skill, I had the ineffable joy of beholding myself restored to my original state. Nevertheless, my delight was somewhat checked by the loss of my curls: I thanked heaven, however, that the damage had been sustained *after* Ellen's acceptance of my addresses. A lover confined to one should not be too destructive, for fear of the consequences to the remainder of the female world:—compassion is ever due to the fair sex.

My toilet being concluded, Jonson and I repaired to the magistrate's. He waited at the corner of the street, while I entered the house—

"'Twere vain to tell what shook the holy man,
Who looked, not lovingly, at that divan."

Having summoned to my aid the redoubted Mr. —, of mulberry-checked recollection, we entered a hackney coach, and drove to Jonson's lodgings, Job mounting guard on the box.

"I think, sir," said Mr. —, looking up at the man of two virtues, "that I have had the pleasure of seeing that gentleman before."

"Very likely," said I; "he is a young man greatly about town."

When we had safely lodged Dawson (who seemed more collected, and even courageous, than I had expected) in the coach, Job beckoned me into a little parlour. I signed him a draft on my bankers for one hundred pounds—though at that time it was like letting the last drop from my veins—and faithfully promised, should Dawson's evidence procure the desired end, (of which, indeed, there was now no doubt,) that the annuity should be regularly paid, as he desired. We then took an affectionate farewell of each other.

"Adieu, sir!" said Job, "I depart into a new world—that of honest men!"

"If so," said I, "adieu indeed!—for on this earth we shall never meet again!"

We returned to — street. As I was descending from the coach, a female, wrapped from head to foot in a cloak, came eagerly up to me, and seized me by the arm. "For God's sake," said she, in a low, hurried voice, "come aside, and speak to me for a single moment." Consigning Dawson to the sole charge of the officer, I did as I was desired. When we had got some paces down the street, the female stopped. Though she held her veil closely drawn over her face, her voice and air were not to be mistaken: I knew her at once. "Glanville," said she with great agitation, "Sir Reginald Glanville; tell me, is he in real danger?" She stopped short—she could say no more.

"I trust not!" said I, appearing not to recognise the speaker.

"I trust not!" she repeated; "is that all?" And then the passionate feelings of her sex overcoming every other consideration, she seized me by the hand, and said—"O, Mr. Pelham, for mercy's sake tell me, is he in the power of that villain Thornton! You need disguise nothing from me; I know all the fatal history."

"Compose yourself, dear, dear Lady Roseville," said I, soothingly; "for it is in vain any longer to affect not to know you. Glanville is safe; I have brought with me a witness whose testimony *must* release him."

"God bless you, God bless you!" said Lady Roseville, and she burst into tears; but she dried them directly, and recovering some portion of that dignity which never long forsakes a woman of virtuous and educated mind, she resumed, proudly, yet bitterly—"It is no ordinary motive, no motive which you might reasonably impute to me, that has brought me here. Sir Reginald Glanville can never be any thing more to me than a friend—but, of all friends, the most known and valued. I learned from his servant of his disappearance; and my acquaintance with his secret history enabled me to account for it in the most fearful manner. In short, I—I—but explanations are idle now; you will never say that you have seen me here, Mr. Pelham: you will endeavour even to forget it: farewell."

Lady Roseville, then drawing her cloak closely round her, left me with a fleet and light step, and, turning the corner of the street, disappeared.

I returned to my charge: I demanded an immediate interview with the magistrate. "I have come," said I, "to redeem my pledge, and procure the acquittal of the innocent." I then briefly related my adventures, only concealing (according to my promise) all description of my helpmate, Job; and prepared the worthy magistrate for the confession and testimony of Dawson. That unhappy man had just concluded his narration, when an officer entered, and whispered the magistrate that Thornton was in waiting.

"Admit him," said Mr. —, aloud. Thornton entered with his usual easy and swaggering air of effrontery: but no sooner did he set his eyes upon Dawson, than a deadly and withering change passed over his countenance. Dawson could not bridle the cowardly petulance of his spite. "They know all, Thornton!" said he, with a look of triumph. The villain turned slowly from him to us, muttering something we could not hear. He saw upon my face, upon the magistrate's, that his doom was sealed: his desperation gave him presence of mind, and he made a sudden rush to the door;—the officers in waiting seized him. Why should I detail the rest of the scene? He was that day fully committed for trial, and Sir Reginald Glanville honourably released, and unhesitatingly acquitted.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

Un hymen qu'on souhaite
Entre les gens comme nous est chose bientôt-faite,
Je te veux; me veux-tu de même?

MOLIERE.

So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE main interest of my adventures—if, indeed, I may flatter myself that they ever contained any—is now over: the mystery is explained, the innocent acquitted, and the guilty condemned. Moreover, all obstacles between the marriage of the unworthy hero with the peerless heroine being removed, it would be but an idle prolixity to linger over the preliminary details of an orthodox and

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customary courtship. Nor is it for me to dilate upon the exaggerated expressions of gratitude, in which the affectionate heart of Glanville found vent for my fortunate exertions on his behalf. He was not willing that any praise to which I might be entitled for them, should be lost. He narrated to Lady Glanville and Ellen my adventures with the comrades of the worthy Job; from the lips of the mother, and the eyes of the dear sister, came my sweetest addition to the good fortune which had made me the instrument of Glanville's safety and acquittal. I was not condemned to a long protraction of that time, which, if it be justly termed the happiest of our lives, *we*, (viz. all true lovers,) through that perversity common to human nature, most ardently wish to terminate.

On that day month which saw Glanville's release, my bridals were appointed. Reginald was even more eager than myself in pressing for an early day; firmly persuaded that his end was rapidly approaching, his most prevailing desire was to witness our union. This wish, and the interest he took in our happiness, gave him an energy and animation which impressed us with the deepest hopes for his ultimate recovery; and the fatal disease to which he was a prey, nursed the fondness of our hearts by the bloom of cheek, and brightness of eye, with which it veiled its desolating and gathering progress.

From the eventful day on which I had seen Lady Roseville, in — street, we had not met. She had shut herself up in her splendid home, and the newspapers teemed with regret at the reported illness and certain seclusion of one, whose *fêtes* and gayeties had furnished them with their brightest pages. The only one admitted to her was Ellen. To her, she had for some time made no secret of her attachment—and from her the daily news of Sir Reginald's health was ascertained. Several times, when at a late hour I left Glanville's apartments, I passed the figure of a woman, closely muffled, and apparently watching before his windows—which, owing to the advance of summer, were never closed—to catch, perhaps, a view of his room, or a passing glimpse of his emaciated and fading figure. If that sad and lonely vigil was kept by her whom I suspected, deep, indeed, and mighty was the love, which could so humble the heart, and possess the spirit of the haughty and high-born Countess of Roseville!

I turn to a very different personage in this *véritable histoire*. My father and mother were absent at Lady H.'s when my marriage was fixed; to both of them I wrote for their approbation of my choice. From Lady Frances I received the answer which I subjoin:—

"MY DEAREST SON,

"Your father desires me to add his congratulations to mine, upon the election you have made. I shall hasten to London, to be present at the ceremony. Although you must not be offended with me, if I say, that with your person, accomplishments, birth, and (above all) high *ton*, you might have chosen among the loftiest and wealthiest families in the country; yet I am by no means displeased or disappointed with your future wife. To say nothing of the antiquity of her name, (the Glanvilles intermarried with the Pelhams, in the reign of Henry II.) it is a great step to future distinction to marry a beauty; especially one

P

celebrated as Miss Glanville—perhaps it is among the surest ways to the cabinet. The forty thousand pounds which you say Miss Glanville is to receive, make, to be sure, but a slender income; though, when added to your own fortune, that sum in ready money would have been a great addition to the Glenmorris property, if your uncle—I have no patience with him—had not married again.

“However, you will lose no time in getting into the House—at all events, the capital will ensure your return for a borough, and maintain you comfortably, till you are in the administration; when of course it matters very little what your fortune may be—tradesmen will be too happy to have your name in their books; be sure, therefore, that the money is not tied up. Miss Glanville must see that her own interest, as well as yours, is concerned in your having the unfettered disposal of a fortune, which, if restricted, you would find it impossible to live upon. Pray, how is Sir Reginald Glanville? Is his cough as bad as ever? He has no entailed property, I think?”

“Will you order Stonor to have the house ready for us on Friday, when I shall return home in time for dinner? Let me again congratulate you, most sincerely, on your choice. I always thought you had more common sense, as well as genius, than any young man I ever knew: you have shown it in this important step. Domestic happiness, my dearest Henry, ought to be peculiarly sought for by every Englishman, however elevated his station; and when I reflect upon Miss Glanville’s qualifications, and her celebrity as a beauty, I have no doubt of your possessing the felicity you deserve. But be sure that the fortune is not settled away from you; poor Sir Reginald is not (I believe) at all covetous or worldly, and will not, therefore, insist upon the point.

“God bless you, and grant you every happiness.

“Ever, my dear Henry,

“Your very affectionate mother,

“F. PELHAM.

“P. S. I think it will be better to give out that Miss Glanville has *eighty* thousand pounds. Be sure, therefore, that you do not contradict me.”

The days, the weeks flew away. Ah, happy days! yet, I do not regret while I recall you! He that loves much, fears even in his best founded hopes. What were the anxious longings for a treasure—in my view only, not in my possession—to the deep joy of finding it for ever my own.

The day arrived—I was yet at my toilet, and Bedos, in the greatest confusion;—(poor fellow, he was as happy as myself!) when a letter was brought me, stamped with the foreign postmark. It was from the exemplary Job Jonson, and though I did not even open it on that day, yet it shall be more favoured by the reader—viz. if he will not pass over, without reading, the following effusion:—

“Rue des Moulins, No. —, Paris.

“HONOURED SIR,

‘I arrived in Paris safely, and reading in the English papers the full success of our enterprise, as well as in the Morning Post of the —th, your approaching marriage with Miss Glanville, I cannot refrain from the liberty of congratulating you upon both, as well as of reminding you of the exact day

on which the first quarter of my annuity will be due:—it is the — of —; for, I presume, your honour kindly made me a present of the draft for one hundred pounds, in order to pay my travelling expenses.

“I find that the boys are greatly incensed against me; but as Dawson was too much bound by his oath to betray a tittle against them, I trust I shall, ultimately, pacify the club, and return to England. A true patriot, sir, never loves to leave his native country. Even were I compelled to visit Van Diemen’s Land, the ties of birth-place would be so strong as to induce me to seize the first opportunity of returning! I am not, your honour, very fond of the French—they are an idle, frivolous, penurious, *poor* nation. Only think, sir, the other day I saw a gentleman of the most noble air secret something at a *café*, which I could not clearly discern; as he wrapped it carefully in paper, before he placed it in his pocket, I judged that it was a silver cream ewer, at least; accordingly, I followed him out, and from pure curiosity—I do assure your honour, it was from no other motive—I transferred this purloined treasure to my own pocket. You will imagine, sir, the interest with which I hastened to a lonely spot in the Tuileries, and carefully taking out the little packet, unfolded paper by paper, till I came—yes, sir, till I came to—*five lumps of sugar*! O, the French are a mean people—a very mean people: I hope I shall soon be able to return to England. Meanwhile, I am going into Holland, to see how those rich burghers spend their time and their money. I suppose poor Dawson, as well as the rascal Thornton, will be hung before you receive this—they deserve it richly—it is such fellows who disgrace the profession. He is but a very poor bungler who is forced to cut throats as well as pockets. And now, your honour, wishing you all happiness with your lady,

“I beg to remain,

“Your very obedient humble servant,

“FERDINAND DE COURCEY, &c. &c.”

Struck with the joyous countenance of my honest valet, as I took my gloves and hat from his hand, I could not help wishing to bestow upon him a blessing similar to that I was about to possess. “Bedos,” said I, “Bedos, my good fellow, you left your wife to come to me; you shall not suffer by your fidelity: send for her—we will find room for her in our future establishment.”

The smiling face of the Frenchman underwent a rapid change. “*Ma foi*,” said he, in his own tongue; “Monsieur is too good. An excess of happiness hardens the heart; and so, for fear of forgetting my gratitude to Providence, I will, with Monsieur’s permission, suffer my adored wife to remain where she is.”

After so pious a reply, I should have been worse than wicked had I pressed the matter any farther.

I found all ready at Berkeley-square. Lady Glanville is one of those good persons, who think a marriage out of church is no marriage at all; to church, therefore, we went. Although Reginald was now so reduced that he could scarcely support the least fatigue, he insisted on giving Ellen away. He was that morning, and had been, for the last two or three days, considerably better, and our happiness seemed to grow less selfish in our increasing hope of his recovery.

When we returned from church, our intention was to set off immediately to — Hall, a seat which I had hired for our reception. On re-entering the house, Glanville called me aside—I followed his infirm and tremulous steps into a private apartment.

"Pelham," said he, "we shall never meet again! No matter—you are now happy, and I shall shortly be so. But there is the office I have yet to request from your friendship; when I am dead, let me be buried by her side, and let one tombstone cover both."

I pressed his hand, and, with tears in my eyes, made him the promise he required.

"It is enough," said he; "I have no farther business with life. God bless you, my friend—my brother; do not let a thought of me cloud your happiness."

He rose, and we turned to quit the room; Glanville was leaning on my arm; when he had moved a few paces towards the door, he stopped abruptly. Imagining that the pause proceeded from pain or debility, I turned my eyes upon his countenance—a fearful and convulsive change was rapidly passing over it—his eyes stared wildly upon vacancy.

"Merciful God—is it—can it be?" he said, in a low, inward tone.

Before I could speak, I felt his hand relax its grasp upon my arm—he fell upon the floor—I raised him—a smile of ineffable serenity and peace was upon his lips; his face was the face of an angel, but the spirit had passed away!

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

Now haveth good day, good men all,
Haveth good day, yong and old;
Haveth good day, both great and small,
And graunt merci a thousand fold!
Gif ever I might full fain I wold,
Don ought that were unto your leve,
Christ keep you out of cares cold,
For now 'tis time to take my leave.
Old Song.

SEVERAL months have now elapsed since my marriage. I am living quietly in the country, among my books, and looking forward with calmness, rather than impatience, to the time which shall again bring me before the world. Marriage with me is not that sepulchre of all human hope and energy which it often is with others. I am not more partial to my arm-chair, nor more averse to shaving than of yore. I do not bound my prospects to the dinner-hour, nor my projects to "migrations from the blue bed to the brown." Matrimony found me ambitious; it has not cured me of the passion: but it has concentrated what was scattered, and determined what was vague. If I am less anxious than formerly for the reputation to be acquired in society, I am more eager for honour in the world; and instead of amusing my enemies, and the saloon, I trust yet to be useful to my friends and to mankind.

Whether this is a hope, altogether vain and idle; whether I have, in the self-conceit common to all men, (thou wilt perchance add, peculiarly prominent in myself!) overrated both the power and the integrity of my mind, (for the one is bootless without the other,) neither I nor the world can yet tell. "Time," says one of the fathers, "is the only

tombstone which distinguishes the prophet from the boaster."

Meanwhile, gentle reader, during the two years which I purpose devoting to solitude and study, I shall not be so occupied with my fields and folios, as to become uncountenous to thee. If ever thou hast known me in the city, I give thee a hearty invitation to come and visit me in the country. I promise thee that my wines and viands shall not disgrace the companion of Glouceton; nor my conversation be much duller than my book. I will compliment thee on thy horses,—thou shalt congratulate me upon my wife. Over old wine we will talk over new events; and, if we flag at the latter, why, we will make ourselves amends with the former. In short, if thou art neither very silly nor very wise, it shall be thine own fault if we are not excellent friends.

I feel that it would be but poor courtesy in me, after having kept company with Lord Vincent through the tedious journey of two volumes, to dismiss him now without one word of valediction. May he, in the political course he has adopted, find all the admiration which his talents deserve; and if ever we meet as foes, let our heaviest weapon be a quotation, and our bitterest vengeance a jest.

Lord Glouceton regularly corresponds with me, and his last letter contained a promise to visit me in the course of the month, in order to recover his appetite (which has been much relaxed of late) by the country air.

My uncle wrote to me, three weeks since, announcing the death of the infant Lady Glenmorris had brought him. Sincerely do I wish that his loss may be supplied. I have already sufficient fortune for my wants, and sufficient kept for my desires.

Thornton died as he had lived—the reprobate and the ruffian. "Pooh," said he, in his quaint brutality, to the worthy clergyman, who attended his last moments with more zeal than success; "Pooh, what's the difference between gospel and go—spell? we agree like a bell and its clapper—you're prating while I'm hanging."

Dawson died in prison, penitent and in peace. Cowardice, which spoils the honest man, often ameliorates the knave.

From Lord Dawton I have received a letter, requesting me to accept a borough (in his gift) just vacated. It is a pity that generosity—such a prodigal to those who do not want it—should often be such a niggard to those who do. I need not specify my answer. I hope yet to teach Lord Dawton, that to forgive the minister is not to forget the affront. Meanwhile, I am content to bury myself in my retreat, with my mute teachers of logic and legislature, in order, hereafter, to justify his lordship's good opinion of my abilities. Farewell, Brutus, we shall meet at Philippi!

It is some months since Lady Roseville left England; the last news we received of her, informed us that she was living at Sienna, in utter seclusion, and very infirm health.

"The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun,
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

Poor Lady Glanville! the mother of one so beautiful, so gifted, and so lost. What can I say of her which "you, and you, and you——" all who are parents, cannot feel, a thousand times more acutely, in those recesses of the heart too deep for words or

tears. There are yet many hours in which I find the sister of the departed in grief that even her husband cannot console: and I—I—my friend, my brother, have I forgotten thee in death? I lay down the pen, I turn from my employment—thy dog is at my feet, and looking at me, as if conscious of my thoughts, with an eye almost as tearful as my own.

But it is not thus that I will part from my reader; our greeting was not in sorrow, neither shall be our adieux. For thee, who hast gone with me through the motley course of my confessions, I would fain trust that I have sometimes hinted at thy instruction, when only appearing to strive for thy amusement. But on this I will not dwell; for the moral insisted upon often loses its effect; and all that I will venture to hope is, that I have opened to thee one true, and not utterly hackneyed, page in the various and mighty volume of mankind. In this busy and restless world I have not been a vague speculator, nor an idle actor. While all around me were vigilant, I have not laid me down to sleep—even for the luxury of a poet's dream. Like the school-boy, I have considered study as study, but action as delight.

Nevertheless, whatever I have seen, or heard, or felt, has been treasured in my memory, and brooded over by my thoughts. I now place the result before you—

"Sicet meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum;" —

but not, perhaps,

—— "totus in illis."

Whatever society—whether in a higher or lower grade—I have portrayed, my sketches have been taken rather as a witness than a copyist; for I have never shunned that circle, nor that individual, which presented life in a fresh view, or man in a new relation. It is right, however, that I should add, that as I have not wished to be an individual satirist,

rather than a general observer, I have occasionally, in the subordinate characters, (such as Russellton and Gordon,) taken only the outline from truth, and filled up the colours at my leisure and my will.*

With regard to myself I have been more candid. I have not only shown—*non parca manu*—my faults, but (grant that this is a much rarer exposure) my *foibles*; and, in my anxiety for your entertainment, I have not grudged you the pleasure of a laugh—even at my own expense. Forgive me, then, if I am not a fashionable hero—forgive me if I have not wept over a "*blighted spirit*," nor boasted of a "*British heart*;" and allow that a man who, in these days of alternate Werters and Worthies, is neither the one nor the other, is, at least, a novelty in print, though, I fear, common enough in life.

And now, my kind reader, having remembered the proverb, and, in saying one word to thee, having said two for myself, I will no longer detain thee. Whatever thou mayest think of me and my thousand faults, both as an author and a man, believe me it is with a sincere and affectionate wish for the accomplishment of my parting words, that I bid thee—*farewell!*

* May the author, as well as the hero, be permitted upon this point, to solicit attention and belief? In all the lesser characters, of which the first idea was taken from life, especially those referred to in the text, he has, for reasons perhaps obvious enough without the tedium of recital, purposely introduced sufficient variation and addition to remove, in his own opinion, the odium either of copy or of a caricature. The author thinks it the more necessary in the present edition to insist upon this, with all honest and sincere earnestness, because in the first it was too much the custom of criticism to judge of his sketches from a resemblance to some supposed original, and not from adherence to that sole source of all legitimate imitation—Nature;—Nature as exhibited in the general mass, not in the isolated instance. It is the duty of the novelist rather to abstract than to copy:—all humours—all individual peculiarities are his appropriate and fit materials: not so are the *humorist* and the *individualist*. Observation should resemble the eastern bird, and, while it nourishes itself upon the suction of a thousand flowers, never be seen to settle upon one!

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Corb.—I disclaim in him!

Avoc. 1st.—But for what cause?

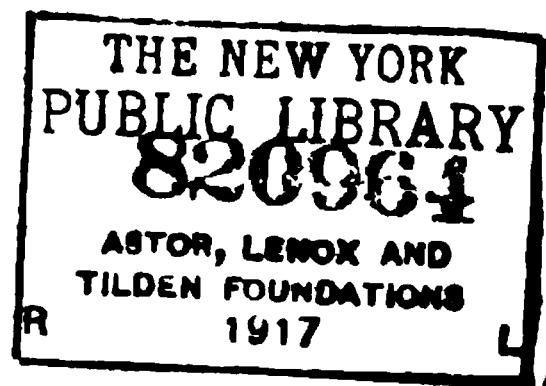
Volpone, Act 4, Scene 5.

NEW-YORK:

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1842.

7m. 71.



DEDICATION.

TO

WILLIAM LYTTON BULWER, Esq.

OF

HEYDON HALL, NORFOLK.

I DEDICATE to you that work, completed and published, some part of which, when in manuscript, and but rudely sketched, you flattered me by approving. In it there are many faults, which I myself lament; there are many others which, in escaping my observation, will meet your own: but the Eastern proverb tells us that a bad cause is safer than a good; for in the latter we trust to justice, in the former we bribe the judge: and, in presenting to you these volumes, I know well that Criticism, however austere, is but a corrupt arbiter when tempted by Affection. Of all writings, perhaps, a dedication is the dullest: let me, in some measure, redeem the dulness of this by the sanctity of good wishes. An ancient name, and an inheritance that places you amidst that great landed aristocracy which exerts over the interests of this country so influential a sway, offer to your ambi-

tion a ready opening and an honourable career.

May it not be long before the hostages you have given us in private life shall be redeemed in public; and the talents which are now only ornaments to yourself be ripened into utility to the world. In that hope how many are included! and in wishing your path to tend to the happiness of others, have I not wished you, not only the noblest, but the shortest road to your own?

In other years, when the work which I inscribe to you may be forgotten by every one else, these lines will preserve it fresh in unabated interest to you. Nor will you hereafter judge of me less charitably in the capacity of the man, because in that of the author I have asked you to pardon many errors and much deficiency for the sake of some affection.

• • • •

Woodcote, }
Nov. 8th, 1833. }

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

SOME objections have been made to "The Disowned," which I may as well take advantage of the opportunity now afforded me to notice. In judging a work, criticism is generally bound to look first to the author's design; and if the design be good upon the whole, not to censure too strongly those faults from which, in parts, its very nature would scarcely allow it to be free. My design, when I wrote this book, was not to detail a mere series of events in the history of one individual or of another—it was to personify certain dispositions influential upon conduct, and to trace, through vanity, through ambition, through pride, through selfishness, through philanthropy, through addiction to sensual, through addiction to mental enjoyments,—through the dark windings of vice, which is ignorance—through the broad course of virtue, which is wisdom,—the various channels in which the grand principles of human conduct pour their secret but unceasing tide. This design is exhibited, sometimes in action, sometimes in reflection; and it is more or less veiled in proportion to the importance of the characters, and the danger of incurring the error (common to most metaphysical writers of fiction) of sinking the human and physical traits of the individual by too elaborate a portraiture of those more immaterial and mental—and so creating, not creatures of flesh and blood, but thinking automata and reasoning machines.

I have deemed it necessary to make this explanation, partly because, by stating what *was* my design, I best get rid of objections made to any design *erroneously* imputed to me—partly because it may be prudent to apprise the reader that it is rather to the development of character than to the conduct of a story, that he is, in these volumes, to look for interest or entertainment.

Against the distinct separation maintained between the two plots in this novel, until, by one of the refined and almost imperceptible casualities in human life, the hero of the one becomes the innocent cause of the catastrophe of the other, much has been said. It appeared to me, however, that in the creation and the disunion of these two plots, there were advantages more than counterbalancing the objections, and compensating, by utility, for a deviation from custom. How far I was right or erroneous in my judgment, the reader, upon hearing my motive, must decide. In the picture of human nature which this work is intended to

exhibit, I thought it would be both a curious and a new plan to make two marked divisions: human nature as we see it in ordinary life, and human nature in its rarer attributes, and upon a less level scale. The illustration of *each* of these divisions is the origin of the two plots. Clarence Linden is the hero of one, Algernon Mordaunt of the other. The characters which, for the most part, either here encounters, are in keeping with himself: those persons, for instance, with whom the events of Linden's life are connected, are chiefly of the mould of which Nature makes frequent use.* The few who appear prominently in Mordaunt's history are of a less common clay. Now if I was right in believing it worth while to exhibit the great panorama of life in these two points of view, it is clear that the two plots by which it is so presented should not have been combined more closely than they are. Had they been blended into a single story, *not only the design for which they were formed, and which consisted especially in keeping them distinct from each other*, would have been wholly lost, but whatever value the delineation of the characters themselves might possess would have been considerably impaired: and while one order of beings would have seemed stilted and unnatural, the other would have appeared commonplace and trite. That by this separation the mere interest of story is sometimes interrupted, I allow, and I foresaw that it would be so. But even had the progress and *denouement* of a tale been more immediately my object than in this work they have been, might I not ask, if interruption, although in the most interesting parts of a novel, is not rather to be sought for than shunned?—and whether Johnson is not right when he says that "Fiction cannot move so much but that the attention may be easily transferred"—that "the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another"—that "different auditors have different habitudes"—and that, "upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety?"

* It is true that some of the characters peculiar to the course of Linden's adventures are uncommon, as Talbot, Cole, Warner; but they are so by the union of certain qualities, not by the qualities themselves, which are common and mediocre. On the contrary, the two characters prominently brought into action with Mordaunt (Crawford and Wolfe) are composed of qualities rendered rare by their extremes. Thus, if the beings of the former history are eccentric, they are eccentric upon another and a far less elevated scale than those of the latter.

One other objection against "The Disowned" I must suffer to remain unanswered, because I subscribe to its justice; that objection is, the too frequent recurrence of grave remark. Perhaps, however, had "Pelham" been considered less light, "The Disowned" would not have been found so serious; for the introduction of reflection makes, after all, but a small portion of the book: and while, for those to whom reflection is not tedious, that portion may have the attraction of thoughts less hackneyed than, in works of fiction, thoughts generally are, I am not sure that the idle are wearied by a greater number of pages than, in all works, they are accustomed to skip.

For the rest, there are many faults in "The Disowned," which publication has brought more glaringly before me—some inseparable from inexperience, some from adherence to a plan which, perhaps, I have been led to overvalue. These faults I may have been unable to shun in this work; let me hope to atone for them in another. In the mean while, I console myself with the belief that, if it be sometimes true that we learn wisdom from the follies of others, much more often is it true that our own errors are the best guides to future good, and our own failures the surest instruments from which to shape out a reasonable hope of our ultimate success.

London, March 24th, 1835.

ON THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF PROSE FICTION,

WITH SOME APOLOGY FOR THE FICTIONS OF THE AUTHOR.

Prose fiction may be divided into two principal classes—the one narrative (or epic) fiction—the other dramatic. The first is of more ancient date than the last:—the romances of Fenelon and Cervantes—the novels of Fielding, Smollet, and Le Sage, are essentially narrative—they but ill adapt themselves to the stage, and every attempt to reduce them into the dramatic shape has been singularly unsuccessful. The old Greek romances, with the master-piece of Apuleius, (their chief ornament,) are also of the narrative kind—so are the French tales of “*Cassandra*” and “*Clelia*,” so inordinately tedious—and the English fiction, beautiful despite its prolixity, of the poetical “*Arcadia*.” Horace Walpole’s “*Castle of Otranto*,” and Mrs. Radcliffe’s romances, were the first, as far as I am aware, which trespassed visibly upon the boundaries of the dramatic fiction. The intricate plots, the striking situations, the elaborate scene-painting, the constant appeals to effect—of these eminent writers, especially the latter—their general avoidance of episode—and their artful conduct of events towards one picturesque and inevitable catastrophe, are qualities that markedly appertain to the drama; and, but for one striking deficiency, presently to be noted, their romances are easily capable of conversion into tragedies. The Miss Porters, especially Jane, continued this school of romance, without perhaps the same mastery of plot and conduct, and with less eloquence of diction, but, on the other hand, with considerable success towards supplying the deficiency I have hinted at. That deficiency is in *character*:—the situations of Walpole and Radcliffe are often dramatic; not so the characters of the agents. There is but little that belongs to the true varieties—the contrasted qualities—the flesh and blood—of human nature, in the beings created by those prose poets. Manfred* himself is indeed, perhaps, a natural as well as a striking character—his weakness relieves his crimes—his heart is bared to us, and in its struggles between good and evil we acknowledge the elements of the drama. But his companions are merely wearers of garments and talkers of words—they are not made subservient to the display whether of humour or emotion—they belong to a pageant, and are rather of pasteboard than of flesh. In Mrs. Radcliffe the same deficiency is yet more apparent—the springs which move character—the distinctions which make one man differ from another—which separate lover from lover, or villain from villain—Romeo from Hamlet, Richard from Macbeth—that consummate and mystic individuality which belongs to the drama, setting its mark,

* *Castle of Otranto.*

peculiar and indelible, on each creation;—these were not qualities of the genius, remarkable as it was, which has given to unquestionable fame the “*Romance of the Forest*” and the “*Mysteries of Udolpho*.” The real essence of the drama in the creation of its characters is not only individuality—but an individuality produced by certain *passions*, if purely tragic, or certain *humours*, if purely comic, operating upon the thoughts and feelings of some character itself uncommon and original. To say that this man loves and that man is jealous—that this lady is gentle and that lady is fierce, is not to individualize dramatically. In the drama the actors must describe themselves—the Author cannot write beneath his portraits—“*This is a lion*.” But, by the power of language, by the conduct of story, by the art in arranging incidents, a romance of wonderful merit may be produced, with but very little deep analysis of character, and very little individuality in its distinctions. Mrs. Radcliffe produced many such romances.

In the romances of the Miss Porters there appears to me to be considerably more of dramatic individuality and of mental portraiture than in those of Mrs. Radcliffe. The character of Ripperda, that of the Duke of Wharton—that of Don Sebastian, and the beautiful sketch of his bride, are, to my judgment, far superior to the Schedonis and Vivaldis of Mrs. Radcliffe. But, then, in the eloquence of diction—in the art of plot—in the machinery of romance—the Miss Porters unquestionably fall short of their gifted predecessor.

Miss Edgeworth, in her various tales, blended also the dramatic with the narrative form of fiction; though those tales partake but little of any other species of the drama than that of the more serious and elevated comedy; she has little of tragedy, and nothing of melodrama. She introduces more dialogue than her immediate predecessors; makes her heroes speak for themselves; and, while her stories are usually admirable in their compact simplicity, she ever seems more intent upon bringing out her characters than mystifying her readers, and, interesting you in their thoughts, their actions, as well as their fate, she makes you intimately acquainted with their peculiarities of excellence or error—and then quietly suffers those peculiarities to work out both her fable and her moral. All this is dramatic—it is the true *ethical* comic. Vivian the weak—Basil the procrastinating—Mrs. Beaumont the manœuvring—Murad the unlucky, are characters formed in the same school of intellect as that which produced a *Tartuffe* and a *Mons. Jourdain*.

But still these writers, while they insensibly departed from the old narrative form (which usually,

with but slender mysteries and amidst a wilderness of episodic adventure, conducted its heroes through the mimic life, and insensibly trespassed upon the province of the drama,) can scarcely be said to have done more than indicate the true genius of the dramatic novel. This it was reserved for the glorious imagination of Scott to create, and perhaps to perfect. Not only in plot, in mystery, in incident, in catastrophe, are his fictions consummately dramatic, but his characters are essentially dramatic also. The scenes so brilliantly painted are but the means by which his actors display the peculiarities of their natures. Baillie Nicol Jarvie, Rob Roy, Leicester, Rebecca, and Bois Guilbert, are almost dramas in themselves. Could we annihilate the very plot in which they figure, they would still be effective on the stage:—even as in the Prometheus or the Aulularia, we see a tragedy in Prometheus, a comedy in Eucchio. So, it is the character of Sir Giles Overreach, and not the incidents of the play in which it shines forth, that makes the “New Way to pay Old Debts” the most successful on the stage of Massinger’s thoughtful, but perhaps over-rated, plays.

Most of Scott’s novels require but little of the scissors to become plays. But it was as he proceeded in his art, that his fictions became more closely dramatic. Perhaps “Waverley” is the least so of all—and, perhaps, in the conduct of the story, “the Fortunes of Nigel” and “the Fair Maid of Perth” are among the most—two works greatly inferior in other respects to many by the same author.

In truth, as Scott proceeded on the brilliant track he had (I suspect unconsciously) opened—he found that the dramatic form of composition, its unity of plot, its constant dialogue and stage-effect action, were means as certain of creating at least a temporary interest as the conception of character itself—and by degrees his stories became more dramatic and his characters less so. I am by no means sure that in many instances this adaptation of the drama is not carried by Scott to an inordinate degree—such as the last scene of Quentin Durward, in which Louis and Charles are brought on the stage, when we see Balafre justly entitled to the hand of the heroine; and when, by one of the sudden tricks common to the boards, it is transferred to the lover—and the piece suddenly concludes with “It is sense, firmness, and gallantry, which have put him in possession of wealth, rank, and beauty.” The grouping of the figures—the unexpected joining of the lovers—and the somewhat clap-trap sentiment at the end—have, to my judgment at least, somewhat too much of the flourish of the actor and the drop of the green curtain. I could name various other instances in Scott’s works, in which the analogy between the romance and the drama seems to me to be drawn too closely, and the preference of dialogue to recital becomes inconveniently frequent—but I do not think myself sufficiently removed from the influence of the great master’s genius to do more than hint at what better judges may not acknowledge to be errors.

Scott, then, was the great creator of the dramatic fiction—improving on his predecessors as much as Æschylus upon Phrynichus;—and if I venture to doubt whether he perfected that class of composition—it is not from the petty deficiencies of art to which I have alluded—but solely because his pe-

culiar genius led him in prose, as in poetry, rather to melodrama than to tragedy. The ineffaceable distinction between Scott and Shakspeare is, that the former deals chiefly with externals, and the latter rarely. The antiquarian habits, the chivalric and somewhat gorgeous intellect of Scott, made him fond of painting the costume and the person a little to the exclusion of the mind. Shakspeare scarcely ever describes, except in broad comic, the dress or the persons of his characters—and we may suspect that where he does describe the latter, as in Hamlet,* or the two heroines of the Midsummer Night’s Dream, it was solely in reference to the performers who were to act the parts. Few of us can picture to ourselves the exterior of his great creations, while we intimately know their hearts; but who of us cannot image forth the swart Templar and the stately Leicester? Scott painted characters admirably—but the characters he selected are considerably beneath the intellectual order of Shakspeare’s. The dark moral of the loftiest tragic—the metaphysics of the soul—the subtle refinements of human thought—were not the sphere of Scott, and, if he be ever excelled in the dramatic fiction, it can be only by one who, equally a poet, shall be more of a philosopher. Scott would have drawn with no less spirit than Shakspeare the last combat of Macbeth—but he could not have written the harrowing soliloquies of the mighty murderer, nor conceived his awful struggles with his ghostly and supernatural destiny.

The brilliant success of Scott has made, almost insensibly, the dramatic form of fiction not only the most popular, but also the sole criterion by which the critics are inclined to judge of fictitious compositions. They forget that there is another school of novel-writing equally excellent, to which all dramatic rules are inapplicable;—namely, the *narrative*. And if Gil Blas were published for the first time to-morrow, we should be told that it was deficient in plot and encumbered with episode,—doubtless; but such are not proofs of its failings—but the qualities of its class.

Indeed, with all the dazzling beauties of the dramatic fiction—its delightful mystery—and its breathless progress—we may doubt if it possess the same homely and accurate nature which distinguishes the master-pieces of the narrative romance, or if the very interest of its plot (when the plot, once unravelled, allures but feebly) does not deteriorate from the pleasure of a second and third perusal. I speak not of Scott himself, but I will take one of his disciples in the dramatic novel—Victor Hugo: any one would, I imagine, read “Notre Dame de Paris,” for the first time, with a keener enjoyment than the “Pride and Prejudice” of Miss Austen, undoubtedly a writer of far less imaginative genius; but, for my own part, I can read the last repeatedly with renewed delight, and I recoil from the effort of returning to the first. Whenever the impression produced by a work has been intense enough to be painful—nothing but wonderful beauty in its descriptions—a latent charm in its detached thoughts—or that consummate skill in conduct which requires study to comprehend, will induce us voluntarily to renew the pain we have endured. Hence the most striking

* When he speaks of Hamlet as fat, we must dissent from Goethe’s refinements, and own that the description shocks a little our ideal—but if the man who played Hamlet was fat, what can we say more?

works are not often the most re-read; they live on the memory, and the memory desires not to be refreshed by a recurrence to their terror or their pathos. Perhaps the most admired, and certainly the most truly tragic, of Scott's works, is the "*Bride of Lammermuir*," but I fancy it has been the least frequently re-perused. We had rather return to the jokes of Nicol Jarvie than the gloomy woes of Ravenswood.

Unlike the dramatic, which is necessarily confined to narrow limits, the narrative form of fiction embraces many subdivisions, each very distinct from the other. The tale of life as it is,—such as in the writings of Le Sage or Richardson, and in the lower but still exquisite school of Miss Austen or Miss Edgeworth, admits in itself the greatest varieties—sometimes advantageously borrowing a little assistance—sometimes advantageously rejecting all relief—from the drama. What singular contrast in conception, plan, character, between the elaborate "*Anastasia*," the homely "*Peter Simple*;"—the chaste, the stately, the *thoroughbred* pictures of "*De Vere*," the quiet, the sober, the *Country Gentleman* sketches of "*Pride and Prejudice*!" To the narrative class belong, for the most part, the tribe of fashionable novels, maritime novels, religious novels, and sentimental novels—the sparkle of Mrs. Gore, the humour of Marryat, the elegance of Ward—the subdued, but irresistible truth of the author (whoever he be) of "*The Admiral's Daughter*."* So great a variety can scarcely be found in the dramatic romances, which are generally historical, as the narrative novel is usually a portraiture of the existing time.

But, besides the multiform representation of real life, the narrative fiction takes two other shapes, equally distinguished from the dramatic, and, indeed, generally, yet less adapted to the stage. And these two shapes are of one species—both may be called the philosophical. The first appertains to the philosophy of wit—the second to that of poetry. I will call the first the satirical, the second the metaphysical, novel. Most satirists are thinkers—satire is worthless without philosophy. Hence we find that all the great satirical novels have been written with philosophical aims—such as *Candide*, *Gulliver*, *Jonathan Wild*.† These can scarcely be said to paint real life—they aim at exposing the interior of things, and not imitating the surface. You allow for a certain exaggeration and burlesque—nay, in this their very vitality, their sting, their faithfulness to nature, are made to consist. Nobody believes that there is a King of the Brobdignas, or an island in the air—but when *Gulliver* talks with the one, or visits the other, the grave burlesque brings out those truths of life that the author desires to inculcate, and confronts us, as in a looking-glass, with the absurdities of ambition and the vanities of philosophy. So, if it were in a novel, where no satire was intended, that *Candide* meets the six kings at table, one might gravely say, "Very improbable!" But there is a happiness in the satire far more true to nature than the closest probabilities of plot. In fact, this exaggeration belongs to satire; the reader accustoms his mind to it the moment he discovers the object of

the work; he sees truth through peculiar glasses, and the only probability he regards as necessary, lies in the aptness and justice of the satire.

The other class of philosophical novels, namely, the metaphysical, is as yet very rarely cultivated; it is scarcely of a nature to be popular, and but few minds are inclined to adopt it. The greatest and most celebrated of such fictions is Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. The French have made one or two attempts, which, like all their imitations from the German, appear to me singularly infelicitous. A German was one day discovered jumping over the chairs and tables in his room—"Good heavens! what are you about!" cried the intruder. "Trying to be lively," groaned the German! The French seem to be taking the same means, making the same clatter, and with the same success, in trying to make themselves profound! The metaphysical novel is, like the satiric, not to be regarded as a mere portraiture of outward society: like the satiric, it deals greatly with the latent, and often wanders from the exact probability of effects, in order to bring more strikingly before us the truth of causes. It often invests itself in a dim and shadowy allegory, which it deserts or resumes at will, making its action but the incarnations of some peculiar and abstract qualities, whose development it follows out. This is the case with *Wilhelm Meister*, which I do not believe to be wholly allegory or wholly matter of fact—but both at times; the caprice of the author being always subservient to the end: a similar design is to be traced in the remarkable tale of "*Contarini Fleming*," (not yet sufficiently appreciated by the age,) in which the brilliant genius of the author aims at developing the progress of the poetical character.

Not of this precise school of metaphysical composition, but still of a metaphysical nature, are the dark tales of Godwin, and the far inferior compositions of Brown. Godwin's aims, in "*Caleb Williams*" and the magnificent "*St. Leon*," are, if I construe them rightly, those which satire is most commonly apt to embody—the first work designing to portray certain errors in the social system—the last the fallacy of our three most human, yet not least glorious, desires;—viz. for wealth, wisdom, and prolonged existence. But his grave and solemn genius portrays in earnest what others would have conveyed in satire—as Johnson's "*Rasselas*" preaches didactically the same moral as that which chills us in the sneer of "*Candide*."

To this class of fiction belong, as to satire, its legitimate exaggerations—we raise ourselves above the level of common life, and ask other probabilities than those of Oxford-street—the probable which belongs to poetry. These then seem to me to make the great classes of prose fiction.

First, the dramatic of recent date, and principally illustrated by the works of Scott, Cooper, and Victor Hugo.

Secondly, the narrative, subdivided into three principal forms—the actual, the satiric, and the metaphysical—as illustrated in the first by Le Sage, in the second by Swift and Voltaire, in the third by Goethe, and in some respects by Godwin. In a species of composition that produces so many votaries, and is so constantly tasking invention, new divisions will assuredly arise:—I speak only of those which criticism deduces from the great works already born. A third class indeed I might name—but it is bound by no rules,

* A work that seems to me of extraordinary depth and beauty, and one which any living writer might be proud to have written.

† A great critic has suggested to me that, perhaps, also the *Arabian Nights* belong to this school, and that many of the tales in that charming work are satires in disguise.

on finish or with no colour, and pretends to be poetry in every thing but metre—a class which quits with all the extravagance of the ideal—involves spirits and fancies at its will, and produces every fantasy of imagination—from the illah-quarium loveliness of “Undine” to the idle vagaries of “The Pilgrims of the Rhine.”

And now, in alluding to one work of my own, I feel myself summoned for an instant from the great masses I have reverently quoted to those insignificant writings, one of which is now before the reader. As we see the ingenious housewife dressed of displaying her art and talent in some notable garniture for couch or ornament; and, conscious of the poverty of her materials if confined to one pattern, whether of homely dainties or luscious dainties, seeking by variety to repair her deficiencies—contrasting one stuff with another—setting off one colour by its opposite—and producing, at last, the trophy of her skill in the multiform shape of patchwork,—even so, O pleasant reader, in the writings which have made you acquainted with my industry and handiwork, I have sought to win your approbation, not by the monotony of a single material, but by the contrast of many. Scarcely any one of the romances I have woven together resembles its neighbour. In fact, I have essayed an attempt at each of the classes of fiction which I have just endeavoured to define.—In “Eugene Aram,” and “The Last Days of Pompeii,” I have attempted the dramatic fiction; and of these romances I will say no more than that they were written with the closest attention to what I conceive to be the principal rules of that class of composition, and, I hope, without any imitation of him it is so difficult not to imitate—the great master of that school—the author of “Old Mortality” and “Kenilworth.”

In “Pelham” and in “Devereux,” I have attempted the narrative form of fiction—now and then, it is true, seeking occasional aid from a dramatic effect, as my predecessors in that line have done before me—but still avoiding, in the main, the rules and canons of dramatic criticism. When, therefore, it has been said of me that in my later works I have improved in the method and conception of plot, and the attainment of a single action, and an interest progressively increasing—when it

is said that my earlier novels were in these matters deficient—I humbly repeat the opinion I have advanced in the last edition of “Pelham,” viz. that two schools of fiction, utterly distinct from each other, have been confounded—I know, at least, that in “Pelham” and “Devereux” I adhered as closely to what seems to me the elements of the narrative fiction, as in “Eugene Aram” or “The Last Days of Pompeii” I strove to adhere to those of the dramatic.

In “Paul Clifford,” which is a social and political satire, I willingly sought that exaggeration or burlesque in which the satiric novel so freely indulges; the masquerade of certain characters of the house of Gentlemen George may be successful or not, but when it was objected that that allegory destroyed the very similitude of the story, I think again the class of novel to which it belonged was not sufficiently kept in mind. The question is, does this exaggeration or allegory, or does it not, bring out more startlingly the object of the satire, which is the exposition of the political and social hypocrisies of existing society?—if it does, the probabilities must be examined by a different criticism,—and we must look less to the *Verisimilitude* than the *Vrai*.

Lastly, in “The Disowned,” now before the reader, I essayed the metaphysical novel, which Germany has made illustrious; the development of the abstract was its principal object—the effects of certain qualities as operated upon by the world, or as wrought by opposite qualities into differing results, such as the poet’s love of liberty in the Gipsy King—the politician’s love of liberty in the stern Republican; both qualities carried to excess, and both, by worldly influences and countervailing habits, producing the most dissimilar results;—such again, as the passion for effect differently developed in Warner, the artist, and in Talbot, the vain man; such as the passionate philosophy of Mordaunt, whose character is an allegory in itself, being the development of the love of knowledge as producing necessarily the love of virtue,—the incarnation of the great stoic principle of Christian ethics, self-dependant and above fate; asking no rewards, and conquering all misfortune. Even, however, over such a portrait, we must not forget that the world can cast its shade; the pride which, were our social systems more perfect, would only have supported the virtue of Mordaunt, produces also some alloying frailties: He braves the broker not to tell the world of his past afflictions, and for a punctilio of honour, Christian and philosopher as he is, he consents to a duel with Lord Ulswater. I have been blamed for inconsistency in allowing the last, especially. I introduced it on purpose to be consistent;—Mordaunt could not have refused a duel; his very nature forbade it; the man who sees the fallacy of such an appeal the most clearly are often the last who would refuse it. Without this concession to the world, the philosophy of Mordaunt would have been doubtless more complete, but the analysis of his character would have been less so. A man truly great is above the vicissitudes of life, but who is above all its petty and daily influences!—I wish you, in this, to blame Mordaunt, for in this you blame the false notions of society;—even while we blame, can you or I say that they do not act upon us?

Agreeably to my theories, a novel of this class can scarcely avoid being a little more allied to

* In a review, recently set up, if report be true, by Lord Brougham and Mr. Beaumont (Arcades ambo)—the writer of an article on the present state of literature has been pleased to speak slightly of my works. Let him—I cannot afford his censure—but why should he mistake as well as accuse? His attributions to me phrases and expressions in Pelham which are never used in that work. To be taught manners by Messrs. Brougham, Beaumont, and Co., is quite too good! They will be teaching me the classics next!—as they appear to be half inclined to do when they refer to “The Last Days of Pompeii.” By-the-by, what do they mean by talking of novels as ephemerals? Allowing them to be so, does not every one know that the novels of this day that will outlive all that Lord Brougham ever wrote or that Mr. Beaumont ever said are the pamphlets of Mr. Tompkins, an obscure, are as things that were not. long wasted speeches, and essays: these are the true ephemerals of the Review in capital. Its prospect becomes “Literature is in a very low state.”—Mr. Beaumont is to state and reduce it. Good Mr. Beaumont! Fancy a future Schlegel arriving at the intellectual history of 1835—would he not write thus? “The English literature, degraded by the seeming productions of Moore and Wordsworth, and Southey and Hallam, was, in this propitious year, suddenly restored to its pristine glory by the learning and genius of the immortal—Beaumont, Esq., M. P. for Northumberland!”

poetry than that which deals only with the external manners, the more common passions, and the daily adventures, of ordinary life. I wished the reader to feel this at once, by introducing him in the very first chapter to the gipsy king, and so preparing him, by a character that would have been out of keeping with the level tenor of "*Pelham*," (so essentially prosaic,) for more imaginative flights of composition, for more poetical dialogue, and, in a word, for a more general intercourse with the intellectual or ideal, than are to be found in the "*Adventures of a Gentleman*." It is true, however, that the book has, among all its faults, one greater than the rest:—*I was too young when I wrote it*—A more matured taste, a more cultivated knowledge, and the experience which profits by past errors, enable me now to view a thousand defects which I could not, alas! remove without rewriting the whole work,—an exertion of industry that might be better directed! It is often tediously prolix, often fatally *overwritten*, often—but why enumerate the faults which the reader will perceive without my attestation? Such as it is, though I do not reckon it among the best novels I have written, it contains, perhaps, some of the

best passages, and some of the best conceptions of character. The three characters indeed, with which I am least dissatisfied of all my feeble hand has portrayed, are, William Brandon, (in *Paul Clifford*), *Pelham*, and Algernon Mordaunt; if they are all equal in point of adherence to nature, Mordaunt is undoubtedly of a nature the least hackneyed and least low. And, farther, if I were asked which of my writings pleased me the most in its moral—served the best to inspire the younger reader with a generous emotion and a guiding principle—was the one best calculated to fit us for the world, by raising us above its trials—and the one by which I would most desire my own heart and my own faith to be judged—I would answer, "*The Disowned*."

These remarks have ended in much egotism—I confess it. But, for my own part, I think that the world likes to learn from what theories, right or wrong, an author, however obscure, has composed his works. It amuses us to trace his delusions, or to examine how he, who has been criticised by others, plays the critic on himself. If by accident he is right, we can profit by his hints—if wrong perhaps still more by his errors!

July 20, 1835.

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE.—A dressing-room, splendidly furnished—violet coloured curtains and ottomans of the same hue. A wardrobe of buhl is on the left, the doors of which being partly open, discover a profusion of clothes, &c.—Folding doors in the background.

Enter the author, obsequiously preceded by a French valet.

Author.—So, Bedos, it will not be very long, I hope, before your master gives me the pleasure of his company?

Bedos—(in French.)—No, Monsieur,—no—my master will be here immediately. He says you will find two very amusing books on the *toilette*, but that he hopes you will have scarcely time to read their title-pages before he is with you.

Bedos draws an arm-chair near the table, into which the author abstractedly throws himself.

[Exit Bedos.]

Author.—Yes! I long to vent my anger upon this coxcomb, who, with his usual dexterity, has cast all his faults, moral as well as literary, upon me! Well, my time has now arrived! I will assert my individual existence—I will no longer walk about incorporated with a literary twin—I will give notice of lawful separation, and be henceforth answerable for no sins but my own—(clock strikes three.)—So late!—I wonder he yet delays; perhaps he is nerving himself to meet the brunt of my just indignation. Humph! what books are these which my gentleman's gentleman spoke of!—(takes up two books on the toilet-table)—'Essay on the Human Understanding'—very amusing indeed! What's the other—'Essay on the Human Hair.' Pish!—hark—I hear steps—'tis he!

The folding doors in the background are thrown open, and the voice of one approaching is heard.

"And, Bedos, you will see that the great folio and the essence-bottle are not forgotten. And be sure that the poodle's face is washed in milk of roses—'tis shamefully freckled; and send, or rather go yourself, to the man at Astley's, to know if it could not be taught to carry a parasol! And, Bedos, order the hock to be sent to Lord Gulceston; and tell Mr. Bubblestone that he must get me the Lucian, and that copy of Ricardo, with Mr. M——'s manuscript notes, by nine this evening. And ask Walters what he means by burning wax candles in the stables! I will countenance no such extravagance: let him lose no time in changing them to spermaceti. And, harkye, Bedos, you begin to look fat, you rascal; beware—if you eat a grain of meat, I discharge you. A valet, sir, is an ethereal being, and is only to be nourished upon chicken?"

And, uttering these words enters, through the folding doors, HENRY PELHAM.

Mr. Pelham.—My dear friend, I am delighted to see you—pray pardon my want of punctuality!

The Author.—(With a severe look.)—I wish,

Mr. Pelham, that in your conduct there was nothing else to pardon!

Mr. Pelham.—(seating himself on an ottoman.)

—What, angry?—is it possible!—ah, how I envy you!—You colour—your eyes sparkle!—how very becoming! I wish that I could get into a passion myself now and then. It has been my curse through life to be so confoundedly good tempered!—nothing vexes me! O! your philosophical equanimity—your 'sunshine of the breast,' is the most terribly dull state of mind one can imagine; besides—a little excitement is so good for the complexion! I intend, next shooting season, when I shall have plenty of time on my hands, to take some lessons in the art of getting angry. Will you be my master—you seem a tolerable proficient—nay, I'm serious!

Author.—(rebukingly.)—Mr. Pelham!

Mr. Pelham.—(with a soft smile.)—Well!

Author.—Do oblige me—lay aside an affectation which everybody says disgraces you, and endeavour to speak like a man of sense.

Mr. Pelham.—But, my dear sir, would not that be taking an unfair advantage of you?—However, proceed; my wishes shall yield to yours: the philosopher of Geneva said rightly, "that there is no virtue without self-sacrifice:"—proceed.

Author.—I trust to your practising so sublime a morality. And now, sir, tell me how I am to be remunerated for all that you have cost me! What, sir, can repay me for the provoking and specious charges brought against me upon your account? Did I not—mark me, Mr. Pelham—did I not, when I agreed to imbody your confounded adventures, say, to myself, 'My hero is a terrible coxcomb—it suits me that he should be so: I have seen something of the various grades of society; the experience has not been acquired without pain—let it not pass without profit; the scenes I have witnessed I will describe; upon the manners I have noted I will comment, but not in my own person. The peculiar turn of my individual mind would be very little calculated to execute such a task with success; and scenes on the surface of society, which could only be redeemed from insipidity by an extreme gayety, would become utterly distasteful, if tinged in the least by a temperament to which my friends are pleased maliciously to insinuate that gayety is the last thing congenial. In the first place, therefore, my hero shall have little in common with his author; in the second, he shall be suited in outward temper to the sparkling varieties of life, though he shall have sufficient latent observation to draw from the follies which he surveys, or even shares, the uses of reflection. His very faults shall afford amusement, and under them he may, without the formality of a preceptor, inculcate instruction. Philosophy, when couched beneath the gay robes of an apparently unconverted Polemon, may find some listeners who would turn in aversion

from the austerities of a professed Xenocrates. It is true that I shall have, in the vices and virtues of this hero, no channel for an egotistical embellishment of my own, but on that point I am easily consoled. I have never wished to favour the world with *my* character, its eccentricities, or its secrets; nor should I ever be disposed, in the person of *any* hero of romance, to embody or delineate myself; yet the world cannot know this, and it has long become a popular vice in criticism to confound and amalgamate the hero with the author. However, this confusion I will carefully avoid—*never once from the first sentence to the last shall the author appear!* Mr. Pelham, did I not adhere inflexibly to this resolution? Did I ever once intrude even in the vestibule of a preface, or the modest and obscure corner of a marginal note?—that I might not, for an instant, be implicated in *your* existence, did I not absolutely forego my own? And what has been my reward—Mr. Pelham, I ask you *what*? Have they not all, with one voice, critics and readers, praisers and impugnors, fathered your impertinences and follies upon me? And have not I—I, who in the progress of your adventures was invisible, inaudible—a cipher, a nonentity—have not I, who took such especial pains to avoid the pleasure even of the most minute, or momentary egotism, been set down as the most consummate of all egotists? Answer me that, Mr. Pelham!

Mr. Pelham.—Have you done, my dear sir? Now, let me slip in a word. That you have been taken for me, it is much easier to assert than to prove—*ohem!* And they who have once seen you, and dreamt of me, would, I flatter myself, soon be undeceived in so grievous an error. However, if you wish hereafter to avoid a confusion which you say rightly is a common error in criticism, draw all your heroes without a fault. Not a critical soul of the whole tribe will ever *then* suspect you of copying from yourself. You ask me what is to atone to you for bearing the burden of my faults? *Mon Dieu!* is the honour nothing? Consider your internal satisfaction at being brought to resemble *me!* Besides, my friend, your censurers, like the offspring of Cadmus, employ all their ferocity in destroying each other. There is not a part of my memoirs which one critic has selected for blame, which another, no doubt, equally judicious, has not especially singled out for praise. That which some declare the most frivolous portion, some also declare the most profound. One praises the gay scenes, and condemns the serious; another lauds the serious, and vituperates the gay. One beseeches you to forsake the tragic, and anticipates bright things from your cultivation of the comic; another recommends you never again to jest as long as you live, but to devote yourself solely to “agitating the passions, and moving the heart.” In short, your antagonists are like the tiger and crocodile which attacked the illustrious Munchausen: one leaps into the mouth of the other: your tiger chokes your crocodile, your crocodile suffocates your tiger; while you, my friend, remain safe and uninjured, to make your bow to the spectators, and receive their congratulations on your escape. Nor is this all: the flattering confusion which identified you with me was inseparably connected with my existence: and you will suffer me to enumerate to you some of the distinguished compliments which, but for that existence, you would never have enjoyed. To begin then: Did not the essay-

ist of the *London Magazine* conjecture that two persons must have written my adventures, and that no single individual could have blended so much wit and vivacity as I possess (I know not if these are the *exact* words of the critic) with the passion and gravity displayed in certain passages in the latter part, indicative of a less facetious and delightful bias of intellect? Did not another critic roundly declaim against the stupidity of the public in not discovering that you were also the author of “Vivian Grey,” a book which, with all its faults, is, you yourself allow, exceedingly clever? Did not the *Morning Post*, in a charming little anecdote, assert that you were no less a personage than the immortal Ude!—and did not the French journalist affirm, so naturally did you delineate pickpockets, that you could be nothing short of a pickpocket yourself?

Author.—(evidently much softened.)—I must own that these are flattering circumstances, Mr. Pelham, but—

Mr. Pelham.—Flattering—ay, indeed! And do you ask me now what is to atone to you for being supposed guilty of some delicate and graceful embroidery, which are occasionally worked upon the rich velvet of my character? Atone to you!—say, rather, what is to atone to me for ever being mistaken for——? Pardon me, sir, I cannot conclude the sentence!

Author.—Well, well, let us say no more upon the subject, especially as, in the preface which I have been compelled to place before the second edition of your memoirs, and which I regret that I omitted in the first, I have already vindicated you from the calumniating, and *myself* from the flattering, aspersion; and, besides, it has given me a pride and a pleasure, which do more than compensate for the little mortifications incident to all who write, to find that, by some whose praise is better than fame, my object, in imparting to your adventures so light a tone, has been neither undiscovered nor disapproved. When I was somewhat younger—in mind as well as years—I imagined it a finer thing to be lauded for mental powers than for moral utility. Now my ambition is of a different order; and I would rather be thought of some service to others than only an illustrious torment to myself. And now, Mr. Pelham, that we have sufficiently discussed your “Adventures,” suffer me to solicit your opinion of the new work which I offer to the world.

Mr. Pelham.—Why, really, I don’t dislike it. I dare say many people may think it better than your last. Perhaps, however, they may miss me a little now and then; for, such an endearer is absence, that acquaintances, but half-liked when present, become our best friends when gone. At all events, you must prepare the public for a work very dissimilar to your last, and one whose faults and merits (if of the latter it has any) are alike on another scale, and disguised in a different dress.

Author.—Yes; I own frankly that mere amusement, though I have culled it as an ingredient, has not been made so pervadingly the property of these volumes as of those honoured by your name; and a literary friend of mine, with a very menacing equivocal, has insinuated that, though “The Disowned” may be likely to succeed as well as “Pelham,” it will not be with the same class of readers.—(Here Mr. Pelham smiles significantly.)—However, I venture to trust that, even for the

lighter readers, as well as for those more patient and analysing, any greater gravities of style will be amply atoned for by a far deeper and more novel delineation of character—scenes of more exciting interest and vivid colouring—thoughts less superficially expressed—passions more energetically called forth—and, I think, (though I say this with much more diffidence,) if not a greater, at least a more *persuading* and *sensible* moral tendency, than would have been compatible with the scheme and design of your Adventures.

*Mr. Pelham—(droning affectedly.)—*Bravo! nothing like a modest choice of epithets!—‘deeper delineation,’ ‘more exciting interest and vivid colouring,’ ‘thoughts,’ ‘passions!’ Bravo, my friend, I see you begin to imitate me, and abjure self-conceit: believe me, few things are so displeasing as that same conceit—all my popularity arises from my bashfulness! But now, as you have asked my opinion, let me give it you as a friend, (the duty of an English friend, you know, is to be as disagreeable as possible :) it is quite the hazard of the die whether your work takes or not. An author, now-a-days, is to mind nothing but his story! You talk of delineations of character: what are these to the story, my dear sir! Passions—the story! Thought—the story, the story! Moral tendency—the story, the story, the story! The situation of yourself and reader is exactly like that of a certain tourist to the Lakes, and his guide. The tourist inquired diligently who was the best conductor—evinced the greatest anxiety on the subject—would not take an inferior one for the world—chose one at last—set him on the box—and told the coachman to obey his instructions. The guide, in his desire to please so fastidious a gentleman, stops every moment: “Sir, observe this view—see how majestically the lake winds—contemplate that wood—you catch that distant hill!” “O, the devil take your interruptions!” cries the traveller; “drive on as fast as you can, and don’t wake me till we are safe at the journey’s end!” I dare say, my dear friend, that, in conning the criticism of the day, you have observed how much, when reviewing a novel, it is the mode to use the terms of a drama: ‘plot, developement, dramatic personæ, catastrophe.’—These are not only the phrases metaphorically applied to you, but, in reality, are significant of the canons by which you are judged. What can be juster? Think, if we had the reviewing of ‘Gil Blas’ now, what fine work we should make of it: we should soon send Monsieur Le Sage to the Olympic or the Adelphi to study plots, and learn the art of composition! Now, I will give you an admirable recipe for the future, whenever you attempt any thing but a fashionable novel. A fashionable novel (that intellectual libertine of literature) requires no rules. It bursts on the admiring world, as did the accomplished Lady Blarney on the bewildered circle of the Vicar of Wakefield, carrying every earthly perfection in its title, and bearing in the “living rings” of its phraseology only additional proofs of its superior breeding. My recipe is, therefore, worthless for writings of this order—for all others it is a specific. Adopt it, and you will be even more sage than your prescriber; for, though Iesiod says that he who counsels wisely for

others is the wisest of men, I perfectly agree with Zeno in believing that he who follows the advice is still wiser. First get your story—prepare it—cut it up into a play in three acts; then spin out the scenes into chapters, and the acts into volumes—in a word, make your novel nothing more than a long melodrame. Have bustle, black ringlets, fighting, moonlight, a waste moor, a ruin, two or three witty fellows in low life, a fascinating villain, who is very pale—no villain has a colour—all dialogue, even if it be, “How do you?” and “Pretty well,” firing, if possible, in the last “act,” and your novel will be declared thrillingly interesting! But no episodes, my friend—no reflections—no metaphysical clock-work of character. What the deuce have these to do with a melodrame?

*Author (with the air of an author.)—*Well, well; but surely I have excitement enough, as well as reflection, and plot as well as episode, in that work which your observations are intended to attack!

*Mr. Pelham.—*Attack, my friend; by no means. I am not talking about the *merit* of your book, but its chance of popularity. You *must* confess that many of the characters you have introduced have no more to do with your catastrophe than violets with Windsor soap; yet you have taken as much pains with them as if they had—a very absurd waste of time, both to yourself and your reader. You have a very pretty little mystery in its way, but all the characters you introduce ought to have contributed to the solution of the said mystery, and they should all have marched upon the stage in the last “scene,” as they do in a comedy; because a novel is the delineation of life, and every one will allow that no striking event, such as would terminate a novel, ever happens to him, without all the people he has at any time met in the course of his life being implicated in it! That is nature, my dear sir; nature, grandeur, and simplicity, as exemplified in the best models. Allow me now to point out to your repentance a certain error: you have attempted to give the greatest interest in your work—next to that attached to the fortunes of the hero himself—to a virtuous character, in whom you have portrayed few faults and still fewer foibles—an attempt certain of failure; men never forgive those in whom there is nothing to pardon—[*Here Mr. Pelham stretched his right leg and glanced towards the glass*]—While, on the contrary, your villain, whom, according to all orthodox rules, you ought to have made the most charming person in the book, is really any thing but prepossessing. This too, in spite of all the showy qualities usually lavished upon villains—in spite of your having attributed to him gayety, wit, talent, devotion to the *beaux sexe*, moral daring, and even personal beauty.

*Author—(very self-complacently.)—*Ay; I rather value myself upon that!

*Mr. Pelham.—*Do you, indeed? Vincent would furnish you with a motto then—

“*Valui penas fortis in ipse meas.*”

However, a good opinion of one’s self is like Bishop Berkley’s system, and dispenses with all the rest of the world. You will confess, at least, that if your villain may be pardoned, your virtuous man is perfectly inexcusable!

*Author.—*Nay, I cannot condemn myself—you are the accuser, I the defendant; let the reader be

* See this subject (here only treated ironically) more enlarged upon in the “Essay on the different kinds of fiction” added to this edition.

judge. For my own part, I believe that if we draw equally from nature, in one as in the other, we may render virtue no less attractive than glory or love: for I hold, with Plato, that "She hath so divine a beauty, that could she be presented corporeally to our eyes, she would instantly and for ever engage the adoration of our souls." And how then can I think that where there is so much loveliness in the original it will be impossible to impart any thing of interest to the copy? One other word upon the character you refer to. It has seemed to me that a literary error of the age is to link with the romantic and sensitive feelings which interest and engage us, a misanthropical and disdainful spirit—as if they were naturally and necessarily allied. With this error in the formation of the character we speak of, I have attempted to contend. I have attributed to Algernon Mordaunt all the feelings usually supposed to belong to the misanthrope. Pride, reserve, unsociability, a temper addicted to solitude as to a passion; and unable, from its romance, its refinement, and its melancholy, to amalgamate easily with others. To these peculiarities of character (which I beg particularly to state I do not consider ornaments, but blemishes) are added the peculiarities of circumstances calculated to deepen them, and to separate still farther the individual from his species by the barriers with which misfortune always loves to surround itself. Yet I have not only painted this man as a warm and universal philanthropist, but I have endeavoured to show in his person, how far, by benevolence, in the widest and noblest interpretation of the word, error itself may be elevated into virtue, and temptation brightened into triumph. And if I have not failed in this attempt, I venture to believe that, from materials of character somewhat hackneyed, I have wrought out a character which, in itself, is entirely new. For the rest, morals are a very difficult and debated science—though every writer, who has never read one line upon them, nor indeed too many lines upon any thing else, fancies, with a self-delusion almost incredible, that nothing is so easy, both to understand and to teach; it is, therefore, with diffidence and misgiving, that, after a long and intense study of the first principles of this science, I begin to think that I know a single particle about them. But, if a difficult science, morals are at least one in which the several rules and truths are inseparably linked with each other; and a writer cannot write a book which inculcates one just and real moral without inculcating many. I shall, therefore, leave it to the judicious reader to discover the various aims which this work has been written to promote; but in which, after what I have just said, it would be to the highest degree arrogant not to entertain great doubt whether I have in the least succeeded. I only comfort myself with the belief that he who descends as it were from the usual self-confidence upon which science is examined, may often discover bright things in the Heaven of Truth, which, from a more elevated ascent, a keener eye might be unable to behold; even as from the bottom of a deep pit men may clearly perceive at noon the shining and still stars, invisible to those who are placed upon the eminence or the plain.*

Mr. Pelham—(turning aside to conceal an inco-

* Aristot.

herentary gaze)—Very fine, all this, my dear friend, I make no doubt; and, indeed, I perfectly agree with you as to the propriety of your attempt, and still more in your diffidence as to their results. If people open your present work with the firm expectation of finding it like the last, they will be disappointed, and you, perchance, unread; but if, prepared by this introduction, they will resolutely make up their minds to read what does not profess merely to amuse—if they will consent to move along the road of narrative in a sober, quiet pace, and put up with a duller companion now and then, for the sake of a finer view, than their journey with me afforded—if, in the course of a varied tour, after idling an hour at the theatre, they will loiter a moment with the lecturer, they will perhaps arrive at the end of their journey with less fatigue than this exordium might seem to indicate; and (to drop the metaphor) by the time your reader finishes your book, he will be inclined at least to acknowledge that, although, if you had professed to inculcate nothing by way of instruction, you might have been infinitely more agreeable; yet since you have resolved to be a little philosophical and moral, you might very easily, without being a whit more edifying, have been somewhat more dull. But a word with you, my friend—though this work may be received into society somewhat in the highly respectable and honourable light of a private tutor, who does not bore one more than he can help it; yet remember that, like all private tutors, it must be condemned to uniqueness and celibacy; it cannot afford to multiply its image, and, like Hobson's money-bag, be

"The fruitful parent of a hundred more."

On this head, however, I know it will be needless to caution you, nor can any one reasonably imagine that you would give us repetitions of "The Disowned," since you have not thought fit to copy from a much finer original, and favour the expecting world with the repetitions of Henry Pelham.

Author.—If ever I write again, my next book shall be as different from the present as the present from the last; and, if I know aught of myself, it shall combine whatever amusement of a lighter nature your adventures may yield, with whatever interest of a higher order may be found in "The Disowned." And when in either work the reader finds a fault glare a little too strongly in his eyes, let him charitably believe, at least, that it will serve the author as a beacon, should he ever attempt another voyage through the perilous but pleasant seas of fiction.

Mr. Pelham.—Ehem! and now, my friend, having prepared the public for something very different from what, after my adventures, they in all probability expected; suppose we suffer it to proceed at once to the judgment. The world—even the world of novel lovers—is wiser and kinder than we think for; if it can sometimes get what is light, it will not be averse, occasionally, to meet with what is serious; if you appear provident for its tastes at one while, it will yield a little to yours at another. And after all, and not to flatter it any longer, it is like the horses of the Prince of Conti, and must be satisfied not so much with what it likes, as with what it can get.

Author.—The horses of the Prince of Conti!

Mr. Pelham.—You have not then heard the anecdote? I will tell it you. The Prince of

Conti was embarrassed for want of money—would to Heaven that the want were confined to the Princes of Conti! People refused any longer to trust him. His coachman came to his highness one morning.

"The horses, my lord, want hay and corn!"

"Give them hay and corn, then!" said the prince.

"But, my lord, the farmer and the corn-chandler refuse to supply us any more till their accounts are discharged."

"Ah, that alters the matter!" quoth the prince, very sensibly.

"But, your highness, what shall the horses have?"

"Have!—Call my steward."

The steward appears.

March, 1829.

"So, the corn-chandler and farmer refuse us credit—the rascals—do they?" said the prince.

"Yes, my lord."

"Humph! Who *does* give us credit then?"

"No one, your highness."

"No one!"

"Yes—now I think of it, my lord—the pastry-cook does!"

"Honest fellow—we must encourage him!" cries the prince. "Coachman, your affair is settled—*give the horses cheesecakes and custards!*"

—My dear Public, you are the horses, this gentleman is the Prince of Conti; and as he cannot give you hay and corn any longer, he has been endeavouring, in this Introduction, to persuade you that cheesecakes and custards are much better food for you!

THE DISOWNED.

CHAPTER I.

I'll tell you a story if you please to attend.
Limbo, by G. K. KENNET.

It was the evening of a soft, warm day, in the May of 17—. The sun had already set, and the twilight was gathering slowly over the large, still masses of wood which lay on either side of one of those green lanes so peculiar to England. Here and there, the outline of the trees irregularly shrunk back from the road, leaving broad patches of waste land, covered with fern—that wild offspring of the forest—and the yellow blossoms of the dwarf furze, and, at more distant intervals, thick clusters of rushes, from which came the small hum of gnats—those “evening revellers”—alternately rising and sinking in the customary manner of their unknown sports—till, as the shadows grew darker and darker, their thin and airy shapes were no longer distinguishable, and no solitary token of life or motion broke the voiceless monotony of the surrounding woods.

The first sound which invaded the silence came from the light, quick footsteps of a person, whose youth betrayed itself in its elastic and unmeasured tread, and in the gay, free carol which broke out by fits and starts upon the gentle stillness of the evening.

There was something rather indicative of poetical taste than musical science in the selection of this vesper hymn, which always commenced with

‘Tis merry, ‘tis merry, in good green wood,
and never proceeded a syllable farther than the end of the second line,

When birds are about and singing;
from the last word of which, after a brief pause, it invariably started forth into joyous “iteration.”

Presently a heavier, yet still more rapid, step than that of the youth was heard behind; and, as it overtook the latter, a loud, clear, good-humoured voice gave the salutation of the evening. The tone in which this courtesy was returned was frank, distinct, and peculiarly harmonious.

“Good evening, my friend. How far is it to W—? I hope I am not out of the direct road?”

“To W—, sir!” said the man, touching his hat, as he perceived, in spite of the dusk, something in the air and voice of his new acquaintance which called for a greater degree of respect than he was at first disposed to accord to a pedestrian traveller—“To W—, sir? why, you will not surely go there to-night: it is more than eight miles distant, and the roads none of the best!”

“Now, a curse on all rogues!” quoth the youth with a serious sort of vivacity. “Why, the miller at the foot of the hill assured me I should be at my journey’s end in less than an hour.”

“He may have said right, sir,” returned the

man, “yet you will not reach W— in twice that time.”

“How do you mean?” said the younger stranger.

“Why, that you may for once force a miller to speak truth in spite of himself, and make a public house, about three miles hence, the end of your day’s journey.”

“Thank you for the hint,” said the youth. “Does the house you speak of lie on the roadside?”

“No, sir: the lane branches off about two miles hence, and you must then turn to the right; but, till then, our way is the same, and if you would not prefer your own company to mine, we can trudge on together.”

“With all my heart,” rejoined the younger stranger; “and not the less willingly from the brisk pace you walk. I thought I had few equals in pedestrianism; but it should not be for a small wager that I would undertake to keep up with you.”

“Perhaps, sir,” said the man, laughing, “I have had, in the course of my life, a better usage and a longer experience of my heels than you have.”

Somewhat startled by a speech of so equivocal a meaning, the youth for the first time turned round to examine, as well as the increasing darkness would permit, the size and appearance of his companion. He was not, perhaps, too well satisfied with his survey. His fellow pedestrian was about six feet high, and of a correspondent girth of limb and frame, which would have made him fearful odds in any encounter where bodily strength was the best means of conquest. Notwithstanding the mildness of the weather, he was closely buttoned in a rough great-coat, which was well calculated to give all due effect to the athletic proportions of the wearer.

There was a pause of some moments.

“This is but a wild, savage sort of scene for England, sir, in this day of new-fashioned ploughs and farming improvements,” said the tall stranger, looking round at the ragged wastes and grim woods which lay steeped in the shade beside and before them.

“True,” answered the youth; “and in a few years agricultural innovation will scarcely leave, even in these wastes, a single furze-blossom for the bee, or a tuft of green-sward for the grasshopper; but, however unpleasant the change may be for us foot travellers, we must not repine at what they tell us is so sure a witness of the prosperity of the country.”

“They tell us! who tell us?” exclaimed the stranger, with great vivacity. “Is it the puny and spiritless artisan, or the debased and crippled slave of the counter and the till, or the sallow speculator on morals, who would mete us out our liberty—our happiness—our very feelings by the

yard, and inch, and fraction? No, no, let *them* follow what the books and precepts of their own wisdom teach them: let them cultivate more highly the lands they have already parcelled out by dikes and fences, and leave, though at scanty intervals, some green patches of unpolluted land for the poor man's beast, and the free man's foot."

"You are an enthusiast on this subject," said the younger traveller, not a little surprised at the tone and words of the last speech; "and if I were not just about to commence the world with a firm persuasion that enthusiasm on any matter is a great obstacle to success, I could be as warm, though not so eloquent, as yourself."

"Ah, sir," said the stranger, sinking in a more natural and careless tone, "I have a better right than I imagine you can lay a claim to, to repine or even to inveigh against the boundaries which are day by day, and hour by hour, encroaching upon what I have learnt to look upon as my own territory. You were, just before I joined you, singing an old song; I honour you for your taste: and no offence, sir, but a sort of fellowship in feeling made me take the liberty to accost you. I am no very great scholar in other things; but I owe my present circumstances of life solely to my fondness for those old songs and quaint madrigals. And I believe no person can better apply to himself Will Shakspeare's invitation:—

"Under the green wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat.
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

Relieved from his former fear, but with increased curiosity at this quotation, which was half said half sung, in a tone which seemed to evince a hearty relish for the sense of the words, the youth replied—

"Truly, I did not expect to meet among the travellers of this wild country one with so well stored a memory. And, indeed, I should have imagined that the only persons to whom your verses could exactly have applied were those honourable vagrants from the Nile, whom in vulgar language we term gipsies."

"Precisely so, sir," answered the tall stranger, indifferently; "precisely so. It is to that ancient body that I belong."

"The devil you do!" quoth the youth, in unsophisticated surprise; "the progress of education, is, indeed, astonishing!"

"Why," answered the stranger, laughing, "to tell you the truth, sir, I am a gipsy by inclination, not birth. The illustrious Bamfylde Moore Carew was not the only example of one of gentle blood and honourable education preferring a merry life and a universal home, to a sad life and a rented cabin."

"I congratulate myself," quoth the youth, in a tone that might have been in jest, "upon becoming acquainted with a character at once so respectable and so novel; and, to return your quotation in the way of a compliment, I cry out with the most fashionable author of Elizabeth's days—

"O for a bowl of fat Canary,
Rich Palermo—sparkling Sherry,

in order to drink to our better acquaintance."

"Thank you, sir,—thank you," cried the strange

gipsy, seemingly delighted with the spirit with which his young acquaintance appeared to enter into his character, and his quotation from a class of authors at that time much less known and appreciated than at present; "and if you have seen already enough of the world to take up with ale when neither Canary, Palermo, nor Sherry are forthcoming, I will promise, at least, to pledge you in large draughts of that homely beverage. What say you to passing a night with us? our tents are yet more at hand than the public house of which I spoke to you."

The young man hesitated a moment, then replied—

"I will answer you frankly, my friend, even though I repent my confidence. I have a few guineas about me, which, though not a large sum, are *my all*. Now, however ancient and honourable your fraternity may be, they labour under a sad confusion, I fear, in their ideas of *meum* and *tuum*."

"Faith, sir, I believe you are right; and were you some years older, I think you would not have favoured me with the same disclosure you have done now; but you may be quite easy on that score. If you were made of gold, the rascals would not break off the corner of your garment as long as you were under my protection. Does this assurance satisfy you?"

"Perfectly," said the youth; "and now how far are we from your encampment? I assure you I am all eagerness to be among a set of which I have witnessed such a specimen."

"Nay, nay," returned the gipsy, "you must not judge of all my brethren by me; I confess that they are but a rough tribe. However, I love them dearly; and am only the more inclined to think them honest to each other, because they are rogues to all the rest of the world."

By this time, our travellers had advanced nearly two miles since they had commenced companionship: and at a turn in the lane, about three hundred yards further on, they caught a glimpse of a distant fire, burning brightly through the dim trees. They quickened their pace, and striking a little out of their path into a common, soon approached two tents, the Arab homes of the vagrant and singular people with whom the gipsy claimed brotherhood and alliance.

CHAPTER II.

Here we securely live, and eat
The cream of meat;
And keep eternal fires
By which we sit and do divine.
HERBICK.—Ode to Sir Chipsby Cross.

Around a fire which blazed and crackled beneath the large seething pot, that seemed an emblem of the mystery, and a promise of the good cheer, which are the supposed characteristics of the gipsy race, were grouped seven or eight persons, upon whose swarthy and strong countenances the irregular and fitful flame cast a picturesque and not unbecoming glow. All of these, with the exception of an old crone who was tending the pot, and a little boy who was feeding the fire with sundry fragments of stolen wood, started to their feet upon the entrance of the stranger.

"What, ho, my bob chuffin," cried the gipsy guide, "I have brought you a gentry cove, to whom you will shew all proper respect; and hark ye, my maunders, if ye dare beg, borrow, or steal a single croker—ay—but a barwble of him, I'll—but ye know me." The gipsy stopped abruptly, and turned an eye, in which menace vainly struggled with good humour, upon each of his brethren, as they submissively bowed to him and his protégé, and poured forth a profusion of promises to which their admonitor did not even condescend to listen. He threw off his great-coat, doubled it down by the best place near the fire, and made the youth forthwith possess himself of the seat it afforded. He then lifted the cover of the mysterious caldron. "Well, Mort," cried he to the old woman, as he bent wistfully down, "what have we here?"

"Two ducks, three chickens, and a rabbit, with some potatoes," growled the old hag, who claimed the usual privilege of her culinary office, to be as ill tempered as she pleased.

"Good!" said the gipsy; "and now, Mim, my cull, go to the other tent, and ask its inhabitants, in my name, to come here and sup; bid them bring *their* caldron to eke out ours—I'll find the lish."

With these words (which Mim, a short, swarthy member of the gang, with a countenance too astute to be pleasing, instantly started forth to obey) the gipsy stretched himself at full length by the youth's side, and began reminding him, with some jocularity, and at some length, of his promise to drink to their better acquaintance.

Something there was in the scene, the fire, the caldron, the intent figure and withered countenance of the old woman, the grouping of the other forms, the rude but not unpicturesque tent, the dark still woods on either side, with the deep and cloudless skies above, as the stars broke forth one by one upon the silent air, which (to use the orthodox phrase of the novelist) would not have been wholly unworthy the bold pencil of Salvator himself.

The youth eyed, with that involuntary respect which personal advantages always command, the large, yet symmetrical proportions of his wild companion; nor was the face which belonged to that frame much less deserving of attention. Though not handsome, it was singular, shrewd, and prepossessing in its expression; the forehead was prominent, the brows overhung the eyes, which were large, dark, and unlike those of the tribe in general, rather calm than brilliant; the complexion, though sunburnt, was not swarthy, and the face was carefully and cleanly shaved, so as to give all due advantage of contrast to the brown luxuriant locks which fell, rather in flakes than curls, on either side of his smooth and glowing cheeks. In age, he was about thirty-five, and, though his air and mien were assuredly not lofty, nor aristocratic, yet they were essentially and strikingly above the bearing of his vagabond companions: those companions were in all respects of the ordinary race of gipsies; the cunning and flashing eye, the raven locks, the dazzling teeth, the bronzed colour, and the low, slight, active form, were as strongly their distinguishing characteristics as the token of all their horde.

But to these, the appearance of the youth presented a striking and beautiful contrast.

He had only just passed the stage of boyhood, perhaps he might have been eighteen summers, probably not so many. He had, in imitation of his companion, and perhaps from mistaken courtesy to his new society, doffed his hat; and the attitude which he had chosen fully developed the noble and intellectual turn of his head and throat. His hair, as yet preserved from the disfiguring fashions of the day, was of a deep auburn, which was rapidly becoming of a more chestnut hue, and curled in short close curls from the nape of the neck to the commencement of a forehead singularly white and high. His brows finely and lightly penciled, and his long lashes of the darkest dye, gave a deeper and perhaps softer shade than they otherwise would have worn, to eyes quick and observant in their expression, and of a light hazel in their colour. His cheek was very fair, and the red light of the fire cast an artificial tint of increased glow upon a complexion that had naturally rather bloom than colour; while a dark riding frock set off in their full beauty the fine outline of his chest, and the slender symmetry of his frame.

But it was neither his features nor his form, eminently handsome as they were, which gave the principal charm to the young stranger's appearance—it was the strikingly bold, buoyant, frank, and almost joyous expression which presided over all. There seemed to dwell the first glow and life of youth, undimmed by a single fear, and unbaffled in a single hope. There were the elastic spring, the inexhaustible wealth of energies which defied, in their exulting pride, the heaviness of sorrow and the harassments of time. It was a face that, while it filled you with some melancholy foreboding of the changes and chances which must, in the inevitable course of fate, cloud the openness of the unwrinkled brow, and soberize the fire of the daring and restless eye, instilled also within you some assurance of triumph, and some omen of success:—a vague but powerful sympathy with the adventurous and cheerful spirit which appeared literally to speak in its expression. It was a face you might imagine in one born under a prosperous star, and you felt, as you gazed, a confidence in that bright countenance, which, like the shield of the British prince,* seemed possessed with the power to charm into impotence the evil spirits who menaced its possessor.

"Well, sir," said his friend, the gipsy, who had in his turn been surveying with admiration the sinewy and agile frame of his young guest, "Well, sir, how fares your appetite? Old Dame Bingo will be mortally offended if you do not do ample justice to her good cheer."

"If so," answered our traveller, who, young as he was, had learnt already the grand secret of making, in every situation, a female friend, "if so, I shall be likely to offend her still more."

"And how, my pretty master?" said the old crone, with an iron smile.

"Why, I shall be bold enough to reconcile matters with a kiss, Mrs. Bingo," answered the youth.

"Ha! ha!" shouted the tall gipsy; "it is many a long day since my old Mort slapped a gallant's face for such an affront. But here come our messmates. Good evening, my mumpers—make your bows to this gentleman, who has come to bowse with us to-night. 'Gad, we'll show him that old

* Prince Arthur.—See *The Fairy Queen*.

ale's none the worse for keeping company with the moon's darlings.—Come, sit down, sit down. Where's the cloth, ye ill-spannered loons, and the knives and platters! Have we no holyday customs for strangers, think ye?—Mim, my cove, off to my caravan—bring out the knives, and all other rattle-traps; and harkye, my cussin, this small key opens the inner hole, where you will find two barrels; bring one of them. I'll warrant it of the best, for the brewer himself drank some of the same sort but two hours before I nimm'd them. Come stamp, my cull, make yourself wings. Ho, Dame Bingo, is not that pot of thine seething yet?—Ah, my young gentleman, you commence betimes; so much the better; if love's a summer day, we all know how early a summer morning begins," added the jovial Egyptian, in a lower voice, (feeling perhaps that he was only understood by himself,) as he gazed complacently on the youth, who, with that happy facility of making himself everywhere at home, so uncommon to his countrymen, was already paying compliments, suited to their understanding, to two fair daughters of the tribe, who had entered with the new comers. Yet had he too much craft or delicacy, call it which you will, to continue his addresses to that limit where ridicule or jealousy, from the male part of the assemblage, might commence; on the contrary, he soon turned to the men, and addressed them with a familiarity so frank, and so suited to their taste, that he grew no less rapidly in their favour than he had already done in that of the woman; and when the contents of the two caldrons were at length set upon the coarse, but clean cloth, which, in honour of his arrival, covered the sod, it was in the midst of a loud and universal peal of laughter, which some broad witticism of the young stranger had produced, that the party sat down to their repast.

Bright were the eyes and sleek the tresses of the damsel who placed herself by the side of the stranger, and many were the alluring glances and insinuated compliments which replied to his open admiration and profuse flattery; but still was there nothing exclusive in his attentions: perhaps an ignorance of the customs of his entertainers, and a consequent discreet fear of offending them, restrained him; or perhaps he found ample food for occupation in the plentiful dainties which his host heaped before him.

"Now tell me," said the gipsy chief, (for chief he appeared to be,) "if we lead not a merrier life than you dreamt of? or would you have us change our coarse fare and our simple tents, our vigorous limbs and free hearts, for the meager board, the monotonous chamber, the diseased frame, and the toiling, careful, and withered spirit of some miserable mechanic?"

"Change!" cried the youth, with an earnestness which, if affected, was an exquisite counterfeits—"By heaven, I would change with you myself."

"Bravo, my fine cove!" cried the host, and all the gang echoed their sympathy with his applause.

The youth continued: "Meat, and that plentiful; ale, and that strong; women, and those pretty ones; what can man desire more?"

"Ay," cried the host, "and all for nothing,—no, not even a tax; who else in this kingdom can say that? Com, Mim, push round the ale."

And the ale was pushed round, and if coarse the merriment, loud at least was the laugh that rang

ever and anon from the old tent; and though, at moments, something in the guest's eye and lip might have seemed, to a very shrewd observer, a little wandering and distrust, yet, upon the whole, he was almost as much at ease as the rest, and if he was not quite as talkative, he was to the full as noisy.

By degrees, as the hour grew later, and the barrel less heavy, the conversation changed into one universal clatter. Some told their feats in beggary; others, their achievements in theft; not a viand they had fed on but had its appropriate legend; even the old rabbit, which had been as tough as old rabbit can well be, had not been honestly taken from his burrow; no less a person than Mim himself had purloined it from a widow's footman, who was carrying it to an old maid from her nephew the squire.

"Silence," cried the host, who loved talking as well as the rest, and who, for the last ten minutes, had been vainly endeavouring to obtain attention. "Silence! my maunders, it's late, and we shall have the queer cuffs* upon us if we keep it up much longer. What, ho, Mim, are you still gabbling at the foot of the table, when your betters are talking! As sure as my name's King Cole, I'll choke you with your own rabbit skin, if you don't hush your prating cheat—nay, never look so abashed—if you will make a noise, come forward, and sing us a gipsy song. You see, my young sir, (turning to his guest,) that we are not without our pretensions to the fine arts."

At this order, Mim started forth, and taking his station at the right hand of the *soi-disant* King Cole, began the following song, the chorus of which was chanted in full diapason by the whole group, with the additional force of emphasis that knives, feet, and fists could bestow.

THE GIPSY'S SONG.

The king to his hall, and the steed to his stall,
And the cit to his bilking board;
But we are not bound to an acre of ground,
For our home is the houseless sward.

We sow not, nor toll; yet we glean from the soil
As much as its reapers do;
And wherever we rove, we feed on the cove
Who gibes at the mumping crew.

CHORUS—So the king to his hall, &c.

We care not a straw for the limbs of the law,
Nor a fig for the cuffs queer;
While Hodge and his neighbour shall lavish and labour,
Our tent is as sure of its cheer.

CHORUS—So the king to his hall, &c.

The worst have an awe of the harman's† claw,
The best will shun the tramp;‡
But our wealth is as free of the bailiff's see
As our necks of the twisting crap.§

CHORUS—So the king to his hall, &c.

They say it is sweet to win the meat
For which one has sorely wrought,
But I never could find that we lacked the mind
For the food that has cost us naught!

CHORUS—So the king to his hall, &c.

And when we have ceas'd from our fearless feast,
Our jigger|| will need no bars;
Our watch shall be the owlt's tree,
And our lamps the glorious stars.

CHORUS.

So the king to his hall, and the steed to his stall,
And the cit to his bilking board;
But we are not bound to an acre of ground,
For our home is the houseless sward.

* Magistrates.

† Constable.

‡ Bailiff.

§ Gallows.

|| Door.

Rude as was this lawless slave, the spirit with which it was sung stoned to the young stranger for its obscurity and quaintness; as for his host, that curious personage took a lusty and prominent part in the chorus—nor did the old words refuse their share of the burden, but sent back a merry echo to the chief's deep voice, and the harsher notes of his jovial brethren.

When the glee had ceased, King Cole rose, the whole band followed his example, the cloth was cleared in a trice, the barrel—O! what a falling off was there!—was rolled into a corner of the tent, and the crew to whom the awning belonged began to settle themselves to rest; while those who owned the other encampment marched forth, with King Cole at their head. Leaning with no light weight upon his guest's arm, the lover of ancient minstrelsy poured into the youth's ear a train of eulogy, father eloquent than coherent, upon the scene they had just witnessed.

"What," cried his majesty, in an enthusiastic tone, "what can be so truly regal as our state? Can any man control us? Are we not above all laws? Are we not the most despotic of kings? Nay, more than the kings of earth—are we not the kings of Fairy-land itself? Do we not realize the golden dreams of the old rhymers—luxurious dogs that they were? Who would not cry out—

"Best silent groves! O may ye be
For ever Mirth's best nursery!
May pure Contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these
mountains."

Uttering this notable extract from the thrice honoured Sir Henry Wotton, King Cole turned abruptly from the common, entered the wood which skirted it, and, only attended by his guest, and his minister Mim, came suddenly, by an unexpected and picturesque opening in the trees, upon one of those itinerant vehicles termed caravans; he ascended the few steps which led to the entrance, opened the door, and was instantly in the arms of a pretty and young woman. On seeing our hero, (for such we fear the youth is likely to become,) she drew back with a blush not often found upon regal cheeks.

"Pooh," said King Cole, half tauntingly, half kindly, "pooh, Lucy, blushes are garden flowers, and ought never to be found wild in the woods:" then changing his tone, he said, "Come, put some fresh straw in the corner, this stranger honours our palace to-night. Mim, unload thyself of our royal treasures—watch without, and vanish from within!"

Depositing on his majesty's floor the appurtenances of the regal supper-table, Mim made his respectful adieus, and disappeared; meanwhile the queen scattered some fresh straw over a mattress in the narrow chamber, and, laying over all a sheet of singularly snowy hue, made her guest some apology for the badness of his lodging; this King Cole interrupted, by a most elaborately noisy yawn, and a declaration of extreme sleepiness. "Now, Lucy, let us leave the gentleman to what he will like better than soft words, even from a queen. Good night, sir, we shall be stirring at daybreak;" and, with this farewell, King Cole took the lady's arm, and retired with her into an inner department of the caravan.

Left to himself, our hero looked round with sur-

prise at the exceeding neatness which reigned over the whole apartment. But what chiefly engrossed the attention of one to whose early habits they had always been treasures, were several books ranged in comely shelves fenced with wire-work on either side of the fireplace. "Courage," thought he, as he stretched himself on his humble couch, "my adventures have commenced well; a gipsy tent, to be sure, is nothing very new, but a gipsy who quotes poetry, and enjoys a modest wife, speaks better than books do for the improvement of the world!"

CHAPTER III.

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp?

As You Like It.

THE sun broke cheerfully through the small lattice of the caravan, as the youth opened his eyes, and saw the good-humoured countenance of his gipsy host bending over him complacently.

"You slept so soundly, sir, that I did not like to disturb you; but my good wife only waits your rising to have all ready for breakfast."

"It were a thousand pities," cried the guest, leaping from his bed, "that so pretty a face should look cross on my account, so I will not keep her waiting an instant."

The gipsy smiled, as he answered, "I require no professional help from the devil, sir, to foretell your fortune."

"No!—and what is it?"

"Honour, reputation, success, all that are ever won by a soft tongue, if it be backed by a bold heart."

Bright and keen was the flash which shot over the countenance of the one for whom this prediction was made, as he listened to it with a fondness for which his reason rebuked him. He turned aside with a sigh, which did not escape the gipsy, and bathed his face in the water which the provident hand of the good woman had set out for his lavations.

"Well," said his host, when the youth had finished his brief toilet, "suppose we breathe the fresh air, while Lucy smooths your bed, and prepares the breakfast."

"With all my heart," replied the youth, and they descended the steps which led into the wood. It was a beautiful, fresh morning, the air was like a draught from a spirit's fountain, and filled the heart with new youth, and the blood with a rapturous delight; the leaves—the green, green leaves of spring—were quivering on the trees; among which, the happy birds fluttered and breathed the gladness of their souls in song. While the dewdrops that

"strewed
A baptism o'er the flowers,"

gave back, in their million mirrors, the reflected smiles of the cloudless and rejoicing sun.

"Nature," said the gipsy, "has bestowed on her children a gorgeous present in such a morning."

"True," saith the youth; "and you, of us two, perhaps, only deserve it: as for me, when I think of the long road of dust, heat, and toil, that lies before me, I could almost wish to stop here and ask an admission into the gipsy's tents."

"You could not do a wiser thing!" said the gipsy, gravely.

"But fate leaves me no choice," continued the youth, as seriously as if he were in earnest; "and I must quit you immediately after I have a second time tasted of your hospitable fare."

"If it must be so," answered the gipsy, "I will see you, at least, a mile or two on your road." The youth thanked him for a promise which his curiosity made acceptable, and they turned once more to the caravan.

The meal, however obtained, met with as much honour as it could possibly have received from the farmer from whom its materials were borrowed.

It was not without complacency that the worthy pair beheld the notice their guest lavished upon a fair, curly-headed boy of about three years old, the sole child and idol of the gipsy potentates. But they did not perceive, when the youth rose to depart, that he slipped into the folds of the child's dress, a ring of some value, the only one he possessed.

"And now," said he, after having thanked his entertainers for their hospitality, "I must say good-bye to your flock, and set out upon my day's journey."

Lucy, despite her bashfulness, shook hands with her handsome guest, and the latter, accompanied by the gipsy chief, strolled down to the encampments.

Open and free was his parting farewell to their inmates of the two tents, and liberal was the hand which showered upon all—especially on the damsel who had been his *Thais* of the evening feast—the silver coins which made no inconsiderable portion of his present property.

It was amid the oracular wishes and favourable predictions of the whole crew, that he recommenced his journey with the gipsy chief.

When the tents were fairly out of sight, and not till then, King Cole broke the silence which had as yet subsisted between them.

"I suppose, my young gentleman, that you expect to meet some of your friends or relations at W——? I know not what they will say when they hear where you have spent the night."

"Indeed!" said the youth; "whoever hears my adventure, relation or not, will be delighted with my description; but, in sober earnest, I expect to find no one at W—— more my friend than a surly innkeeper, unless it be his dog."

"Why, they surely do not suffer a stripling of your youth and evident quality, to wander alone!" cried King Cole, in undisguised surprise.

The young traveller made no prompt answer, but bent down as if to pluck a wild flower which grew by the road side: after a pause, he said—

"Nay, Master Cole, you must not set me the example of playing the inquisitor, or you cannot guess how troublesome I shall be. To tell you the truth, I am dying with curiosity to know something more about you than you may be disposed to tell me: you have already confessed that, however boon companions your gipsies may be, they are not those with whom you were born and bred."

King Cole laughed: perhaps he was not ill pleased by the curiosity of his guest, nor by the opportunity it afforded him of being his own hero.

"My story, sir," said he, "would be soon told, if you thought it worth the hearing, nor does it

contain any thing which should prevent my telling it."

"If so," quoth the youth, "I shall conceive your satisfying my request the greatest favour you have yet bestowed upon me."

The gipsy relaxed his pace into an indolent saunter, as he commenced:—

"The first scene that I remember was similar to that which you witnessed last night. The savage tent, and the green moor—the fagot blaze—the eternal pot, with its hissing note of preparation—the old dame who tended it, and the ragged urchins who learnt from its contents the first reward of, and the earliest temptation to, theft—all these are blended into agreeable confusion as the primal impressions of my childhood. The woman who nurtured me as my mother was rather capricious than kind, and my infancy passed away, like that of more favoured scions of fortune, in alternate chastisement and caresses. In good truth, Kinch-ing Meg had the shrillest voice and the heaviest hand of the whole crew, and I cannot complain of injustice, since she treated me no worse than the rest. Notwithstanding the irregularity of my education, I grew up strong and healthy, and my reputed mother had taught me so much fear for herself that she left me none for any thing else; accordingly, I became bold, reckless, and adventurous, and at the age of thirteen was as thorough a reprobate as the tribe could desire. At that time a singular change befell me: we (that is, my mother and myself) were begging, not many miles hence, at the door of a rich man's house, in which the mistress lay on her death-bed. That mistress was my *real* mother, from whom Meg had stolen me in my first year of existence. Whether it was through the fear of conscience or the hope of reward, no sooner had Meg learnt the dangerous state of my poor mother, the constant grief which they said had been the sole, though slow, cause of her disease, and the large sums which had been repeatedly offered for my recovery; no sooner, I say, did Meg ascertain all these particulars, than she fought her way up to the sick chamber, fell on her knees before the bed, owned her crime, and produced myself. Various little proofs of time, place, circumstance; the clothing I had worn when stolen, and which was still preserved, joined to the striking likeness I bore to both my parents, especially to my father, silenced all doubt and incredulity; I was welcomed home with a joy which it is in vain to describe. My return seemed to recall my mother from the grave; she lingered on for many months longer than her physicians thought it possible, and when she died, her last words commended me to my father's protection.

"My surviving parent needed no such request. He lavished upon me all that superfluity of fondness and food, of which those good people who are resolved to spoil their children, are so prodigal. He could not bear the idea of sending me to school; accordingly he took a tutor for me, a simple-hearted, gentle, kind man, who possessed a vast store of learning rather curious than useful. He was a tolerable, and at least an enthusiastic, antiquary—a more than tolerable poetaster; and he had a prodigious budget full of old ballads and songs, which he loved better to teach and I to learn, than all the 'Latin, Greek, geography, astronomy, and the use of the globes,' which my poor father had so sedulously bargained for.

"Accordingly I became exceedingly well-informed in all the 'precious conceits' and 'golden garlands' of our British ancients, and continued exceedingly ignorant of every thing else, save and except a few of the most fashionable novels of the day, and the contents of six lying volumes of voyages and travels, which flattered both my appetite for the wonderful, and my love of the adventurous. My studies, such as they were, were not by any means suited to curb or direct the vagrant tastes my childhood had acquired: on the contrary, the old poets, with their luxurious description of the 'green wood,' and the forest life; the fashionable novelists, with their spirited accounts of the wanderings of some fortunate rogue, and the ingenious travellers, with their wild fables, so dear to the imagination of every boy, only fomented within me a strong though secret regret at my change of life, and a restless disgust to the tame home and bounded roamings to which I was condemned. When I was about seventeen, my father sold his property, (which he had become possessed of in right of my mother,) and transferred the purchase money to the security of the funds. Shortly afterward he died; the bulk of his fortune became mine; the remainder was settled upon a sister many years older than myself, who, in consequence of her marriage and residence in a remote part of Wales, I had never yet seen.

"Now, then, I was perfectly free and unfettered; my guardian lived in Scotland, and left me entirely to the guidance of my tutor, who was both too simple and too indolent to resist my inclinations. I went to London, became acquainted with a set of most royal scamps, frequented the theatres and the taverns, the various resorts which constitute the gayeties of a blood just above the middle class, and was one of the noisiest and wildest 'blades' that ever heard 'the chimes by midnight, and the magistrate's lecture for matins. I was a sort of leader among the jolly dogs I consorted with. My earlier education gave a raciness and nature to my inclinations of 'life,' which delighted them. But somehow or other, I grew wearied of this sort of existence. About a year after I was of age, my fortune was more than three parts spent; I fell ill with drinking, and grew dull with remorse; need I add that my comrades left me to myself? A fit of the spleen, especially if accompanied with duns, makes one wofully misanthropic; so, when I recovered from my illness, I set out on a tour through Great Britain and France—alone, and principally on foot. O, the rapture of shaking off the half-hinds and cold formalities of society, and finding oneself all unfettered, with no companion but nature, no guide but youth, and no flatterer but opportunity!

"Well, my young friend, I travelled for two years, and saw, even in that short time, enough of this busy world to weary and disgust me with its ordinary customs. I was not made to be polite, still less to be ambitious. I sighed after the coarse comrades and the free tents of my first associates, and a thousand remembrances of the gipsy wanderings, steeped in all the green and exhilarating colours of childhood, perpetually haunted my mind. On my return from my wanderings, I found a letter from my sister, who, having become a widow, had left Wales, and had now fixed her residence in a well visited watering-place in the west of England. I had never yet seen her, and

her letter was a fine lady-like sort of epistle, with a great deal of romance and a very little sense, written in an extremely pretty hand, and ending with a quotation from Pope. (I never could endure Pope, nor indeed any of the poets of the days of Anne and her successors.) It was a beautiful season of the year; I had been inticed to pedestrian excursions, so I set off on foot to see my nearest surviving relative. On the way, I fell in (though on a very different spot) with the very encampment you saw last night. By heavens, that was a merry meeting to me; I joined, and journeyed with them for several days—never do I remember a happier time. Then, after many years of bondage and stiffness, and accordance with the world, I found myself at ease, like a released bird; with what zest did I join in the rude jokes, and the knavish tricks, the stolen feasts and the roofless nights of those careless vagabonds. Ah, sir, may you never—for the sake of what the world calls honest men—know the happiness of being a rogue!

"I left my fellow travellers at the entrance of the town where my sister lived. Now came the contrast. Somewhat hot, rather *plebeianishly* clad, and covered with the dust of a long summer's day, I was ushered into a little drawing-room, eighteen feet by twelve, as I was afterward somewhat pompously informed. A flaunting carpet, green, red, and yellow, covered the floor. A full-length picture of a thin woman, looking most agreeably ill-tempered, stared down at me from the chimney piece; three stuffed birds—how emblematic of domestic life!—stood stiff and imprisoned, even after death, in a glass cage. A fire screen, and a bright fireplace; chairs covered with holland, to preserve them from the atmosphere, and long mirrors wrapped, as to the frame work, in yellow muslin, to keep off the flies, finish the panorama of this watering place mansion. The door opened—silks rustled—a voice shrieked 'Mr. Brother!' and a figure—a thin figure—the original of the picture over the chimney piece—rushed in."

"I can well fancy her joy," said the youth.

"You can do no such thing, begging your pardon, sir," resumed King Cole. "She had no joy at all:—she was exceedingly surprised and disappointed. In spite of my early adventures, I had nothing picturesque or romantic about me at all. I was very thirsty, and I called for beer; I was very tired, and I laid down on the sofa; I wore thick shoes, and small buckles; and my clothes were made God knows where, and were certainly put on God knows how. My sister was miserably ashamed of me: she had not even the manners to disguise it. In a higher rank of life than that which she held, she would have suffered far less mortification; for I fancy great people pay but little *real* attention to externals. Even if a man of rank is vulgar, it makes no difference in the orbit in which he moves; but your 'genteel gentlewomen' are so terribly dependent upon what Mrs. Tomkins will say—so very uneasy about their relations, and the opinion they are held in—and, above all, so made up of appearances and clothes—so undone, if they do not eat, drink, and talk *à-la-mode*, that I can fancy no shame like that of my poor sister's at having found, and *being found* with a vulgar brother.

"I saw how unwelcome I was, and I did not punish myself by a long visit. With a proud face,

but a heart full of bitter and crushed affections, I left her house, and returned toward London. On my road, I again met with my gipsy friends; the warmth of their welcome enchanted me—you may guess the rest. I stayed with them so long that I could not bear to leave them; I re-entered their crew: I am one among them. Not that I have become altogether and solely of the tribe: I still leave them, whenever the whim seizes me, and repair to the great cities and thoroughfares of man. There I am soon driven back again to my favourite and fresh fields, as a reed upon a wild stream is dashed back upon the green rushes from which it has been torn. You perceive that I have many comforts and distinctions above the rest; for, alas, sir, there is no society, however free and democratic, where wealth will not create an aristocracy; the remnants of my fortune provide me with my unostentatious equipage, and the few luxuries it contains; it relieves the necessities of the poor, whether of mine or another tribe, among which my vagrancies cast me; it allows me to curb, among the crew, all the grosser and heavier offences against the law to which want might compel them; and it serves to keep up that sway and ascendancy among them which my superior education and fluent spirits enabled me at first to attain. Though not *legally* their king, I assume that title over the few encampments with which I am accustomed to travel, and you perceive that I have given my simple name both the jocular and kingly dignity of which the old song will often remind you. My story is done."

"Not quite," said his companion: "your wife? How came you by that blessing?"

"Ah! thereby hangs a pretty and a love-sick tale, which would not sound ill in an ancient ballad; but I will content myself with briefly sketching it. Lucy is the daughter of a gentleman farmer: about four years ago I fell in love with her. I wooed her clandestinely, and at last I owned I was a gipsy; I did not add my birth nor fortune—no, I was full of the romance of the Nut-brown Maid's lover, and attempted a trial of woman's affection, which even in these days was not disappointed. She eloped with me—I leave you to imagine her father's anger—but you must also imagine my revenge for his noisy hatred and active persecution of me. A year after our marriage, things went bad with him; corn, crops, cattle—the deuce was in them all! an execution was on his house and a writ out against his person. I sent Lucy to comfort and restore him; we procured him a better farm and a prettier house, and we are now the best friends in the world. Poor Lucy is perfectly reconciled to her caravan and her wandering husband, and has never, I believe, once repented the day on which she became the gipsy's wife!"

"I thank you heartily for your history," said the youth, who had listened very attentively to this detail; "and though my happiness and pursuits are centered in that world which you despise, yet I confess that I feel a sensation very like envy at your singular choice; and I would not dare to ask of my heart whether that choice is not happier, as it is certainly more philosophical than mine."

They had now reached a part of the road where the country assumed a totally different character; the woods and moors were no longer visible, but a broad and somewhat bleak extent of country lay

before them. Here and there only a few solitary trees broke the uniformity of the wide fields and scanty hedge rows, and at distant intervals the thin spires of the scattered churches rose like the prayers, of which they were perhaps the symbol, to mingle themselves with heaven.

The gipsy paused: "I will accompany you," said he, "no farther: your way lies straight onward, and you will reach W—— before noon; farewell, and may God watch over you!"

"Farewell!" said the youth, warmly pressing the hand which was extended to him. "If we ever meet again, it will probably solve a curious riddle, viz. whether you are not disgusted with the caravan and I with the world!"

"The latter is more likely than the former," said the gipsy, "for one stands a much greater chance of being disgusted with others than with oneself; so changing a little the old lines, I will wish you adieu after my own fashion, viz. in verse—

"Go, set thy heart on winged wealth,
Or unto honour's towers aspire;
But give me freedom and my health,
And there's the sum of my desire!"

CHAPTER IV.

The letter, Madam—have you none for me?

The Rendezvous.

Provide surgeons.

The Lover's Progress.

How little, when we read the work, do we care for the author! How little do we reck of the sorrow from which a jest has been forced, or the weariness that an incident has beguiled! But the power to fly from feeling, the recompense of literature from its heart-burnings and cares, the disappointments and the anxiety, the cavil and the "censure sharp"—even this passes away, and custom drags on the dull chain which enthusiasm once so passionately wore! Alas, for the age when, in the creation of fiction, we could lose the bitterness and barrenness of truth! The sorrows of youth, if not wholly ideal, borrow at least from the imagination their colour and their shape. What marvel then that from the imagination come also their consolation and their hope. But now, in manhood, our fancy constitutes but little of our afflictions, and presents to us no avenues for escape. In the toil, the fret, the hot, the unquiet, the exhausting engrossments of maturer years, how soon the midnight lamp loses its enchantment, and the noonday visions their spell! We are bound by a thousand galling and grinding ties to this hard and unholy earth. We become helots of the soil of dust and clay; denizens of the polluted smoke, the cabined walls, and the stony footing of the inhospitable world. What now have our griefs with the "moonlit melancholy," the gentle tenderness of our young years? Can we tell them any more to the woods and waterfalls? Can we make for them a witness of the answering sea, or the sympathizing stars? Alas! they have now neither commune nor consolation in the voices of nature, or the mysteries of romance; they have become the petty stings, and the falling drops, the irritating and vexing littlenesses of life; they have neither dignity on the one hand, nor delusion on the other. One by one they cling around us, like

bonds of iron; they multiply their links; they grow over our hearts; and the feelings, once too wild for the very earth, fold their broken wings within the soul. Dull and heavy thoughts, like dead walls, close around the laughing flowers and fields that so enchanted us of yore; the sins, the habits, the reasonings of the world, like rank and gloomy fogs, shut out the exulting heavens from our view; the limit of our wandering becomes the length of our chain; the height of our soarings, the summit of our cell! Fools—fools that we are, then, to imagine that the works of our later years shall savour of the freedom and aspirations of our youth; or that amid all which hourly and momentarily recalls and binds our hearts and spirits to the eternal “self,” we can give life and zest and vigour to the imaginary actions and sentiments of another!

Of a very different cast from these melancholy reflections were the thoughts of our young traveller as he hastened, with a rapid step, upon his solitary way. The fresh air and the exuberance of health gave him that exhilaration of spirit which is so rarely found after a certain age; and every now and then he broke forth into abrupt sentences, which, in betraying the sanguineness of his meditations, disclosed also the character of his mind.

“Turn gipsy, indeed! There is something better in store for me than such a choice. Ay, I have all the world before me where to choose—not my place of rest. No, many a long year will pass away ere any place of rest will be my choice! Action! Action! Action! as Demosthenes said.* I wonder whether I shall find the letter at W——; the letter, the last letter I shall ever have from home: but it is no home to me now; and I—I, insulted, reviled, trampled upon, without even a name! Well, well, I will earn a still fairer one than that of my forefathers. They shall be proud to own me yet.” And with these words the speaker broke off abruptly, with a swelling chest, and a flashing eye; and as, an unknown and friendless adventurer, he gazed on the expanded and silent country around him, he felt, like Castuccio Castrucany, that he could stretch his hands to the east and to the west, and exclaim, “O, that my power kept pace with my spirit, then should I grasp the corners of the earth.”

The road wound at last from the champaign country, through which it had for some miles extended itself, into a narrow lane, girded on either side by a dead fence. As the youth entered this lane, he was somewhat startled by the abrupt appearance of a horseman, whose steed leaped the hedge so close to our hero as almost to endanger his safety. The rider, a gentleman of about five-and-twenty, pulled up, and, in a tone of great courtesy, apologized for his inadvertency; the apology was readily admitted, and the horseman rode onward in the direction of W——.

Trifling as this incident was, the air and mien of the stranger were sufficient to arrest, irresistibly, the thoughts of the young traveller; and before they had flowed into a fresh channel, he found himself in the town, and at the door of the inn to which his expedition was bound. He entered the bar; a buxom landlady, and a still more buxom laughter, were presiding over the spirits of the place.

“You have some boxes and a letter for me, I believe?” said the young gentleman to the comely hostess.

“To you, sir! the name, if you please!”

“To—to—to C—L—” said the youth; “the initials C. L., to be left till called for.”

“Yes, sir, we have some luggage—came last night by the van,—and a letter besides, sir, to C. L. also.”

The daughter lifted her large dark eyes at the handsome stranger, and felt a wonderful curiosity to know what the letter to C. L. could possibly be about; meanwhile mine hostess, raising her hand to a shelf on which stood an Indian slop-basin, the great ornament of the bar at the Golden Fleece, brought from its cavity a well folded and well sealed epistle.

“That is it,” cried the youth, “show me a private room, instantly.”

“What can he want a private room for?” thought the landlady’s daughter.

“Show the gentleman to the Griffin, No. 4, John Merrylack,” said the landlady herself.

With an impatient step the owner of the letter followed a slipshod and marvellously unwashed waiter into No. 4—a small square asylum for town travellers, country yeomen, and ‘single gentlemen;’ presenting, on the one side, an admirable engraving of the Marquis of Granby, and on the other, an equally delightful view of the stable yard.

Mr. C. L. flung himself on a chair, (there were only four chairs in No. Four,) watched the waiter out of the room, seized his letter, broke open the seal, and read—yea, reader, you shall read it too—as follows:—

“Enclosed is the sum to which you are entitled; remember, that it is all which you can ever claim at my hands; remember also, that you have made the choice which, now, nothing can persuade me to alter. Be the name you have so long iniquitously borne, henceforth and always forgotten; upon that condition, you may yet hope, from my generosity, the future assistance which you must want, but which you could ask not from my affection. Equally, by my heart and my reason, you are for ever DISOWNED.”

The letter fell from the reader’s hands. He took up the enclosure, it was an order payable in London for 1000*l.*; to him it seemed like the rental of the Indies.

“Be it so!” he said aloud, and slowly; “be it so! With this will I carve my way; many a name in history was built upon a worse foundation!”

With these words he carefully put up the money, re-read the brief note which enclosed it, tore the latter into pieces, and then, going toward the afore-said view of the stable yard, threw open the window and leant out, *apparently* in earnest admiration of two pigs, which marched, gruntingly, toward him, one goat regaling himself upon a cabbage, and a broken-winded, emaciated horse, which having just been, what the hostler called “rubbed down,” was just going to be, what the hostler called “fed.”

While engaged in this interesting survey, the clatter of hoofs was suddenly heard upon the rough pavement—a bell rung—a dog barked—the pigs grunted—the hostler ran out, and the

* As Demosthenes never did say. The Greek word is very lamely rendered in the vulgar translation.

stranger, whom our hero had before met on the road, trotted into the yard.

It was evident, from the obsequiousness of the attendants, that the horseman was a personage of no mean importance; and indeed, an air, which might almost have been called princely. (not that princes really have the noblest air in the world,) seemed alone sufficient to stamp upon the stranger's brow and figure the patent of aristocracy.

"Who *can* that be?" said the youth, as the equestrian, having dismounted, turned toward the door of the inn: the question was readily answered.—"There goes pride and poverty!" said the hostler—"Here comes Squire Mordaunt!" said the landlady.

At the further end of the stable yard, through a narrow gate, the youth caught a glimpse of the green sward, and springing flowers of a small garden. Wearied with the sameness of No. Four, rather than with his journey, he sauntered toward the said gate, and, seating himself in a small arbour within the garden, surrendered himself to reflection.

The result of this self-conference was a determination to leave the Golden Fleece by the earliest conveyance which went to that great object and emporium of all his plans and thoughts, London. As, full of this resolution, and buried in the dreams which it conjured up, he was returning with downcast eyes and unheeding steps through the stable yard, to the delights of No. Four, he was suddenly accosted by a loud and alarmed voice:

"For God's sake, sir, look out, or——"

The sentence was broken off, the intended warning came too late, our hero staggered back a few steps, and fell, stunned and motionless, against the stable door. Unconsciously he had passed just behind the heels of the stranger's horse, which, being by no means in good humour with the clumsy manœuvres of his *Shampooer*, the hostler, had taken advantage of the opportunity presented to him of working off his irritability, and had consequently inflicted a severe kick upon the right shoulder of Mr. C. L.

The stranger, honoured by the landlady with the name and title of Squire Mordaunt, was in the yard at the moment. He hastened toward the sufferer, who, as yet, was scarcely sensible, and led him into the house. The surgeon of the village was sent for, and appeared: this disciple of Galen, commonly known by the name of Jeremiah Bossolton, was a gentleman considerably more inclined to breadth than length. He was exactly five feet one inch in height, but thick and solid as a milestone; a wig of modern cut, carefully curled and powdered, gave somewhat of a modish, and therefore unseemly, grace, to a solemn eye; a mouth drawn down at the corners; a nose that had something in it exceedingly consequential; eyebrows, sage and shaggy; ears large and fiery; and a chin that would have done honour to a Mandarin. Now Mr. Jeremiah Bossolton had a certain peculiarity of speech, to which, I fear, I shall find it difficult to do justice. Nature had impressed upon his mind a prodigious love of the grandiloquent; Mr. Bossolton, therefore, disdained the exact language of the vulgar, and built unto himself a lofty fabric of words, in which his sense managed very frequently to lose itself. Moreover, upon beginning a sentence of peculiar dignity, Mr. Bossolton was, it must be confessed, sometimes at

a loss to conclude it in a period worthy of the commencement; and this caprice of nature, which had endowed him with more words than thoughts, (necessity is, indeed, the mother of invention,) drove him into a very ingenious method of remedying the deficiency; this was simply the plan of repeating the sense, by inverting the sentence, after the fashion, which for our reader's better understanding, the first time it occurs, we will designate by italics.

"How long a period of time," said Mr. Bossolton, "has elapsed since this deeply to be regretted and seriously to be investigated accident occurred?"

"Not many minutes," said Mordaunt: "make no farther delay, I beseech you, but examine the arm; it is not broken, I trust?"

"In this world, Mr. Mordaunt," said the practitioner, bowing very low, for the person he addressed was of the most ancient lineage in the county—"in this world, Mr. Mordaunt, even at the earliest period of civilization, delay in matters of judgment has ever been considered of such vital importance, and—and such important vitality, that we find it inculcated in the proverbs of the Greeks, and the sayings of the Chaldeans, as a *principle of the most expedient utility*, and—and—the most useful expediency!"

"Mr. Bossolton," said Mordaunt, in a tone of remarkable and even artificial softness and civility, "have the kindness *immediately* to examine this gentleman's bruises."

Mr. Bossolton looked up in the calm, quiet, but haughty face of the speaker, and, without a moment's hesitation, proceeded to handle the arm, which was already stripped for his survey.

"It frequently occurs," said Mr. Bossolton, "in the course of my profession, that the forcible, sudden, and vehement application of any hard substance, like the hoof of a quadruped, to the soft, tender, and carnisferous parts of the human frame, such as the arm, occasions a pain, a pang, I should rather say, of the intensest acuteness, and—and of the acutest intensity."

"Pray, Mr. Bossolton, is the bone broken?" asked Mordaunt.

By this time the patient, who had been hitherto in that languor which extreme pain always produces at first, especially on young frames, was sufficiently recovered to mark and reply to the kind solicitude of the last speaker; "I thank you, sir," said he, with a smile, "for your anxiety, but I feel that the bone is *not* broken, the muscles are a little hurt—that is all."

"Young gentleman," said Mr. Bossolton, "you must permit me to say that they who have all their lives been employed in the pursuit, and the investigation, and the analysis of certain studies, are, in general, better acquainted with those studies than they who have neither given them any importance of consideration;—nor—nor any consideration of importance. Establishing this as my hypothesis, I shall now proceed to——"

"Apply immediate remedies, if you please, Mr. Bossolton," interrupted Mordaunt, in that sweet and honied tone which somehow or other always silenced even the garrulous practitioner.

Driven into taciturnity, Mr. Bossolton again inspected the arm; and having given it as his opinion that the arm was bruised in consequence of a violent blow which might have been inflicted by any other concussion of equal force with that pro-

duced by the hoof of a horse, he proceeded to urge the application of liniments and bandages, which he promised to prepare with the most solicitudinous despatch, and the most despatchful solicitude.

CHAPTER V.

Your name, sir!

Ha! my name, you say—my name!

'Tis well—my name—is—nay, I must consider.

P. drillo.

This accident occasioned a delay of some days in the plans of the young gentleman, for whom we trust, very soon, both for our own convenience, and that of our reader, to find a fitting appellation.

Mr. Mordaunt, after seeing every attention paid to him, both surgical and hospitable, took his departure with a promise to call the next day; leaving behind him a strong impression of curiosity and interest to serve our hero as some mental occupation until his return. The bonny landlady came up in a new cap with blue ribands, in the course of the evening, to pay a visit of inquiry to the handsome patient who was removed from the Griffin, No. Four, to the Dragon, No. Eight—a room whose merits were exactly in proportion to its number,—viz. twice as great as those of No. Four.

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Taptape, with a courtesy, "I trust you find yourself better."

"At this moment I do," said the gallant youth, with a significant air.

"Hem!" quoth the landlady.

A pause ensued. In spite of the compliment, a certain suspicion suddenly darted across the mind of the hostess. Strong as are the prepossessions of the sex, those of the profession are much stronger.

"Honest folk," thought the landlady, "don't travel with their initials only; the last 'Whitehall Evening' was full of shocking accounts of swindlers and cheats; and I gave fourteen pounds odd shillings for the silver tea-pot John has brought him up—as if the delf one was not good enough for a foot traveller!"

Pursuing these ideas, Mrs. Taptape, looking anxiously down, said,

"By-the-by, sir, Mr. Bossolton asked me what name he should put down in his book for the medicines; what would you please me to say, sir?"

"Mr. who?" said the youth, elevating his eyebrows.

"Mr. Bossolton, sir, the apothecary."

"O! Bossolton! very odd name that—not so pretty as—dear me what a beautiful cap that is of yours!" said the young gentleman.

"Lord, sir, do you think so! the riband is pretty enough; but—but, as I was saying, what name shall I tell Mr. Bossolton to put in his books?" This, thought Mrs. Taptape, is coming to the point.

"Well!" said the youth, slowly, and as if in a profound revery, "well, Bossolton is certainly the most singular name I ever heard; he does right to put it in a book—it is quite a curiosity! is he ever?"

"Very, sir," said the landlady, somewhat sharp-

ly; "but it is *your* name, not *his*, that he wishes to put into his book."

"Mine!" said the youth—who appeared to have been seeking to gain time in order to answer a query which most men find requires very little deliberation—"Mine, you say; *my* name is Linden—Clarence Linden—you understand!"

"What a pretty name!" thought the landlady's daughter, who was listening at the key-hole; "but how *could* he admire that odious cap of *ma's*!"

"And, now, landlady, I wish you would send up my boxes; and get me a newspaper, if you please."

"Yes, sir," said the landlady, and she rose to retire.

"I do not think," said the youth to himself, "that I could have hit on a prettier name—and so novel a one too!—Clarence Linden—why, if I were that pretty girl at the bar, I could fall in love with the very words—Shakspeare was quite wrong when he said—

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

A rose by *any* name would not smell as sweet; if a rose's name was Jeremiah Bossolton, for instance, it would not, to my nerves, at least, smell of any thing but an apothecary's shop."

When Mordaunt called the next morning, he found Clarence much better, and carelessly turning over various books, part of the contents of the luggage superscribed C. L. A book of whatever description was among the few companions for whom Mordaunt had neither fastidiousness nor reserve; and the sympathy of taste between him and the sufferer gave rise to a conversation less cold and commonplace than it might otherwise have been. And when Mordaunt, after a stay of some length, rose to depart, he pressed Linden to return his visit before he left that part of the country; his place, he added, was only about five miles distant from W—. Linden, greatly interested in his visiter, was not slow in accepting the invitation, and, perhaps, for the first time in his life, Mordaunt was shaking hands with a stranger he had only known two days.

CHAPTER VI.

While yet a child, and long before his time,
He had perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness.

But eagerly he read, and read again.

Yet still uppermost

Nature was at his heart, as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power
In all things that from her sweet influence
Might seek to wean him. Therefore with her hues,
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.

WORDSWORTH.

ALGERNON MORDAUNT was the last son of an old and honourable race, which had centuries back numbered princes in its line. His parents had had many children, but all (save Algernon, the youngest) died in their infancy. His mother perished in giving him birth. Constitutional infirmity, and the care of mercenary nurses, contributed to render Algernon a weakly and delicate child; hence came a taste for loneliness and a passion for study; and from these sprung, on the one hand, the fas-

tidiousness and reserve, which render us apparently unamiable, and, on the other, the loftiness of spirit, and the kindness of heart, which are the best and earliest gifts of literature, and more than counterbalance our deficiencies in the "minor morals" due to society by their tendency to increase our attention to the greater ones belonging to mankind. Mr. Mordaunt was a man of luxurious habits and gambling propensities: wedded to London, he left the house of his ancestors to moulder into desertion and decay; but to this home, Algernon was constantly consigned during his vacations from school; and its solitude and cheerlessness gave to a disposition naturally melancholy and thoughtful, those colours which subsequent events were calculated to deepen, not efface.

Truth obliges us to state, despite our partiality to Mordaunt, that, when he left his school, after a residence of six years, it was with the bitter distinction of having been the most unpopular boy in it. Why, nobody could exactly explain, for his severest enemies could not accuse him of ill nature, cowardice, or avarice, and these make the three capital offences of a school-boy; but Algernon Mordaunt had already acquired the knowledge of himself, and could explain the cause, though with a bitter and swelling heart. His ill health, his long residence at home, his unfriended and almost orphan situation, his early habits of solitude and reserve, all these, so calculated to make the spirit shrink within itself, made him, on his entrance at school, if not unsocial, *appear* so: this was the primary reason of his unpopularity; the second was that he perceived, for he was sensitive (and consequently acute) to the extreme, the misfortune of his manner, and in his wish to rectify it, it became doubly unprepossessing; to reserve, it now added embarrassment, to coldness, gloom; and the pain he felt in addressing or being addressed by another was naturally and necessarily reciprocal, for the effects of sympathy are nowhere so wonderful, yet so invisible, as in the manners.

By degrees he shunned the intercourse which had for him nothing but distress, and his volatile acquaintance were perhaps the first to set him the example. Often in his solitary walks he stopped afar off to gaze upon the sports, which none ever solicited him to share: and as the shout of laughter and of happy hearts came, peal after peal, upon his ear, he turned enviously, yet not malignantly, away, with tears, which not all his pride could curb, and muttered to himself, "And these, these hate me!"

There are two feelings common to all high or affectionate natures, that of extreme susceptibility to opinion, and that of extreme bitterness at its injustice. These feelings were Mordaunt's; but the keen edge which one blow injures, the repetition blunts; and, by little and little, Algernon became not only accustomed, but, as he persuaded himself, indifferent, to his want of popularity; his step grew more lofty, and his address more collected, and that which was once diffidence gradually hardened into pride.

His residence at the University was neither without honour nor profit. A college life was then, as now, either the most retired or the most social of all others; we need scarcely say which it was to Mordaunt, but his was the age when solitude is desirable, and when the closet forms the mind better than the world. Driven upon itself,

his intellect became inquiring, and its resources profound; admitted to their inmost recesses, he revelled among the treasures of ancient lore, and in his dreams of the Nymph and Naiad, or his researches after truth in the deep wells of the Stagyrite or the golden fountains of Plato, he forgot the loneliness of his lot, and exhausted the hoarded enthusiasm of his soul.

But his mind, rather thoughtful than imaginative, found no idol like "Divine Philosophy." It delighted to plunge itself into the mazes of metaphysical investigation—to trace the springs of the intellect—to connect the arcana of the universe—to descend into the darkest caverns, or to wind through the minutest mysteries of nature, and rise, step by step, to that arduous elevation on which thought stands dizzy and confused, looking beneath upon a clouded earth, and above, upon an unfathomable heaven.

Rarely wandering from his chamber, known personally to few, and intimately by none, Algernon yet left behind him at the University the most remarkable reputation of his day. He had obtained some of the highest of academical honours, and by that proverbial process of vulgar minds which ever frames the magnificent from the unknown—the seclusion in which he lived, and the recondite nature of his favourite pursuits attached to his name a still greater celebrity and interest than all the orthodox and regular dignities he had acquired. There are few men who do not console themselves for not being generally loved, if they can reasonably hope that they are generally esteemed. Mordaunt had now grown reconciled to himself and to his kind. He had opened to his interest a world in his own breast, and it consoled him for his mortification in the world without. But, better than this, his habits as well as studies had strengthened the principles and confirmed the nobility of his mind. He was not, it is true, more kind, more benevolent, more upright than before; but those virtues now emanated from principle—not emotion: and principle to the mind is what a free constitution is to a people: without that principle, or that free constitution, the one may be for the moment as good—the other as happy, but we cannot tell how long the goodness and the happiness will continue.

On leaving the University, his father sent for him to London. He stayed there a short time, and mingled partially in its festivities; but the pleasures of English dissipation have for a century been the same, heartless without gayety, and dull without refinement. Nor could Mordaunt, the most fastidious, yet warm-hearted of human beings, reconcile to the cold insipidities of patrician society either his tastes or his affections. His father's habits and evident distresses deepened his disgust to his situation; for the habits were incurable, and the distresses increasing; and nothing but a circumstance, which Mordaunt did not then understand, prevented the final sale of an estate, already little better than a pompous encumbrance.

It was therefore with that half painful, half pleasurable sensation, with which we avoid contemplating a ruin we cannot prevent, that Mordaunt set out upon that continental tour, deemed then so necessary a part of education. His father, on taking leave of him, seemed deeply affected. "Go, my son," said he, "may God bless you, and not punish me too severely. I have wronged you deeply, and I cannot bear to look upon your face."

To these words Algernon attached a general, but they cloaked a peculiar, meaning: in three years, he returned to England—his father had been dead some months, and the signification of his parting address was already deciphered—but of this hereafter.

In his travels, Mordaunt encountered an Englishman, whose name I will not yet mention; a person of great reputed wealth—a merchant—yet a man of pleasure—a voluptuary in life, yet a saint in reputation—or, to abstain from the antithetical analysis of a character, which will not be corporeally presented to the reader, till our tale is considerably advanced—one who drew from nature a singular combination of shrewd, but false conclusions, and a peculiar philosophy, destined hereafter to contrast the colours, and prove the practical utility, of that which was espoused by Mordaunt.

There can be no education in which the lessons of the world do not form a share. Experience, in expanding Algernon's powers, had ripened his virtues. Nor had the years which had converted knowledge into wisdom, failed in imparting polish to refinement. His person had acquired a greater grace, and his manners an easier dignity than before. His noble and generous mind had worked its impress upon his features and his mien; and those who could overcome the first coldness and shrinking hauteur of his address, found it required no minute examination to discover the real expression of the eloquent eye, and of the chiseled and classic features.

He had not been long returned, before he found two enemies to his tranquillity—the one was love, the other appeared in the more formidable guise of a claimant to his estate. Before Algernon was aware of the nature of the latter, he went to consult with his lawyer.

"If the claim be just, I shall not, of course, proceed to law," said Mordaunt.

"But without the estate, sir, you have nothing!"

"True," said Algernon, calmly.

But the claim was not just, and to law he went.

In this lawsuit, however, he had one assistant in an old relation, who had seen, indeed, but very little of him, but who compassionated his circumstances, and, above all, hated his opponent. This relation was rich and childless; and there were not wanting those who predicted that his money would ultimately discharge the mortgages, and repair the house, of the young representative of the Mordaunt honours. But the old kinsman was obstinate—self-willed—and under the absolute dominion of patrician pride; and it was by no means improbable that the independence of Mordaunt's character would soon create a disunion between them, by clashing against the peculiarities of his relation's temper.

It was a clear and sunny morning when Linden, tolerably recovered of his hurt, set out upon a sober and aged pony, which, after some natural pangs of shame, he had hired of his landlord, to Mordaunt Court.

Mordaunt's house was situated in the midst of a wild and extensive park, surrounded with woods, and interspersed with trees of the stateliest growth, now scattered into irregular groups, now marshalled into sweeping avenues; while, ever and anon, Linden caught glimpses of a rapid and brawling rivulet, which, in many a slight but sounding waterfall, gave a music strange and spirit-like to the thick

copees and forest glades through which it went exulting on its way. The deer lay half concealed by the fern among which they crouched, turning their stately crests towards the stranger, but not stirring from their rest; while from the summit of beeches, which would have shamed the pavilion of Tityrus, the rooks—those monks of the feathered people—were loud in their confused, but not displeasing, confabulations.

As Linden approached the house, he was struck with the melancholy air of desolation which spread over and around it: fragments of stone, above which clombed the rank weed, insolently proclaiming the triumph of nature's meanest offspring over the wrecks of art; a moat dried up, a railing once of massy gilding, intended to fence a lofty terrace on the right from the incursions of the deer, but which, shattered and decayed, now seemed to ask, with the satirist—

To what end did our lavish ancestors
Erect of old these stately piles of ours?

—a chapel on the left, perfectly in ruins,—all appeared strikingly to denote that time had outstript fortune, and that the years, which alike hallow and destroy, had broken the consequence, in deepening the antiquity, of the house of Mordaunt.

The building itself agreed but too well with the tokens of decay around it; most of the windows were shut up, and the shutters of dark oak, richly gilt, contrasted horribly with the shattered panes and mouldered framing of the glass. It was a house of irregular architecture. Originally built in the thirteenth century, it had received its last improvement, with the most lavish expense, during the reign of Anne; and it united the Gallic magnificence of the latter period with the strength and grandeur of the former; it was in a great part overgrown with ivy, and, where that insidious ornament had not reached, the signs of decay, and even ruin, were fully visible. The sun itself, bright and cheering as it shone over nature, making the green sod glow like emeralds, and the rivulet flash in its beam, like one of those streams of real light, imagined by Swedenbourg in his visions of heaven; and clothing tree and fell, brake and hillock, with the lavish hues of the infant summer; the sun itself only made more desolate, because more conspicuous—the venerable fabric, which the youthful traveller frequently paused more accurately to survey, and its laughing and sportive beams playing over chink and crevice seemed almost as insolent and untimely as the mirth of the young mocking the silent grief of some gray-headed and solitary mourner.

Clarence had now reached the porch, and the sound of the shrill bell he touched rung with a strange note through the general stillness of the place. A single servant appeared, and ushered Clarence through a screen hall of stone, hung round with relics of armour, and ornamented on the side opposite the music gallery, with a solitary picture of gigantic size, exhibiting the full length of the gaunt person and sable steed of that Sir Piers de Mordaunt who had so signalized himself in the field in which Henry of Richmond changed his coronet for a crown. Through this hall, Clarence was led to a small chamber, clothed with uncouth and tattered arras, in which, seemingly immersed in papers, he found the owner of the domain.

"Your studies," said Linden, after the salutations of the day, "seem to harmonize with the venerable antiquity of your home;" and he pointed to the crabbed characters and faded ink of the papers on the table.

"So they ought," answered Mordaunt, with a faint smile; "for they are called from their quiet archives in order to support my struggle for that home. But I fear the struggle is in vain, and that the quibbles of law will transfer into other hands a possession I am foolish enough to value the more from my inability to maintain it."

Something of this Clarence had before learnt from the communicative gossip of his landlady; and, less desirous to satisfy his curiosity than to lead the conversation from a topic which he felt must be so unwelcome to Mordaunt, he expressed a wish to see the state apartments of the house. With something of shame at the neglect they had necessarily experienced, and something of pride at the splendour which no neglect could efface, Mordaunt yielded to the request, and led the way up a staircase of black oak, the walls and ceiling of which were covered with frescos of Italian art, to a suite of apartments in which time and dust seemed the only tenants. Lingeringly did Clarence gaze upon the rich velvet, the costly mirrors, the motley paintings of a hundred ancestors, and the antique cabinets, containing, among the most hoarded relics of the Mordaunt race, curiosities which the hereditary enthusiasm of a line of cavaliers had treasured as the most sacred of heir-looms, and which, even to the philosophical mind of Mordaunt, possessed a value he did not seek too minutely to analyze. Here was the goblet from which the first prince of Tudor had drunk after the field of Bosworth. Here the ring with which the chivalrous Francis the First had rewarded a signal feat of that famous Robert de Mordaunt, who, as a poor but adventurous cadet of the house, had brought to the "first gentleman of France" the assistance of his sword. Here was the glove which Sir Walter had received from the royal hand of Elizabeth, and worn in the lists upon a crest which the lance of no antagonist in that knightly court could abase. And here, more sacred than all, because connected with the memory of misfortune, was a small box of silver which the last king of an evil and imbecile, but fated line, had placed in the hands of the gray-headed descendant of that Sir Walter after the battle of the Boyne, saying, with that happy turn of expression, in which all the Stuarts excelled, "Keep this, Sir Everard Mordaunt, for the sake of one who has purchased the luxury of gratitude at the price of a throne!"

As Clarence glanced from these relics to the figure of Mordaunt, who stood at a little distance leaning against the window, with arms folded on his breast, and with eyes abstractedly wandering over the noble woods and extended park which spread below, he could not but feel that if birth has indeed the power of setting its seal upon the form, it was never more conspicuous than in the broad front and lofty air of the last descendant of the race by whose memorials he was surrounded. Touched by the fallen fortunes of Mordaunt, and interested by the uncertainty which the chances of law threw over his future fate, Clarence could not resist exclaiming, with some warmth and abruptness—

"And by what subterfuge, or cavil, does the

present claimant of these estates hope to dislodge their rightful possessor?"

"Why," answered Mordaunt, "it is a long story in detail, but briefly told in epitome. My father was a man whose habits greatly exceeded his fortune, and a few months after his death, Mr. Vavasour, a distant relation, produced a paper, by which it appeared that my father had, for a certain sum of ready money, disposed of his estates to this Mr. Vavasour, upon condition that they should not be claimed, nor the treaty divulged, till after his death; the reason for this proviso seems to have been the shame my father felt for his exchange, and his fear of the censures of that world to which he was always devoted."

"But how unjust to you!" said Clarence.

"Not so much so as it seems," said Mordaunt, deprecatingly; "for I was then but a sickly boy, and according to the physicians, and, I sincerely believe, according also to my poor father's belief, almost certain of a premature death. In that case, Vavasour would have been the nearest heir; and this expectancy, by-the-by, joined to the mortgages on the property, made the sum given ridiculously disproportioned to the value of the estate. I must confess that the news came upon me like a thunder-bolt. I should have yielded up possession immediately, but was informed by my lawyers that my father had no legal right to dispose of the property; the discussion of that right forms the ground of the present law suit. For me, I have but little hope, and even were I to be successful, the expenses of law would leave me, like Pyrrhus, lost by my very success. No," continued Mordaunt, proudly, yet mournfully, "I am prepared for the worst, and, thank heaven, even in that worst, there is a spot which affliction can indeed blight, but which fortune, so far from destroying, cannot even diminish."

Clarence was silent, and Mordaunt, after a brief pause, once more resumed his guidance. Their tour ended in a large library filled with books, and this Mordaunt informed his guest, was his chosen and ordinary room.

An old carved table was covered with work which for the most part possessed for the young mind of Clarence, more accustomed to imagine than reflect, but a very feeble attraction; on looking over them, he, however, found, half hid by a huge folio of Hobbes, and another of Locke, a volume of Milton's poems: this paved the way to a conversation, in which both had an equal interest, for both were enthusiastic in the character and genius of that wonderful man, for whom "the divine and solemn countenance of freedom" was dearer than the light of day, and whose solitary spell, accomplishing what the whole family of earth once vainly began upon the Plain of Shinar, has built of materials more imperishable than "slime and brick," "a city and a tower whose summit has reached heaven."

It was with mutual satisfaction that Mordaunt and his guest continued their commune, till the hour of dinner was announced to them by a bell which, formerly intended as an alarm, now served the peaceful purpose of a more agreeable summons.

The same servant, who had admitted Clarence, ushered them through the great hall into the dining-room, and was their solitary attendant during their repast.

The temper of Mordaunt was essentially gra

and earnest, and his conversation almost invariably took the tone of his mind; this made their conference turn upon less minute and commonplace topics than one between such new acquaintances, especially of different ages, usually does.

"You will positively go to London, to-morrow, then!" said Mordaunt, as the servant, removing the appurtenances of dinner, left them alone.

"Positively," answered Clarence, "I go there to carve my own fortunes, and, to say truth, I am impatient to begin."

Mordaunt looked earnestly at the frank face of the speaker, and wondered that one so young, so well educated, and, from his air and manner, evidently of gentle blood, should appear so utterly thrown upon his own resources.

"I wish you success," said he, after a pause; "and it is a noble part of the organization of this world, that by increasing those riches which are beyond fortune, we do in general take the surest method of obtaining those which are in its reach." Clarence looked inquiringly at Mordaunt, who, perceiving it, continued, "I see that I should explain myself farther. I will do so by using the thoughts of a mind not the least beautiful and accomplished which this country has produced. 'Of all which belongs to us,' said Bolingbroke, 'the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. *Whatever is best is safest*; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one we shall enjoy the other.'"

"Beautiful, indeed!" exclaimed Clarence, with the enthusiasm of a young and pure heart, to which every loftier sentiment is always beautiful.

"And true as beautiful!" said Mordaunt. "Nor is this all, for the mind can even dispense with that world, 'of which it forms a part,' if we can create within it a world still more inaccessible to chance. But (and I now return to and explain my former observation) the means by which we can effect this *peculiar* world, can be rendered equally subservient to our advancement and prosperity in that which we share in common with our race; for the riches, which by the aid of wisdom we heap up in the storehouses of the mind, are, though not the only, the most customary coin by which external prosperity is bought. So that the philosophy, which can alone give independence to ourselves, becomes, under the name of honesty, the best policy in commerce with our kind."

In conversation of this nature, which the sincerity and lofty enthusiasm of Mordaunt rendered interesting to Clarence, despite of the distaste to the serious so ordinary to youth, the hours passed on, till the increasing evening warned Linden to depart.

"Adieu!" said he to Mordaunt. "I know not when we shall meet again; but if we ever do, I will make it my boast, whether in prosperity or misfortune, not to have forgotten the pleasure I have this day enjoyed!"

Returning his guest's farewell with a warmth unusual to his manner, Mordaunt followed him to the door, and saw him depart.

Fate ordained that they should pursue, in very different paths, their several destinies; nor did it afford them an opportunity of meeting again, till

years and events had severely tried the virtue of one, and materially altered the prospects of the other.

The next morning Clarence Linden was on his road to London.

CHAPTER VII.

"Upon my word," cries Jones, "thou art a very old fellow, and I like thy humour extremely." FIDELITY.

THE rumbling and jolting vehicle, which conveyed Clarence to the metropolis, stopped at the door of a tavern in Holborn. Linden was ushered into a close coffee-room, and presented with a bill of fare. While he was deliberating between the respective merits of mutton chops and beef steaks, a man with a brown coat, brown breeches, and a brown wig, walked into the room; he cast a curious glance at Clarence, and then turned to the waiter.

"A pair of slippers?"

"Yes, sir," and the waiter disappeared.

"I suppose," said the brown gentleman to Clarence, "I suppose, sir, you are the gentleman just come to town?"

"You are right, sir," said Clarence.

"Very well, very well, indeed," resumed the stranger, musingly. "I took the liberty of looking at your boxes in the passage; I knew a lady, sir, a relation of yours, I think."

"Sir!" exclaimed Linden, colouring violently.

"At least I suppose, for her name was just the same as yours, only, at least, one letter difference between them: yours is *Linden*, I see, sir; hers was *Minden*: am I right in my conjecture, that you are related to her?"

"Sir," answered Clarence, gravely, "notwithstanding the similarity of our names, we are not related."

"Very extraordinary," replied the stranger.

"Very," repeated Linden.

"I had the honour, sir," said the brown gentleman, "to make Mrs. Minden many presents of value, and I should have been very happy to have obliged you in the same manner, had you been any way connected with that worthy gentlewoman."

"You are very kind," said Linden, "you are very kind; and since such were your intentions, I believe I *must* have been connected with Mrs. Minden. At all events, as you justly observe, there is only the difference of a letter between our names;—a discrepancy too slight, I am sure, to alter your benevolent intentions."

Here the waiter returned with the slippers.

The stranger slowly unbuttoned his gaiters. "Sir," said he to Linden, "we will renew our conversation presently."

No sooner had the generous friend of Mrs. Minden deposited his feet into their easy tenements, than he quitted the room.

"Pray," said Linden to the waiter, when he had ordered his simple repast, "who is that gentleman in brown?"

"Mr. Brown!" replied the waiter.

"And who, or what is Mr. Brown?" asked our hero.

Before the waiter could reply, Mr. Brown returned, with a large bandbox carefully enveloped

in a blue handkerchief. "You come from —, sir!" said the latter, quietly seating himself at the same table as Linden.

"No, sir, I do not."

"From —, then?"

"No, sir!—from W——."

"W——?—ay—well, I knew a lady with a name very like W—— (the late Lady Waddilove) extremely well. I made her some valuable presents—her ladyship was very sensible of it."

"I don't doubt it, sir," replied Clarence; "such instances of general beneficence rarely occur!"

"I have some magnificent relics of her ladyship in this box," returned Mr. Brown.

"Really! then she was no less generous than yourself, I presume?"

"Yes, her ladyship *was* remarkably generous. About a week before she died, (the late Lady Waddilove was quite sensible of her danger,) she called me to her—'Brown,' said she, 'you are a good creature; I have had my most valuable things from you. I am not ungrateful; I will leave you—my maid! She is as clever as you are, and as good.' I took the hint, sir, and married. It was an excellent bargain.—My wife is a charming woman; she entirely fitted up Mrs. Minden's wardrobe, and I furnished the house. Mrs. Minden was greatly indebted to us."

"God help me!" thought Clarence, "the man is certainly mad."

The waiter entered with the dinner; and Mr. Brown, who seemed to have a delicate aversion to any conversation in the presence of the Ganyমেদ of the Holborn tavern, immediately ceased his communications: meanwhile, Clarence took the opportunity to survey him more minutely than he had hitherto done.

His new acquaintance was in age about forty-eight; in stature, rather under the middle height; and thin, dried, withered, yet muscular withal, like a man who, in stinting his stomach for the sake of economy, does not the less enjoy the power of undergoing any fatigue or exertion that an object of adequate importance may demand. We have said already that he was attired, like twilight, "in a suit of sober brown;" and there was a formality, a precision, and a cat-like sort of cleanliness in his garb, which savoured strongly of the respectable coxcombry of the counting-house, or the till. His face was lean, it is true, but not emaciated; and his complexion, sallow and adust, harmonized well with the colours of his clothing. An eye of the darkest hazel, sharp, shrewd, and flashing at times, especially at the mention of the euphonious name of Lady Waddilove—a name frequently upon the lips of the inheritor of her Abigail—with a fire that might be called brilliant, was of that modest species which can seldom encounter the straightforward glance of another; on the contrary, it seemed restlessly uneasy in any settled place, and wandered from ceiling to floor, and corner to corner, with an inquisitive, though apparently careless glance, as if seeking for something to admire or haply to appropriate; it also seemed to be the especial care of Mr. Brown to veil, as far as he was able, the vivacity of his looks beneath an expression of open and unheeding good nature, an expression strangely enough contrasting with the closeness and sagacity which nature had indelibly stamped upon features pointed, aquiline, and impressed with a strong mixture of the Judaical phy-

siognomy. The manner and bearing of this gentleman partook of the same undecided character as his countenance; they seemed to be struggling between civility and importance; a real eagerness to make the acquaintance of the person he addressed, and an assumed recklessness of the advantages which that acquaintance could bestow;—it was like the behaviour of a man who is desirous of having the best possible motives imputed to him, but is fearful lest that desire should not be utterly fulfilled. At the first glance, you would have pledged yourself for his respectability; at the second, you might have half suspected him to be a rogue; and, after you had been half an hour in his company, you would confess yourself in the obscurest doubt which was the better guess, the first or the last. A very experienced judge of outward signs would probably have decided on this peculiar instance according to the general character of mankind, and have set down Mr. Brown in the tablets of his mind as a man neither good nor bad—the latter, perhaps, with temptation, the former without—viz. a bit of a knave in his profession, whatever that might be, but an admirably honest man, when it was not the interest of his vocation to be the reverse.

"Waiter!" said Mr. Brown, looking enviously at the viands upon which Linden, having satisfied his curiosity, was now, with all the appetite of youth, regaling himself. "Waiter!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Bring me a sandwich—and—and, waiter, see that I have plenty of—plenty of——"

"What, sir?"

"Plenty of mustard, waiter!"

"Mustard" (and here Mr. Brown addressed himself to Clarence) "is a very wonderful assistance to the digestion. By-the-by, sir, if you want any curiously fine mustard, I can procure you some pots quite capital—a great favour, though—they were smuggled from France, especially for the use of the late Lady Waddilove."

"Thank you," said Linden, dryly; "I shall be very happy to accept any thing you may wish to offer me."

Mr. Brown took a pocket-book from his pouch. "Six pots of mustard, sir—shall I say six?"

"As many as you please," replied Clarence; and Mr. Brown wrote down "Six pots of French mustard."

"You are a very young gentleman, sir," said Mr. Brown, "probably intended for some profession—I don't mean to be impertinent, but if I can be of any assistance—"

"You can, sir," replied Linden, "and immediately—have the kindness to ring the bell."

Mr. Brown, with a grave smile, did as he was desired; the waiter re-entered, and receiving a whispered order from Clarence, again disappeared.

"What profession did you say, sir?" renewed Mr. Brown, artfully.

"None!" replied Linden.

"O, very well—very well indeed. Then as an idle, independent gentleman, you will of course be a bit of a beau—want some shirts, possibly—fine cravats too—gentlemen wear a particular pattern now—gloves, gold, or shall I say *gilt* chain, watch and seals, a ring or two, and a snuff-box!"

"Sir, you are vastly obliging," said Clarence, in undisguised surprise.

"Not at all, I would do any thing for a relation

of Mrs. Minden." The waiter re-entered; "Sir," said he to Linden, "your room is quite ready."

"I am glad to hear it," said Clarence, rising. "Mr. Brown, I have the honour of wishing you a good evening."

"Stay, sir—stay; you have not looked into these things belonging to the late Lady Waddilove."

"Another time," said Clarence, hastily.

"To-morrow, at ten o'clock," muttered Mr. Brown.

"I am exceedingly glad I have got rid of that fellow," said Linden to himself, as he stretched his limbs in his easy chair, and drank off the last glass of his pint of port. "If I have not already seen, I have already guessed, enough of the world, to know that you are to look to your pockets, when a man offers you a present; they who 'give,' also 'take away.' So here I am in London, with an order for 1000*l.* in my purse, the wisdom of Dr. Latimer in my head, and the health of eighteen in my veins; will it not be my own fault if I do not both *enjoy* and *make* myself—"

And then yielding to meditations of future success, partaking strongly of the inexperienced and sanguine temperament of the soliloquist, Clarence passed the hours, till his pillow summoned him to dreams no less ardent, and perhaps no less unreal.

CHAPTER VIII.

O! how I long to be employed.

Every Man in his Humour.

CLARENCE was sitting the next morning over the very unsatisfactory breakfast which tea made out of broom-sticks, and cream out of chalk, (adulteration thrived even in 17—) afforded, when the waiter threw open the door, and announced Mr. Brown.

"Just in time, sir, you perceive," said Mr. Brown; "I am punctuality itself: exactly a quarter of a minute to ten. I have brought you the pots of French mustard, and I have some very valuable articles which you *must* want, besides."

"Thank you, sir," said Linden, not well knowing what to say; and Mr. Brown, untying a silk handkerchief, produced three shirts, two pots of pomatum, a tobacco canister, with a German pipe, four pair of silk stockings, two gold seals, three rings, and a stuffed parrot!

"Beautiful articles these, sir," said Mr. Brown, with a snuffle of inward sweetness long drawn out, and expressive of great admiration of his offered treasures; "beautiful articles, sir, ar'n't they?"

"Very, the parrot in particular," said Clarence.

"Yea, sir," returned Mr. Brown, "the parrot is indeed quite a jewel; it belonged to the late Lady Waddilove; I offer it to you with considerable regret, for—"

"O!" interrupted Clarence, "pray do not rob yourself of such a jewel, it really is of no use to me."

"I know that, sir—I know that," replied Mr. Brown; "but it will be of use to your friends, it will be inestimable to any old aunt, sir, any maiden lady living at Hackney, any curious elderly gentleman fond of a nick-nack. I knew you would know some one to send it to as a present, even though you should not want it yourself."

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"Bless me!" thought Linden, "was there ever such generosity? not content with providing for my wants, he extends his liberality even to any possible relations I may possess!"

Mr. Brown now re-tied 'the beautiful articles' in his handkerchief. "Shall I leave them, sir?" said he.

"Why, really," said Clarence, "I thought yesterday that you were in jest; but you must be aware that I cannot accept presents from any gentleman so much—so much a stranger to me as you are."

"No, sir, I *am* aware of that," replied Mr. Brown; "and in order to remove the unpleasantness of such a feeling, sir, on your part—merely in order to do that, I assure you with no other view, sir, in the world—I have just noted down the articles on this piece of paper; but as you will perceive, at a price so low, as still to make them actually presents in every thing but the name. O, sir, I perfectly understand your delicacy, and would not, for the world, violate it."

So saying, Mr. Brown put a paper into Linden's hands, the substance of which a very little more experience of the world would have enabled Clarence to foresee: it ran thus:—

CLARENCE LINDEN, Esq., Dr.

To Mr. MORRIS BROWN.

To Six Pots of French Mustard	£1 4 0
To Three Superfine Holland Shirts, with Cambric Bosoms, complete	4 1 0
To Two Pots of Superior French Pomatum	0 10 0
To a Tobacco Canister of enamelled Tin, with a finely executed head of the Pretender: slight flaw in the same	0 12 6
To a German Pipe, second hand, as good as new, belonging to the late Lady Waddilove	1 18 0
To Four pair of Black Silk Hose, ditto, belonging to her Ladyship's husband	2 8 0
To Two Superfine Embossed Gold Watch Seals, with a Classical Motto and Device to each, viz., Mouse Trap and "Prenez Garde," to one, and "Who the devil can this be from?" to the other	1 1 0
To a remarkably fine Antique Ring, having the head of a Monkey	0 16 6
A ditto, with blue stones	0 12 6
A ditto, with green ditto	0 12 6
A stuffed Green Parrot, a remarkable favourite of the late Lady W.	2 2 0

Sum Total £16 18 0

Deduction for Ready Money 0 13 6

£15 4 6

Mr. Brown's Profits for Brokerage 1 10 0

Sum Total £16 14 6

Received of Clarence Linden, Esq., this day of 17—

It would have been no unamusing study to watch the expression of Clarence's face as it lengthened over each article until he had reached the final conclusion. He then carefully folded up the paper, restored it to Mr. Brown, with a low bow, and said, "Excuse me, sir, I will not take advantage of your generosity; keep your parrot and other treasures for some more worthy person. I cannot accept of what you are pleased to term your very valuable *presents*!"

"O, it's well, very well," said Mr. Brown, pocketing the paper, and seeming perfectly unconcerned at the termination of his proposals; "perhaps I can serve you in some other way?"

"In none, I thank you," replied Linden.

"Just consider, sir!—you will want lodgings; I

* One would not have thought these ingenious devices had been of so ancient a date as the year 17—.

can find them for you, cheaper than you can yourself; or perhaps you would prefer going into a nice, quiet, genteel family, where you can have both board and lodging, and be treated in every way as the pet child of the master?"

A thought crossed Linden's mind. He was going to stay in town some time; he was ignorant of its ways; he had neither friends nor relations, at least none whom he could visit and consult; moreover, hotels he knew were expensive; lodgings, though cheaper, might, if tolerably comfortable, greatly exceed the sum prudence would allow him to expend; would not this plan proposed by Mr. Brown of going into a 'nice, quiet, genteel family,' be the most advisable one he could adopt? The generous benefactor of the late and ever to be remembered Lady Waddilove perceived his advantage, and, making the most of Clarence's hesitation, continued—

"I know of a charming little abode, sir, situated in the suburbs of London, quite *rus in urbe*, as the scholars say; you can have a delightful little back parlour, looking out upon the garden, and all to yourself, I dare say."

"And pray, Mr. Brown, interrupted Linden, "what price do you think would be demanded for such enviable accommodation?—If you offer me them as '*a present*,' I shall have nothing to say to them."

"O, sir," answered Mr. Brown, "the price will be a trifle—a mere trifle: but I will inquire, and let you know the exact sum in the course of the day—all they want is a respectable gentlemanlike lodger; and I am sure so near a relation of Mrs. Minden will, upon my recommendation, be received with avidity. Then you won't have any of these valuable articles, sir? You'll repent it, sir—take my word for it—hem!"

"Since," replied Clarence dryly, "your word appears so much more value than your articles, pardon me if I prefer taking the former instead of the latter."

Mr. Brown forced a smile—"Well, sir, it's very well, very well, indeed. You will not go out before two o'clock? and at that time I shall call upon you respecting the commission you have favoured me with."

"I will await you," said Clarence; and he bowed Mr. Brown out of the room.

"Now, really," said Linden to himself, as he paced the narrow limits of his apartment, "I do not see what better plan I can pursue—but let me well consider what is my ultimate object. A high step in the world's ladder!—how is this to be obtained? First, by the regular method of professions—but what profession should I adopt?—the church is incompatible with my object—the army and navy with my means. Next come the irregular methods of adventure and enterprise—such as marriage with a fortune"—here he paused, and looked at the glass—"the speculation of a political pamphlet, or an ode to the minister—attendance on some dying miser of my own name, without a relation in the world—or, in short, any other mode of making money that may decently offer itself. Now, situated as I am, without a friend in this great city, I might as well purchase my experience at as cheap a rate and in as brief a time as possible, nor do I see any plan of doing so more promising than that proposed by Mr. Brown."

These and such like reflections, joined to the

inspiring pages of the "Newgate Calendar," and "The Covent Garden Magazine," two works which Clarence dragged from their concealment under a black tea-tray, afforded him ample occupation till the hour of two, punctual to which time Mr. Morris Brown returned.

"Well, sir," said Clarence, "what is your report?"

The friend of the late Lady W. wiped his brow and gave three long sighs before he replied: "A long walk, sir—a very long walk I have had; but I have succeeded. No thanks, sir—no thanks—the lady, a most charming, delightful, amiable woman, will receive you with pleasure—you will have the use of a back parlour (as I said) all the morning, and a beautiful little bed-room entirely to yourself—think of that, sir. You will have an egg for breakfast, and you will dine with the family at three o'clock: quite fashionable hours, you see, sir."

"And the terms?" said Linden, impatiently.

"Why, sir," replied Mr. Brown, "the lady was too genteel to talk to me about them—you had better walk with me to her house, and see if you cannot yourself agree with her."

"I will," said Clarence. "Will you wait here till I have dressed?"

Mr. Brown bowed his assent.

"I might as well," thought Clarence, as he ascended into his bed-room, "inquire into the character of this gentleman, to whose good offices I am so rashly intrusting myself." He rang his bell—the chambermaid appeared, and was dismissed for the waiter. The character was soon asked, and soon given. For our reader's sake we will somewhat enlarge upon it.

Mr. Morris Brown originally came into the world with the simple appellation of Moses—a name which his father—honest man—had, as the Minorities can still testify, honourably borne before him. Scarcely, however, had the little Moses obtained the age of five, when his father, for causes best known to himself, became a Christian. Somehow or other there is a most potent connexion between the purse and the conscience, and accordingly the blessings of heaven descended in golden showers upon the proselyte. "I shall die worth a plum," said Moses the elder, (who had taken unto himself the Christian cognomen of Brown;) "I shall die worth a plum," repeated he, as he went one fine morning to speculate at the Exchange. A change of news, sharp and unexpected as a change of wind, lowered the stocks and blighted the plum. Mr. Brown was in the Gazette the week, and his wife in weeds for him the next. He left behind him, besides the said wife, several debts and his son Moses. Beggared by the former, our widow took a small shop in Wardour-street to support the latter. Patient, but enterprising—cautious of risking pounds—indefatigable in raising pence, the little Moses inherited the propensity of his Hebrew ancestors; and, though not so capable as his immediate progenitor of making a fortune, he was at least far less likely to lose one. In spite, however, of all the industry, both of mother and son, the gains of the shop were but scanty: to increase them capital was required, and all Mr. Moses Brown's capital lay in his brain. "It is a bad foundation," said the mother with a sigh. "Not at all!" said the son, and leaving the shop he turned broker. Now a broker is a man who

makes an income out of other people's funds—a gleaner of stray extravagances; and by doing the public the honour of living upon them, may fairly be termed a little sort of state minister in his way. What with haunting sales, hawking china, selling the curiosities of one old lady, and purchasing the same for another, Mr. Brown managed to enjoy a very comfortable existence. Great pains and small gains will at last invert their antitheses, and make little trouble and great profit; so that by the time Mr. Brown had attained his fortieth year, the petty shop had become a large warehouse; and if the worthy Moses, now Christianized into Morris, was not so sanguine as his father in the gathering of plums, he had been at least as fortunate in the collecting of windfalls. To say truth, the Abigail of the defunct Lady Waddilove had been no unprofitable helpmate to our broker. As ingenious as benevolent, she was the owner of certain rooms of great resort in the neighbourhood of St. James's—rooms where caps and appointments were made better than anywhere else—and where credit was given, and characters lost, upon terms equally advantageous to the accommodating Mrs. Brown.

Meanwhile her husband, continuing through liking what he had begun through necessity, slackened not his industry in augmenting his fortune: on the contrary, small profits were but a keener incentive to large ones—as the glutton only sharpened by luncheon his appetite for dinner. Still was Mr. Brown the very Alcibiades of brokers—the universal genius—suiting every man to his humour. Business, of whatever description, from the purchase of a borough to that of a brooch, was alike the object of Mr. Brown's most zealous pursuit: taverns, where country cousins put up—rustic habitations, where ancient maidens resided—auction, or barter—city, or hamlet—all were the scene to that enterprising spirit, which made out of every acquaintance a commission, and by ministering to the wants of others satisfied his own. Sagacious and acute, he perceived the value of eccentricity in covering design; and found by experience, that whatever can be laughed at as odd will be gravely considered as harmless. Several of the broker's peculiarities were, therefore, more artificial than natural; and many were the sly bargains which he smuggled into effect, under the comfortable cloak of singularity. No wonder then that the crafty Morris grew gradually in repute as a person of infinite utility and excellent qualifications; or that the penetrating friends of his deceased are bowed to the thriving itinerant, with a respect which they denied to many in loftier pretensions and more general esteem.

CHAPTER IX.

Trust me you have an exceeding fine lodging here—very neat and private.
BEN JONSON.

It was a tolerably long walk to the abode of which the worthy broker spoke in such high terms of commendation. At length, at the suburbs towards Paddington, Mr. Brown stopped at a very small house: it stood rather retired from its surrounding neighbours, which were of a loftier and more pretending aspect than itself, and in its awk-

ward shape and pitiful bashfulness, looked exceedingly like a school-boy finding himself for the first time in a *grown-up* party, and shrinking with all possible expedition into the obscurest corner he can discover. Passing through a sort of garden, in which a spot of grass lay in the embraces of a stripe of gravel, Mr. Brown knocked upon a very bright knocker at a very new door. The latter was opened, and a footboy appeared.

"Is Mrs. Copperas within?" asked the broker.

"Yees!" said the boy.

"Show this gentleman and myself up stairs," resumed Brown.

"Yees!" reiterated the lackey.

Up a singularly narrow staircase, into a singularly diminutive drawing-room, Clarence and his guide were ushered. There, seated on a little chair by a little work-table, with one foot on a little stool, and one hand on a little book, was a little—very little lady.

"This is the young gentleman," said Mr. Brown; and Clarence bowed low, in token of the introduction.

The lady returned the salutation with an affected bend, and said, in a mincing and grotesquely subdued tone—"You are desirous, sir, of entering into the bosom of my family? We possess accommodations of a most elegant description;—accustomed to the genteel circles—enjoying the pure breezes of the Highgate hills—and presenting to any guest we may receive the attractions of a home rather than of a lodging, you will find our retreat no less eligible than unique. You are, I presume, sir, in some profession—some city avocation—or—or trade?"

"I have the misfortune," said he, smiling, "to belong to no profession."

The lady looked hard at the speaker, and then at the broker. With common people, to belong to no profession is to be of no respectability.

"The most unexceptionable references will be given—and *required*," resumed Mrs. Copperas.

"Certainly," said Mr. Brown, "certainly, the gentleman is a relation of Mrs. Minden, a *very* old customer of mine."

"In that case," said Mrs. Copperas, "the affair is settled:" and, rising, she rung the bell, and ordered the footboy, whom she addressed by the grandiloquent name of *De Warens*, to show the gentleman the apartments. While Clarence was occupied in surveying the luxuries of a box at the top of the house, called a bedchamber, which seemed just large and just hot enough for a chrysalis, and a corresponding box below, termed the back parlour, which would certainly *not* have been large enough for the said chrysalis, when turned into a butterfly, Mr. Morris Brown, after duly expatiating on the merits of Clarence, proceeded to speak of the terms; these were soon settled, for Clarence was yielding, and the lady not above three times as extortionate as she ought to have been.

Before Linden left the house, the bargain was concluded. That night his trunks were removed to his new abode, and having with incredible difficulty been squeezed into the bedroom, Clarence surveyed them with the same astonishment with which the virtuoso beheld the flies in amber—

Not that the things were either rich or rare,
He wondered *how the devil they got there!*

CHAPTER X.

Such scenes had temper'd with a pensive grace,
The maiden lustre of that faultless face;
Had hung a sad and dreamlike spell upon
The gliding music of her silver tone,
And shaded the soft soul which loved to lie
In the deep pathos of that volumed eye.

O'Neill, or the Rebel.

The love thus kindled between them was of no common or calculating nature; it was vigorous and delicious, and at times so suddenly intense as to appear to their young hearts, for a moment or so, with almost an awful character.

Inesilla.

THE reader will figure to himself a small chamber, in a remote wing of a large and noble mansion—the walls were covered with sketches, whose extreme delicacy of outline and colouring told that it was from a female hand that they derived their existence; a few shelves filled with books supported vases of flowers, whose bright hues and fragrant odour gratefully repaid, while they testified, the attention daily lavished upon them. A harp stood neglected at the farther end of the room, and just above hung the slender prison of one of those golden wanderers from the Canary isles, which bear to our colder land some of the gentlest music of their skies and zephyra. The window, reaching to the ground, was open, and looked through the clusters of jessamine and honeysuckle which surrounded the low veranda beyond, upon thick and frequent copses of blossoming shrubs, redolent of spring, and sparkling in the sunny tears of a May shower, which had only just wept itself away. Imbosomed in these little groves lay pots of “prodigal flowers,” contrasted and girdled with the freshest and greenest turf which ever wooed the nightly dances of the fairies; and afar off, through one artful opening, the eye caught the glittering wanderings of water, on whose light and smiles the universal happiness of the young year seemed reflected.

But in that chamber, heedless of all around, and cold to the joy with which every thing else, equally youthful, beautiful, and innocent, seemed breathing and inspired, sat a very young and lovely female. Her cheek leant upon her hand, and large tears flowed fast and burningly over the small and delicate fingers. The comb that had confined her tresses lay at her feet, and the high dress which concealed her swelling breast had been loosened, to give vent to the suffocating and indignant throbbings which had rebelled against its cincture—all appeared to announce that bitterness of grief when the mind, as it were, wreaks its scorn upon the body in its contempt for external seemings, and to proclaim that the present more subdued and softened sorrow had only succeeded to a burst far less quiet and controlled. Wo to those who eat the bread of dependence—their tears are wrung from the inmost sources of the heart.

Isabel St. Leger was the only child of a captain in the army, who died in her infancy; her mother had survived him only a few months: and to the reluctant care and cold affections of a distant and wealthy relation of the same name, the warm hearted and penniless orphan was consigned. Major-general Cornelius St. Leger, whose riches had been purchased in India at the price of his constitution, was of a temper as hot as his curries, and he wreaked it the more unsparingly on his ward, because the superior ill-temper of his maiden

sister had prevented his giving vent to it upon her. That sister, Miss Diana St. Leger, was a meager gentlewoman of about six feet high; and her voice was as high and as sharp as herself. Long in awe of her brother, she rejoiced at heart to find some one whom she had such right and reason to make in awe of herself; and from the age of four to that of seventeen, Isabel suffered every insult and every degradation which could be inflicted upon her by the tyranny of her two protectors. Her spirit, however, was far from being broken by the rude shocks it received; on the contrary, her mind, gentleness itself to the kind, rose indignantly against the unjust. It was true that the sense of wrong broke not forth audibly; for, though susceptible, Isabel was meek, and her pride was concealed by the outward softness and feminacy of her temper; but she stole away from those who had wounded her heart, or trampled upon its feelings, and nourished with secret, but passionate, tears the memory of the harshness or injustice she had endured. Yet was she not vindictive—her resentment was a noble, not a debasing feeling: once, when she was yet a child, Miss Diana was attacked with a fever of the most malignant and infectious kind; her brother loved himself far too well to risk his safety by attending his sister; the servants were too happy to wreak their hatred under the pretence of obeying their fears: they consequently followed the example of their master; and Miss Diana St. Leger might have gone down to her ancestors “unwept, unhonoured, and unsung,” if Isabel had not volunteered and enforced her attendance. Hour after hour, her fairy form flitted around the sick chamber, or sat mute and breathless by the feverish bed; she had neither fear for contagion nor bitterness for past oppression; every thing vanished beneath the one hope of serving, the one gratification of feeling herself, in the wide waste of creation, not utterly without use, as she had been hitherto without friends.

Miss St. Leger recovered. “For your recovery, in the first place,” said the doctor, “you will thank Heaven; in the second, you will thank your young relation,” and for several days the convalescent did overwhelm the happy Isabel with her praises and caresses. But this change lasted not long: the chaste Diana had been too spoiled by the prosperity of many years, for the sickness of a single month to effect much good in her disposition. Her old habits were soon resumed; and though it is probable that her heart was in reality softened towards the poor Isabel, that softening by no means extended to her temper. In truth, perhaps the brother and sister were not without affection for one so beautiful and good, but they had been torturing slaves all their lives, and their affection was, and could be, but that of a taskmaster or a planter.

But Isabel was the only relation that ever appeared within their walls, and among the guests, with whom the luxurious mansion was crowded, she passed no less for the heiress than the dependant; to her, therefore, was offered the homage of many lips and hearts, and if her pride was perpetually galled, and her feelings insulted in private, her vanity (had that equalled her pride, and her feelings, in its susceptibility) would in no slight measure have recompensed her in public. Unhap-

pity, however, her vanity was the least prominent quality she possessed; and she turned with scorn, rather than pleasure, from the compliments and adulation which her penetration detected, while her heart despised.

Perhaps, indeed, she found some gratification in indulging that pride to strangers which was checked all proper and dignified exercise to relations; and the indifference of her manners, (graceful as they were,) the coldness of her brilliant eye, and the disdainful expression of her young lips, repelled at last the admiration her beauty had attracted, and excited rather pity toward her guardians for the supposed severity of her temper, than toward herself for the acerbity of theirs. Yet did she bear within her a deep fund of buried tenderness, and a mine of girlish and enthusiastic romance;—dangerous gifts to one so situated, which, while they gave to her secret moments of solitude a powerful, but vague attraction, probably only prepared for her future years the snare which might betray them into error, or the delusion which would colour them with regret.

Among those whom the ostentatious hospitality of General St. Leger attracted to his house, was one of very different character and pretensions to the rest. Formed to be unpopular with the generality of men, the very qualities that made him so were those which principally fascinate the higher description of women: of ancient birth, which rendered still more displeasing the pride and coldness of his mien; of talents peculiarly framed to attract interest as well as esteem; of a deep and somewhat morbid melancholy, which, while it turned from ordinary ties, inclined yearningly toward passionate affections; of a temper, where romance was only concealed from the many, to become more seducing to the few; unsocial, but benevolent; disliked, but respected; of the austere demeanour, but of passions the most fervid, though the most carefully concealed:—this man united within himself all that repels the common mass of his species, and all that irresistibly wins and fascinates the rare and romantic few. To these qualities were added an external mien and person of that high and commanding order, which men mistake for arrogance and pretension, and women overrate in proportion to its contrast to their own. Something of mystery there was in the commencement of the deep and eventful love which took place between this person and Isabel, which I have never been able to learn: whatever it was, it seemed to expedite and heighten the ordinary progress of love; and when in the dim twilight, beneath the first melancholy smile of the earliest star, their hearts opened audibly to each other, that confession had been made silently long since, and registered in the inmost recesses of the soul.

But their passion, which began in prosperity, was soon darkened. Whether from the hauteur of Isabel's love, always so displeasing in men of birth to those who do not possess it, or from the desire of retaining about him an object which he could torment and tyrannize over, no sooner did the general discover the attachment of his young relation than he peremptorily forbade its indulgence, and assumed so insolent and overbearing an air toward the lover, that the latter felt he could no longer repeat his visits to, or even continue his acquaintance with, the nabob.

To add to these adverse circumstances, a relation of the lover, from whom his expectations had been large, was so enraged, not only at the insult his cousin had received, but at the very idea of his forming an alliance with one in so dependent a situation, and connected with such new blood as Isabel St. Leger, that, with that arrogance which relations, however distant, think themselves authorized to assume, he forbade his cousin, upon pain of forfeiture of favour and fortune, ever to renew his overtures of attachment. The one thus addressed was not of a temper patiently to submit to such threats; he answered them with disdain, and the breach, so dangerous to his pecuniary interest, was already begun.

So far had the history of our lover proceeded at the time in which we have introduced Isabel to the reader, and described to him the chamber to which, in all her troubles and humiliations, she was accustomed to fly, as to a sad but still unviolated sanctuary of retreat.

The quiet of this asylum was first broken by a slight rustling among the leaves; but Isabel's back was turned toward the window, and in the engrossment of her feelings she heard it not. The thick copse that darkened the left side of the veranda was pierced, and a man passed within the covered space, and stood still and silent before the window, intently gazing upon the figure which (though the face was turned from him) betrayed in its proportions that beauty which, in his eyes, had neither an equal nor a fault.

The figure of the stranger, though not very tall, was above the ordinary height, and gracefully, rather than robustly, formed. He was dressed in the darkest colours and the simplest fashion, which rendered yet more striking the nobleness of his mien, as well as the clear and almost delicate paleness of his complexion; his features were finely and accurately chiselled; and had not ill health, long travel, or severe thought deepened too much the lines of the countenance, and sharpened its contour, the classic perfection of those features would have rendered him undeniably and even eminently handsome: as it was, the paleness and the somewhat worn character of his face, joined to an expression, at first glance, rather haughty and repellant, made him lose in physical, what he certainly gained in intellectual, beauty. His eyes were large, deep, and melancholy, and had the hat which now hung over his brow been removed, it would have displayed a forehead of remarkable boldness and power; not perhaps so observable for its height as for its breadth, and for that advancing and grand formation, so seldom seen in modern countenances, but which formed perhaps the noblest secret of ancient sculpture.

Altogether, the face was cast in a rare and intellectual mould, and, if wanting in those more luxuriant attractions common to the age of the stranger, who could scarcely have attained his twenty-sixth year, it betokened, at least, that predominance of mind over body, which, in some eyes, is the most requisite characteristic of masculine beauty.

With a soft and noiseless step the stranger moved from his station without the window, and, entering the room, stole toward the spot on which Isabel was sitting. He leant over her chair, and his eye rested upon his own picture, and a letter

in his own writing, over which the tears of the young orphan flowed fast. One fair small hand hung listless by her side; its slender fingers were girded by no ornaments but a single and simple ring of hair—it had been given to her by him.

One moment of agitated happiness for one—of unconscious and continued sadness for the other—

“Tis past—her lover's at her feet.”

And what indeed “was to them the world besides, with all its changes of time and tide?” Joy—hope—a'l blissful and bright sensations, lay mingled, like meeting waters, in one sunny stream of heartfelt and unfathomable enjoyment; but this passed away, and the remembrance of bitterness and evil succeeded.

“O, Algernon!” said Isabel, in a low voice, “is this your promise?”

“Believe me,” said Mordaunt, for it was indeed he, “I have struggled long with my feelings, but in vain; and, for both our sakes, I rejoice at the conquest they obtained. I listened only to a deceitful delusion when I imagined I was obeying the dictates of reason. Ah, dearest, why should we part for the sake of dubious and distant evils, when the misery of absence is the most certain, the most unceasing evil we can endure?”

“For your sake, and therefore for mine!” interrupted Isabel, struggling with her tears. “I am a beggar and an outcast. You must not link your fate with mine. I could bear, God knows how willingly, poverty and all its evils *for* you and *with* you; but I cannot *bring* them upon you.”

“Nor will you,” said Mordaunt, passionately, as he covered the hand he held with his burning kisses. “Have I not enough for both of us? It is my love, not poverty, that I beseech you to share.”

“No! Algernon, you cannot deceive me: your own estate will be torn from you by the law: if you marry me, your cousin will not assist you: I, you know too well, can command nothing; and I shall see you, for whom in my fond and bright dreams I have presaged every thing great and exalted, buried in an obscurity from which your talents can never rise, and suffering the pangs of poverty, and dependence, and humiliation like my own—and—and—I—should be the wretch who caused you all. Never, Algernon, never!—I love you too—too well!”

But the effort which wrung forth the determination of the tone in which these words were uttered was too violent to endure; and, as the full desolation of her despair crowded fast and dark upon the orphan's mind, she sank back upon her chair, in very sickness of soul, nor heeded, in her unconscious misery, that her hand was yet clasped by her lover, and that her head drooped upon his bosom.

“Isabel,” he said, in the low, sweet tone, which to her ear seemed the concentration of all earthly music—“Isabel—look up—my own—my beloved—look up and hear me. Perhaps you say truly when you tell me that the possessions of my house shall melt away from me, and that my relation will not offer to me the precarious bounty which, even if he did, I would reject; but, dearest, are there not a thousand paths open to me—the law—

the state—the army!—You are silent, Isabel—speak!”

Isabel did not reply, but the soft eyes which rested upon his told, in their despondency, how little she was excited by the arguments he urged.

“Besides,” he continued, “we know not yet whether the law may not decide in my favour—at all events, years may pass before the judgment is given—those years make the prime and verdure of our lives—let us not waste them in mourning over blighted hopes and severed hearts—let us snatch what happiness is yet in our power, nor anticipate, while the heavens are still bright above us, the burden of the thunder or the cloud.”

Isabel was one of the least selfish and most devoted of human beings, yet she must be forgiven if at that moment her resolution faltered, and the overpowering thought of being in reality *his* for ever, flashed upon her mind. It passed from her the moment it was formed, and rising from a situation in which the touch of that dear hand, and the breath of those wooing lips, endangered the virtue, and weakened the strength, of her resolves, she withdrew herself from his grasp, and while she averted her eyes, which dared not encounter his, she said in a low, but firm, voice—

“It is in vain, Algernon; it is in vain. I can be to you nothing but a blight or burden, nothing but a source of privation and bitterness. Think you that I *will* be this?—no, I will not darken your fair hopes, and impede your reasonable ambition. Go, (and here her voice faltered for a moment, but soon recovered its tone,) go, Algernon, dear Algernon; and, if my foolish heart will not ask you to think of me no more, I can at least implore you to think of me only as one who would die rather than cost you a moment of that poverty and debasement whose bitterness she has felt herself, and who, for that very reason, tears herself away from you for ever.”

“Stay, Isabel, stay!” cried Mordaunt, as he caught hold of her robe, ere she had yet left the room, “give me but one word more, and you shall leave me. Say that if I can create for myself a new source of independence; if I can carve out a road where the ambition you erroneously impute to me can be gratified, as well as the more moderate wishes our station has made natural to us to form—say, that if I do this, I may permit myself to hope—say, that *when* I have done it, I may claim you as my own!”

Isabel paused, and turned once more her face toward his own. Her lips moved, and, though the words died within her heart, yet Mordaunt read well their import in the blushing cheek and the heaving bosom, and the lips which one ray of hope and comfort was sufficient to kindle into smiles. He gazed, and all obstacles, all difficulties, disappeared; the gulf of time seemed passed, and he felt as if already he had earned and won his reward.

He approached her yet nearer; one kiss on those lips, one pressure of that thrilling hand, one long, last, yearning embrace of that shrinking and trembling form—and then, as the door closed upon his view, he felt that the sunshine of nature had passed away, and that in the midst of the laughing and peopled earth, he stood in darkness and alone.

CHAPTER XI.

The middle classes are of all the most free from the vices of conduct, and the most degraded by the meanesses of character.

Letters of STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

I RETURN to Clarence, nor shall I make any excuse for portraying, though in a brief and single sketch, the manners of his host and hostess. Despite the imbecile cant of the day, which affects disdain for the description of mankind as they are, which censures the delineation of society, when polished, as flippant, and when coarse, as revolting; I shall in each, according to the vicissitudes of my story, follow experience in the pursuit of truth. The manners of the time, the characters which, from peculiar constitutions of society, derive peculiarities of distinction, become the natural, though, I confess, not the noblest, province of the novelist. The noblest sphere of his art is to add to exterior circumstances, which vary with every age, a painting of that internal world which in every age is the same; and besides describing the fashion and the vestment, to stamp upon its portraits something of the character of the soul.

We then left Clarence safely deposited in his little lodgings. Whether from the heat of his apartment, or the restlessness a migration of beds produces in certain constitutions, his slumbers on the first night of his arrival were disturbed and brief. He rose early, and descended to the drawing-room; Mr. de Warens, the nobly appellated footboy, was laying the breakfast cloth. From three painted shelves which constituted the library of "Copperas Bower," as its owners gracefully called their habitation, Clarence took down a book very prettily bound; it was "Poems by a Nobleman." No sooner had he read two pages than he did exactly what the reader would have done, and restored the volume respectfully to its place. He then drew his chair toward the window, and wistfully eyed sundry ancient nursery maids, who were leading their infant charges to the "fresh fields, and pastures new," of what is now the Regent's Park.

In about an hour Mrs. Copperas descended, and mutual compliments were exchanged; to her succeeded Mr. Copperas, who was well scolded for his laziness; and to them, Master Adolphus Copperas, who was also chidingly termed a naughty darling, for the same offence. Now then Mrs. Copperas prepared the tea, which she did in the approved method, adopted by all ladies to whom economy is dearer than renown—viz. the least possible quantity of the *soi-disant* Chinese plant was first sprinkled by the least possible quantity of hot water; after this mixture had become as black and as bitter as it could possibly be, without any adjunct from the apothecary's skill, it was suddenly drenched with a copious diffusion, and as suddenly poured forth, weak, washy, and abominable, into four cups, severally appertaining unto the four partakers of the matutinal nectar.

Then the conversation began to flow. Mrs. Copperas was a fine lady, and a sentimentalist—very observant of the little niceties of phrase and manner. Mr. Copperas was a stock-jobber, and a wit, loved a good hit in each capacity, was very round, very short, and very much like a John Dory, and saw in the features and mind of the

little Copperas the exact representative of himself.

"Adolphus, my love," said Mrs. Copperas, "mind what I told you, and sit upright.—Mr. Linden, will you allow me to cut you a *little* piece of this roll?"

"Thank you," said Clarence, "I will trouble you rather for the whole of it."

Conceive Mrs. Copperas's dismay! from that moment she saw herself eaten out of house and home; besides, as she afterward observed to her friend, Miss Barbara York, "the vulgarity of such an amazing appetite!"

"Any commands in the city, Mr. Linden?" asked the husband: "a coach will pass by our door in a few minutes—must be on 'Change in half an hour. Come, my love, another cup of tea—make haste—I have scarcely a moment to take *my fare* for the inside, before coachee takes *his* for the outside. Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Linden."

"Lord, Mr. Copperas," said his helpmate, "how can you be so silly? setting such an example to your son, too—never mind him, Adolphus, my love—fie, child, a'n't you ashamed of yourself?—never put the spoon in your cup till you have done tea: I must really send you to school, to learn manners.—We have a very pretty little collection of books here, Mr. Linden, if you would like to read an hour or two after breakfast—child, take your hands out of your pockets—all the best English classics, I believe—*Telemachus*, and *Young's Night Thoughts*, and *Joseph Andrews*, and *The Spectator*, and *Pope's Iliad*, and *Creech's Lucretius*; but you will look over them yourself! This is *Liberty Hall*, as well as *Copperas Bower*, Mr. Linden!"

"Well, my love," said the stock-jobber, "I believe I must be off. Here, Tom—Tom—(Mr. de Warens had just entered the room with some more hot water, to weaken still farther "the poor remains of what was once"—the tea!)—Tom, just run out and stop the coach, it will be by in five minutes."

"Have not I prayed, and besought you, many and many a time, Mr. Copperas," said the lady, rebukingly, "not to call De Warens by his Christian name? Don't you know, that all people in genteel life, who only keep one servant, invariably call him by his surname, as if he were the butler, you know?"

"Now, that is too good, my love," said Copperas. "I will call poor Tom by any surname you please, but I really can't pass him off for a butler! Ha—ha—ha—you must excuse me there, my love!"

"And pray, why not, Mr. Copperas? I have known many a butler bungle more at a cork than he does; and pray tell me, who did you ever see wait better at dinner?"

"He wait at dinner, my love! it is not he who waits."

"Who then, Mr. Copperas?"

"Why *we*, my love—it's *we* who wait at dinner—but that's the cook's fault, not his."

"Pshaw, Mr. Copperas—Adolphus, my love, sit upright, darling."

Here De Warens cried from the bottom of the stairs—

"Measter, the coach be coming up."

"There won't be room for it to turn then," said

the facetious Mr. Copperas, looking round the apartment, as if he took the words literally. "What coach is it, boy?"

Now that was not the age in which coaches scoured the city every half-hour, and Mr. Copperas knew the name of the coach as well as he knew his own.

"It be the Swallow coach, sir."

"O, very well: then since I have swallowed in the roll, I will now roll in the Swallow—ha—ha—ha! Good by, Mr. Linden."

No sooner had the witty stock-jobber left the room, than Mrs. Copperas seemed to expand into a new existence. "My husband, sir," said she, apologetically, "is so odd, but he's an excellent sterling character; and that, you know, Mr. Linden, tells more in the bosom of a family than all the shining qualities which captivate the imagination. I am sure, Mr. Linden, that the moralist is right in admonishing us to prefer the gold to the tinsel. I have now been married some years, and every year seems happier than the last; but then, Mr. Linden, it is such a pleasure to contemplate the growing graces of the sweet pledge of our mutual love—Adolphus, my dear, keep your feet still, and take your hands out of your pockets!"

A short pause ensued.

"We see a great deal of company," said Mrs. Copperas, pompously, "and of the very best description. Sometimes we are favoured by the society of the great Mr. Talbot, a gentleman of immense fortune, and quite the courtier; he is, it is true, a little eccentric in his dress; but then he was a celebrated beau in his young days. He is our next neighbour; you can see his house out of the window, just across the garden—there! We have also, sometimes, our humble board graced by a very elegant friend of mine, Miss Barbara York, a lady of very high connexions, her first cousin was a lord mayor—Adolphus, my dear, what are you about?—Well, Mr. Linden, you will find your retreat quite undisturbed; I must go about the household affairs; not that I do any thing more than superintend, you know, sir; but I think no lady should be above consulting her husband's interests—that's what I call true old English conjugal affection.—Come, Adolphus, my dear."

And Clarence was now alone. "I fear," thought he, "that I shall get on very indifferently with these people. Taught by books, not experience, I fondly imagined that there were very few to whom I could not suit myself; but I have yet to learn that there are certain vulgarities which ask long familiarity with their cause and effect, rightly to understand and patiently to endure. The outward coarseness of the lowest orders, the *mental grossièreté* of the highest, I can readily suppose, it easy to forgive, for the former does not offend one's feelings, nor the latter one's habits; but this base, pretending, noisy, scarlet vulgarity of the middle ranks, which has all the rudeness of its inferiors, with all the arrogance and heartlessness of its betters—this pounds and pence patchwork, of the worst and most tawdry shreds and rags of manners, is alike sickening to one's love of human nature and one's refinement of taste. But it will not do for me to be misanthropical, and (as Dr. Lattin was wont to say) the great merit of philosophy, when it cannot command circumstances, is to reconcile us to them."

CHAPTER XII.

A retired beau is one of the most instructive spectacles in the world.
STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

It was quite true that Mrs. Copperas saw a great deal of company, for, at a certain charge, upon certain days, any individual might have the honour of sharing her family repast; and many, of various callings, though chiefly in commercial life, met at her miscellaneous board. Clarence must, indeed, have been difficult to please, or obtuse of observation, if, in the variety of her guests, he had not found something either to interest or amuse him. Heavens! what a motley group were accustomed, twice in the week, to assemble there! the little dining parlour seemed a human oven; and it must be owned that Clarence was no slight magnet of attraction to the female part of the guests. Mrs. Copperas's bosom friend in especial, the accomplished Miss Barbara York, darted the most tender glances on the handsome young stranger; but whether or no a nose remarkably prominent and long, prevented the glances from taking full effect, it is certain that Clarence seldom repaid them with that affectionate ardour which Miss Barbara York had ventured to anticipate. The only persons, indeed, for whom he felt any sympathetic attraction, were of the same sex as himself; the one was Mr. Talbot, the old gentleman whom Mrs. Copperas had described as the perfect courtier, the other, a young artist of the name of Warner. Talbot, to Clarence's great astonishment, (for Mrs. Copperas's eulogy had prepared him for something eminently displeasing,) was a man of birth, fortune, and manners peculiarly graceful and attractive. It is true, however, that despite of his vicinity, and Mrs. Copperas's urgent solicitations, he very seldom honoured her with his company, and he always cautiously sent over his servant in the morning to inquire the names and number of her expected guests: nor was he ever known to share the plentiful board of the stock-jobber's lady whenever any other partaker of its dainties, save Clarence and the young artist, were present. The latter, the old gentleman really liked: and as, for one truly well born, and well bred, there is no vulgarity except in the mind, the slender means, obscure birth, and struggling profession of Warner were circumstances which, as they increased the merit of a gentle manner and a fine mind, spoke rather in his favour than the reverse. As for Clarence, no sooner had Talbot seen him than he expressed the highest prepossession in his conversation and appearance; and, indeed, there was in Talbot's tastes so strong a bias to aristocratic external, that Clarence's air alone would have been sufficient to win the good graces of a man who had, perhaps, more than any courtier of his time cultivated the arts of manner and the secrets of address.

"You will call upon me soon?" said he to Clarence, when, after dining one day alone with the Copperases and their inmate, he rose to return home. And Clarence, delighted with the urbanity and liveliness of his new acquaintance, readily promised that he would.

Accordingly, the next day, Clarence called upon Mr. Talbot. The house, as Mrs. Copperas had before said, adjoined her own, and was only separated from it by a garden. It was a dull mansion of brick, which had disdained the frippery of paint and

white-washing, and had indeed been built many years previous to the erection of the modern habitations which surrounded it. It was, therefore, as a consequence of this priority of birth, more sombre than the rest, and had a peculiarly forlorn and solitary look. As Clarence approached the door, he was struck with the size of the house—it was of very considerable extent, and in the more favourable situations of London, would have passed for a very desirable and spacious tenement. An old man, whose accurate precision of dress bespoke the tastes of the master, opened the door, and after ushering Clarence through two long, and to his surprise, almost splendidly furnished rooms, led him into a third, where, seated at a small writing-table, he found Mr. Talbot. That person, one whom Clarence then little thought would hereafter exercise no small influence over his fate, was of a figure and countenance well worthy the notice of a description.

His own hair, quite white, was carefully and artificially curled, and gave a Grecian cast to features whose original delicacy, and exact, though small proportions, not even age could destroy. His eyes were large, black, and sparkled with a vivacity which would have been brilliant even in the youngest orbs; and his mouth, which was the best feature he possessed, developed teeth, white and even as rows of ivory. Though small and somewhat too slender in the proportions of his figure, nothing could exceed the ease and the grace of his motions and air; and his dress, though singularly rich in its materials, eccentric in its fashion, and, from its evident study, unseemly to his years, served nevertheless to render rather venerable than ridiculous a mien which could almost have carried off any absurdity, and which the fashion of the garb peculiarly became. The *tout ensemble* was certainly that of a man who was still vain of his exterior, and conscious of its effect; and it was as certainly impossible to converse with Mr. Talbot for five minutes, without merging every less respectable association in the magical fascination of his manner.

"I thank you, Mr. Linden," said Talbot, rising, "for your accepting so readily an old man's invitation. If I have felt pleasure at discovering that we were to be neighbours, you may judge what that pleasure is to-day at finding you my visiter."

Clarence, who, to do him justice, was always ready at returning a fine speech, replied in a similar strain, and the conversation flowed on agreeably enough. There was more than a moderate collection of books in the room, and this circumstance led Clarence to allude to literary subjects; these Mr. Talbot took up with avidity, and touched with a light but graceful criticism upon many of the then modern, and some of the older, writers. He seemed delighted to find himself understood and appreciated by Clarence, and every moment of Linden's visit served to ripen their acquaintance into intimacy. At length they talked upon Copperas Bower and its inmates.

"You will find your host and hostess," said the old gentleman, "certainly of a different order from the persons with whom it is easy to see you have associated; but, at your happy age, a year or two may be very well thrown away upon observing the manners and customs of those whom, in later life, you may often be called upon to conciliate, or perhaps to control. That man will never be a perfect

gentleman who lives only with gentlemen. To be a man of the world, we must view that world in every grade, and in every perspective. In short, the most practical art of wisdom is that which extracts from things the very quality they least appear to possess; and the actor in the world, like the actor on the stage, should find 'a basket-hilted sword very convenient to carry milk in.'* As for me, I have survived my relations and friends. I cannot keep late hours, nor adhere to the unhealthy customs of good society; nor do I think that, to a man of my age and habits, any remuneration would adequately repay the sacrifice of health or comfort. I am, therefore, well content to sink into a hermitage in an obscure corner of this great town, and only occasionally to revive my 'past remembrances of higher state,' by admitting a few old acquaintances to drink my bachelor's tea, and talk over the news of the day. Hence, you see, Mr. Linden, I pick up two or three novel anecdotes of state and scandal, and maintain my importance at Copperas Bower, by retailing them second hand. Now that you are one of the inmates of that abode, I shall be more frequently its guest. By-the-by, I will let you into a secret: know that I am somewhat a lover of the marvellous, and like to indulge a little embellishing exaggeration in any place where there is no chance of finding me out. Mind, therefore, my dear Mr. Linden, that you take no ungenerous advantage of this confession; but suffer me, now and then, to tell my stories my own way, even when you think truth would require me to tell them in another."

"Certainly," said Clarence, laughing; "let us make an agreement: you shall tell your stories as you please, if you will grant me the same liberty in paying my compliments; and if I laugh aloud at the stories, you shall promise me not to laugh aloud at the compliments."

"It is a bond," said Talbot; "and a very fit exchange of service it is. It will be a problem in human nature to see who has the best of it: you shall pay your court by flattering the people present, and I mine, by abusing those absent. Now, in spite of your youth and curling locks, I will wager that I succeed the best; for in vanity there is so great a mixture of envy that no compliment is like a judicious abuse—to enchant your acquaintance, ridicule his friends."

"Ah, sir," said Clarence, "this opinion of yours is, I trust, a little in the French school, where brilliancy is more studied than truth, and where an ill opinion of our species always has the merit of passing for profound."

Talbot smiled, and shook his head. "My dear young friend," said he, "it is quite right that you, who are coming into the world, should think well of it; and it is also quite right that I, who am going out of it, should console myself by trying to despise it. However, let me tell you, my young friend, that he whose opinion of mankind is not too elevated will always be the most benevolent, because the most indulgent, to those errors incidental to human imperfection: to place our nature in too flattering a view is only to court disappointment, and end in misanthropy. The man who sets out with expecting to find all his fellow creatures heroes of virtue, will conclude by condemning them as monsters of vice; and, on the contrary, the least exacting judge of actions will be the most

* See the witty inventory of a player's goods in the *Tatler*.

lendent. If God, in his own perfection, did not see so many frailties in us, think you he would be so gracious to our virtues?"

"And yet," said Clarence, "we remark every day examples of the highest excellence."

"Yea," replied Talbot, "of the *highest*, but not of the most *constant*, excellence. He knows very little of the human heart who imagines we cannot do a good action; but, alas! he knows still less of it who supposes we can be always doing good actions. In exactly the same ratio we see every day the greatest crimes are committed; but we find no wretch so depraved as to be always committing crimes. Man cannot be perfect even in guilt."

In this manner Talbot and his young visitor conversed, till Clarence, after a stay of unwarrantable length, rose to depart.

"Well," said Talbot, "if we now rightly understand each other, we shall be the best friends in the world. As we shall expect great things from each other sometimes, we will have no scruple of exacting a heroic sacrifice every now and then: *par exemple*—I will ask you to punish yourself by an occasional *tête-à-tête* with an ancient gentleman; and, as we can also, by the same reasoning, pardon great faults in each other, if they are not often committed, so I will forgive you, with all my heart, whenever you refuse my invitations, if you do not refuse them often. And now farewell till we meet again."

It seemed singular, and, almost unnatural, to Linden, that a man like Talbot, of birth, fortune, and great fastidiousness of taste and temper, should have formed any sort of acquaintance, however slight and distant, with the facetious stock-jobber and his wife; but the fact is easily explained by a reference to that vanity which we shall see hereafter made the ruling passion of Talbot's nature. This vanity, which branching forth into a thousand eccentricities, displayed itself in the singularity of his dress, the studied, yet graceful warmth of his manner, his attention to the minutiae of life, his desire, craving and insatiate, to receive from every one, however insignificant, his *obolus* of admiration;—this vanity, once flattered by the obsequious homage it met from the wonder and reverence of the Copperases, reconciled his taste to the disgust it so frequently and necessarily conceived; and, having in great measure resigned his former acquaintance, and wholly outlived his friends, he sought even in petty and polluted channels that vent for the desire of creating effect which was cut off from any more brilliant and enlarged egress.

There is no dilemma in which vanity cannot find an expedient to develop its form—no stream of circumstances in which its buoyant and light nature will not rise to float upon the surface. And its ingenuity is as fertile as that of the player who (his wardrobe allowing him no other method of playing the fop) could still exhibit the prevalent passion for distinction, by wearing stockings of different colours.

CHAPTER XIII.

Who dares
Interpret then my life for me, as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many?
COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

THE first time Clarence had observed the young artist, he had taken a deep interest in his ap-

pearance. Pale, thin, undersized, and slightly deformed, the sanctifying mind still shed over the humble frame a spell more powerful than beauty. Absent in manner, melancholy in air, and never conversing except upon subjects upon which his imagination was excited, there was yet a gentleness about him which could not fail to conciliate and prepossess; nor did Clarence omit any opportunity to soften his reserve, and wind himself into his more intimate acquaintance. Warner, the only support of an aged and infirm grandmother, (who had survived her immediate children,) was distantly related to Mrs. Copperas; and that lady, kind, though selfish, extended to him, with ostentatious benevolence, her favour and support. It is true, that she did not impoverish the young Adolphus to enrich her kinsman, but she allowed him a seat at her hospitable board, whenever it was not otherwise filled; and all that she demanded in return was a picture of herself, another of Mr. Copperas, a third of Master Adolphus, a fourth of the black cat, and from time to time sundry other lesser productions of his genius, of which, through the agency of Mr. Brown, she secretly disposed at a price that sufficiently remunerated her for whatever havoc the slender appetite of the young painter was able to effect.

By this arrangement, Clarence had many opportunities of gaining that intimacy with Warner which had become to him an object; and though the painter, naturally diffident and shy, was at first averse to, and even awed by, the ease, boldness, fluent speech, and confident address of a man much younger than himself, yet at last he could not resist the being decoyed into familiarity; and the youthful pair gradually progressed from companionship into friendship. There was a striking, and perhaps a fine, contrast between the two: Clarence was bold, frank, thoughtful, but thoughtful on objects of the world—not imaginative creations. Warner was timid, close, and abstractedly wrapped in ideal musings. Clarence, despite his great personal advantages, was the most simple and unaffected of human beings; the very defects of Warner, on the score of person, produced an anxiety and uneasiness as to their effect, which gave a tinge of coxcombry to his reserve. Both had great natural, and, for their age, uncommonly cultivated, talents; but those of Clarence were of a sturdy and healthful kind, well fitted to buffet with this rude world—those of the poor artist, sickly and premature plants, which were ill suited to the atmosphere in which they were placed: the abilities of Clarence were chiefly such as find their best sphere in action; those of Warner, perfectly useless in such fields of living encounter, were at once the offspring and the denizens of imagination. In a word, if we can suppose their powers to be equal in degree, there was this advantage on the side of Clarence, all of his were exactly of an order that could be brought to bear in the world, and all those of Warner were not only precisely unfitted for the world themselves, but especially calculated to unfit their possessor.

But the trait between them, at once the most in common, and the most differing, was ambition. The ambition of Clarence was that of circumstances rather than character; the certainty of having to carve out his own fortunes without sympathy or aid, joined to those whispers of indignant pride which naturally urged him, if disowned by

those who should have protected him, to allow no breath of shame to justify the reproach; these gave an irresistible desire of distinction to a mind naturally too gay for the devotedness, too susceptible for the pangs, and too benevolent for the selfishness, of ordinary ambition. But the very essence and spirit of Warner's nature was the burning and feverish desire of fame; it poured through his veins like lava; it preyed even as a worm upon his cheek; it corroded his natural sleep; it blackened the colour of his thoughts; it shut out, as with an impenetrable wall, the wholesome energies, and enjoyments, and objects of living men: and, taking from him all the vividness of the present, all the tenderness of the past, constrained his heart to dwell for ever and for ever upon the dim and shadowy chimeras of a future he was fated never to enjoy.

But these differences of character, so far from disturbing, rather cemented their friendship; and while Warner (notwithstanding his advantage of age) paid involuntary deference to the stronger character of Clarence, he, in his turn, derived that species of pleasure by which he was most gratified, from the affectionate and unenvious interest Clarence took in his speculations of future distinction, and the unwearied admiration with which he would sit by his side, and watch the colours start from the canvass, beneath the real, though uncultured genius of the youthful painter. Hitherto, Warner had bounded his attempts to some of the lesser efforts of the art; he had now yielded to the urgent enthusiasm of his nature, and conceived the plan of an historical picture. O! what sleepless nights, what struggles of the teeming fancy with the dense brain, what labours of the untiring thought, wearing and intense as disease itself, did it cost the ambitious artist to work out in the stillness of his soul, and from its confused and conflicting images, the design of this long meditated and idolized performance. But when it was designed; when shape upon shape grew and swelled, and glowed from the darkness of previous thought upon the painter's mind; when, shutting his eyes in the very credulity of delight, the whole work arose before him, glossy with its fresh hues, bright, completed, faultless, arrayed, as it were, and decked out for immortality—O! then what a full and gushing moment of rapture broke like a released stream upon his soul! What a recompense for wasted years, health, and hope! What a coronal to the visions and transports of genius; brief, it is true, but how steeped in the very halo of a light that might well be deemed the glory of heaven!

But the vision fades, the gorgeous shapes sweep on into darkness, and, waking from his revery, the artist sees before him only the dull walls of his narrow chamber; the canvass stretched a blank upon its frame; the works, maimed, crude, unfinished, of an inexperienced hand, lying idly around; and feels himself—*himself*, but one moment before the creator of a world of wonders, the master spirit of shapes glorious and majestic beyond the shapes of men—dashed down from his momentary height, and despoiled both of his sorcery and his throne.

It was just in such a moment that Warner, starting up, saw Linden (who had silently entered his room) standing motionless before him.

"O! Linden," said the artist, "I have had so superb a dream—a dream which, though I have

before snatched some such vision by fits and glimpses, I never beheld so realized, so perfect as now; and—but you shall see, you shall judge for yourself; I will sketch out the design for you;" and with a piece of chalk, and a rapid hand, Warner conveyed to Linden the outline of his conception. His young friend was eager in his praise and his predictions of renown, and Warner listened to him with a fondness, which spread over his pale cheek a richer flush than lover ever caught from the whispers of his beloved.

"Yea," said he, as he rose, and his sunken and small eye flashed out with a feverish brightness, "yes, if my hand does not fail my thought, it shall rival even—". Here the young painter stopped short, abashed at that indiscretion of enthusiasm about to utter to another the hoarded vanities hitherto locked in his heart of hearts as a sealed secret, almost from himself.

"But come," said Clarence affectionately, "your hand is feverish and dry, and of late you have seemed more languid than you were wont—come, Warner, you want exercise; it is a beautiful evening, and you shall explain your picture still farther to me as we walk."

Accustomed to yield to Clarence, Warner mechanically and abstractedly obeyed; they walked out into the open streets.

"Look around us," said Warner, pausing, "look among this toiling, and busy, and sordid mass of beings, who claim with us the fellowship of clay. The poor labour, the rich feast; the only distinction between them is that of the insect and the brute; like them they fulfil the same end, and share the same oblivion; they die, a new race springs up, and the very grass upon their graves fades not so soon as their memory. Who, that was conscious of a higher nature, would not pine and fret himself away to be confounded with these? Who would not burn, and sicken, and parch, with a delirious longing to divorce himself from so vile a herd? What have their petty pleasures and their mean aims to atone for the abasement of grinding down our spirits to their level? Is not the distinction from their blended and common name a sufficient recompense for all that ambition suffers or foregoes? O! for one brief hour (I ask no more) of living honour, one feeling of conscious, unfearing certainty, that fame has conquered death; and then for this humble and impotent clay, this drag on the spirit which it does not assist but fetter, this wretched machine of pains and aches, and feverish throbbings, and vexed inquietudes, why let the worms consume it, and the grave hide—for fame there is no grave!"

At that moment one of those unfortunate women, who earn their polluted sustenance by becoming the hypocrites of passion, passed, and judging by the youth of the friends of their proneness to temptation, accosted them.

"Miserable wretch!" said Warner, loathingly, as he pushed her aside; but Clarence, with a kinder feeling, noticed that her haggard cheek was wet with tears, and that her frame, weak and trembling, could scarcely support itself; he, therefore, with that promptitude of charity which gives ere it discriminates, put some pecuniary assistance in her hand, and joined his comrade.

"You would not have spoken so tauntingly to the poor girl had you remarked her distress," said Clarence.

"And why," said Warner, mournfully, "why be so cruel as to prolong, even for a few hours, an existence which mercy would only seek to bring nearer to the tomb? That unfortunate is but one of the herd, one of the victims to pleasures which debase by their progress, and ruin by their end. Yet perhaps she is not worse than the usual followers of love;—of love—that passion the most worshipped, yet the least divine,—selfish and exacting,—drawing its aliment from destruction, and its very nature from tears."

"Nay," said Clarence, "you confound the two loves, the Eros and the Anteros, gods whom my good tutor was wont so sedulously to distinguish: you surely do not inveigh thus against *all* love!"

"I cry you mercy," said Warner, with something of sarcasm in his pensiveness of tone. "We must not dispute, so I will hold my peace; but make love all you will, what are the false smiles of a lip which a few years can blight as an autumn leaf? what the homage of a heart as feeble and mortal as your own? Why, I with a few strokes of a little hair, and an idle mixture of worthless colours, will create a beauty in whose mouth there shall be no hollowness—in whose lip there shall be no fading—there in your admiration you shall have no need of flattery, and no fear of falsehood; you shall not be stung with jealousy, nor maddened with treachery; nor watch with a breaking heart over waning bloom, and departing health, till the grave open, and your perishable paradise is not. No—the mimic work is mightier than the original, for it outlasts it; your love cannot wither it, or your desertion destroy—your very death, as the being who called it into life, only stamps it with a holier value."

"And so then," said Clarence, "you would seriously relinquish, for the mute copy of the mere features, those affections which no painting can express?"

"Ay," said the painter, with an energy unusual to his quiet manner, and slightly wandering in his answer from Clarence's remark, "ay, one serves not two mistresses—mine is the glory of my art. O! what are the cold shapes of this tame earth, where the footsteps of the gods have vanished, and left no trace—the blemished forms, the debased brows, and the jarring features, to the glorious and gorgeous images which I can conjure up at my will? Away with human beauties, to him whose nights are haunted with the forms of angels and wanderers from the stars, the spirits of all things lovely and exalted in the universe:—the universe as it *was*—when to fountain, and stream, and hill, and to every tree which the summer clothed, was allotted the vigil of a nymph!—when through glade, and by waterfall, at glossy noontide, or under the silver stars, the forms of Godhead and Spirit were seen to walk, when the sculptor modelled his mighty work from the beauty and strength of Heaven, and the poet lay in the shade to dream of the Naiad and the Fawn, and the Olympian dwellers whom he waked in rapture to behold; and the painter, not as now, shaping from shadow and in solitude the dim glories of his art, caught at once his inspiration from the glow of earth and its living wanderers, and, lo, the canvass breathed! O! what are the dull realities and the abortive offspring of this altered and humbled world—the world of meaner and dwarfish men—to him whose realms are peopled with visions like these!"

And the artist, whose ardour, long excited, and pent within, had at last thus audibly, and to Clarence's astonishment, burst forth, paused, as if to recall himself from his wandering enthusiasm. Such moments of excitement were, indeed, rare with him, except when utterly alone, and even then, were almost invariably followed by that depression of spirit by which all overwrought susceptibility is succeeded. A change came over his face, like that of a cloud, when the sunbeam, which gilded, leaves it, and, with a slight sigh, and a subdued tone, he resumed:

"So, my friend, you see what our art can do even for the humblest professor, when I, a poor, friendless, patronless artist, can thus indulge myself by forgetting the present. But I have not yet explained to you the attitude of my principal figure;" and Warner proceeded once more to detail the particulars of his intended picture. It must be confessed that he had chosen a fine, though an arduous subject: it was the Trial of Charles the First; and as the painter, with the enthusiasm of his profession and the eloquence peculiar to himself, dwelt upon the various expressions of the various forms which that extraordinary judgment court afforded, no wonder that Clarence forgot, with the artist himself, the disadvantages Warner had to encounter, in the inexperience of an unregulated taste, and an imperfect professional education.

CHAPTER XIV.

All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown.
Pope

What! give up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes?
Vicar of Wakefield

There was something in the melancholy and reflective character of Warner resembling that of Mordaunt; had they lived in these days, perhaps both the artist and the philosopher had been poets. But (with regard to the latter) at that time poetry was not the customary vent for deep thought, or passionate feeling. Gray, it is true, though unjustly condemned as artificial and meretricious in his style, had infused into the scanty works which he has bequeathed to immortality a pathos and a richness foreign to the literature of the age; and, subsequently, Goldsmith, in the affecting, yet somewhat enervate simplicity of his verse, had obtained for poetry a brief respite from a school at once declamatory and powerless, and led her forth for a "sunshine holyday," into the village green, and under the hawthorn shade. But, though the softer and meeker feelings had struggled into a partial and occasional vent, those which partook more of passion and of thought, the deep, the wild, the fervid, were still without "the music of a voice." For the after century it was reserved to restore what we may be permitted to call the spirit of our national literature; to forsake the *cliquant* of the French mimickers of classic gold; to exchange a thrice adulterated Hippocrene for the pure well of Shakspeare and of nature; to clothe philosophy in the gorgeous and solemn majesty of appropriate music; and to invest passion with a language as burning as its thought, and rapid as its impulse.

At that time reflection found its natural channel in metaphysical inquiry, or political speculation; both valuable, perhaps, but neither profound. It was a bold, and a free, and a curious age, but not one in which thought ran over its set and stationary banks, and watered even the common flowers of verse: not one in which Lucretius could have embodied the dreams of Epicurus; Shakspeare lavished the mines of a superhuman wisdom upon his fairy palaces and enchanted isles; or the beautifier of this common earth have called forth—

The motion of the spirit that impels

All thinking things, all objects of all thought;

or disappointment and satiety have hallowed their human griefs by a pathos wrought from whatever is magnificent, and grand, and lovely in the unknown universe; or the speculations of a great, but visionary,† mind have raised, upon subtlety and doubt, a vast and irregular pile of verse, full of dim lighted cells, and winding galleries, in which what treasures lie concealed! That was an age in which poetry took one path, and contemplation another; those who were addicted to the latter pursued it in its orthodox roads; and many whom nature, perhaps, intended for poets, the wizard custom converted into speculators or critics.

It was this which gave to Algernon's studies their peculiar hue; while, on the other hand, the taste for the fine arts which then universally, and rather cantingly, prevailed, directed to the creations of painting, rather than those of poetry, more really congenial to his powers, the intense imagination and passion for glory which marked and pervaded the character of the artist.

But as we have seen that that passion for glory made the great characteristic difference between Clarence and Warner, so also did that passion terminate any resemblance which Warner bore to Algernon Mordaunt. With the former, a rank and unwholesome plant, it grew up to the exclusion of all else: with the latter, subdued and regulated, it *sheltered*, not *withered*, the virtues by which it was surrounded. With Warner, ambition was a passionate desire to separate himself by fame, from the herd of other men; with Mordaunt, to bind himself by charity yet closer to his kind: with the one it produced a disgust to his species; with the other, a pity and a love: with the one, power was the badge of distinction; with the other, the means to bless! Contented with this brief, but perhaps sufficient, discrimination of characters never cast into collision, proceed we in our story.

It was now the custom of Warner to spend the whole day at his work, and wander out with Clarence, when the evening darkened, to snatch a brief respite of exercise and air. Often, along the lighted and populous streets, would the two young and unfriended competitors for this world's high places, roam with the various crowd, moralizing as they went, or holding dim conjecture upon their destinies to be. And often would they linger beneath the portico of some house where, "haunted with great resort," pleasure and pomp held their nightly revels, to listen to the music that, through the open windows, stole over the rare exotics with which wealth mimics the southern scents, and floated, mellowing by distance, along the unworthy streets; and while they stood together, silent, and each feeding upon separate thoughts, the artist's pale lip

would curl with scorn, as he heard the laugh and the sounds of a frivolous and hollow mirth ring from the crowd within, and startle the air from the silver spell which music had laid upon it. "These," would he say to Clarence, "these are the dupes of the same fever as ourselves: like us, they strive, and toil, and vex their little lives for a distinction from their race. Ambition comes to them, as to all; but they throw for a different prize than we do; theirs is the honour of a day, ours is immortality; yet they take the same labour, and are consumed by the same care. And, fools that they are, with their gilded names and their gaudy trappings, they would shrink in disdain from that comparison with us which we, with a juster fastidiousness, blush at this moment to acknowledge."

From these scenes they would rove on, and, both delighting in contrast, pause next in a squalid and obscure quarter of the city. There, one night, quiet observers of their kind, they paused beside a group congregated together by some common cause of obscene merriment or unholy fellowship—a group on which low vice had set her sordid and hideous stamp—to gaze and draw strange humours or a motley moral from that depth and ferment of human nature, into whose sink the thousand streams of civilization had poured their dregs and offal.

"You survey these," said the painter, marking each with the curious eye of his profession: "they are a base horde, it is true; but they have their thirst of fame, their aspirations even in the abyss of crime, or the loathsomeness of famished want. Down in yon cellar, where a farthing rushlight glimmers upon haggard cheeks, distorted with the idiocy of drink—there, in that foul attic, from whose casement you see the beggar's rags hang to dry, or rather to crumble in the reeking and filthy air—farther on, within those walls which, black and heavy as the hearts they hide, close our miserable prospect,—there, even there, in the mildewed dungeon, in the felon's cell, on the scaffold's self—ambition hugs her hope, or scowls upon her despair. Yes! the inmates of those walls had their perilous game of honour, their 'hazard of the die,' in which vice was triumph, and infamy success. We do but share their passion, though we direct it to a better object."

Pausing for a moment, as his thoughts flowed into a somewhat different channel of his character, Warner continued—"We have now caught a glimpse of the two great divisions of mankind: they who riot in palaces, and they who make mirth hideous in rags and hovels: own that it is but a poor survey in either. Can we be contemptible with these, or loathsome with those? Or rather, have we not a nobler spark within us, which we have but to fan into a flame, that shall burn for ever, when these miserable meteors sink into the corruption from which they rise?"

"But," observed Clarence, "these are the two extremes; the pinnacle of civilization, too worn and bare for any more noble and vigorous fruit, and the base, upon which the cloud descends in rain and storm. Look to the central portion of society; there the soil is more genial, and its produce more rich."

"Is it so, in truth?" answered Warner; "pardon me, I believe not: the middling classes are as human as the rest. There is the region—the heart—of avarice,—systematized, spreading, rotting, the very fungus and leprosy of social states—

* Wordsworth.

† Shelley.

suspicion, craft, hypocrisy, servility to the great, oppression to the low, the wax-like mimicry of courtly vices, the hardness of flint to humble woes;—thought, feeling, the faculties and impulses of man, all ulcered into one great canker—gain;—these make the general character of the middling class, the unleavened mass of that mediocrity, which it has been the wisdom of the shallow to applaud. Pah! *we*, too, are of this class, this potter's earth, this paltry mixture of mud and stone; but *we*, my friend, we will knead gold into our clay."

"But look," said Clarence, pointing to the group before them; "look, yon wretched mother, whose voice an instant ago uttered the coarsest accents of maudlin and intoxicated prostitution, is now fostering her infant, with a fondness stamped upon her worn cheek and hollow eye, which might shame the nice maternity of nobles;—and there, too, yon wretch whom, in the reckless effrontery of hardened abandonment, we ourselves heard a few minutes since boast of his dexterity in theft, and openly exhibit its token—look, he is now, with a Samaritan's own charity, giving the very goods for which his miserable life was risked, to that attenuated and starving stripling! No, Warner, no! even this mass is *not* unleavened. The vilest infamy is not too deep for the seraph virtue to descend and illumine its abyss!"

"Out on the weak fools!" said the artist, bitterly: "it would be something if they could be consistent even in crime!" and, placing his arm in Linden's, he drew him away.

As the picture grew beneath the painter's hand, Clarence was much struck with the outline and expression of countenance given to the regicide Bradshaw.

"They are but an imperfect copy of the living original, from whom I have borrowed them," said Warner, "in answer to Clarence's remark upon the sternness of the features. But that original—a relation of mine, is coming here to-day—you shall see him."

While Warner was yet speaking, the person in question entered. His were, indeed, the form and face worthy to be seized by the painter. The peculiarity of his character, which we shall presently describe, made him affect a plainness of dress unusual to the day, and approaching to the simplicity, but not the neatness, of Quakerism. His hair, then, with all the better ranks, a principal object of cultivation, was wild, dishevelled, and, in wiry flakes of the sablest hue, rose abruptly from a forehead on which either thought or passion had written its annals with an iron pen; the lower part of the brow, which overhung the eye, was singularly sharp and prominent; while the lines, or rather furrows, traced under the eyes and nostrils, spoke somewhat of exhaustion and internal fatigue. But this expression was contrasted and contradicted by the firmly compressed lip; the lighted, steady, stern eye; the resolute and even stubborn front, joined to proportions strikingly athletic, and a stature of uncommon height.

"Well, Wolfe," said the young painter to the person we have described, "it is indeed a kindness to give me a second sitting."

"Tush, boy!" answered Wolfe: "all men have their vain points, and I own that I am not ill pleased that these rugged features should be assigned, even in fancy, to one of the noblest of those men who judged the mightiest cause in

which a country was ever plaintiff, a tyrant criminal, and a world witness!"

While Wolfe was yet speaking, his countenance, so naturally harsh, took a yet sterner aspect, and the artist, by a happy touch, succeeded in transferring it to the canvass.

"But, after all," continued Wolfe, "it shames me to lend aid to an art frivolous in itself, and almost culpable in times when freedom wants the head to design, and, perhaps, the hand to execute, far other and nobler works than the blazoning of her past deeds upon perishable canvass."

A momentary anger at the slight put upon his art crossed the pale brow of the artist; but he remembered the character of the man, and continued his work in silence.

"You consider then, sir, that these are times in which liberty is attacked?" said Clarence.

"Attacked!" repeated Wolfe—"attacked!" and then suddenly sinking his voice into a sort of sneer—"why, since the event which this painting is designed to commemorate—I know not if we have ever had one solitary gleam of liberty break along the great chaos of jarring prejudice and barbarous law, which we term, forsooth, a glorious constitution. Liberty attacked! no, boy—but it is a time when liberty may be gained."

Perfectly unacquainted with the excited politics of the day, or the growing and mighty spirit which then stirred through the minds of men, Clarence remained silent; but his evident attention flattered the fierce republican, and he proceeded.

"Ay," he said, slowly, and as if drinking in a deep and stern joy, from his conviction in the truth of the words he uttered—"ay—I have wandered over the face of the earth, and I have warmed my soul at the fires which lay hidden under its quiet surface; I have been in the city and the desert—the herded and banded crimes of the old world, and the scattered, but bold, hearts which are found among the mountains and morasses of the new; and in either I have beheld that seed sown which, from a mustard grain, too scanty for a bird's beak, shall grow up to be a shelter and a home for the whole family of man. I have looked upon the thrones of kings, and lo! the anointed ones were in purple and festive pomp; and I looked *beneath* the thrones, and I saw want and hunger, and despairing wrath, gnawing the foundations away. I have stood in the streets of that great city where mirth seems to hold an eternal jubilee, and beheld the noble riot, while the peasant starved; and the priest build altars to mamon, piled from the earnings of groaning labour, and cemented with blood and tears. But I looked farther, and saw, in the rear, chains sharpened into swords, misery ripening into justice, and famine darkening into revenge; and I laughed, as I beheld, for I knew that the day of the oppressed was at hand."

Somewhat awed by the prophetic tone, though revolted by what seemed to him the novelty, and the fierceness, of the sentiments of the republican, Clarence, after a brief pause, said—

"And what of our own country?"

Wolfe's brow darkened. "The oppression here," said he, "has not been so weighty, therefore the reaction will be less strong; the parties are more blended, therefore their separation will be more arduous; the extortion is less strained, therefore the endurance will be more meek; but, soon

or late, the struggle must come: bloody will it be, if the strife be even; gentle and lasting, if the people predominate."

"And if the rulers be the strongest?" said Clarence.

"The struggle will be renewed," replied Wolfe, doggedly.

"You still attend those oratorical meetings, cousin, I think?" said Warner.

"I do," said Wolfe; "and if you are not so utterly absorbed in your vain and idle art as to be indifferent to all things nobler, you will learn yourself to take interest in what concerns—I will not say your country—but mankind. For you, young man," (and the republican turned to Clarence,) "I would fain hope that life has not already been directed from the greatest of human objects; if so, come to-morrow night to our assembly, and learn from worthier lips than mine the precepts and the hopes for which good men live or die."

"I will come at all events to listen, if not to learn," said Clarence, eagerly, for his curiosity was excited. And the republican, having now fulfilled the end of his visit, rose and departed.

CHAPTER XV.

Bound to suffer persecution
And martyrdom with resolution,
To oppose himself against the hate
And vengeance of the incensed state.
Hudibras.

BORN of respectable, though not aristocratic, parents, John Wolfe was one of those fiery and daring spirits which, previous to some mighty revolution, fate seems to scatter over various parts of the earth, even those removed from the predestined explosion;—heralds of the events in which they are fitted, though not fated, to be actors. The period at which he is presented to the reader was one considerably prior to that French revolution so much debated, so little understood, and which, too hackneyed for interest to the novel reader, the author is truly rejoiced was so long anterior to the occurrences of his history. But some such event, though not foreseen by the common, had been already foreboded by the more enlightened eye; and Wolfe, from a protracted residence in France, among the most discontented of its freer spirits, had brought hope to that burning enthusiasm which had long made the pervading passion of his existence.

Bold to ferocity, generous in devotion to folly in self-sacrifice, unflinching in his tenets to a degree which rendered their ardour ineffectual to all times, because utterly inapplicable to the present, Wolfe was one of those zealots whose very virtues have the semblance of vice, and whose very capacities for danger become harmless from the rashness of their excess.

It was not among the philosophers and reasoners of France that Wolfe had drawn strength to his opinions: whatever such companions might have done to his tenets, they would at least have moderated his actions. The philosopher may aid, or expedite, a change; but never does the philosopher in any age or of any sect countenance a crime.*

* The motto prefixed to the edition of Helvetius, in 1792, seems to me strikingly applicable to this remark:—

But of philosophers Wolfe knew little, and probably despised them for their temperance: it was among fanatics—ignorant, but imaginative; powerful, perhaps, in talent, but weak in mind—that he had strengthened the love, without comprehending the nature, of republicanism. Like Lucian's painter, whose flattery portrayed the one-eyed prince in profile, he viewed only that side of the question in which there was no defect, and gave beauty to the whole by concealing the half. Thus, though, on his return to England, herding with the common class of his reforming brethren, Wolfe possessed many peculiarities and distinctions of character which, in rendering him strikingly adapted to the purpose of the novelist, must serve as a caution to the reader not to judge of the class by the individual.

With a class of republicans in England there was a strong tendency to support their cause by reasoning. With Wolfe, whose mind was little wedded to logic, all was the offspring of turbulent feelings, which, in rejecting argument, substituted declamation for syllogism. This effected a powerful and irreconcilable distinction between Wolfe and the better part of his comrades: for the habits of cool reasoning, whether true or false, are little likely to bias the mind toward those crimes to which Wolfe's irregular emotions might possibly urge him, and give to the character, to which they are a sort of common denominator, something of method, and much of similarity. But the feelings—those orators which allow no calculation, and baffle the tameness of comparison—rendered Wolfe alone, unique, eccentric in opinion or action, whether of vice or virtue, and consequently well calculated for those strong lights and shadows which fiction loves to single from the commonplaces of ordinary life.

Private ties frequently moderate the ardour of our public enthusiasm. Wolfe had none. His nearest relation was Warner, and it may readily be supposed that with the pensive and contemplative artist he had very little in common. He had never married, nor had even seemed to wander from his stern and sterile path, in the most transient pursuit of the pleasures of sense. Inflexibly honest, rigidly austere—in his moral character his bitterest enemies could detect no flaw—poor, even to indigence, he had invariably refused all overtures of the government—thrice imprisoned and heavily fined for his doctrines, no fear of a future, no remembrance of the past, punishment, could ever silence his bitter eloquence, or moderate the passion of his untempered zeal—kindly, though rude, his scanty means were ever shared by the less honest and disinterested followers of his faith; and he had been known for days to deprive himself of food, and for nights of shelter, for the purpose of yielding them to another.

Such was the man doomed to forsake, through a long and wasted life, every substantial blessing, in pursuit of a shadowy good; with the warmest benevolence in his heart, to relinquish private affections, and to brood even to madness over public offences—to sacrifice every thing in a generous, though erring devotion, for that freedom whose cause, instead of promoting, he was calculated to

"Ce sont les fanatiques, les prêtres, et les ignorans, qui font les révolutions; les personnes éclairées, désintéressées, et sensées, sont toujours amies du repos."
BOULLANGER.

retard; and, while he believed himself the martyr of a high and uncompromising virtue, to close his career with the greatest of human crimes.

Upon persons of this class, rather to be pitied than condemned, public indignation has, however, lavished more odium than they deserve: they are instances, not of malevolence, but of an ill-directed philanthropy: and those who seek to extend and generalize our happiness or freedom, even by imprudent and impracticable theories, are at least more worthy of our forgiveness than the bigots of the opposite extreme, who, from motives less honest and principles more permanently dangerous, would confine prosperity to the few, and restriction to the many.

CHAPTER XVI.

Nul n'eura de l'esprit hors nous et nos amis.
MOLIERE.

WHEN Clarence returned home, after the conversation recorded in our last chapter, he found a note from Talbot inviting him to meet some friends of the latter at supper that evening. It was the first time Clarence had been asked, and he looked forward with some curiosity and impatience to the hour appointed in the note for personally accepting the invitation.

It is impossible to convey any idea of the jealous rancour felt by Mr. and Mrs. Copperas on hearing of this distinction—a distinction which “the perfect courtier” had never once bestowed upon themselves.

Mrs. Copperas tossed her head, too indignant for words; and the stock-jobber, in the bitterness of his soul, affirmed, with a meaning air, “that he dared say, after all, that the old gentleman was not so rich as he gave out.”

On entering Talbot's drawing-room, Clarence found about seven or eight people assembled: their names, in proclaiming the nature of the party, indicated that the aim of the host was to combine aristocracy and talent. The literary acquirements and worldly tact of Talbot, joined to the adventitious circumstances of birth and fortune, enabled him to effect this object, so desirable in polished society, far better than we generally find it effected now; yet still, in seeking to unite two opposite essences, the spirit of both will frequently evaporate, and, instead of an exchange of intellect on the one hand and refinement on the other, the wit becomes aristocratically dull, and the aristocrat flippantly jocose: however, time hallows insipidity, and the literary chit-chat of a former day is always received with more pleasure than that of the present.

“Well,” said Lord Welwyn, a little talkative nobleman, a great critic, a small poet, and prouder of some certain verses in Dodsley's Miscellany than of all his ancestors and acres—“well, I hope at last that we shall have a good and true life of Pope. Poor Spence's papers are, I understand, to be published.”*

“Ah, ah, poor Spence!” said Mr. Desborough, the author of a Treatise upon Gardening and Ornamental Farming, at that time two of the most fashionable studies—“poor Spence! drowned, was he not? in his own garden too. Suppose you

make an ode about it, my lord; say he was turned into a river god—fine image. Humph, ha!—your snuff-box, if you please, my lord.”

“He was found upon the edge of the water,” said George Perrivale, a great wit of the day, viz. one of the most ill-natured people—for the envy of mankind is an alchymy which always transmutes ill-nature into wit—“he was found upon the edge of the water, with his face as flat as his own books; they said the water was too shallow to cover his head, emblematic of his knowledge, poor fellow, which had the same deficiency!—You may say of him what was said of his own Polymetis, ‘he sunk by his own weight, and will never rise again.’”

“An impartial life of Pope will indeed be a most desirable work,” said Talbot. “What a noble mind he had! His poetry is the least ornament of his character—brave in despite of his constitution—generous in despite of his economy—kind in despite of his satire—and philosophical in despite of his fancy.”

“There were never two minds, in modern times,” said Clarence, modestly, “so cast upon a classic and ancient model as those of Bolingbroke and Pope; there was something so beautiful too in their friendship. I have always thought one of the most touching anecdotes recorded is that of Lord Bolingbroke leaning over Pope's chair, in his last illness, and weeping like a child.”

“True,” said Talbot, “and mingling his fine reflections even with his tears: you are right in calling them classic minds: it was a classic age, and they were of that age the noblest spirits. Bolingbroke, in his turn of mind, his eloquence, his philosophy, his enthusiastic love of virtue, his veneration for friendship, which he termed virtue, perhaps in his lofty vanity and magnificence of egotism, has no parallel but in Tully: his exile and his persecutions extend the comparison with the illustrious Roman, from his character to his life. Yet see how fortune makes likenesses among men!—Bolingbroke was unsuccessful, and we compare him to Cicero; had he been successful, we should have remembered his wit, his brilliancy, his versatility, his ambition, his alternate thirst of pleasure and of power, and should have compared him to Cæsar.”

“You knew Bolingbroke well, I think,” said Mr. Desborough, “he was fond of farming—what a great man!”

“Yes; I knew him in his latter days when he was at Battersea; he was at once the most courtly and profoundly intellectual person I ever met; quite the man you could imagine calculated to win, both from Swift, and our living Chesterfield, the praise of being the greatest man they ever met; a wonderful praise when you consider how contrary to each other the praisers were, and that we rarely praise people who excel in any other faculties than our own. I remember also having seen Pope twice at Twickenham.”

“And did he not enchant you with his wit?” said Lord Welwyn, who valued himself upon writing precisely in the true Pope style.

“Not exactly,” said Talbot, smiling; “he was very grave and philosophical in conversation, and did not utter a single sentence that could be called witty.”

“Ah,” said, conceitedly, the wit by profession, “there is all the difference in the world between

* They were supposed to be more valuable than their recent publication has proved them to be.

saying a good thing impromptu, and having the whole morning to make it in one's closet. It is the difference indeed of a rich man and an embarrassed one; of a man spending his income daily, and with ease, or of one raising a mortgage on his property in order to pay off a bill by a certain time. But tell me, gentlemen, would Pope ever have been worshipped by one half his contemporaries if he had not abused the other half?"

"Why," answered Talbot, "the question is difficult enough to answer: I confess that I do not know a surer proof of the malice of mankind than the rank which is accorded to a satirist. Satire is a dwarf, which stands upon the shoulders of the giant ill-nature; and the kingdom of verse, like that of Epirus, is often left not to him who has the noblest genius, but 'the sharpest sword.'"

"Ah!" cried Mr. Perrivale, "the wit of a satirist is like invisible writing: look at it with an indifferent eye, and lo! there is none: hold it up to the light, and you can't perceive it; but rub it over with *your own spirit of acid*, and see how plain and striking it becomes."

Talbot smiled at an allusion so unconsciously applicable to the merit of the speaker; but the little Lord Welwyn lifted up his hands and eyes. To doubt the excellence of one's model is indeed the bitterest sarcasm upon one's self.

"What profanation!" cried his lordship. "I thought, since the days of Curll and Cibber, no man could be found to dispute the unrivalled pre-eminence of Pope. No, no, let *Zoiliuses* be ever so plenty, there will never be such another Homer!" and, as he uttered the word *Zoilus*, his lordship tapped his snuff-box, and glanced at the critic.

The wit looked angry, and prepared for a reply: he was interrupted—"Pray," squeaked out a pert looking gentleman, short and laconic as a conjunction, but, like a conjunction, also very useful in uniting differences—"pray, what does your lordship think of the poet Gray?"

"O!" quoth his lordship, in a tone of true literary contempt, "a terrible innovator—a republican in verse, affecting to be original. Shallow dog! Good heavens, to think of calling such barbarous alliterations, such lawless metres, such confused epithets, poetry! Where do you ever find them in Pope, or Tickell, or Duck? No, let him imitate his friend Mason, and learn chasteness of expression. Magnificent work, *Elfrida*!"

"The fruit trees of Parnassus are certainly in their decline," said the author of a *Treatise upon Ornamental Gardening*.

"And all we can do," quoth his poetical lordship, pursuing the metaphor, "is to pick up the few windfalls which have hitherto escaped attention."

"And what think you," asked some one, "of the fashionable Dr. Goldsmith? You admire the 'Traveller'?"

"Paltry stuff, indeed!" replied the critic. "Low—vulgar—no art in the verses—all so d—d natural; why, any body could write them. Let him take pattern by Tickell, and learn majesty. I hate this new school: a sure sign of decay in true taste, all these innovations. There was Gilbert West, some time ago, writing a long poem in the metre of the *Fairy Queen*—thank heaven, we were not quite sunk so utterly in criticism as to approve it; but I foresee—mark my words—I foresee that in the progress of degeneracy, we shall have all the critics praising, and all the town buying some

poem in the same barbarous stanza, and perhaps four times as long; or, still worse, some future poet may become the rage, by spinning out those gothic old ballads Dr. Percy admires so much, into tales as long as an epic."

"No, no," cried two or three of the company, simultaneously; "you are too severe now, my lord!"

His lordship took breath and snuff.

"Perhaps," said Talbot, "the future poets will be more indebted to Gray and Goldsmith than we think, or they themselves will perceive: from the former they may borrow richness, from the latter simplicity. And that taste for our old songs lately introduced, and which I hear Dr. Johnson agrees with Lord Welwyn in discountenancing, may be, more than any living author, beneficial to the literature of the after age."

"How?" asked Clarence.

"By giving," answered Talbot, "a chivalrous and romantic tone to a muse at present enervate and unnational, and which, if it does not receive an utterly new impulse, will soon degenerate into the most mawkish imbecility."

"There is a poet of the present age," said one of the company, "whose prose works evince what he might have become; and, though he has incurred Lord Welwyn's displeasure, by writing a poem in Spencer's stanza, I own he is a great favourite with me—poor Shenstone."

"Ah, the *author of the Leasowes*; a charming place!" said the writer of a *Treatise upon Ornamental Gardening*. "He must, indeed, have been a great man!"

"What," cried the wit, "the pastoral poet? Pardon me, sir: but his verses are like his brooks; 'their murmurs invite me to sleep.' There is something overpoweringly somniferous in the following stanza—

"Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep,
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep."

What think you of the amendment, I propose—

"My readers, we are losing our time,
My sheep are escaped from the lawn;
I have nothing to do but to rhyme,
You have nothing to do but to yawn."

"Pooh," said the author of a *Treatise on Gardening*, far too literal a sort of person to take a jest—

"Pooh, a parody is no criticism: one might make a duck-pond out of a fountain. A man who made the *Leasowes* is above travesty."

"Most true," answered the wit: "you have convinced me. In Shenstone's own splendid diction—

"My breast is too kind to remain
Unmoved when my Corydon sighs;
His verses are soft as his brain,
And as sweet as his gooseberry pies."

As, with a sentimental and lachrymose air, which gave to the burlesque a drollery its own merit could not bestow, Mr. Perrivale recited these lines, the servant, entering, announced supper.

That was the age of suppers! Happy age! Meal of ease and mirth; when wine and night lit the lamp of wit! O, what precious things were said and looked at those banquets of the soul! There epicurism was in the lip as well as the palate, and one had humour for a *hors d'œuvre*, and repartee for an *entremet*. In dinner there is

something too pompous, too formal, too exigent of attention, for the delicacies and levities of *persiflage*. One's intellectual appetite, like the physical, is coarse but dull. At dinner one is fit only for eating, *after* dinner only for politics. But supper was a glorious relic of the ancients. The bustle of the day had thoroughly wound up the spirit, and every stroke upon the dial plate of wit was true to the genius of the hour. The wallet of diurnal anecdotes was full, and craved unloading. The great meal—that vulgar first love of the appetite—was over, and one now only flattered it into coquetting with another. The mind, disengaged and free, was no longer absorbed in a cutlet or burdened with a joint. The *gourmand* carried the nicety of his physical perception to his moral, and applauded a *bon mot* instead of a *bonne bouche*.

Then too one had no necessity to keep a reserve of thought for the after evening; supper was the final consummation, the glorious funeral pyre of day. One could be merry till bedtime without an interregnum. Nay, if in the ardour of convivialism one did—I merely hint at the possibility of such an event—if one *did* exceed the narrow limits of strict ebriety, and open the heart with a ruby key, one had nothing to dread from the cold, or, what is worse, the warm looks of ladies in the drawing-room; no fear that an imprudent word, in the amatory fondness of the fermented blood, might expose one to matrimony and settlements. There was no tame, trite medium of propriety and suppressed confidence, no bridge from board to bed, over which a false step (and your wine cup is a marvellous corruptor of ambulatory rectitude) might precipitate into an irrecoverable abyss of perilous communication or unwholesome truth. One's pillow became at once the legitimate and natural bourn to "the overheated brain;" and the generous rashness of the cenatorial reveller was not damped by untimely caution or ignoble calculation.

But "we have changed all that now." Sobriety has become the successor of supper; the great ocean of moral encroachment has not left us one little island of refuge. Miserable supper lovers that we are, like the native Indians of America, a scattered and daily disappearing race, we wander among strange customs, and behold the innovating and invading Dinner spread gradually over the very space of time in which the majesty of Supper once reigned undisputed and supreme!

"O, ye heavens, be kind,
And feel, thou earth, for this afflicted race!"
WORDSWORTH.

As he was sitting down to the table, Clarence's notice was arrested by a somewhat suspicious and unpleasing occurrence. The supper room was on the ground floor, and owing to the heat of the weather, one of the windows, facing the small garden, was left open. Through this window Clarence distinctly saw the face of a man look into the room for one instant, with a prying and curious gaze, and then as instantly disappear. As no one else seemed to remark this incident, and the general attention was somewhat noisily engrossed by the subject of conversation, Clarence thought it not worth while to mention a circumstance for which the impertinence of any neighbouring servant, or drunken passer-by, might easily account. An apprehension, however, of a more unpleasant nature shot across him, as his eye fell upon the costly

plate which Talbot rather ostentatiously displayed, and then glanced to the single and aged servant, who was, besides his master, the only male inmate of the house. Nor could he help saying to Talbot, in the course of the evening, that he wondered he was not afraid of hoarding so many articles of value in a house at once lonely and ill guarded.

"Ill guarded," said Talbot, rather affronted, "why, I and my servant always sleep here!"

To this Clarence thought it neither prudent nor well-bred to offer further remark.

No sooner was our party fairly seated than a wonderful change for the better seemed to operate upon them. The formalities of criticism, the professional tinge of literature, melted away. Anecdotes of men succeeded strictures on books; Lord Welwyn forgot Pope and poetry, relapsed into his proper character, and became the best butt in the world. Mr. Desborough, (author of the *Treatise upon Gardening*), a tall, lank, singularly ugly man, forgot one branch of his character for another, boasted of favours from two lips rather than success in roses, and laying down the spade, received astonishing applause for his dexterity in taking up the rake. Lord St. George, a thin, well-dressed gentlemanlike personage, who had hitherto been reverentially silent, felt at last in his element, and seasoned the first glass of Burgundy with a pun. Talbot suffered his philosophy to glide into jest, and his good breeding to become the father of mirth; while the wit, whose eyes soon emulated the sparkle of the sherry, kept up the hilarity of all, by sly insinuations against each.

CHAPTER XVII.

Meetings, or public calls, he never miss'd,
To dictate often, always to assist.

To his experience and his native sense,
He joined a bold, imperious eloquence:
The grave, stern look of men inform'd and wise,
A full command of feature, heart, and eyes,
An awe-compelling frown, and fear-inspiring size.

CHANCE.

THE next evening Clarence, mindful of Wolfe's invitation, inquired from Warner (who repaid the contempt of the republican for the painter's calling by a similar feeling for the zealot's) the direction of the oratorical meeting, and repaired there alone. It was the most celebrated club (of that description) of the day, and well worth attending, as a gratification to the curiosity, if not an improvement to the mind.

On entering, he found himself in a long room, tolerably well lighted, and still better filled. The sleepy countenances of the audience, the whispered conversation carried on at scattered intervals, the listless attitudes of some, the frequent yawns of others, the eagerness with which attention was attracted to the opening door, when it admitted some new object of interest, the desperate resolution with which some of the more energetic turned themselves towards the orator, and then, with a faint shake of the head, turned themselves again hopelessly away—were all signs that denoted that no very eloquent declaimer was in possession of the "house." It was, indeed, a singularly dull, monotonous *didactic poem-like* sort of voice which, arising from the upper end of the room, dragged itself on towards the middle, and expired with a

sighing sound before it reached the end. The face of the speaker suited his vocal powers; it was small, mean, and of a round stupidity, without any thing even in fault that could possibly command attention, or even the excitement of disapprobation: the very garments of the orator seemed dull and heavy, and like the melancholy of Milton, had a "leaden look." Now and then some words, more emphatic than others—stones breaking, as it were, with a momentary splash, the stagnation of the heavy stream—produced from three very quiet, unhappy looking persons, seated next to the speaker, his immediate friends, three single isolated "hears!"

"The force of friendship could no farther go."

At last, the orator, having *spoken through*, suddenly stopped; the whole meeting seemed as if a weight had been taken from them, there was a general buzz of awakened energy, each stretched his limbs, and resettled himself in his place,

"And turning to his neighbour, said, 'Rejoice.'"

A pause ensued—the chairman looked round—the eyes of the meeting followed those of their president, with a universal and palpable impatience, towards an obscure corner of the room; the pause deepened for one moment, and then was broken; a voice cried "Wolfe," and at that signal the whole room shook with the name. The place which Clarence had taken did not allow him to see the object of these cries, till he rose from his situation, and passing two rows of benches, stood forth in the middle space of the room; then went round, from one to one, the general roar of applause: feet stamped, hands clapped, umbrellas set their sharp points to the ground, and walking-sticks thumped themselves out of shape in the universal clamour. Tall, gaunt, and erect, the speaker possessed, even in the mere proportions of his frame, that physical power which never fails, in a popular assembly, to gain attention to mediocrity, and to throw dignity over faults. He looked very slowly round the room, remaining perfectly still and motionless, till the clamour of applause had entirely subsided, and every ear, Clarence's no less eagerly than the rest, was strained, and thirsting to catch the first syllables of his voice.

It was then with a low, very deep, and somewhat hoarse tone, that he began; and it was not till he had spoken for several minutes that the iron expression of his face altered, that the drooping hand was raised, and that the suppressed, yet powerful, voice began to expand and vary in its volume. He had then entered upon a new department of his subject. The question was connected with the English constitution, and Wolfe was now preparing to put forth, in long and blackened array, the evils of an aristocratical form of government. Then it was as if the bile and bitterness of years were poured forth in a terrible and stormy wrath—then his action became vehement, and his eye flashed forth unutterable fire: his voice, solemn, swelling and increasing with each tone in its height and depth, filled, as *with something palpable and perceptible*, the shaking walls. The listeners—a various and unconnected group, bound by no tie of faith or of party, many attracted by curiosity, many by the hope of ridicule, some abhorring the tenets expressed, and nearly all disapproving their principles, or doubting their wisdom—the listeners, cer-

tainly not a group previously formed or moulded into enthusiasm, became rapt and earnest, their very breath forsook them; a child of six years-old, who could comprehend nothing of the discourse but the gestures and voice of the orator, sat with his hands tightly clasped, his lips dropping apart, and his cheek white and chilling with fear.

Linden had never before that night heard a public speaker; but he was of a thoughtful and rather calculating mind, and his early habits of decision, and the premature cultivation of his intellect, rendered him little susceptible, in general, to the impressions of the vulgar: nevertheless, in spite of himself, he was hurried away by the stream, and found that the force and rapidity of the speaker did not allow him even time for the dissent and disapprobation which his republican maxims and fiery denunciations perpetually excited in a mind aristocratic by prejudice and education. At length, after a peroration of impetuous and magnificent invective, the orator ceased.

In the midst of the applause that followed, Clarence left the assembly; he could not endure the thought that any duller or more commonplace speaker should fritter away the spell which yet bound and engrossed his spirit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At the bottom of the staircase was a small door, which gave way before Nigel, as he precipitated himself upon the scene of action, a cocked pistol in one hand, &c.

Fortunes of Nigel.

THE night, though not utterly dark, was rendered capricious and dim by alternate wind and rain; and Clarence was delayed in his return homeward by seeking occasional shelter from the rapid and heavy showers which hurried by. It was during one of the temporary cessations of the rain that he reached Copperas Bower, and while he was searching in his pockets for the key which was to admit him, he observed two men loitering about his neighbour's house. The light was not sufficient to give him more than a scattered and imperfect view of their motions. Somewhat alarmed, he stood for several moments at the door, watching them as well as he was able; nor did he enter the house till the loiterers had left their suspicious position, and walking onward, were hid entirely from him by the distance and darkness.

"It really is a dangerous thing for Talbot," thought Clarence, as he ascended to his apartment, "to keep so many valuables, and only one servant, and that one as old as himself too; but how coldly he looked on me when I ventured to remonstrate. However, as I am by no means sleepy, and my room is by no means cool, I may as well open my window, and see if those idle fellows make their reappearance." Suiting the action to the thought, Clarence opened his little casement, and leant wistfully out.

He had no light in his room, for none was ever left for him, and he was peculiarly unhappy at a flint and tinder-box, the only means of procuring a light which the house afforded. This circumstance, however, of course enabled him the better to penetrate the dimness and haze of the night, and by the help of the fluttering lamps, he was enabled to take a general, though not minute, survey of the scene below.

I think I have before said that there was a small garden between Talbot's house and Copperas Bower; this was bounded by a wall, which confined Talbot's peculiar territory of garden, and this wall, describing a parallelogram, faced also the road. It contained two entrances—one the principal adytus, in the shape of a comely iron gate, the other a wooden door, which, being a private pass, fronted the intermediate garden before mentioned, and was exactly opposite to Clarence's window.

Linden had been more than ten minutes at his post, and had just begun to think his suspicions without foundation, and his vigil in vain, when he observed the same figures he had seen before advance slowly from the distance, and pause by the front gate of Talbot's mansion.

Alarmed and anxious, he redoubled his attention; he stretched himself as far as his safety would permit, out of the window; the lamps, agitated by the wind, which swept by in occasional gusts, refused to grant to his straining sight more than an inaccurate and unsatisfying survey. Presently a blast, more violent than ordinary, suspended as it were the falling columns of rain, and left Clarence in almost total darkness; it rolled away, and the momentary calm which ensued enabled him to see that one of the men was stooping by the gate, and the other standing apparently on the watch at a little distance. Another gust shook the lamps, and again obscured his view: and when it had passed onward in its rapid course, the men had left the gate, and were in the garden beneath his window. They crept cautiously, but swiftly, along the opposite wall, till they came to the small door we have before mentioned; here they halted, and one of them appeared to occupy himself in opening the door. Now then, fear was changed into certainty, and it seemed without doubt that the men, having found some difficulty or danger in forcing the stronger or more public entrance, had changed their quarter of attack. No more time was to be lost; Clarence shouted aloud, but the high wind probably prevented the sound reaching the ears of the burglars, or at least rendered it dubious and confused. The next moment, and before Clarence could repeat his alarm, they had opened the door, and were within the neighbouring garden, beyond his view.

Very young men, unless their experience has outstripped their youth, seldom have much presence of mind; that quality, which is the opposite to surprise, comes to us in those years when nothing seems to us strange or unexpected. But a much older man than Clarence might have well been at a loss to know what conduct to adopt in the situation in which our hero was placed. The visits of the watchman to that (then) obscure and ill inhabited neighbourhood, were more regulated by his indolence than his duty, and Clarence knew that it would be in vain to listen for his cry, or tarry for his assistance. He himself was utterly unarmed, but the stock-jobber had a pair of horse pistols, and, as this recollection flashed upon him, the pause of deliberation ceased.

With a swift step he descended the first flight of stairs, and, pausing at the chamber door of the faithful couple, knocked upon its panels with a loud and hasty summons. The second repetition of the noise produced the sentence, uttered in a very trembling voice, of "Who's there?"

"It's I, Clarence Linden," replied our hero; "lose no time in opening the door."

This answer seemed to reassure the valorous stock-jobber. He slowly undid the bolt, and turned the key.

"In heaven's name, what do you want, Mr. Linden?" said he.

"Ay," cried a sharp voice from the more internal recesses of the chamber, "what do you want, sir, disturbing us in the bosom of our family, and at the dead of night?"

With a rapid voice, Clarence repeated what he had seen, and requested the broker to accompany him to Talbot's house, or at least to lend him his pistols.

"He shall do no such thing," cried Mrs. Copperas. "Come here, Mr. C., and shut the door directly."

"Stop, my love," said the stock-jobber, "stop a moment."

"For God's sake," cried Clarence, "make no delay, the poor old man may be murdered by this time."

"It's no business of mine," said the stock-jobber. "If Adolphus had not broken the rattle, I would not have minded the trouble of springing it; but you are very much mistaken if you think I am going to leave my warm bed, in order to have my throat cut."

"Then give me your pistols," cried Clarence, "I will go alone."

"I shall commit no such folly," said the stock-jobber; "if you are murdered, I may have to answer it to your friends, and pay for your burial. Besides, you owe us for your lodgings—go to your bed, young man, as I shall to mine." And, so saying, Mr. Copperas proceeded to close the door.

But, enraged at the brutality of the man, and excited by the urgency of the case, Clarence did not allow him so peaceable a retreat. With a strong and fierce grasp, he seized the astonished Copperas by the throat, and shaking him violently, forced his own entrance into the sacred nuptial chamber.

"By the God that made me," cried Linden, in a savage and stern tone, for his blood was up, "I will twist your coward's throat, and save the murderer his labour, if you do not instantly give me up your pistols."

The stock-jobber was panic-stricken. "Take them," he cried, in the extremest terror, "there they are on the chimney-piece, close by."

"Are they primed and loaded?" said Linden, not relaxing his gripe.

"Yes, yes!" said the stock-jobber, "loose my throat, or you will choke me!" and, at that instant, Clarence felt himself clasped by the invading hands of Mrs. Copperas.

"Call off your wife," said he, "or I will choke you!" and he tightened his hold, "and tell her to give me the pistols."

The next moment Mrs. Copperas extended the debated weapons toward Clarence. He seized them, flung, in his haste, the poor stock-jobber against the bed-post, hurried down stairs, opened the back door which led into the garden, flew across the intervening space, arrived at the door, and entering Talbot's garden, paused to consider what was the next step to be taken.

A person equally brave as Clarence, but more cautious, would not have left the house without

alarming Mr. De Warens, even in spite of the failure with his master; but Linden only thought of the pressure of time, and the necessity of expedition, and he would have been a very unworthy hero of romance had he felt fear for two antagonists, with a brace of pistols at his command, and a high and good action in view.

After a brief, but decisive halt, he proceeded rapidly round the house, in order to ascertain at which part the ruffians had admitted themselves, should they (as, indeed, there was little doubt) have already effected their entrance.

When he came to the supper-room windows, which, as we have before had occasion to remark, were on the ground-floor, he perceived that the shutters had been opened, and through the aperture he caught the glimpse of a moving light which was suddenly obscured. As he was about to enter, the light again flashed out: he drew back just in time, carefully screened himself behind the shutter, and, through one of the chinks, observed what passed within. Opposite to the window was a door which conducted to the hall and principal staircase; this door was open, and in the hall, at the foot of the stairs, Clarence saw two men; one carried a dark lantern, from which the light proceeded, and some tools, of the nature of which Clarence was naturally ignorant: this was a middle-sized, muscular man, dressed in the rudest garb of an ordinary labourer; the other was much taller and younger, and his dress was of rather a less ignoble fashion.

"Hist! hist!" said the taller one, in a low tone, "did you not hear a noise, Ben?"

"Not a pin fall; but stow your whids, man!"

This was all that Clarence heard in a connected form; but as the wretches paused, in evident doubt how to proceed, he caught two or three detached words, which his ingenuity readily formed into sentences. "No, no! sleeps to the left—old man above—plate chest—we must have the blunt too. Come, track up the dancers, and drowse the glim." And at the last words, the light was extinguished, and Clarence's quick and thirsting ear just caught their first steps on the stairs—they died away—and all was hushed.

It had several times occurred to Clarence to rush from his hiding-place, and fire at the ruffians: and perhaps that measure would have been the wisest he could have taken; but Clarence had never discharged a pistol in his life, and he felt, therefore, that his aim must be uncertain enough to render a favourable position and a short distance essential requisites. Both these were, at present, denied to him; and although he saw no weapons about the persons of the villains, yet he imagined they would not have ventured on so dangerous an expedition without firearms; and if he failed, as would have been most probable, in his two shots, he concluded that, though the alarm would be given, his own fate would be inevitable.

If this was reasoning upon false premises, for housebreakers seldom or never carry loaded firearms, and never stay for revenge when their safety demands escape, Clarence may be forgiven for not knowing the customs of housebreakers, and for not making the very best of an extremely novel and dangerous situation.

No sooner did he find himself in total darkness than he bitterly reproached himself for his late backwardness and inwardly resolving not again

to miss any opportunity which presented itself, he entered the window, groped along the room into the hall, and found his way very slowly, and after much circumspection, to the staircase.

He had just gained the summit, when a loud cry broke upon the stillness: it came from a distance, and was instantly hushed; but he caught, at brief intervals, the sound of angry and threatening voices. No single gleam of light broke the darkness. Clarence bent down anxiously, in the hope that some solitary ray would escape through the crevice of the door within whose precincts the robbers were at their unholy work. But though the sounds came from the same floor as that on which he now trod, they seemed far and remote, and no other sense but that of hearing assisted him in investigating their source.

He continued, however, to feel his way in the direction from which they proceeded, and soon found himself in a narrow gallery; the voices seemed more loud and near as he advanced; at last he distinctly heard the words,

"Will you not confess where it is placed?"

"Indeed, indeed," replied an eager and earnest voice, which Clarence recognised as Talbot's, "this is all the money I have in the house—the plate is above—my servant has the key—take it—take all—but save his life and mine."

"None of your gammon," said another and rougher voice than that of the first speaker; "we know you have more blunt than this—a paltry sum of fifty pounds, indeed!"

"Hold!" cried the other ruffian, "here is a picture set with diamonds, that will do, Ben. Let go the old man."

Clarence was now just at hand, and probably from a sudden change in the position of the dark lantern within, a light abruptly broke from beneath the door, and streamed along the passage.

"No, no, no!" cried the old man, in a loud yet tremulous voice—"No, not that, any thing else, but I will defend *that* with my life."

"Ben, my lad," said the ruffian, "twist the old fool's neck: we have no more time to lose."

At that very moment the door was flung violently open, and Clarence Linden stood within three paces of the reprobates and their prey. The taller villain had a miniature in his hand, and the old man clung to his legs with a convulsive but impotent clasp; the other fellow had already his gripe upon Talbot's neck, and his right hand grasped a long caseknife.

With a fierce and flashing eye, and a cheek deadly pale with internal and determinate excitation, Clarence confronted the robbers.

"I thank heaven," said he, very slowly, "that I am not too late!" And advancing yet another step toward the shorter ruffian, who, struck mute with the suddenness of the apparition, still retained his grasp of the old man, he fired his pistol, with a steady and close aim; the ball penetrated the wretch's brain, and, without sound or sigh, he fell down dead, at the very feet of his just destroyer. The remaining robber had already meditated, and a second more sufficed to accomplish, his escape. He sprang toward the door: the ball whizzed beside him, but touched him not. With a safe and swift step, long inured to darkness, he fled along the passage; and Linden, satisfied with the vengeance he had taken upon his comrade, did not harass him with an unavailing pursuit.

Clarence turned to assist Talbot. The old man was stretched upon the floor insensible, but his hand grasped the miniature which the plunderer had dropped in his flight and terror, and his white and ashen lip was pressed convulsively upon the recovered treasure.

Linden raised and placed him on his bed, and, while employed in attempting to revive him, the ancient domestic, alarmed by the report of the pistol, came, poker in hand, to his assistance.

By little and little they recovered the object of their attention.

His eyes rolled wildly round the room, and he muttered—

“Off, off! ye shall not rob me of my only relic of her—where is it!—have you got it!—my miniature!”

“It is here, sir, it is here,” said the old servant, “it is in your own hand.”

Talbot's eye fell upon it; he gazed at it for some moments, pressed it to his lips, and then, sitting erect, and looking wildly round, he seemed to awaken to his late danger and his present deliverance.

CHAPTER XIX.

“Ah, fleetest far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove,
With the wings of care
In the battle—in the darkness—in the need,
Shall mine cling to thee!
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
It may bring to thee!”
SHELLEY.

LETTER FROM ALGERNON MORDAUNT TO ISABEL ST. LEGER.

“You told me not to write to you.—You know how long, but not how uselessly I have obeyed you. Did you think, Isabel, that my love was of that worldly and common order which requires a perpetual aliment to support it? Did you think that, if you forbade the stream to flow visibly, its sources would be exhausted, and its channel dried up? This may be the passion of others, it is not mine. Months have passed since we parted, and since then you have not seen me: this letter is the first token you have received from a remembrance which cannot die. But do you think that I have not watched, and tended upon you, and gladdened my eyes with gazing on your beauty, when you have not dreamt that I was by? Ah, Isabel, your heart should have told you of it—*mine* would, had you been so near me!

“You receive no letters from me, it is true—think you that my hand and heart are therefore idle? No. I write to you a thousand burning lines: I pour out my soul to you: I tell you of all I suffer: my thoughts, my actions, my very dreams are all traced upon the paper. I send them not to you, but I read them over and over, and when I come to your name, I pause, and shut my eyes, and then ‘Fancy has her power,’ and lo! ‘you are by my side!’

“Isabel, our love has not been a holyday and joyous sentiment. We nursed it in secrecy, and it grew the stronger for concealment. We have had few glimpses of sunshine; and but brief intervals of hope: but as a mother cherishes the child whom others despise, so in all our sorrows we

turn to our only treasure; and while we nurtured it with hidden tears, we found in the very cause of our sadness the very strength of our consolation. It has often seemed to me a fatality, that of all men you should have loved me, for you were surrounded with many younger and fairer, and richer in earth's graces, and in all the honied tones and smiles

“Which maidens dream of when they muse on love.”

“But now that you have loved me, it comes to me with the force of truth that our fates cannot be disavowed, that our vows are registered, and our union ordained—for others have many objects to distract and occupy the thoughts which are once forbidden a single direction, but we have none. The world to you has only cold hearts and distant ties; and every thing around you repels and points your affections, your feelings, your hopes, your recollections within, and I am not what men love, nor for whom men's common objects have interest or charm. You are to me every thing. Pleasure, splendour, ambition, all are merged into one great and eternal thought, and that is you!”

“Others have told me, and I believed them, that I was hard, and cold, and stern—so perhaps I was before I knew you, but now I am weaker and softer than a child. There is a stone which is of all the hardest and the chilliest, but when once set on fire it is unquenchable. You smile at my image, perhaps, and I should, if I saw it in the writing of another; for all that I have ridiculed in romance, as exaggerated, seems now to me too cool and too commonplace for reality.

“But this is not what I meant to write to you; you are ill, dearest and noblest Isabel, you are ill! I am the cause, and you conceal it from me: and you would rather pine away and die than suffer me to lose one of those worldly advantages which are in my eyes but as dust in the balance—it is in vain to deny it. I heard from others of your impaired health; I have witnessed it myself. Do you remember last night, when you were in the room with your relations, and they made you sing—a song too which you used to sing to me, and when you came to the second stanza your voice failed you, and you burst into tears, and *they*, instead of soothing, reproached and chid you, and you answered not, but wept on? Isabel, do you remember that a sound was heard at the window, and a groan? Even they were startled, but they thought it was the wind, for the night was dark and stormy, and they saw not that it was I: yes, my devoted, my generous love, it was I who gazed upon you, and from whose heart that voice of anguish was wrung; and I saw your cheek was pale and thin, and that the canker at the core had preyed upon the blossom.

“Think you, after this, that I could keep silence or obey your request? No, dearest, no! Is not my happiness your object? I have the vanity to believe so; and am I not the best judge how that happiness is to be secured? I tell you, I say it calmly, coldly, dispassionately—not from the imagination, not even from the heart, but solely from the reason—that I can bear every thing rather than the loss of you; and that if the evil of my love scathe and destroy you, I shall consider and curse myself as your murderer! Save me from this extreme of misery, my—yes, my Isabel! I shall be at the copse where we have so often met before, to-morrow, at noon. You will meet me; and if I

cannot convince you, I will not ask you to be persuaded.

"A. M."

And Isabel read this letter, and placed it at her heart, and felt less miserable than she had done for months; for though she wept, there was sweetness in the tears which the assurance of *his* love, and the tenderness of his remonstrance, had called forth. She met him—how could she refuse! and the struggle was past. Though not "convinced," she was "persuaded;" for her heart, which refused his reasonings, melted at his reproaches and his grief. But she would not consent to unite her fate with him at once, for the evils of that step to his interests were immediate and near; she was only persuaded to permit their correspondence and occasional meetings, in which, however imprudent they might be for herself, the disadvantages to her lover were distant and remote. It was of him only that she thought: for him she trembled; for him she was the coward and the woman: for herself she had no fears, and no forethought.

And Algernon was worthy of this devoted love, and returned it as it was given. Man's love, in general, is a selfish and exacting sentiment: it demands every sacrifice, and refuses all. But the nature of Mordaunt was essentially high and disinterested, and his honour, like his love, was not that of the world: it was the ethereal and spotless honour of a lofty and generous mind, the honour which custom can neither give nor take away; and, however impatiently he bore the deferring of a union, in which he deemed himself *could* be the only sufferer, he would not have uttered a sigh or urged a prayer for that union, could it, in the minutest or remotest degree, have injured or degraded *her*.

These are the hearts and natures which make life beautiful: these are the shrines which sanctify love: these are the diviner spirits for whom there is kindred and commune with every thing exalted and holy in heaven and earth. For them, nature unfolds her boarded poetry, and her hidden spells: for their steps are the lonely mountains, and the still woods have a murmur for their ears: for them there is strange music in the wave, and in the whispers of the light leaves, and rapture in the voices of the birds: their souls drink, and are saturated with the mysteries of the Universal Spirit, which the philosophy of old times believed to be God himself. They look upon the sky with a gifted vision, and its dove-like quiet descends and overshadows their hearts: the moon and the night are to them wells of Castalian inspiration and golden dreams; and it was one of *them*, who, gazing upon the evening star, felt in the inmost sanctuary of his soul, its mysterious harmonies with his most worshipped hope, his most passionate desire, and dedicated it to—*Love*.

CHAPTER XX.

Maria.—Here's the brave old man's love.

Dianca.—That loves the young man.

The Woman's Prize; or The Tamer Tamed.

"No, my dear Clarence, you have placed confidence in me, and it is now my duty to return it; you have told me your history and origin, and I will inform you of mine, but not yet. At present

we will talk of you. You have conferred upon me what our universal love of life makes us regard as the greatest of human obligations; and though I can bear a large burden of gratitude, yet I must throw off an atom or two, in using my little power in *your* behalf. Nor is this all: your history has also given you another tie upon my heart, and in granting you a *legitimate* title to my good offices, removes any scruple you might otherwise have had in accepting them.

"I have just received this letter from Lord —, the minister for foreign affairs: you will see that he has appointed you to the office of *attaché* at —. You will also oblige me by looking over this other letter at your earliest convenience; the trifling sum which it contains will be repeated every quarter: it will do very well for an *attaché*: when you are an ambassador, why, we must equip you by a mortgage on Scarsdale; and now, my dear Clarence, tell me all about the Copperases."

I need not say who was the speaker of the above sentences: sentences, apparently of a very agreeable nature; nevertheless, Clarence seemed to think otherwise, for the tears gushed into his eyes, and he was unable for several moments to reply.

"Come, my young friend," said Talbot, kindly; "I have no near relations among whom I can choose a son I like better than you, nor you any at present from whom you might select a more desirable father: consequently, you must let me look upon you as my own flesh and blood; and, as I intend to be a very strict and peremptory father, I expect the most silent and scrupulous obedience to my commands. My first parental order to you is to put up those papers, and to say nothing more about them; for I have a great deal to talk to you about upon other subjects."

And by these and similar kind-hearted and delicate remonstrances, the old man gained his point. From that moment Clarence looked upon him with the grateful and venerating love of a son; and I question very much, if Talbot had really been the father of our hero, whether he would have liked so handsome a successor half so well.

The day after this arrangement, Clarence paid his debt to the Copperases, and removed to Talbot's house. With this event commenced a new era in his existence: he was no longer an outcast and a wanderer: out of alien ties he had wrought the link of a close and even paternal friendship: life, brilliant in its prospects, and elevated in its ascent, opened flatteringly before him; and the fortune and courage, which had so well provided for the present, were the best omens and auguries for the future.

One evening, when the opening autumn had made its approaches felt, and Linden and his new parent were seated alone by a blazing fire, and had come to a full pause in their conversation, Talbot, shading his face with the friendly pages of the "Whitehall Evening Paper," as if to protect it from the heat, said—

"I told you, the other day, that I would give you, at some early opportunity, a brief sketch of my life. This confidence is due to you in return for yours; and since you will soon leave me, and I am an old man, whose life no prudent calculation can fix, I may as well choose the present time to favour you with my confessions."

Clarence expressed and looked his interest, and the old man thus commenced.

THE HISTORY OF A VAIN MAN.

"I WAS the favourite of my parents, for I was quick at my lessons, and my father said I inherited my genius from him; and comely in my person, and my good looks, said my mother, came from her. So the honest pair saw in their eldest son the union of their own attractions, and thought they were making much of themselves when they lavished their caresses upon me. They had another son, poor Arthur—I think I see him now! He was a shy, quiet, subdued boy, of a very plain personal appearance. My father and mother were vain, showy, ambitious people of the world, and they were as ashamed of my brother as they were proud of myself. However, he afterward entered the army, and distinguished himself highly. He died in battle, leaving an only daughter, who married, *as you know*, a nobleman of high rank. Her subsequent fate it is now needless to relate.

"Petted and pampered from my childhood, I grew up with a profound belief in my own excellencies, and a feverish and irritating desire to impress every one who came in my way with the same idea. There is a sentence in Sir William Temple, which I have often thought of with a painful conviction in its truth: 'A restlessness in men's minds to be something they are not, and to have something they have not, is the root of all immorality.*' At school, I was confessedly the cleverest boy in my remove; and, what I valued equally as much, I was the best cricketer of the best eleven. Here then, you will say my vanity was satisfied—no such thing! There was a boy who shared my room, and was next me in the school; we were, therefore, always thrown together. He was a great, stupid, lubberly cub, equally ridiculed by the masters, and disliked by the boys: will you believe that this individual was the express and almost sole object of my envy? He was more than my rival, he was my superior; and I hated him with all the unleavened bitterness of my soul.

"I have said he was my superior—it was in one thing. He could balance a stick, nay, a cricket-bat, a poker, upon his chin, and I could not; you laugh, and so can I now, but it was no subject of laughter to me then. This circumstance, trifling as it may appear to you, poisoned my enjoyment. The boy saw my envy, for I could not conceal it; and as all fools are malicious, and most fools ostentatious, he took a particular pride and pleasure in displaying his dexterity, and 'showing off' my discontent. You can form no idea of the extent to which this petty insolence vexed and disquieted me. Even in my sleep, the clumsy and grinning features of this tormenting imp haunted me like a spectre; my visions were nothing but chins and cricket-bats;—walking sticks, sustaining themselves upon human excrescences, and pokers dancing a hornpipe upon the tip of a nose. I assure you that I have spent hours in secret seclusion, practising to rival my hated comrade, and my face—see how one vanity quarrels with another—was little better than a map of bruises and discolorations.

"I actually became so uncomfortable as to write home, and request to leave the school. I was then about sixteen, and my indulgent father, in granting my desire, told me that I was too old and

too advanced in my learning to go to any other academic establishment than the University. The day before I left the school, I gave, as was usually the custom, a breakfast to all my friends; the circumstance of my tormentor's sharing my room obliged me to invite him among the rest. However, I was in high spirits, and being a universal favourite with my schoolfellows, I succeeded in what was always to me an object of social ambition, and set the table on a roar; yet, when our festival was nearly expired, and I began to allude more particularly to my approaching departure, my vanity was far more gratified, for my feelings were far more touched, by observing the regret, and receiving the good wishes, of all my companions. I still recall that hour as one of the proudest and happiest of my life: but it had its immediate reverse. My evil demon put it into my tormentor's head to give me one last parting pang of jealousy. A large umbrella happened accidentally to be in my room; Crompton, such was my school-fellow's name, saw and seized it.—'Look, Talbot,' said he, with his taunting and hideous sneer, 'you can't do this;' and placing the point of the umbrella upon his forehead, just above the eyebrow, he performed various antics round the room.

"At that moment I was standing by the fireplace, and conversing with two boys upon whom, above all others, I wished to leave a favourable impression. My foolish soreness on this one subject had been often remarked, and as I turned, in abrupt and awkward discomposure, from the exhibition, I observed my two schoolfellows smile, and exchange looks. I am not naturally passionate, and even at that age I had, in ordinary cases, great self-command; but this observation, and the cause which led to it, threw me off my guard. Whenever we are utterly under the command of one feeling, we cannot be said to have our reason: at that instant I literally believe I was beside myself. What! in the very flush of the last triumph that that scene would ever afford me; amid the last regrets of my early friends, to whom I fondly hoped to bequeath a long and brilliant remembrance, to be thus bearded by a contemptible rival, and triumphed over by a pitiful, yet insulting, superiority; to close my condolences with laughter; to have the final solemnity of my career thus terminating in mockery; and ridicule substituted as an ultimate reminiscence in the place of an admiring regret; all this, too, to be effected by one so long hated, one whom I was the only being forbidden the comparative happiness of despising? I could not brook it; the insult—the insulter were too revolting. As the unhappy buffoon approached me, thrusting his distorted face towards mine, I seized and pushed him aside, with a brief curse and a violent hand. The sharp point of the umbrella slipped; my action gave it impetus and weight; it penetrated his eye, and—spare me, spare me the rest."*

The old man bent down, and paused for a few moments before he resumed.

"Crompton lost his eye, but my punishment was as severe as his. People who are very vain are usually equally susceptible, and they who feel one thing acutely will so feel another. For years, ay, for many years afterward, the recollection of

* And of all good.—*Author*.

* This instance of vanity, and indeed the whole of Talbot's history, is literally from facts.

my folly goaded me with the bitterest and most unceasing remorse. Had I committed murder, my conscience could scarce have afflicted me more severely. I did not regain my self-esteem, till I had repaired the injury I had done. Long after that time, Crompton was in prison, in great and overwhelming distress. I impoverished myself to release him; I sustained him and his family till fortune rendered my assistance no longer necessary; and no triumphs were ever more sweet to me than the sacrifices I was forced to submit to, in order to restore him to prosperity.

"It is natural to hope that this accident had at least the effect of curing me of my fault; but it requires philosophy in yourself, or your advisers, to render remorse of future avail. How could I amend my fault, when I was not even aware of it!—Smarting under the effects, I investigated not the cause, and I attributed to irascibility, and vindictiveness, what had a deeper and more dangerous origin.

"At college, in spite of all my advantages of birth, fortune, health, and intellectual acquirements, I had many things besides the one enemy of remorse to corrode my tranquillity of mind. I was sure to find some one to excel me in something, and this was enough to imbitter my peace. Our living Goldsmith is my favourite poet, and I perhaps insensibly venerate the genius the more because I find something congenial in the infirmities of the man. I can fully credit the anecdotes recorded of him. I too could once have been jealous of a puppet handling a spontoon; I too could once have been miserable if two ladies at the theatre were more the objects of attention than myself! You, Clarence, will not despise me for this confession those who knew me less would. Fools! there is no man so great as not to have some littleness more predominant than all his greatness. Our virtues are the dupes, and often only the playthings, of our follies!

"I entered the world—with what advantages, and what avidity!—I smile, but it is mournfully, in looking back to that day. Though rich, high-born, and good-looking, I possessed not one of these three qualities in that eminence which could alone satisfy my love of superiority, and desire of effect. I knew this somewhat humiliating truth, for, though vain, I was not conceited. Vanity, indeed, is the very antidote to conceit; for while the former makes us all *nerve* to the opinion of others, the latter is perfectly satisfied with its opinion of itself.

"I knew this truth, and as Pope, if he could not be the greatest of poets, resolved to be the most correct, so I strove, since I could not be the handsomest, the wealthiest, and the noblest of my contemporaries, to excel them, at least, in the grace and consummateness of manner; and in this, after incredible pains, after diligent apprenticeship in the world, and intense study in the closet, I at last flattered myself that I had succeeded. Of all success, while we are yet in the flush of youth, and its capacities of enjoyment, I can imagine none more intoxicating or gratifying than the success of society, and I had certainly some years of its triumph and *éclat*. I was courted, followed, flattered, and sought by the most envied and fastidious circles in England, and even in Paris; for society, so indifferent to those who disdain it, overwhelms with its gratitude—profuse though brief—those

who devote themselves to its amusement. The victim to ~~sameness~~ and *ennui*, it offers, like the palled and luxurious Roman, a reward for a new pleasure; and as long as our industry or talent can afford it, the reward is ours. At that time, then, I reaped the full harvest of my exertions; the disappointment and vexation were of later date.

"I now come to the great era of my life—love. Among my acquaintance, was Lady Mary Walden, a widow of high birth, and noble, though not powerful, connexions. She lived about twenty miles from London, in a beautiful retreat; and, though not rich, her jointure, rendered ample by economy, enabled her to indulge her love of society. Her house was always as full as its size would permit, and I was among the most welcome of its visitors. She had an only daughter—even now, through the dim mists of years, that beautiful and fairy form rises still and shining before me, undimmed by sorrow, unfaded by time. Caroline Walden was the object of general admiration, and her mother, who attributed the avidity with which her invitations were accepted by all the wits and *élégants* of the day to the charms of her own conversation, little suspected the face and wit of her daughter to be the magnet of attraction. I had no idea at that time of marriage, still less could I have entertained such a notion, unless the step had greatly exalted my rank and prospects.

"The poor and powerless Caroline Walden was therefore the last person for whom I had, what the jargon of mothers terms 'serious intentions.' However, I was struck with her exceeding loveliness, and amused by the vivacity of her manners; moreover, my vanity was excited by the hope of distancing all my competitors for the smiles of the young beauty. Accordingly I laid myself out to please, and neglected none of those subtle and almost secret attentions which, of all flatteries, are the most delicate and successful: and I succeeded. Caroline loved me with all the earnestness and devotion which characterize the love of woman. It never occurred to her that I was only trifling with those affections which it seemed so ardently my intention to win. She knew that my fortune was large enough to dispense with the necessity of fortune with my wife, and in birth she would have equalled men of greater pretensions to myself; added to this, long adulation had made her sensible, though not vain, of her attractions, and she listened with a credulous ear to the insinuated flatteries I was so well accustomed to instil.

"Never shall I forget—no, though I double my present years—the shock, the wildness of despair with which she first detected the selfishness of my homage; with which she saw that I had only mocked her trusting simplicity; and that, while she had been lavishing the richest treasures of her heart before the burning altars of love, my idol had been vanity, and my offerings deceit. She tore herself from the profanation of my grasp; she shrouded herself from my presence. All interviews with me were rejected; all my letters returned to me unopened; and though, in the repentance of my heart, I entreated, I urged her to accept vows that were no longer insincere, her pride became her punishment, as well as my own. In a moment of bitter and desperate feeling, she accepted the offers of another, and made the marriage bond a fatal and irrevocable barrier to our reconciliation and union.

"O! how I now cursed my infatuation; how passionately I recalled the past! how coldly I turned from the hollow and false world, to whose service I had sacrificed my happiness, to muse and madden over the prospects I had destroyed, and the loving and noble heart I had rejected! Alas! after all, what is so ungrateful as that world for which we renounce so much? Its votaries resemble the Gymnosophists of old, and while they profess to make their chief end pleasure, we can only learn that they expose themselves to every torture and every pain!

"Lord Merton, the man whom Caroline now called husband, was among the wealthiest and most dissipated of his order; and two years after our separation I met once more with the victim of my unworthiness, blazing in 'the full front' of courtly splendour! the leader of its gayeties, and the cynosure of her followers. Intimate with the same society, we were perpetually cast together, and Caroline was proud of displaying the indifference toward me, which, if she felt not, she had at least learnt artfully to assume. This indifference was her ruin. The depths of my evil passion were again sounded and aroused, and I resolved yet to humble the pride and conquer the coldness which galled to the very quick the morbid acuteness of my self-love. I again attached myself to her train—I bowed myself to the very dust before her. What to me were her chilling reply and disdainful civilities!—only still stronger excitements to persevere.

"I spare you and myself the gradual progress of my schemes. A woman may recover her first passion, it is true; but then she must replace it with another. That other was denied to Caroline: she had not even children to engross her thoughts and to occupy her prodigal affections; and the gay world, which to many becomes an object, was to her only an escape.

"Clarence, my triumph came! Lady Walden (who had never known our secret) invited me to her house: Caroline was there. In the same spot where we had so often stood before, and in which her earliest affections were insensibly breathed away, in that same spot, my arms encircled her, and I drew from her colourless and trembling lips the confession of her weakness, the restored and pervading power of my remembrance.

"But Caroline was a proud and virtuous woman: even while her heart betrayed her, her mind resisted; and in the very avowal of her unconquered attachment, she renounced and discarded me for ever. I was not an ungenerous, though a vain, man; but my generosity was wayward, tainted, and imperfect. I could have borne a separation; I could have severed myself from her; I could have flown to the uttermost parts of the earth; I could have hoarded there my secret, yet unextinguished, love, and never disturbed her quiet by a murmur; but then the fiat of separation must have come from *me*! My vanity could not bear that *her* lips should reject me; that *my* part was not to be the nobility of sacrifice, but the submission of resignation. However, my better feelings were aroused, and though I could not stifle, I concealed my selfish repinings. We parted: she returned to town, I buried myself in the country; and, amid the literary studies to which, though by fits and starts, I was passionately devoted, I endeavoured to forget my ominous and guilty love.

"But I was then too closely bound to the world not to be perpetually reminded of its events. My retreat was thronged with occasional migrants from London; my books were mingled with the news and scandal of the day. All spoke to me of Lady Merton; not as I loved to picture her to myself, pale and sorrowful, and brooding over my image; but gay, dissipated, the dispenser of smiles, the prototype and deity of joy. I contrasted this account of her with the melancholy and gloom of my own feelings, and I resented, as an insult to myself, that which I ought to have rejoiced at, as an engrossment of reflection, for her.

"In this angry and fretful mood, I returned to London. My empire was soon resumed: and now, Linden, comes the most sickening part of my confession. Vanity is a growing and insatiable disease: what seems to its desires as wealth to-day, to-morrow it rejects as poverty. I was at first contented to know that I was beloved; by degrees, slow, yet sure, I desired that others should know it also. I longed to display my power over the celebrated and courted Lady Merton; and to put the last crown to my reputation and importance. The envy of others is the food of our own self-love. O! you know not, you dream not, of the galling mortifications to which a proud woman, whose love commands her pride, is subjected! I imposed upon Caroline the most humiliating, the most painful tasks; I would allow her to see none but those I pleased; to go to no place where I withheld my consent; and I hesitated not to exert and testify my power over her affections, in proportion to the publicity of the opportunity.

"Yet, with all this littleness, would you believe that I loved Caroline with the most ardent and engrossing passion! I have paused behind her, in order to kiss the ground she trod on; I have stayed whole nights beneath her window, to catch one glimpse of her passing form, even though I had spent hours of the day time in her society; and, though my love burned and consumed me like a fire, I would not breathe a single wish against her innocence, or take advantage of my power to accomplish what I knew, from her virtue and pride, no atonement could possibly repay. Such are the inconsistencies of the heart, and such, while they prevent our perfection, redeem us from the utterness of vice! Never, even in my wildest days, was I blind to the glory of virtue, yet never, till my latest years, have I enjoyed the faculty to avail myself of my perception. I resembled the mole, which by Boyle is supposed to possess the idea of light, but to be unable to comprehend the objects on which it shines.

"Among the varieties of my prevailing sin, was a weakness common enough to worldly men. While I ostentatiously played off the love I had *excited*, I could not bear to show the love I *felt*. In our country, and perhaps, though in a less degree, in all other highly artificial states, enthusiasm, or even feeling of any kind, is ridiculous; and I could not endure the thought that my treasured and secret affections should be dragged from their retreat, to be cavilled and carped at by

"Every beardless, vain comparative.

"This weakness brought on the catastrophe of my love; for, mark me, Clarence, it is through *our weaknesses that our vices are punished*! One night I went to a masquerade; and, while I

was sitting in a remote corner, three of my acquaintances, whom I recognised, though they knew it not, approached and rallied me upon my romantic attachment to Lady Merton. One of them was a woman of a malicious and sarcastic wit; the other two were men whom I disliked, because their pretensions interfered with mine; they were jiners-out, and anecdote-mongers. Stung to the quick by their sarcasms and laughter, I replied in a train of mingled arrogance and jest; at last I spoke slightly of the person in question; and these profane and false lips dared not only to disown the faintest love to that being who was more to me than heaven and earth, but even to speak of herself with ridicule, and her affection with disdain.

"In the midst of this, I turned and beheld, within hearing, a figure which I knew upon the moment. O God! the burning shame and agony of that glance!—It raised its mask—I saw that blanched cheek, and that trembling lip; and I knew that the iron had indeed entered into her soul.

"Clarence, I never beheld her again alive. Within a week from that time she was a corpse. She had borne much, suffered much, and murmured not; but this shock pressed too hard, came too home, and from the hand of him for whom she would have sacrificed all! I stood by her in death; I beheld my work; and I turned away, a wanderer and a pilgrim upon the face of the earth. Verily, I have had my reward."

The old man paused, violently affected; and Clarence, who could offer him no consolation, did not break the silence. In a few minutes, Talbot continued—

"From that time, the smile of woman was nothing to me; I seemed to grow old in a single day. Life lost to me all its objects. A dreary and desert blank stretched itself before me—the sounds of creation had only in my ears one voice—the past, the future, one image. I left my country for twenty years, and lived an idle and hopeless man in the various courts of the continent.

"At the age of fifty I returned to England; the wounds of the past had not disappeared, but they were scarred over; and I longed, like the rest of my species, to have an object in view. At that age, if we have seen much of mankind, and possess the talents to profit by our knowledge, we must be one of two sects: a politician or a philosopher. My time was not yet arrived for the latter, so I resolved to become the former; but this was denied me, for my vanity had assumed a different shape. It is true that I cared no longer for the reputation women can bestow; but I was eager for the applause of men, and I did not like the long labour necessary to attain it. I wished to make a short road to my object, and I eagerly followed every turn but the right one, in the hopes of its leading me sooner to my goal.

"The great characteristic of a vain man, in contradistinction to an ambitious man, and his eternal obstacle to a high and honourable fame, is this: he requires for any expenditure of trouble too speedy a reward; he cannot wait for years, and climb, step by step, to a lofty object: whatever he attempts, he must seize at a single grasp. Added to time, he is incapable of an exclusive attention to one end; the universality of his cravings is not contented, unless it devours all; and thus he is perpetually doomed to fritter away his energies by grasping at

the trifling baubles within his reach, and in gathering the worthless fruit which a single sun can mature.

"This, then, was my fault, and the cause of my failure. I could not give myself up to finance, nor puzzle through the intricacies of commerce: even the common parliamentary drudgeries of constant attendance and late hours, were insupportable to me; and so after two or three 'splendid orations,' as my friends termed them, I was satisfied with the puffs of the pamphleteers, and closed my political career. I was now, then, the wit and the conversationalist. With my fluency of speech and variety of information, these were easy distinctions; and the popularity of a dinner table, or the approbation of a literary coterie, consoled me for the more public and more durable applause I had resigned.

"But even this gratification did not last long. I fell ill; and the friends who gathered round the wit fled from the valetudinarian. This disgusted me, and when I was sufficiently recovered, I again returned to the continent. But I had a fit of misanthropy and solitude upon me, and so it was not to courts and cities, the scenes of former gayeties, that I repaired; on the contrary, I hired a house on one of the most sequestered of the Swiss lakes, and, avoiding the living, I surrendered myself, without interruption or control, to commune with the dead. I surrounded myself with books, and pored, with a curious and scarching eye, into those works which treat particularly upon 'man.' My passions were over, my love of pleasure and society was dried up, and I had now no longer the obstacles which forbid us to be wise; I unlearned the precepts my manhood had acquired, and in my old age I commenced philosopher; Religion lent me her aid, and by her holy lamp my studies were coned and my hermitage illumined.

"There are certain characters which, in the world, are evil, and in seclusion are good: Rousseau, whom I know well, is one of them. These persons are of a morbid sensitiveness, which is perpetually galled by collision with others. In short, they are under the dominion of VANITY; and that vanity, never satisfied, and always restless in the various competitions of society, produces 'envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness;' but, in solitude, the good and benevolent dispositions with which our self-love no longer interferes, have room to expand and ripen, without being cramped by opposing interests: this will account for many seeming discrepancies in character. There are also some men, in whom old age supplies the place of solitude, and Rousseau's antagonist and mental antipodes, Voltaire, is of this order. The pert, the malignant, the arrogant, the lampooning author, in his youth and manhood, has become, in his old age, the mild, the benevolent, and the venerable philosopher. Nothing is more absurd than to receive the characters of great men so implicitly upon the word of a biographer; and nothing can be less surprising than our eternal disputes upon individuals; for no man throughout life is the same being, and each season of our existence contradicts the characteristics of the last.

"And now, in my solitude and my old age, a new spirit entered within me: the game in which I had engaged so vehemently was over for me; and I joined to my experience as a player, my coolness as a spectator; I no longer struggled with my species, and I began insensibly to love them.

I established schools, and founded charities; and, in secret, but active, services to mankind, I employed my exertions, and lavished my desires.

"From this amendment I date the peace of mind and elasticity which I now enjoy: and in my later years, the happiness which I pursued in my youth and maturity so hotly, yet so ineffectually, has flown unsolicited to my breast.

"About five years ago, I came again to England, with the intention of breathing my last in the country which gave me birth. I retired to my family home; I endeavoured to divert myself in agricultural improvements, and my rental was consumed in speculation. This did not please me long: I sought society—society in Yorkshire! You may imagine the result: I was out of my element; the mere distance from the metropolis, from all genial companionship, sickened me with a vague feeling of desertion and solitude: for the first time in my life I felt my age and my celibacy. Once more I returned to town, a complaint attacked my lungs, the physicians recommended the air of this neighbourhood, and I chose the residence I now inhabit. Without being exactly in London, I can command its advantages, and obtain society as a recreation, without buying it by restraint. I am not fond of new faces, nor any longer covetous of show; my old servant therefore contented me: for the future, I shall, however, to satisfy your fears, remove to a safer habitation, and obtain a more numerous guard. It is, at all events, a happiness to me that fate, in casting me here, and exposing me to something of danger, has raised up, in you, a friend for my old age, and selected, from this great universe of strangers, one being to convince my heart that it has not outlived affection. My tale is done; may you profit by its moral!"

When Talbot said that our characters were undergoing a perpetual change, he should have made this reservation; the one ruling passion remains to the last: it modifies, it is true, but it never departs; and it is these modifications which do, for the most part, shape out the channels of our change: or, as Helvetius has beautifully expressed it, we resemble those vessels which the waves still carry toward the south, when the north wind has ceased to blow; but, in our old age, this passion, having little to feed on, becomes sometimes dormant and inert, and then our good qualities rise, as it were from an incubus, and have their sway.

Yet these cases are not common, and Talbot was a remarkable instance, for he was a remarkable man. His mind had not slept while the age advanced, and thus it had swelled as it were from the bondage of its earlier passions and prejudices. But little did he think, in the blindness of self-delusion—though it was so obvious to Clarence, that he could have smiled if he had not rather inclined to weep at the frailties of human nature—little did he think that the vanity which had cost him so much remained "a monarch still," undeposed alike by his philosophy, his religion, or his remorse; and that, debated by circumstances from all wider and more dangerous field, it still lavished itself upon trifles unworthy of his powers, and puerilities dishonouring his age. Folly is a courtesan whom we ourselves seek, whose favours we solicit at an enormous price; and who, like Lais, finds philosophers at her door, scarcely less frequently than the rest of mankind!

CHAPTER XXI.

Mrs. Trinket.—What d'ye buy—what d'ye lack, gentlemen! Gloves, ribands, and essences—ribands, gloves, and essences.
ETHEREAL.

"And so, my love," said Mr. Copperas, one morning at breakfast, to his wife, his right leg being turned over his left, and his dexter hand conveying to his mouth a huge morsel of buttered cake,— "and so, my love, they say that the old fool is going to leave the jackanapes all his fortune!"

"They do say so, Mr. C.; from my part I am quite out of patience with the art of the young man; I dare say he is no better than he should be; he always had a sharp look, and, for aught I know, there may be more in that robbery than you or I dreamt of, Mr. Copperas. It was a pity," continued Mrs. Copperas, upbraiding her lord with true matrimonial tenderness and justice, for the *consequences* of his having acted from *her advice*—"it was a pity, Mr. C., that you should have refused to lend him the pistols to go to the old fellow's assistance, for then who knows but——"

"I might have converted them into *pocket pistols*," interrupted Mr. C., "and not have overshot the mark, my dear—ha, ha, ha!"

"Lord, Mr. Copperas, you are always making a joke of every thing."

"No, my dear, for once I'm making a joke of nothing."

"Well, I declare it's shameful," cried Mrs. Copperas, still following up her own indignant meditations, "and after taking such notice of Adolphus, too, and all!"

"Notice, my dear! mere words," returned Mr. Copperas, "mere words, like ventilators, which make a great deal of air, *but never raise the wind*; but don't put yourself in a *stew*, my love, for the doctors say that *copperas in a stew* is poison!"

At this moment, Mr. de Warens, throwing open the door, announced Mr. Brown; that gentleman entered, with a sedate, but cheerful air. "Well, Mrs. Copperas, your servant; any table-linen wanted? Mr. Copperas, how do you do? I can give you a hint about the stocks. Master Copperas, you are looking bravely; don't you think he wants some new pinbefores, ma'am? But Mr. Clarence Linden, where is he? not up yet, I dare say! Ah, the present generation is a generation of sluggards, as his worthy *aunt*, Mrs. Minden, used to say."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Copperas, with a disdainful toss of the head, "I know nothing about the young man. He has left us: a very mysterious piece of business indeed, Mr. Brown; and now I think of it, I can't help saying that we were by no means pleased with your introduction: and by-the-by, the chairs you bought for us at the sale were a mere take in, so slight, that Mr. Walrus broke two of them by only sitting down."

"Indeed, ma'am!" said Mr. Brown, with expostulating gravity; "but then Mr. Walrus is so very corpulent. But the young gentleman, what of him?" continued the broker, artfully turning from the point in dispute.

"Lord, Mr. Brown, don't ask me: it was the unluckiest step we ever made to admit him into the bosom of our family; quite a viper, I assure you; absolutely robbed poor Adolphus."

"Lord help us!" said Mr. Brown, with a look which "cast a browner horror" o'er the room,

"who would have thought it; and such a pretty young man!"

"Well," said Mr. Copperas, who, occupied in finishing the buttered cake, had hitherto kept silence. "I must be off. Tom—I mean, De Warens—have you stopt the coach?"

"Yees, sir."

"And what coach is it?"

"It be the Swallow, sir."

"O, very well. And now, Mr. Brown, having swallowed *in the roll*, I will e'en *roll in the Swallow*.—Ha, ha, ha!—At any rate," thought Mr. Copperas, as he descended the stairs, "*he* has not heard that before."

"Ha, ha!" gravely chuckled Mr. Brown; "what a very facetious, lively gentleman Mr. Copperas is. But touching this ungrateful young man, Mr. Linden, ma'am?"

"O, don't tease me, Mr. Brown, I must see after my domestics: ask Mr. Talbot, the old miser, in the next house, the *havarr*, as the French say."

"Well, now," said Mr. Brown, following the good lady down stairs—"how distressing for me—and to say that he was Mrs. Minden's nephew too!"

But Mr. Brown's curiosity was not so easily satisfied, and finding Mr. de Warens leaning over the "front" gate, and "pursuing with wistful eyes" the departing "Swallow," he stopped, and, accosting him, soon possessed himself of the facts that "old Talbot had been robbed and murdered, but that Mr. Linden had brought him to life again; and that old Talbot had given him a hundred thousand pounds, and adopted him as his son; and that how Mr. Linden was going to be sent to foreign parts, as an ambassador, or governor, or great person; and that how meester and meeness were quite "cut up" about it.

All these particulars having been duly deposited in the mind of Mr. Brown, they produced an immediate desire to call upon the young gentleman, who, to say nothing of his being so very nearly related to his old customer, Mrs. Minden, was always so very great a favourite with *him*, Mr. Brown.

Accordingly, as Clarence was musing over his approaching departure, which was now very shortly to take place, he was somewhat startled by the apparition of Mr. Brown—"Charming day, sir—charming day," said the friend of Mrs. Minden—"just called in to congratulate you. I have a few articles, sir, to present you with—quite rarities, I assure you—quite presents, I may say. I picked them up at a sale of the late Lady Waddilove's most valuable effects. They are just the things, sir, for a gentleman going on a foreign mission. A most curious ivory chest, with an Indian padlock, to hold confidential letters—belonging, formerly, sir, to the great Mogul; and a beautiful diamond snuff-box, sir, with a picture of Louis XIV. on it, prodigiously fine, and will look so loyal too: and, sir, if you have any old aunts in the country, to send a farewell present to, I have some charmingly fine cambric, a superb Dresden tea set, and a lovely little 'ape,' stuffed by the late Lady W. herself."

"My good sir," began Clarence.

"O, no thanks, sir—none at all—too happy to serve a relation of Mrs. Minden—always proud to keep up family connexions. You will be at home to-morrow, sir, at eleven—I will look in—

your most humble servant, Mr. Linden." And, almost upsetting Talbot, who had just entered, Mr. Brown bowed himself out.

CHAPTER XXII.

We talked with open heart and tongue,
Affectionate and true;
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

WORDSWORTH.

MEANWHILE the young artist proceeded rapidly with his picture. Devoured by his enthusiasm, and utterly engrossed by the sanguine anticipation of a fame which appeared to him already won, he allowed himself no momentary interval of relaxation; his food was eaten by starts, and without stirring from his easel; his sleep was broken and brief by feverish dreams; he no longer roved with Clarence, when the evening threw her shade over his labours; all air and exercise he utterly relinquished; shut up in his narrow chamber, he passed the hours in a fervid and passionate self-commune, which, even in suspense from his work, riveted his thoughts the closer to his object. All companionship, all intrusion, he bore with an irritability and impatience that had hitherto seemed perfectly opposite to his gentle and pensive nature. Even Clarence found himself excluded from the presence of his friend; even his nearest relation, who doated on the very ground which he hallowed with his footstep, was banished from the haunted sanctuary of the painter; from the most placid of human beings, Warner seemed to have grown the most morose.

Want of rest, abstinence from food, the impatience of the strained spirit and jaded nerves, all contributed to waste the health, while they excited the genius, of the artist. A crimson spot, never before seen there, burnt in the centre of his pale cheek; his eye glowed with a brilliant, but unnatural fire; his features grew sharp and attenuated; his bones worked from his whitening and transparent skin; and the soul and frame, turned from their proper and kindly union, seemed contesting, with fierce struggles, which should obtain the mastery and the triumph.

But neither his new prospects, nor the coldness of his friend, diverted the warm heart of Clarence from meditating how he could most effectually serve the artist before he departed from the country. It was a peculiar object of desire to Warner that the most celebrated painter of the day, who was in terms of intimacy with Talbot, and who with the benevolence of real superiority was known to take a keen interest in the success of more youthful and inexperienced genius;—it was a peculiar object of desire to Warner, that Sir Joshua Reynolds should see his picture before it was completed; and Clarence, aware of this wish, easily obtained from Talbot a promise that it should be effected. That was the least service of his zeal: touched by the earnestness of Linden's friendship, anxious to oblige in any way his preserver, and well pleased himself to be the patron of merit, Talbot readily engaged to obtain for Warner whatever the attention and favour of high rank or literary distinction could bestow. "As for his picture," said Talbot, (when, the evening before Clarence's departure, the latter was renewing the subject,) "I shall myself become the purchaser,

and at a price which will enable our friend to afford leisure and study for the completion of his next attempt; but even at the risk of offending your friendship, and disappointing your expectations, I will frankly tell you, that I think Warner overrates, perhaps not his talents, but his powers; not his ability of doing something great hereafter, but his capacity of doing it at present. In the pride of his art, he has shown me many of his designs, and I am somewhat of a judge: they want experience, cultivation, taste, and, above all, a deeper study of the Italian masters. They all have the defects of a feverish colouring, an ambitious desire of effect, a wavering and imperfect outline, an ostentatious and unnatural strength of light and shadow; they show, it is true, a genius of no ordinary stamp, but one ill regulated, inexperienced, and utterly left to its own suggestions for a model. However, I am glad he wishes for the opinion of one necessarily the best judge; let him bring the picture here by Thursday, on that day my friend has promised to visit me; and now let us talk of you and your departure."

The intercourse of men of different ages is essentially unequal: it must always partake more or less of advice on one side and deference on the other; and although the easy and unpedantic turn of Talbot's conversation made his remarks rather entertaining than obviously admonitory, yet they were necessarily tinged by his experience, and regulated by his interest in the fortunes of his young friend.

"My dearest Clarence," said he, affectionately, "we are about to bid each other a long farewell. I will not damp your hopes and anticipations by insisting on the little chance there is that you should ever see me again. You are about to enter upon the great world, and have within you the desire and the power of success; let me flatter myself that you can profit by my experience. Among the colloquia of Erasmus, there is a very entertaining dialogue between Apicius and a man who, desirous of giving a feast to a very large and miscellaneous party, comes to consult the epicure what will be the best means to give satisfaction to all. Now you shall be this Spudorus, (so I think he is called,) and I will be Apicius; for the world, after all, is nothing more than a great feast of different strangers, with different tastes, and of different ages, and we must learn to adapt ourselves to their minds, and our temptations to their passions, if we wish to fascinate or even to content them. Let me then call your attention to the hints and maxims which I have in this paper amused myself with drawing up for your instruction: Write to me from time to time, and I will, in replying to your letters, give you the best advice in my power. For the rest, my dear boy, I have only to request that you will be frank, and I, in my turn, will promise that, when I cannot assist, I will never reprove. And now, Clarence, as the hour is late, and you leave us early to-morrow, I will no longer detain you. God bless you and keep you. You are going to enjoy life—I to anticipate death: so that you can find in me little congenial to yourself; but, as the good pope said to our Protestant countryman, 'Whatever the difference between us, I know well that an old man's blessing is never without its value.'"

As Clarence clasped his benefactor's hand, the tears gushed from his eyes. Is there one being,

stubborn as the rock to misfortune, whom kindness does not affect? For my part, it seems to me to come with a double grace and tenderness from the old; it seems in them the hoarded and long purified benevolence of years; as if it had survived and conquered the baseness and selfishness of the ordeal it had passed; as if the winds, which had broken the form, had swept in vain across the heart, and the frosts, which had chilled the blood and whitened the thin locks, had possessed no power over the warm tide of the affections. It is the triumph of nature over art: it is the voice of the angel which is yet within us. Nor is this all: the tenderness of age is twice blessed—blessed in its trophies over the obduracy of incrusting and withering years, blessed because it is tinged with the sanctity of the grave; because it tells us that the heart will blossom even upon the precincts of the tomb, and flatters us with the inviolacy and immortality of love.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Cannot I create,
Cannot I form, cannot I fashion forth
Another world, another universe?
KEATS.

THE next morning Clarence, in his way out of town, directed his carriage (the last and not the least acceptable present from Talbot) to stop at Warner's door. Although it was scarcely sunrise, the aged grandmother of the artist was stirring, and opened the door to the early visitor. Clarence passed her with a brief salutation—hurried up the narrow stairs, and found himself in the artist's chamber. The windows were closed, and the air of the room was confined and hot. A few books, chiefly of history and poetry, stood in confused disorder upon some shelves opposite the window. Upon a table beneath them lay a flute, once the cherished recreation of the young painter, but now long neglected and disused. His dressing-gown (the only garb he had worn for weeks) lay upon a chair beside the bed: and placed exactly opposite to Warner, so that his eyes might open upon his work, was the high-prized and already more than half-finished picture.

Clarence bent over the bed; the cheek of the artist rested upon his arm in an attitude unconsciously picturesque; the other arm was tossed over the coverlid, and Clarence was shocked to see how wan and emaciated it had become. But ever and anon the lips of the sleeper moved restlessly, and words, low and inarticulate, broke out. Sometimes he started abruptly, and a bright but evanescent flush darted over his faded and hollow cheek; and once the fingers of the thin hand, which lay upon the bed, expanded and suddenly closed in a firm and almost painful grasp; it was then that, for the first time, the words of the artist became distinct.

"Ay, ay," said he, "I have thee, I have thee at last. Long, very long, thou hast burnt up my heart like fuel, and mocked me, and laughed at my idle efforts; but now, now, I have thee. Fame, honour, immortality, whatever thou art called, I have thee, and thou canst not escape; but it is almost too late!" And, as if wrung by some sudden pain, the sleeper turned heavily round, groaned audibly, and awoke.

"My friend," said Clarence, soothingly, and taking his hand, "I have come to bid you farewell. I am just setting off for the continent, but I could not leave England without once more seeing you. I have good news, too, for you." And Clarence proceeded to repeat Talbot's wish that Warner should bring the picture to his house on the following Thursday, that Sir Joshua might inspect it. He added also, in terms the flattery of which his friendship could not resist exaggerating, Talbot's desire to become the purchaser of the picture.

"Yes," said the artist, as his eye glanced delightedly over his labour; "yes, I believe when it is once seen there will be many candidates!"

"No doubt," answered Clarence; "and for that reason you cannot blame Talbot for wishing to forestall all other competitors for the prize;" and then continuing the encouraging nature of the conversation, Clarence enlarged upon the new hopes of his friend, besought him to take time, to spare his health, and not to injure both himself and his performance by over anxiety and hurry. Clarence concluded, by retailing Talbot's assurance that in all cases and circumstances he (Talbot) considered himself pledged to be Warner's supporter and friend.

With something of impatience, mingled with pleasure, the painter listened to all these details of the warm-hearted and affectionate Clarence; nor was it to Linden's zeal, or to Talbot's generosity, but rather to the excess of his own merit, that he secretly attributed the brightening prospect afforded him.

The indifference which Warner, though of a disposition naturally kind, evinced at parting with a friend who had always taken so strong an interest in his behalf, and whose tears at that moment contrasted forcibly enough with the apathetic coldness of his own farewell, was a remarkable instance how acute vividness on a single point will deaden feeling on all others. Occupied solely and burningly with one intense thought, which was to him love, friendship, health, peace, wealth; Warner could not excite feelings, languid and exhausted with many and fiery conflicts, to objects of minor interest, and perhaps he inwardly rejoiced that his musings and his study would henceforth be sacred even from friendship.

Deeply affected, for his nature was exceedingly unselfish, generous and susceptible, Clarence tore himself away, placed in the grandmother's hand a considerable portion of the sum he had received from Talbot, hurried into his carriage, and found himself on the high road to fortune, pleasure, distinction, and the continent.

But while Clarence, despite of every advantage before him, hastened to a court of dissipation and pleasure, with feelings in which regretful affection for those he had left darkened his worldly hopes, and mingled with the sanguine anticipations of youth, Warner, poor, low-born, wasted with sickness, destitute of friends, shut out by his temperament from the pleasures of his age, burned with hopes far less alloyed than those of Clarence, and found in them for the sacrifice of all else, not only a recompense, but a triumph.

Thursday came. Warner had made one request of Talbot, which had with difficulty been granted: it was that he himself might, unseen, be the auditor of the great painter's criticisms, and that Sir Joshua should be perfectly unaware of his pre-

sence. It had been granted with difficulty, because Talbot wished to spare Warner the pain of hearing remarks which he felt would be likely to fall far short of the sanguine self-elation of the young artist; and it *had* been granted, because Talbot imagined that, even should this be the case, the pain would be more than counterbalanced by the salutary effect it might produce. Alas! vanity calculates but poorly upon the vanity of others! What a virtue we should distil from frailty, what a world of pain we should save our brethren, if we would suffer our own weakness to be the measure of theirs!

Thursday came; the painting was placed by the artist's own hand in the most favourable light; a curtain hung behind it served as a screen for Warner, who, retiring to his hiding-place, surrendered his heart to delicious forebodings of the critic's wonder, and golden anticipations of the future destiny of his darling work. Not a fear dashed the full and smooth cup of his self-enjoyment. He had lain awake the whole of the night, in restless and joyous impatience for the morrow. At daybreak he had started from his bed, he had unclosed his shutters, he had hung over his picture with a fondness greater, if possible, than he had ever known before; like a mother, he felt as if his own partiality was but a part of a universal tribute: and, as his aged relative turned her dim eyes to the painting, and in her innocent idolatry, rather of the artist than his work, praised, and expatiated, and foretold, his heart whispered—"If it wring this worship from ignorance, what will be the homage of science?"

He who first laid down the now hackneyed maxim, that diffidence is the companion of genius, knew very little of the workings of the human heart. True, there may have been a few such instances, and it is probable that in this maxim, as in most, the exception made the rule. But what could ever reconcile genius to its sufferings, its sacrifices, its fevered inquietudes, the intense labour which can alone produce what the shallow world deems the giant offspring of a momentary inspiration; what could ever reconcile it to these but the haughty and unquenchable consciousness of internal power; the hope which has the fulness of certainty that in proportion to the toil is the reward; the sanguine and impetuous anticipation of glory, which bursts the boundaries of time and space, and ranges with a prophet's rapture the immeasurable regions of immortality? Rob Genius of its confidence, of its lofty self-esteem, and you clip the wings of the eagle: you domesticate, it is true, the wanderer you could not hitherto comprehend, in the narrow bounds of your household affections; you abase and tame it more to the level of your ordinary judgments—the walled-in and petty circumference of your little and commonplace moralities—but you take from it the power to soar; the hardihood which was content to brave the thunder cloud and build its eyrie on the rock, for the proud triumph of rising above its kind, and contemplating with a closer eye the majesty of heaven.

But if something of presumption is a part of the very essence of genius, in Warner it was doubly natural, for he was still in the heat and flush of a design, whose defects he had not yet had the leisure to examine; and his talents, self-taught, and self-modelled, had never received either the excitement of emulation or the chill of discouragement from the study of the master-pieces of his art.

The painter had not been long alone in his concealment before he heard steps; his heart beat violently, the door opened, and he saw, through a small hole which he had purposely made in the curtain, a man with a benevolent and prepossessing countenance, whom he instantly recognised as *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, enter the room, accompanied by Talbot. They walked up to the picture; the painter examined it closely, and in perfect silence. "Silence," thought Warner, "is the best homage of admiration;" but he trembled with impatience to hear the admiration confirmed by words,—those words came too soon.

"It is the work of a clever man, certainly," said Sir Joshua; "*but*" (terrible monosyllable) "of one utterly unskilled in the grand principles of his art: look here, and here, and here, for instance;" and the critic, perfectly unconscious of the torture he inflicted, proceeded to point out the errors of the work. O! the agony, the withering agony of that moment to the ambitious artist!—In vain he endeavoured to bear up against the judgment—in vain he endeavoured to persuade himself that it was the voice of envy which in those cold, measured, *defining* accents, fell like drops of poison upon his heart. He felt at once, and as if by a magical inspiration, the truth of the verdict; the scales of self-delusion fell from his eyes; by a hideous mockery, a kind of terrible pantomime, his goddess seemed at a word, a breath, transformed into a monster: life, which had been so lately concentrated into a single hope, seemed now, at once and for ever, cramped, curdled, blistered into a single disappointment.

"But," said Talbot, who had in vain attempted to arrest the criticisms of the painter, (who, very deaf at all times, was at that time, in particular, engrossed by the self-satisfaction always enjoyed by one expatiating on his favourite topic,)—"but," said Talbot, in a louder voice, "you own there is great genius in the design?"

"Certainly, there is genius," replied Sir Joshua, in a tone of a calm and complacent good-nature. "But what is genius without culture? You say the artist is young, very young; let him take time—I do not say let him attempt an humbler walk, let him persevere in the lofty one he has chosen, but let him first retrace every step he has taken; let him devote days, months, years, to the most diligent study of the immortal masters of the divine art, before he attempts (to exhibit, at least) another historical picture. He has mistaken altogether the nature of invention: a fine invention is nothing more than a fine deviation from, or enlargement on, a fine model: imitation, if noble and general, ensures the best hope of originality. Above all, let your young friend, if he can afford it, visit Italy."

"He *shall* afford it," said Talbot, kindly, "for he shall have whatever advantages I can procure him; but you see the picture is only half completed—he could alter it!"

"He *had better burn it!*" replied the painter, with a gentle smile.

And Talbot, in benevolent despair, hurried his visitor out of the room. He soon returned to seek and console the artist, but the artist was gone; the despised, the fatal picture, the blessing and curse of so many anxious and wasted hours, had vanished also with its creator.

CHAPTER XXIV.

What is this soul, then? Whence
Came it?—It does not seem my own, and I
Have no self passion or identity!
Some fearful end must be—

There never lived a mortal man, who beat
His appetite beyond his natural sphere,
But starved and died!

KEATS's *Endymion*.

On entering his home, Warner pushed aside, for the first time in his life with disrespect, his aged and kindly relation, who, as if in mockery of the unfortunate artist, stood prepared to welcome and congratulate his return. Bearing his picture in his arms, he rushed up stairs, hurried into his room, and locked the door. Hastily he tore aside the cloth which had been drawn over the picture; hastily and tremblingly he placed it upon the frame accustomed to support it, and then, with a long, long, eager, searching, scrutinizing glance, he surveyed the once beloved mistress of his worship. Presumption, vanity, exaggerated self-esteem, are, in their punishment, supposed to excite ludicrous, not sympathetic emotion; but there is an excess of feeling, produced by whatever cause it may be, into which we are, in despite of ourselves, forced to enter. Even fear, the most contemptible of the passions, becomes tragic directly it becomes an agony.

"Well, well!" said Warner at last, speaking very slowly, "it is over—it was a pleasant dream—but it is over—I ought to be thankful for the lesson." Then suddenly changing his mood and tone, he repeated, "Thankful! for what? that I am a wretch—a wretch more utterly hopeless, and miserable, and abandoned than a man who freights with all his wealth, his children, his wife, the hoarded treasures and blessings of an existence, one ship, one little, frail, worthless ship, and standing himself on the shore, sees it suddenly go down! O, was I not a fool—a right noble fool—a vain fool—an arrogant fool—a very essence and concentration of all things that make a fool, to believe such delicious marvels of myself! What, man!—(here his eye saw in the opposite glass his features, livid and haggard with disease, and the exhausting feelings which preyed within him)—what, man! would nothing serve thee but to be a genius—*thee*, whom nature stamped with her curse! Dwarf-like and distorted, mean in stature and in lineament, thou wert, indeed, a glorious being to perpetuate grace and beauty, the majesties and dreams of art! Fame for thee, indeed—ha—ha! Glory—ha—ha! a place with Titian, Corregio, Raphael—ha—ha—ha! O, thrice modest, thrice reasonable fool! But this vile daub; this disfigurement of canvass; this loathed and wretched monument of disgrace; this notable candidate for—ha—ha—immortality!—this I have, at least, in my power." And seizing the picture, he dashed it to the ground, and trampled it with his feet upon the dusty boards, till the moist colours presented nothing but one confused and dingy stain.

This sight seemed to recall him for a moment. He paused, lifted up the picture once more, and placed it on the table. "But," he muttered, "might not this critic be envious? am I sure that he judged rightly—fairly? The greatest masters have looked askant and jealous at their pupil's works. And then, how slow, how cold, how

damned cold, how indifferently he spoke; why, the very air should have warmed him more. Could we have——No, no, no: it *was* true, it was! I felt the conviction thrill through me like a barb—a barb of searing iron. Burn it—did he say!—ay—burn it—it shall be done this instant.”

And, hastening to the door, he undid the bolt. He staggered back as he beheld his old and nearest surviving relative, the mother of his father, seated upon the ground beside the door, and listening with terror to the broken exclamations of the solitude she durst not interrupt. She rose slowly, and with difficulty, as she saw him; and throwing around him the withered arms which had nursed his infancy, exclaimed, “My child! my poor—poor child! what has come to you of late! you, who were so gentle, so mild, so quiet—you are no longer the same—and, O, my son, how ill you look: your father looked so just before he died!”

“Ill!” said he, with a sort of fearful gayety, “Ill—no—I never was so well—I have been in a dream till now—but I have woken at last. Why, it is true that I have been silent and shy, but I will be so no more. I will laugh, and talk, and walk, and make love, and drink wine, and be all that other men are. O, we will be so merry. But stay here, while I fetch a light.”

“A light, my child, for what?”

“For a funeral!” shouted Warner, and, rushing past her, he descended the stairs, and returned almost in an instant with a light.

Alarmed and terrified, the poor old woman had remained motionless, and weeping violently. Her tears Warner did not seem to notice; he pushed her gently into the room, and began deliberately, and without uttering a syllable, to cut the picture into shreds.

“What are you about, my child?” cried the old woman; “you are mad, it is your beautiful picture that you are destroying!”

Warner did not reply, but, going to the hearth, piled together, with nice and scrupulous care, several pieces of paper, and stick, and matches, into a sort of pyre; then, placing the shreds of the picture upon it, he applied the light, and the whole was instantly in a blaze.

“Look, look!” cried he, in an hysterical tone, “how it burns, and crackles, and blazes! What master ever equalled it now!—no fault now in those colours—no false tints in that light and shade! See how that flame darts up and soars!—that flame is my spirit! Look—is it not restless?—does it not aspire bravely?—why, all its brother flames are grovellers to it!—and now—why don’t you look!—it falters—fades—droops—and—ha—ha—ha!—poor idler, the fuel is consumed—and—it is darkness!”

As Warner uttered these words his eyes reeled; the room swam before him; the excitement of his feeble frame had reached its highest pitch; the disease of many weeks had attained its crisis; and, tottering back a few paces, he fell upon the floor, the victim of a delirious and raging fever.

But it was not thus that the young artist was to die. He was reserved for a death, that, like his real nature, had in it more of gentleness and poesy. He recovered by slow degrees, and his mind, almost in despite of himself, returned to that profession from which it was impossible to divert the

thoughts and musings of many years. Not that he resumed the pencil and the easel: on the contrary, he could not endure them in his sight: they appeared, to a mind festered and sore, like a memorial and monument of shame. But he nursed within him a strong and ardent desire to become a pilgrim to that beautiful land of which he had so often dreamt, and which the innocent destroyer of his peace had pointed out as the theatre of inspiration, and the nursery of future fame.

The physicians who, at Talbot’s instigation, attended him, looked at his hectic cheek and consumptive frame, and readily flattered his desire; and Talbot, no less interested in Warner’s behalf on his own account, than bound by his promise to Clarence, generously extended to the artist that bounty which is the most precious prerogative of the rich. Notwithstanding her extreme age, his grandmother insisted upon attending him: there is in the heart of woman so deep a well of love, that no age can freeze it. They made the voyage: they reached the shore of the myrtle and the vine, and entered the imperial city. The air of Rome seemed at first to operate favourably upon the health of the English artist. His strength appeared to increase, his spirit to expand; and, though he had relapsed into more than his original silence and reserve, he resumed, with apparent energy, the labours of the easel: so that they who looked no deeper than the surface might have imagined the scar healed, and the real foundation of future excellence began.

But while Warner most humbled himself before the gods of the pictured world; while the true principles of the mighty art opened in their fullest glory on his soul; precisely, at this very moment, shame and despondency were most bitter at his heart; and while the enthusiasm of the painter kindled, the ambition of the man despaired. But still he went on, transfusing into his canvass the grandeur and simplicity of the Italian school; still, though he felt palpably within him the creeping advance of the deadliest and surest enemy to fame, he pursued, with an unwearied ardour, the mechanical completion of his task; still, the morning found him bending before the easel, and the night brought to his solitary couch meditation rather than sleep. The fire, the irritability which he had evinced before his illness, had vanished, and the original sweetness of his temper had returned; he uttered no complaint, he dwelt upon no anticipation of success, hope and regret seemed equally dead within him; and it was only when he caught the fond, glad eyes of his aged attendant, that his own filled with tears, or that the serenity of his brow darkened into sadness.

This went on for some months; till one evening they found the painter by his window, seated opposite to an unfinished picture; the pencil was still in his hand: the quiet of settled thought was still upon his countenance; the soft breeze of a southern twilight waved the hair livingly from his forehead—the earliest star of a southern sky lent to his cheek something of that subdued lustre which, when enthusiasm touched it, it had been accustomed to wear; but these were only the mockeries of life: life itself was no more! In the divine land which he had so yearned to tread—in the consecrated city where the majesty of his sublime art reigned as on a throne—in the purple air in which

poesy and inspiration mingled with the common breath and atmosphere of life—his restless and unworldly spirit sighed itself away; and the heart, which in silence and concealment had been long breaking, broke at last!

There are two tombs close to each other in the stranger's burial-place at Rome: they cover those for whom life, unequally long, terminated in the same month. The one is of a woman, bowed with the burden of many years; the other darkens over the humble dust of the ambitious artist.

CHAPTER XXV.

Think upon my grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match.
SHAKESPEARE.

"But are you quite sure," said General St. Leger, a tall, disagreeable looking man, with a face like the bed on which "great Villiers died," viz.

"Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red;"

"—are you quite sure that it is the case?"

"Sure!" cried Miss Diana St. Leger, a lady of about fifty-five, with a pale, shrivelled face, savage black eyes, and a magnificent ruby crescent, set in a purple head-gear, which forcibly resembled her unto Shakspeare's description of adversity, for she,

"Like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wore yet a precious jewel in her head;"

"—sure, general! I saw it with my own eyes. They were standing together in the copse, at half past nine o'clock at night, when I, who had long had my suspicions, crept up, and saw and overheard them; and *the fellow*—(O, Algernon Mordaunt, that ever thou shouldst be called *fellow*!)—held her hand, and kissed it every moment. Nobody ever kissed my hand, General St. Leger, at half past nine at night."

"I should think not," quoth General St. Leger.

"And, by-and-by, she said something to him about us, but the girl spoke so low that I did not hear; but he answered, in a voice loud enough for even you to have heard, deaf as you are, general." ("I am not deaf, damn you!" growled the general, *par parenthèse*.)—"He said, 'let them go back to their slaves; I cannot bear that you should any longer be the victim of their *brutality*.' Do you hear *that*, general? And then he called *me—me*, Miss Diana St. Leger, an old hag!"

"Ha, ha, ha! that was too bad," cried the general, sinking back into his chair.

"And *you* a tyrannical plebeian."

"Damn the rascal!" shouted General St. Leger, springing up in spite of his gout; "we must put a stop to this; we must trounce the jade, my love!"

"Yes, my dear brother, we must. To call you a tyrannical plebeian!"—

"And you an old hag, my dear! Shall we lock her up, or starve her?"

"No, general, something better than that."

"What, my love? flog her?"

"She's too old for that, brother; we'll marry her!"

"Marry her!"

"Yes, to Mr. Glumford; you know that he has asked her several times."

"But she cannot bear him."

"We'll make her bear him, General St. Leger."

"But if she marries, I shall have nobody to nurse me when I have the gout."

"Yes, brother: I know of a nice little girl, Martha Richardson, your second cousin's youngest daughter; you know he has fourteen children, and you may have them all, one after another, if you like."

"Very true, Diana—let the jade marry Mr. Glumford."

"She shall," said the sister; "and I'll go about it this very moment: meantime I'll take care that she does not see her lover any more."

About three weeks after this conversation, Mordaunt, who had in vain endeavoured to see Isabel, who had not even heard from her, whose letters had been returned to him unopened, and who consequently was in despair, received the following note:

"This is the first time I have been able to write to you, at least to get my letter conveyed: it is a strange messenger that I have employed, but I happened formerly to make his acquaintance, and accidentally seeing him to-day, the extremity of the case induced me to give him a commission which I could trust to no one else. Algernon, are not the above sentences written with admirable calmness? are they not very explanatory, very consistent, very cool? and yet do you know that I firmly believe I am going mad. My brain turns round and round, and my hand burns so that I almost think that, like our old nurse's stories of the fiend, it will scorch the paper as I write. And I see strange faces in my sleep, and in my waking, all mocking at me, and they torture and haunt me; and when I look at those faces, I see no human relenting, no! though I weep and throw myself on my knees, and implore them to save me. Algernon, my only hope is in you. You know that I have always hitherto refused to ruin you; and even now, though I implore you to deliver me, I will not be so selfish as—as—I know not what I write, but I will not be your wife, Algernon, that is too noble, too high a lot for me; I will be your servant, your slave, any thing, any thing, but not *his*—O, God—not *his* wife! No! if they drag me to church, it shall be to my grave, not my bridal."

"ISABEL ST. LEGER."

When Mordaunt had read this letter, which, in spite of its incoherence, his fears readily explained, he rose hastily, his eye rested upon a sober-looking man, clad in brown. The proud love no spectators to their emotions.

"Who are you, sir?" said Algernon, quickly.

"Morris Brown," replied the stranger, coolly and civilly. "Brought that letter to you, sir; shall be very happy to serve you with any thing else; just fitted out a young gentleman as ambassador, a nephew to Mrs. Minden—very old friend of mine. Beautiful slabs you have here, sir, but they want a few nick-nacks; shall be most happy to supply you; got a lovely little ape, sir, stuffed by the late Lady Waddilove; it would look charming with this old fashioned carving: give the room quite the air of a museum!"

"And so," said Mordaunt, for whose ear the eloquence of Mr. Brown contained only one sentence, "and so you brought this note, and will take back my answer?"

"Yes, sir; any thing to keep up family connexions—I knew a Lady Morden very well—very well indeed, sir—a relation of yours, I presume, by the similarity of the name; made her many valuable presents; shall be most happy to do the same to you, when you are married, sir. You will refurnish the house, I suppose? Let me see—fine proportions to this room, sir—about thirty-six feet, by twenty-eight; I'll do the thing twenty per cent. cheaper than the trade; and touching the lovely little—"

"Here," interrupted Mordaunt, "you will take back this note, and be sure that Miss Isabel St. Leger has it as soon as possible; and here, my friend, oblige me by accepting this trifle—a trifle indeed compared with my gratitude, if this note reaches its destination safely."

"I am sure," said Mr. Brown, looking with surprise at the gift, which he held with no unwilling hand, "I am sure, sir, that you are very generous, and strongly remind me of your relation, Lady Morden; and if you would like the lovely little ape as a present—I mean *really* a present—you shall have it, Mr. Mordaunt."

But Mr. Mordaunt had left the room, and the sober Morris, looking round, and cooling in his generosity, said to himself, "It is well he did not hear me, however; but I hope he will marry the nice young lady, for I love doing a kindness. This house must be refurnished—no lady will like these old-fashioned chairs."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Squire and fool are the same thing here.

FARQUHAR.

In such a night

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an unthrift love, did run from Venice.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE persecutions which Isabel had undergone had indeed preyed upon her reason as well as her health; and in her brief intervals of respite from the rage of the uncle, the insults of the aunt, and worse than all the addresses of the intended bridegroom, her mind, shocked and unhinged, reverted with such intensity to the sufferings she endured as to give her musings the character of insanity. It was in one of these moments that she had written to Mordaunt; and I verily believe that had the contest continued much longer, the reason of the unfortunate and persecuted girl would have totally deserted her.

She was a person of acute, and even poignant, sensibilities, and these the imperfect nature of her education had but little served to guide or to correct; but as her habits were pure and good, the impulses which spring from habit were also sinless and exalted, and if they erred, "they leant on virtue's side," and partook rather of a romantic and excessive generosity than of the weakness of *womanhood* or the selfishness of passion. All the misery and debasement of her equivocal and dependent situation had not been able to drive her into compliance with Mordaunt's passionate and urgent prayers; and her heart was proof even to the eloquence of love, when that eloquence pointed towards the worldly injury and depreciation of her lover: but this new persecution was utterly unforeseen in its nature, and intolerable from its

cause. To marry another—to be torn for ever from one in whom her whole heart was wrapped—to be forced not only to forego his love, but to feel that the very thought of him was a crime; all this, backed by the vehement and galling insults of her relations, and the sullen and unmoved meanness of her intended bridegroom, who answered her candour and confession with a stubborn indifference and an unaltered address, made a load of evil which could neither be borne with resignation nor contemplated with patience; yet, even amid all the bitterness of her soul, and the incoherent desperation in which her letter to Mordaunt had been penned, she felt a sort of confused resolution that he should not be the sacrifice.

In extreme youth and still preserving more than childish innocence, she did not exactly perceive the nature of her trust in Mordaunt; nor the consequences of any other tie with him than the sacred one of marriage; but she had read and heard of women, in their noble and fond devotedness, sacrificing all for love, and she had internally resolved that she would swell their number, rather than cost him a single loss or deprivation. To sacrifice for Algernon Mordaunt—what happiness, what pride in the thought! and that thought reconciled her to the letter she wrote, and the prayer which it contained. Poor girl! little did she conceive that in the eyes of the world, that sacrifice, that self-devotion would have been the greatest crime she could commit!

She was sitting, after she had sent her letter, with her two relations, for they seldom trusted her out of their sight, when Mr. Glumford was announced. Now, Mr. George Glumford was a country gentleman, of what might be termed a third-rate family in the county: he possessed about twelve hundred a year, to say nothing of the odd pounds, shillings, and pence, which, however, did not meet with such contempt in his memory or estimation; was of a race which could date as high as Charles the Second; had been educated at a country school with sixty others, chiefly inferior to himself in rank; and had received the last finish at a very small hall at Oxford. In addition to these advantages, he had been indebted to nature for a person five feet eight inches high, and stout in proportion: for hair very short, very straight, and of a red hue, which even through powder cast out a mellow glow: for an obstinate dogged sort of nose, beginning in snub, and ending in bottle; for cold, small, gray eyes, a very small mouth, pinched up and avaricious, like a carp's or a waistcoat button-hole; and very large, very freckled, yet rather white hands, the nails of which were punctiliously cut into a point every other day, (Friday—*dies iras* excepted,) with a pair of scissors which Mr. Glumford often boasted had been in his possession since his eighth year; viz. for about thirty-two legitimate revolutions of the sun.

He was one of those persons who are equally close and adventurous; who love the *éclat* of a little speculation, but take exceeding good care that it should be, in their own graceful phrase, "on the safe side of the hedge." In pursuance of this characteristic of mind, he had resolved to fall in love with Miss Isabel St. Leger; for she being very dependent, he could boast to her of his disinterestedness, and hope that she would be economical through a principle of gratitude; and being the nearest relation to the opulent General St. Leger,

and his unmarried sister, there seemed to be every rational probability of her inheriting the bulk of their fortunes. Upon these hints of prudence spake Mr. George Glumford.

Now, when Isabel, partly in her ingenuous frankness, partly from the passionate promptings of her despair, revealed to him her attachment to another, and her resolution never, with her own consent, to become his, it seemed to the slow, but not uncalculating, mind of Mr. Glumford not by any means desirable that he should forego his present intentions, but by all means desirable that he should make this reluctance of Isabel's an excuse for sounding the intentions and increasing the posthumous liberality of the East Indian and his sister.

"The girl is of my nearest blood," said the major-general, "and if I don't leave my fortune to her, who the devil should I leave it to, sir?" and so saying, the speaker, who was in a fell paroxysm of the gout, looked so fiercely at the hinting wooer, that Mr. George Glumford, who was no Achilles, was somewhat frightened, and thought it expedient to hint no more.

"My brother," said Miss Diana, "is so odd; but he is the most generous of men: besides, the girl has claims upon him."

Upon these speeches Mr. Glumford thought himself secure, and inly resolving to punish the fool for her sulkiness and bad taste as soon as he lawfully could, he continued his daily visits, and told his sporting acquaintance that his time was coming.

Revertens à nos moutons, forgive this preliminary detail, and let us return to Mr. Glumford himself, whom we left at the door, pulling and fumbling at the glove which covered his right hand, in order to present the naked palm to Miss Diana St. Leger. After this act was performed, he approached Isabel, and drawing his chair near to her, proceeded to converse with her as the Ogre did with Puss in Boots; viz. "as civilly as an Ogre could do."

This penance had not proceeded far, before the door was again opened, and Mr. Morris Brown presented himself to the conclave.

"Your servant, general; your servant, madam. I took the liberty of coming back again, madam, because I forgot to show you some very fine silks, the most extraordinary bargain in the world—quite presents; and I have a *sève* bowl here, a superb article, from the cabinet of the late Lady Wadilove."

Now Mr. Brown was a very old acquaintance of Miss Diana St. Leger, for there is a certain class of old maids with whom our fair readers are no doubt acquainted, who join to a great love of expense a great love of bargains, and who never purchase at the regular place if they can find any irregular vender. They are great friends of Jews and itinerants, hand-in-glove with smugglers, Ladies Bountiful to pedlars, are diligent readers of puffs and advertisements, and eternal haunters of sales and auctions. Of this class was Miss Diana a most prominent individual; judge, then, how acceptable to her was the acquaintance of Mr. Brown. That indefatigable merchant of miscellanies had, indeed, at a time when brokers were perhaps rather more rare and respectable than now, a numerous country acquaintance, and thrice a year he performed a sort of circuit to all his customers

and connexions; hence his visit to St. Leger House, and hence Isabel's opportunity of conveying her epistle.

"Pray," said Mr. Glumford, who had heard much of Mr. Brown's 'presents' from Miss Diana—"pray, don't you furnish rooms, and *things of that sort*?" (a very favourite phrase of the intellectual speaker.)

"Certainly, sir, certainly, in the best manner possible."

"O! very well, I shall want some rooms furnished soon; a bed-room, and a dressing-room; and things of that sort, you know. And so—perhaps you may have something in your box that will suit me, gloves, or handkerchiefs, or shirts, or things of that sort."

"Yes, sir, every thing, I sell every thing," said Mr. Brown, opening his box.—"I beg pardon, Miss Isabel, I have dropt my handkerchief by your chair; allow me to stoop," and Mr. Brown stooping under the table managed to effect his purpose; unseen by the rest, a note was slipped into Isabel's hand, and under pretence of stooping too, she managed to secure the treasure. Love need well be honest if, even when it is most true, it leads us into so much that is false!

Mr. Brown's box was now unfolded before the eyes of the crafty Mr. Glumford, who, having selected three pair of gloves, offered the exact half of the sum demanded.

Mr. Brown lifted up his hands and eyes.

"You see," said the imperturbable Glumford, "that if you let me have them for that, and they last me well, and don't come unsewn, and stand cleaning, you'll have my custom in furnishing the house and rooms, and—things of that sort."

Struck with the grandeur of this opening, Mr. Brown yielded, and the gloves were bought.

"The fool!" thought the noble George, laughing in his sleeve, "as if I should ever furnish the house from his box!"

Strange that some men should be proud of being mean.

The moment Isabel escaped to dress for dinner, she opened her lover's note. It was as follows:

"Be in *the* room, your retreat, at nine this evening. Let the window be left unclosed. Precisely at that hour I will be with you. I shall have every thing in readiness for your flight. Be sure, dearest Isabel, that nothing prevents your meeting me there, even if all your house follow or attend you. I will bear you from all. O, Isabel! in spite of the mystery and wretchedness of your letter, I feel too happy, too blest at the thought that our fates will be at length united, and that the union is at hand. Remember nine. "A. M."

Love is a feeling which has so little to do with the world, a passion so little regulated by the known laws of our more steady and settled emotions, that the thoughts which it produces are always more or less connected with exaggeration and romance. To the secret spirit of enterprise which, however chilled by his pursuits and habits, still burned within Mordaunt's breast, there was a wild pleasure in the thought of bearing off his mistress and his bride from the very home and hold of her false friends and real foes; while in the contradictions of the same passion, Isabel, so far from exulting at her approaching escape, trem-

l'ed at her danger, and blushed for her temerity; and the fear and the modesty of woman almost triumphed over her brief energy and fluctuating resolve.

CHAPTER XXVII.

We haste—the chosen and the lovely bringing;
Love still goes with her from her place of birth!
Deep, silent joy, within her soul is springing,
Though in her glance the light no more is mirth.
MRS. HERMAN.

"DARE it!" said the general.

"The vile creature," cried Miss Diana.

"I don't understand things of that sort," ejaculated the bewildered Mr. Glunford.

"She has certainly gone," said the valiant general.

"Certainly!" grunted Miss Diana.

"Gone!" echoed the bridegroom, "not to be!"

And she was gone! never did more loving and tender heart forsake all, and cling to a more loyal and generous nature. The skies were darkened with clouds,

"And the dim stars rush'd through them rare and fast;" and the winds wailed with a loud and ominous voice; and the moon came forth, with a faint and sickly smile, from her chamber in the mist, and then shrunk back, and was seen no more; but neither omen nor fear was upon Mordaunt's breast, as it swelled beneath the dark locks of Isabel, which were pressed against it.

As faith clings the more to the cross of life, while the wastes deepen around her steps, and the adders creep forth upon her path, so love clasps that which is its hope and comfort the closer, for the desert which encompasseth, and the dangers which harass its way.

They had fled to London, and Isabel had been placed with a very distant, and very poor, though very high-born relative, of Algernon, till the necessary preliminaries could be passed, and the final bond knit.—Yet still the generous Isabel would have refused—despite the injury to her own fame, to have ratified a union which filled her with gloomy presentiments for Mordaunt's fate; and still Mordaunt by little and little broke down her tender scruples and self-immolating resolves, and ceased not his eloquence and his suit till the day of his nuptials was set and come.

The morning rose bright and clear—the autumn was drawing toward its close, and seemed willing to leave its last remembrance tinged with the warmth and softness of its parent summer, rather than with the stern gloom and severity of its chilling successor.

And they stood beside the altar, and their vows were exchanged. A slight tremor came over Algernon's frame, a slight shade darkened his countenance; for even in that bridal hour an icy and thrilling foreboding curdled to his heart; it passed—the ceremony was over, and Mordaunt bore his blushing and weeping bride from the church. His carriage was in attendance; for, not knowing how long the home of his ancestors might be his, he was impatient to return to it. The old Countess D'Arcy, Mordaunt's relation, with whom Isabel had been staying, called them back to bless them; for, even through the coldness of old age,

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she was touched by the singularity of their love, and affected by their nobleness of heart. She laid her wan and shrivelled hand upon each, as she bade them farewell, and each shrunk back involuntarily, for the cold and light touch seemed like the fingers of the dead.

Fearful indeed is the vicinity of death and life—the bridal chamber and the charnel. That night the old woman died. It appeared as if Fate had set its seal upon the union it had so long forbidden, and had woven a dark thread even in the marriage bond. At least, it tore from two hearts, over which the cloud and the blast lay couched in a "grim repose," the last shelter, which, however frail and distant, seemed left to them upon the inhospitable earth!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Live while ye may, yet happy pair: enjoy
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.
MILTON.

THE autumn and the winter passed away; Mordaunt's relation continued implacable. Algernon grieved for this, independent of worldly circumstances; for, though he had seldom seen that relation, yet he loved him for former kindness—rather promised, to be sure, than yet shown—with the natural warmth of an affection which has but few objects. However, the old gentleman—(a very short, very fat person—very short, and very fat people, when they are surly, are the devil and all; for the humours of their mind, like those of their body, have something corrupt and unpurgeable in them)—wrote him one bluff, contemptuous letter, in a witty strain—for he was a bit of a humorist—disowned his connexion, and very shortly afterwards died, and left all his fortune to the very Mr. Vavasour who was at law with Mordaunt, and for whom he had always openly expressed the strongest personal dislike—spite to one relation is a marvellous tie to another. Meanwhile the law-suit went on less slowly than law-suits usually do, and the final decision was very speedily to be given.

We said the autumn and the winter were gone; and it was in one of those latter days in March, when like a hoyden girl subsiding into dawning womanhood, the rude weather mellows into a softer and tenderer month, that, by the side of a stream, overshadowed by many a brake and tree, from which the young blossoms sent "a message from the spring," sat two persons.

"I know not, dearest Algernon," said one, who was a female, "if this is not almost the sweetest month in the year, because it is the month of hope."

"Ay, Isabel; and they did it wrong who called it harsh, and dedicated it to Mars. I exult even in the fresh winds which hardier frames than mine shrink from, and I love feeling their wild breath fan my cheek as I ride against it. I remember," continued Algernon, musingly, "that on this very day three years ago, I was travelling through Germany, alone and on horseback, and I stood, not far from Ena, on the banks of the Danube; the waters of the river were disturbed and fierce, and the winds came loud and angry against my face, dashing the spray of the waves upon me, and

filling my spirit with a buoyant and glad delight; and at that time I had been indulging old dreams of poetry, and had laid my philosophy aside; and in the inspiration of the moment, I lifted up my hand toward the quarter whence the winds came, and questioned them audibly of their birth-place, and their bourne; and, as the enthusiasm increased, I compared them to our human life, which a moment is, and then is *not*; and proceeding from folly to folly, I asked them, as if they were the weird interpreters of heaven, for a type and sign of my future lot."

"And what said they?" inquired Isabel, smiling, yet smiling timidly.

"They answered not," replied Mordaunt; "but a voice within me seemed to say—'Look above!' and I raised my eyes,—but I did not see *there*, love—so the Book of Faith lied."

"Nay, Algernon, what *did* you see?" asked Isabel, more earnestly than the question deserved.

"I saw a thin cloud, alone amid many dense and dark ones scattered around; and as I gazed it seemed to take the likeness of a funeral procession—coffin, bearers, priest, all—as clear in the cloud as I have seen them on the *earth*: and I shuddered as I saw; but the winds blew the vapour onward, and it mingled with the broader masses of cloud; and then, Isabel, the sun shone forth for a moment, and I mistook, love, when I said you were not there, for *that* sun was you; but suddenly the winds ceased, and the rain came on fast and heavy: so my romance cooled, and my fever slaked—I thought on the inn at Enn, and the blessings of a wood fire, which is lighted in a moment, and I spurred on my horse accordingly."

"It is very strange," said Isabel.

"What, love?" whispered Algernon, kissing her cheek.

"Nothing, dearest, nothing. See what a beautiful butterfly has settled on that blossom, just at your feet; it has brought you a message from Oberon, that you are not, on pain of his express displeasure, to wander out so late in these damp evenings. His majesty declares that you brush away all the dew from his own haunts, and that moreover you disturb his revels by your unholy presence. Be sure, therefore, Algernon, that you do not stir out after nightfall."

Algernon smiled as he rose—"I think, Isabel, that it is rather a herald from Titania to you, begging you to go to bed betimes, and leave the house to Puck and his fellows, instead of sitting up all night for a husband, who loves his starlit rambles and moth-worn volumes better than you."

"Ay, but he does not *love* them better, Algernon, does he?" said Isabel, seriously; and Algernon laughed.

At that instant, the deer, which lay waving their lordly antlers to and fro beneath the avenue which sloped upward from the stream to the house, rose hurriedly and in confusion, and stood gazing, with watchful eyes, upon a man advancing toward the pair.

It was one of the servants with a letter. Isabel saw a faint change (which none else could have seen) in Mordaunt's countenance, as he recognised the writing and broke the seal. When he had read the letter, his eyes fell upon the ground, and then, with a slight start, he lifted them up, and gazed long and eagerly around. Wistfully did he drink, as it were, into his heart the beautiful and

expanded scene which lay stretched on either side the noble avenue which his forefathers had planted as a shelter to their sons, and which now, in its majestic growth and its waving boughs, seemed to say, "Lo! ye are repaid!" and the never silent and silver stream, by which his boyhood had passed for hours, lulled by its music, and inhaling the fragrance of the reed and wild flower that decoyed the bee to its glossy banks; and the deer, to whom melancholy *bell*ing he had listened so often in the gray twilight with a rapt and dreaming ear; and the green fern waving on the gentle hill, from whose shade his young feet had startled the hare and the infant fawn; and far and faintly gleaming through the thick trees, which clasped it as with a girdle, the old hall, so associated with vague hopes and musing dreams, and the dim legends of gone time, and the prejudiced, yet high, inspirings of ancestral pride; all seemed to sink within him, as he gazed, like the last looks of departing friends; and when Isabel, who had not dared to break the silence which partook so strongly of gloom, at length laid her hand upon his arm, and lifted her dark, deep, tender eyes to his, he said, as he drew her toward him, and a faint and sickly smile played upon his lips—

"It is past, Isabel: henceforth we have no wealth but in each other. The cause has been decided—and—and—we are beggars!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

We expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid importunesses, which would make a wise man tremble to think of.

COWLEY.

We must suppose a lapse of four years, from the date of those events which concluded the last chapter; and, to recompense the reader, who, I know, has a little penchant for "high life," even in the last century, for having hitherto shown him human beings in a state of society not wholly artificial, I beg him to picture to himself a large room, brilliantly illuminated, and crowded "with the magnates of the land." Here (some in saltatory motion, some in sedentary rest) are dispersed various groups of young ladies and attendant swains, talking upon the subject of Lord Rochester's celebrated poem, viz.: "*Nothing!*"—and, lounging around the doors, meditating, probably, upon the same subject, stand those unhappy victims of dancing daughters, denominated "Papas." To them, unless our grandfathers differed widely from ourselves, a ball is not that consummation which my young lady readers may suppose it to be.

For my part, of all felicity, to come to the present day, I, who am a quiet, melancholy, speculative person, and in such scenes, love to sit in an obscure corner, and mark the bright gleam of sunshine which flashes over the faces of these paternal sufferers, when the subject of "the next Ascot," or "T——'s motion," or "my country farm," is suddenly started. How instantaneously their fancy transports them from the dull duties of their present situation; how gloatingly the middle-aged gentlemen dwell upon the merits of "Matilda," or the perfection of the game laws, or the singular improvement in turnips!

But we return to our ball-room. The music has ceased—the dancers have broken up, and there

is a general but gentle sweep towards the realm of refreshment. In the crowd—having just entered—there glided a young man of an air more distinguished and somewhat more joyous than the rest.

"How do you do, Mr. Linden?" said a tall and (though somewhat *passée*) very handsome woman, blazing with diamonds; "are you just come?"

And here, by-the-way, I cannot resist pausing to observe, that a friend of mine, meditating a novel, submitted a part of the MS. to a friendly publisher. "Sir," said the bookseller, "your book is very clever, but it wants dialogue."

"Dialogue?" cried my friend—"you mistake—it's all dialogue."

"Ay, sir, but not what we call dialogue: we want a little conversation in fashionable life—a little elegant chit-chat or so: and, as you must have seen so much of the *beau monde*, you could do it to the life: we must have something light, and witty, and entertaining."

"Light, witty, and entertaining!" said our poor friend; "and how the deuce then is it to be like conversation in 'fashionable life?' When the very best conversation one can get is so insufferably dull, how do you think people will be amused by reading a copy of the very worst?"

"They are amused, sir," said the publisher, "and works of this kind sell!"

"I am convinced," said my friend; for he was a man of a placid temper: he took the hint, and his book did sell!

Now this anecdote rushed into my mind after he penning of the little address of the lady in diamonds—"How do you do, Mr. Linden? Are you just come?" and it received an additional weight from my utter inability to put into the mouth of Mr. Linden—notwithstanding my desire of representing him in the most brilliant colours—my more happy and eloquent answer than—"Only this instant!"

However, as this is in the true spirit of elegant dialogue, I trust my readers find it as light, witty, and entertaining as, according to the said publisher, the said dialogue is always found by the public.

While Clarence was engaged in talking with this lady, a very pretty, lively, animated girl, with laughing blue eyes, which, joined to the dazzling whiteness of her complexion, gave a Hebe youth to her features and expression, was led up to the said lady by a tall young man, and consigned, with the ceremonious bow of the *vieille cour*, to her protection.

"Ah, Mr. Linden," cried the young lady, "I am very glad to see you—such a beautiful ball!—Everybody here that I most like. Have you had any refreshments, mamma? But I need not ask, for I am sure you have not; do come, Mr. Linden will be our cavalier."

"Well, Flora, as you please," said the elder lady, with a proud and fond look at her beautiful daughter; and they proceeded to the refreshment room.

No sooner were they seated at one of the tables, than they were accosted by an old acquaintance, Lord St. George, whom our reader may remember as a silent, thin nobleman, at a supper at Mr. Talbot's.

"London," said his lordship, to her of the diamonds, "has not seemed like the same place since

Lady Westborough arrived; your presence brings out all the other luminaries: and therefore a young acquaintance of mine—God bless me, there he is, seated by Lady Flora,—very justly called you the evening star."

"Was that Mr. Linden's pretty saying?" said Lady Westborough, smiling.

"It was," answered Lord St. George; "and, by-the-by, he is a very sensible, pleasant person, and greatly improved since he left England last."

"What!" said Lady Westborough, in a low tone, (for Clarence, though in earnest conversation with Lady Flora, was within hearing,) and making room for Lord St. George beside her, "What! did you know him before he went to —? You can probably tell me, then, who—that is to say—what family he is exactly of—the Linden's of Devonshire, or—or—"

"Why, really," said Lord St. George, a little confused, for no man likes to be acquainted with persons whose pedigree he cannot explain, "I don't know what may be his family: I met him at Talbot's four or five years ago; he was then a mere boy, but he struck me as being clever, and Talbot since told me that he was a nephew of his own."

"Talbot," said Lady Westborough, musingly, "what Talbot?"

"O! the Talbot—the *ci-devant jeune homme*!"

"What, that charming, clever, animated old gentleman, who used to dress so oddly, and had been so celebrated a *beau garçon* in his day?"

"Exactly so," said Lord St. George, taking snuff, and delighted to find he had set his young acquaintance on so honourable a footing.

"I did not know he was still alive," said Lady Westborough; and then, turning her eyes towards Clarence and her daughter, she added carelessly, "Mr. Talbot is very rich, is he not?"

"Rich as Cæsar," replied Lord St. George, with a sigh.

"And Mr. Linden is his heir, I suppose?"

"In all probability," answered Lord St. George; "though I believe I have some distant relationship to Talbot. However, I could not make him fully understand it the other day, though I took particular pains to explain it."

While this conversation was going on between the Marchioness of Westborough and Lord St. George, a dialogue equally interesting to the parties concerned, and, I hope, equally light, witty, and entertaining to readers in general, was sustained between Clarence and Lady Flora.

"How long shall you stay in England?" asked the latter, looking down.

"I have not yet been able to decide," replied Clarence, "for it rests with the ministers, not me. Directly Lord Aspenden obtains another appointment, I am promised the office of secretary of legation; but till then, I am—"

"A captive in Augusta's towers,
To Beauty and her train."

"O!" cried Lady Flora, laughing, "you mean Mrs. Desborough and her train: see where they sweep! pray go and render her homage."

"It is rendered," said Linden, in a low voice, "without so long a pilgrimage, but perhaps despised."

Lady Flora's laugh was hushed; the deepest blushes suffused her cheeks, and the whole cha-

racter of that face, before so playful and joyous, seemed changed, as by a spell, into a grave, subdued, and even timid look.

Linden resumed, and his voice scarcely rose above a *whisper*.—A whisper! O delicate and fairy sound! music that speaketh to the heart, as if loth to break the spell that binds it while it listens! Sigh breathed into words, and freighting love in tones languid, like homeward bees, by the very sweets with which they are charged!

"Do you remember," said he, "that evening at ——— when we last parted? and the boldness which at that time you were gentle enough to forgive?"

Lady Flora replied not.

"And, do you remember," continued Clarence, "that I told you that it was not as an unknown and obscure adventurer that I would *claim* the hand of her whose heart, as an adventurer, I had won?"

Lady Flora raised her eyes for one moment, and encountering the ardent gaze of Clarence, as instantly dropped them.

"The time is not yet come," said Linden, "for the fulfilment of this promise; but may I—dare I hope, that when it does I shall not be—"

"Flora, my love," said Lady Westborough, "let me introduce to you Lord Borodaile."

Lady Flora turned—the spell was broken; and the lovers were instantly transformed into ordinary mortals. But, as Flora, after returning Lord Borodaile's address, glanced her eye toward Clarence, she was struck with the sudden and singular change of his countenance; the flush of youth and passion was fled, his complexion was deadly pale, and his eyes were fixed with a searching and unaccountable meaning upon the face of the young nobleman, who was alternately addressing, with a quiet and somewhat haughty fluency, the beautiful mother, and the more lovely, though less commanding, daughter. Directly Linden perceived that he was observed, he rose, turned away, and was soon lost among the crowd.

Lord Borodaile, the son and heir of the powerful Earl of Ulewator, was about the age of thirty, small, slight, and rather handsome than otherwise; his complexion was dark and sallow; and a very aquiline nose gave a stern and somewhat severe air to a countenance otherwise grave and harsh in its expression. He had been for several years abroad, in various parts of the continent, and (no other field for an adventurous and fierce spirit presenting itself) had served with the gallant Earl of Effingham, in the war between the Turks and Russians, as a volunteer in the armies of the latter. In this service he had been highly distinguished for courage and conduct; and, on his return to England about a twelvemonth since, had obtained the command of a cavalry regiment. Passionately fond of his profession, he entered into its minutest duties with a zeal not exceeded by the youngest and poorest subaltern in the army.

His manners were very cold, haughty, collected, and self-possessed, and his conversation that of a man who has cultivated his intellect rather in the world than the closet. I mean, that, perfectly ignorant of things, he was driven to converse solely upon persons, and, having imbibed no other philosophy than that which worldly deceits and disappointments bestow, his remarks, though shrewd, were bitterly sarcastic, and partook of all the ill-nature for which a very scanty knowledge of the

world gives a sour and malevolent mind so ready an excuse.

"How very disagreeable Lord Borodaile is!" said Lady Flora, when the object of the remark turned away, and rejoined some idlers of his corps.

"Disagreeable!" said Lady Westborough. "I think him charming; he is so sensible. How true his remarks on the world are!"

Thus is it always: the young judge harshly of those who undeceive or revolt their enthusiasm; and the more advanced in years, who have not learned, by a diviner wisdom, to look upon the human follies and errors by which they have suffered, with a pitying and lenient eye, consider every maxim of severity on those frailties as the mark of a superior knowledge, and praise that as a profundity of thought which in reality is but an infirmity of temper.

Clarence is now engaged in a *minuet de la cour*, with the beautiful Countess of ———, the best dancer of the day in England. Lady Flora is flirting with half a dozen "*elegants*" the more violently, in proportion as she observes the animation with which Clarence converses, and the grace with which his partner moves: and, having thus left our two principal personages occupied and engaged, let us turn for a moment to a room which we have not entered.

This is a forlorn, deserted chamber, destined to cards, which are never played in this temple of Terpsichore. At the far end of this room, opposite to the fireplace, are seated four men, engaged in earnest conversation.

The tallest of these was Lord Quintown, a nobleman, remarkable at that day for his personal advantages, his good fortune with the *beau sex*, his attempts at parliamentary eloquence, in which he was lamentably unsuccessful, and his adherence to Lord North. Next to him, sat Mr. St. George, the younger brother of Lord St. George, a gentleman to whom power and place seemed married without hope of divorce, for, whatever had been the changes of ministry for the last twelve years, he, secure in a lucrative though subordinate situation, had "smiled at the whirlwind, and defied the storm;" and, while all things shifted and vanished round him, like clouds and vapours, had remained fixed and stationary as a star. "Solid St. George," was his appellative by his friends, and his enemies did not grudge him the title. The third was the minister for ———; and the fourth was Clarence's friend, Lord Aspeden. Now this nobleman, blest with a benevolent, smooth, calm countenance, valued himself especially upon his diplomatic elegance in turning a compliment.

Having a great taste for literature as well as diplomacy, this respected and respectable peer also possessed a curious felicity of applying quotation; and nothing rejoiced him so much as when, in the same phrase, he was enabled to set the two jewels of his courtliness of flattery and his profundity of erudition. Unhappily enough, his compliments were seldom as well taken as they were meant; and, whether from the ingratitude of the persons complimented, or the ill fortune of the noble adulator, seemed sometimes to produce indignation in place of delight. It has been said that his civilities had cost Lord Aspeden four duels and one beating; but these reports were probably the malicious invention of those who had never tasted the delicacies of his flattery.

Now these four persons being all members of the privy council, and of his majesty's government, and being thus engaged in close and earnest conference, were, you will suppose, employed in discussing the gravities and secrets of state—no such thing: that whisper from Lord Quintown, the handsome nobleman, to Mr. St. George, is no hoarded and valuable information which would rejoice the heart of the editor of an opposition paper, no *grave susurrum*, “perplexing monarchs with the dread of change;” it is only a recent piece of scandal, touching the virtue of a lady of the court, which (albeit the sage listener seems to pay so devout an attention to the news) is far more interesting to the gallant and handsome informant than to his brother statesman; and that emphatic and vehement tone with which Lord Aspeden is assuring the minister for — of some fact, is merely an angry denunciation of the chicanery practised at the last Newmarket.

“By-the-by, Aspeden,” said Lord Quintown, “who is that good looking fellow always flirting with Lady Flora Ardenne—an *attaché* of yours, is he not?”

“O, Linden, I suppose you mean? a very sensible, clever young fellow, who has a great genius for business, and plays the flute admirably. I must have him for my secretary, my dear lord, mind that.”

“With such a recommendation, Lord Aspeden,” said the minister, with a bow, “the state would be a great loser did it not elect your *attaché*, who plays so admirably on the flute, to the office of your secretary.”

“Ah! your lordship always does pay such beautiful compliments. What lines were those somebody applied to you—

“Here lies the minion of the king,
Whose word no man relied on;
Who sometimes said a foolish thing,
But never did—”

—How does it go on, St. George?”

“Let us join the dancers,” said the minister.

“Ah, they are very pretty lines, ‘Minion of a king,’—‘sometimes said a foolish thing,’—‘But never’—I wish I could recollect the rest.”

“I shall go and talk with Count B——,” quoth Mr. St. George.

“And I shall make my court to his beautiful wife,” said the minister, sauntering into the ball-room, to which his fine person and graceful manner were much better adapted than was his genius to the cabinet, or his eloquence to the senate. So essentially different are the talents requisite for the man who is to shine in the world from those who are calculated for shining in the saloon, that history scarcely furnishes us with six examples of men who have united both.

The morning had long dawned, and Clarence, for whose mind pleasure was more fatiguing than business, lingered near the door, to catch one last look of Lady Flora before he retired. He saw her leaning on the arm of Lord Borodaile, and, hastening to join the dancers, with her usual light step and laughing air; for Clarence's short conference with her had, in spite of his subsequent flirtations, rendered her happier than she had ever felt before. Again a change passed over Clarence's countenance—a change which I find it difficult to express without borrowing from those celebrated German novelists who could portray in such exact colours

“a look of mingled joy, sorrow, hope, passion, rapture, and despair,” for the look was not that of jealousy alone, although it certainly partook of its nature, but a little also of interest, and a little of sorrow; and when he turned away, and slowly descended the stairs, his eyes were full of tears, and his thoughts far—far away;—whither?

CHAPTER XXX.

Quis fort adolescentia
Ea ne me calet consuefoci filium.
TARENT.

THE next morning Clarence was lounging over his breakfast, and glancing listlessly now at the pages of the newspapers, now at the various engagements for the week, which lay confusedly upon his table, when he received a note from Talbot, requesting to see him as soon as possible.

“Had it not been for that man,” said Clarence to himself, “what should I have been now? When my own kin cast me off, when I stood alone and friendless in the wide world, it was a stranger's hand which raised and guided me. But,” (and here the natural and somewhat excusable pride of Clarence broke out,) “but, at least, I have not disgraced his friendship. I have already ascended the roughest, because the lowest, steps, on the hill where fortune builds her temple. I have already won for the name I have chosen some ‘golden opinions,’ to gild its obscurity. One year more may confirm my destiny, and ripen hope into success: then—then, I may perhaps throw off a disguise that, while it befriended, has not degraded, me, and avow myself to her! Yet, if I did; it is but an exchange of names; my own is neither prefaced by titles, nor hallowed by wealth. No: better that I should continue to advance that name, which I require no ancestors to ennoble, and which none have authority to question, than recur to one which I have been deemed unworthy to bear. Well, well, these are bitter and as yet vain thoughts; let me turn to others. How beautiful Flora looked last night! and, *he—he*—but enough of this: I must dress, and then to Talbot.”

Muttering these wayward fancies, Clarence rose, completed his toilet, sent for his horses, and repaired to a village about seven miles from London, where Talbot, having yielded to Clarence's fears and solicitations, and left his former insecure tenement, now resided under the guard and care of an especial and private watchman.

It was a pretty, quiet villa, surrounded by a plantation and pleasure ground of some extent for a suburban residence, in which the old philosopher (for though, in some respects, still frail and prejudiced, Talbot deserved that name) held his home. The ancient servant, on whom four years had passed lightly and favouringly, opened the door to Clarence, with his usual smile of greeting, and familiar yet respectful salutation, and ushered our hero into a room, furnished with the usual fastidious and rather feminine luxury which characterized Talbot's tastes. Sitting with his back *studiously* turned to the light, which was only admitted through curtains of crimson velvet; and propped, in a large easy chair, by cushions of the same costly material, Clarence found the wreck of what once

was the gallant, gay Lothario of the mode and monde.

There was not much alteration in his countenance, since we (viz. you, dear reader, and ourself—not Clarence) last saw him; the lines, it is true were a little more decided, and the cheeks a little more sunken, but the dark eye beamed with all its wonted vivacity, and the delicate contour of the mouth preserved all its physiognomical characteristics of the inward man. He rose with somewhat more difficulty than he was formerly wont to do, and his limbs had lost much of their symmetrical proportions; yet the kind clasp of his hand was as firm and warm as when it had pressed that of the boyish *attaché* four years since; and the voice, which expressed his salutation, yet breathed its unconquered suavity and distinctness of modulation. After the customary greetings and inquiries were given and returned, the young man drew his chair near to Talbot's, and said—

"You sent for me, dear sir; have you any thing more important than usual to impart to me?—or—and I hope *this* is the case—have you at last thought of any commission, however trifling, in the execution of which I can be of use?"

"Yes, Clarence, I wish your judgment to select me some strawberries—you know that I am a great epicure in fruit—and get me the new thing Dr. Johnson has just published. There, are you contented? And now, tell me all about your horse, does he step well? Has he the true English head and shoulder? Are his legs fine, yet strong? Is he full of spirit and devoid of vice? the rich wine without the hot adulteration: just sufficient to make you feel life without reminding you of death."

"He is all this, sir, thanks to you for him."

"Ah!" cried Talbot—

"Old as I am, for riding sports unfit,
The shape of horses I remember yet."

—And now let us hear how you like Ranelagh? and, above all, how you liked the ball last night?"

And the vivacious old man listened with the profoundest appearance of interest to all the particulars of Clarence's animated detail. His vanity, which made him wish to be loved, had long since taught him the surest method of becoming so; and with him, every visiter, old, young, the man of books, or the disciple of the world, was sure to find the readiest and even eagerest sympathy in every amusement or occupation. But for Clarence, this interest lay deeper than in the surface of courtly breeding. Gratitude had first bound to him his adopted son, then a tie, yet unexplained, and lastly, but not least, the pride of protection. He was vain of the personal and mental attractions of his *protégé*, and eager for the *succès de société* of one whose honours would reflect credit on himself.

But there was one part of Clarence's account of the last night to which the philosopher paid a still deeper attention, and on which he was more minute in his advice; what this was, I cannot, as yet, reveal to the reader.

The conversation then turned on light and general matters. The scandal, the literature, the politics, the *on dits* of the day; and lastly upon women; thence Talbot dropped into his office of Mentor.

"A celebrated cardinal said, very wisely, that few ever did any thing among men until women were no longer an object to them. That is the reason, by-the-by, why I never succeeded with the for-

mer, and why people seldom acquire any reputation, except for a hat or a horse, till they marry. Look round at the various occupations of life. How few bachelors are eminent in any of them! So you see, Clarence, you will have my leave to marry Lady Flora as soon as you please."

Clarence coloured, and rose to depart. Talbot followed him to the door, and then said, in a careless way, "By-the-by, I had almost forgotten to tell you that, as you have now many new expenses, you will find the yearly sum you have hitherto received doubled. To give you this information is the chief reason why I sent for you this morning. God bless you, my dear boy."

And Talbot shut the door, despite his politeness, in the face and thanks of his adopted son.

CHAPTER XXXI.

There is a great difference between seeking to raise a laugh from every thing, and seeking, in every thing, what justly may be laughed at. LORD SHAPTEAURY.

REHELD our hero, now in the full flush and zenith of distinguished dissipation! Courteous, attentive, and animated, the women did not esteem him the less for admiring them rather than himself; while, by the gravity of his demeanor to men—the eloquent, yet unpretending flow of his conversation, whenever topics of intellectual interest were discussed—the plain and solid sense which he threw into his remarks—and the avidity with which he courted the society of all distinguished for literary or political eminence, he was silently, but surely, establishing himself in esteem as well as popularity, and laying the certain foundation of future honour and success.

Thus, although he had only been four months returned to England, he was already known and courted in every circle, and universally spoken of as among "the most rising young gentlemen" whom fortune and the administration had marked for their own. His history, during the four years in which we have lost sight of him, is briefly told.

He soon won his way into the good graces of Lord Aspeden; became his private secretary, and occasionally his confidant. Universally admired for his attraction of form and manner, and, though aiming at reputation, not averse to pleasure, he established that sort of name which a good person and a little *succès auprès des dames* readily obtains; and thus when (a year before his return to England) Lady Westborough and her beautiful daughter, then only sixteen, came to ———, in the progress of a continental tour, he had become rather a lion, and consequently a fit person to flirt with the marchioness and dance with the daughter. Hence his love to the latter, and the secret but treasured vows to which Clarence had alluded in the ball-room.

Lord Aspeden being recalled, Clarence accompanied him to England; and the ex-minister, really liking much one who was so useful to him, had faithfully promised to procure him the office and honour of secretary, whenever his lordship should be reappointed minister.

Three intimate acquaintances had Clarence Linden. The one was the Honourable Henry Trellop, the second Mr. Callythorpe, and the third Sir Christopher Findlater. We will sketch

them to you in an instant. Mr. Trollop was a short, stout gentleman, with a very thoughtful countenance,—that is to say, he wore spectacles, and took snuff. Mr. Trollop—we delight in pronouncing that soft liquid name—was eminently distinguished by a love of metaphysics—metaphysics were, in a great measure, the order of the day; but fate had endowed Mr. Trollop with a singular and felicitous confusion of ideas. Reid, Berkeley, Cudworth, Hobbes, all lay jumbled together in most edifying chaos at the bottom of Mr. Trollop's capacious mind; and whenever he opened his mouth, the imprisoned enemies came rushing and scrambling out, overturning and contradicting each other, in a manner quite astounding to the ignorant spectator. Mr. Callythorpe was meager, thin, sharp, and yellow. Whether from having a great propensity for sailing stray acquaintances, or being particularly heavy company, or from any other cause better known to the wits of the period than to us, he was occasionally termed by his friends the "yellow-hammer." The peculiar characteristics of this gentleman were his sincerity and friendship. These qualities led him into saying things the most disagreeable, with the civillest and coolest manner in the world—always prefacing them with, "You know, my dear so and so, I am your true friend." If this proof of amity was now and then productive of altercation, Mr. Callythorpe, who was a great patriot, had another and a nobler plea—"Sir," he would say, putting his hand to his heart—"sir, I'm an Englishman—I know not what it is to feign." Of a very different stamp was Sir Christopher Findlater. Little cared he for the subtleties of the human mind, and not much more for the disagreeable duties of "an Englishman." Honest and jolly—red in the cheeks—empty in the head—born to twelve thousand a year—educated in the country, and heir to an earldom, Sir Christopher Findlater piqued himself, notwithstanding his worldly advantages, usually so destructive to the kindlier affections, on having the best heart in the world, and this good heart, having a very bad head to regulate and support it, was the perpetual cause of error to the owner and evil to the public.

One evening when Clarence was alone in his room, the Honourable Mr. Trollop entered.

"My dear Linden," said the visitor, "how are you?"

"I am, as I hope you are very well," answered Clarence.

"The human mind," said Trollop, taking off his great coat—

"Sir Christopher Findlater, and Mr. Callythorpe, sir," said the valet.

"Pshaw! What has Sir Christopher Findlater to do with the human mind?" muttered Mr. Trollop.

Sir Christopher entered with a swagger and a laugh. "Well, old fellow, how do you do? deuced cold this evening."

"Though it is an evening in May," observed Clarence; "but then, this cursed climate."

"Climate," interrupted Mr. Callythorpe, "it's no climate at all; I am an Englishman, and I never abuse my country."

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still."

"Very true," murmured Trollop, who had only heard one part of the sentence; "there is no climate, neither here, nor elsewhere: the climate

is in your mind, the chair is in your mind, and the table too, and I dare say you are stupid enough to think the two latter are in the room; the human mind, my dear Findlater—"

"Don't mind me, Trollop," cried the baronet, "I can't bear your clever heads; give me a good heart—that's worth all the heads in the word, d—n me if it is not! Eh, Linden!"

"Your good heart," cried Trollop, in a passion—(for all your self-called philosophers are a little choleric)—"your good heart is all cant and nonsense—there is no heart at all—we are all mind."

"I'll be hanged if I'm all mind," said the baronet.

"At least," quoth Linden, gravely, "no one ever accused you of it before."

"We are all mind," pursued the reasoner; "we are all mind, *we moulin à raisonnement*. Our ideas are derived from two sources, sensation or memory. That neither our thoughts, nor passions, nor ideas, formed by the imagination, exist without the mind, everybody will allow; therefore, you see, the human mind is—in short, there is nothing in the world but the human mind!"

"Nothing could be better demonstrated," said Clarence.

"I don't believe it," quoth the baronet.

"But you do believe it, and you must believe it," cried Trollop, "for 'the Supreme Being has implanted within us the principle of credulity,' and therefore you do believe it."

"But I don't," cried Sir Christopher.

"You are mistaken," replied the metaphysician, calmly; "because I *must* speak truth."

"Why must you, pray?" said the baronet.

"Because," answered Trollop, taking snuff, "there is a principle of veracity implanted in our nature."

"I wish I were a metaphysician," said Clarence, with a sigh.

"I am glad to hear you say so, for you know, my dear Linden," said Callythorpe, "that I am your true friend, and I must therefore tell you that you are shamefully ignorant. You are not offended?"

"Not at all," said Clarence, trying to smile.

"And you, my dear Findlater," (turning to the baronet,) "you know that I wish you well—you know that I never flatter, I'm your real friend, so you must not be angry; but you really are not considered a Solomon."

"Mr. Callythorpe!" exclaimed the baronet, in a rage, [the best hearted people can't always bear truth,] "what do you mean?"

"You must not be angry, my good sir—you must not, really. I can't help telling you of your faults, for I am a true Briton, sir, a true Briton, and leave lying to slaves and Frenchmen."

"You are in an error," said Trollop; "Frenchmen don't lie, at least not naturally, for in the human mind, as I before said, the Divine Author has implanted a principle of veracity which—"

"My dear sir," interrupted Callythorpe, very affectionately, "you remind me of what people say of you."

"Memory may be reduced to sensation, since it is only a weaker sensation," quoth Trollop, "but proceed."

"You know, Trollop," said Callythorpe, in a

singularly endearing intonation of voice, "you know that I never flatter: flattery is unbecoming a true friend—nay, more, it is unbecoming a native of our happy isles; and people do say of you that you know nothing whatsoever, no, not an iota, of all that nonsensical, worthless philosophy, of which you are always talking. Lord St. George said the other day 'that you were very conceited.'—'No, not conceited,' replied Dr. —, 'only ignorant.' So if I were you, Trollop, I would cut metaphysics—you're not offended?"

"By no means," cried Trollop, foaming at the mouth.

"For my part," said the good-hearted Sir Christopher, whose wrath had now subsided, rubbing a pair of large, *well-fed looking* hands—"for my part, I see no good in any of those things; I never read—never—and I don't see how I'm a bit the worse for it. A good man, Linden, in my opinion, only wants to do his duty, and that is very easily done."

"A good man!—and what is good?" cried the metaphysician, triumphantly. "Is it implanted within us? Hobbes, according to Reid, who is our last, and consequently best, philosopher, endeavours to demonstrate that there is no difference between right and wrong."

"I have no idea of what you mean," cried Sir Christopher.

"Idea!" exclaimed the pious philosopher. "Sir, give me leave to tell you that no solid proof has ever been advanced of the existence of ideas; they are a mere fiction and hypothesis. Nay, sir, 'hence arises that skepticism which disgraces our philosophy of the mind.' Ideas!—Findlater, you are a skeptic and an idealist."

"I!" cried the affrighted baronet; "upon my honour I am no such thing. Everybody knows that I am a Christian, and—"

"Ah!" interrupted Callythorpe, with a solemn look, "everybody knows that you are one of those horrid persons—those atrocious deists, and atheists, and skeptics, from whom the church and freedom of old England have suffered such danger. I am a true Briton of the good old school; and I confess, Mr. Trollop, that I do not like to hear any opinions but the right ones."

"Right ones, being only those which Mr. Callythorpe professes," said Clarence.

"Exactly so!" rejoined Mr. Callythorpe.

"The human mind," commenced Mr. Trollop, stirring the fire; when Clarence, who began to be somewhat tired of this conversation, rose.—"You will excuse me," said he, "but I am particularly engaged, and it is time to dress. Harrison will get you tea, or whatever else you are inclined for."

"The human mind," renewed Trollop, not heeding the interruption; and Clarence forthwith left the room.

CHAPTER XXXII.

You blame Marcius for being proud.

Coriolanus.

Here is another fellow, a marvellous pretty hand at fashioning a compliment.

Tanner of Tyburn.

THERE was a brilliant ball at Lady T——'s, a personage who, every one knows, did, in the year 17—, give the best balls, and have the best dressed

people at them, in London. It was about half-past twelve, when Clarence, released from his three friends, arrived at the countess's. When he entered, the first thing which struck him, was Lord Borodale in close conversation with Lady Flora.

Clarence paused for a few moments; and then, sauntering toward them, caught Flora's eye—coloured, and advanced. Now, if there was a haughty man in Europe, it was Lord Borodale. He was not proud of his birth, nor fortune, but he was proud of himself; and, next to that pride, he was proud of being a gentleman. He had an exceeding horror of all common people; a Claverhouse-sort of supreme contempt to "puddle blood;" his lip seemed to wear scorn as a garment; a lofty and stern self-admiration, rather than self-love, set upon his forehead as on a throne. He had, as it were, an awe of himself; his thoughts were so many mirrors of Viscount Borodale, dressed *à la* dieu. His mind was a little Versailles, in which self sate like Louis XIV., and saw nothing but pictures of its self, sometimes as Jupiter, and sometimes as Apollo. What marvel, then, that Lord Borodale was a very unpleasant companion; for every human being he had "something of contempt." His eye was always eloquent in disdain: to the plebeian it said—"You are not a gentleman;" to the prince, "You are not Lord Borodale."

Yet, with all this, he had his good points. He was brave as a lion; strictly honourable, even in play; and though very ignorant, and very self-sufficient, had that sort of dogged good sense which one very often finds in men of stern hearts, who, if they have many prejudices, have little feeling, to overcome.

Very stiffly, and very haughtily, did Lord Borodale draw up, when Clarence approached, and addressed Lady Flora; much more stiffly, and much more haughtily, did he return, though with old fashioned precision of courtesy, Clarence's bow, when Lady Westborough introduced them to each other. Not that this hauteur was intended as a particular affront; it was only the agreeability of his lordship's general manner.

"Are you engaged?" said Clarence to Flora.

"I am at present to Lord Borodale."

"After him, may I hope?"

Lady Flora nodded assent, and disappeared with Lord Borodale.

His royal highness the Duke of — came up to Lady Westborough; and Clarence, with a smiling countenance, and an absent heart, plunged into the crowd. There he met Lord Aspenden, in conversation with the Earl of Holdenworth, one of the administration.

"Ah, Linden!" said the winning diplomatist, shaking Clarence cordially by the hand, "how are you? You have been dancing of course? Ah! how wonderfully you accomplish a cotillon—nay! 'tis true, upon my honour it is! You always remind me of the beautiful lines of the poet—

"We thought thy head unequal'd; now we greet
That head as far less heavy than thy feet."

Clarence bowed. "Your lordship's compliments are beyond all hope of return."

"Nay, nay, my dear boy, never despair! consider I have been twenty years in diplomacy."

"You forget," said Lord Holdenworth, "that

you promised to introduce me to your friend, Mr. Linden."

"Ah! so I did. Linden, let me introduce you to Lord Holdenworth. I do assure your lordship that you will find my young friend exceedingly clever; he plays the flute beautifully; and your friend, Lord Quintown, when I told him of it the other night, very justly said, that—that—well, I quite forget what he said; but, however rude it may seem in me to do so, I do assure your lordship that it is nothing more than my constant custom. I never can remember a single word of what our friend says. But he is so eloquent. His oratory always reminds me of the poet's fine line on a stream—

"Which runs, and as it runs, for ever shall run on."

And at this flattering quotation, Lord Aspeden ceased, and looked around for applause. Meanwhile, Lord Holdenworth entered into conversation with Clarence, in a familiar tone and manner, not usually exercised by men in power toward young gentlemen of twenty-three. "You will dine with me, then, to-morrow, Mr. Linden?" said the great man, as he moved away.

Clarence bowed; and, turning, beheld Lady Flora, whose hand he immediately claimed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

'Tis true his nature may with faults abound;
But who will cavil when the heart is sound?
STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

Dem vitant stulti vitia, in contraria current.
HOR.

THE next day Sir Christopher Findlater called on Clarence. "Let us lounge into the park," said he.

"With pleasure," replied Clarence; and into the park they lounged.

By the way they met a crowd, who were hurrying a man to prison. The good-hearted Sir Christopher stopped—"Who is that poor fellow?" said he.

"It is the celebrated,"—(in England all criminals are celebrated. Thurtell was a hero, Thistlewood a patriot, and Fauntleroy was discovered to be exactly like Bonaparte!)"—"it is the celebrated robber, John Jefferies, who broke into Mrs. Wilson's house, and cut the throats of herself and her husband, wounded the maid servant, and split the child's skull with the poker."

Clarence pressed forward:—"I have seen that man before," thought he. He looked again, and recognised the face of the robber who had escaped from Talbot's house, on the eventful night which had made Clarence's fortune. It was a strongly marked, and rather handsome countenance, which would not be easily forgotten: and a single circumstance of excitement will stamp features on the memory, as deeply as the commonplace intercourse of years.

"John Jefferies!" exclaimed the baronet, "let us come away."

"Linden," continued Sir Christopher, "that fellow was my servant once. He robbed me to some considerable extent. I caught him. He appealed to my heart, and you know, my dear fellow,

that was irresistible, so I let him off. Who could have thought he would have turned out so?" And the baronet proceeded to eulogize his own good nature, by which it is just necessary to remark that one miscreant had been saved for a few years from transportation, in order to rob and murder *ad libitum*, and, having fulfilled the office of a common pest, to suffer on the gallows at last. What a fine thing it is to have a good heart!

Both our gentlemen now sunk into a reverie, from which they were awakened, at the entrance of the park, by a young man in rags, who, with a piteous tone, supplicated charity. Clarence, who, to his honour be it spoken, spent an allotted and considerable part of his income in judicious and laborious benevolence, had read a little of political morals, then beginning to be understood, and walked on. The good-hearted baronet put his hand in his pocket, and gave the beggar half a guinea, by which a young, strong man, who had only just commenced the trade, was confirmed in his imposition for the rest of his life; and, instead of the useful support, became the pernicious encumbrance, of society.

Sir Christopher had now recovered his spirits. "What's like a good action?" said he to Clarence, with a swelling breast.

The park was crowded to excess; our loungers were joined by Lord St. George. His lordship was a staunch Tory. He could not endure Wilkes, liberty, or general education. He launched out against the enlightenment* of domestics.

"What has made you so bitter?" said Sir Christopher.

"My valet," cried Lord St. George—"he has invented a new toasting fork, is going to take out a patent, make his fortune, *and leave me*; that's what I call ingratitude, Sir Christopher; for I ordered his wages to be raised five pounds but last year."

"It was very ungrateful," said the ironical Clarence.

"Very!" reiterated the good-hearted Sir Christopher.

"You cannot recommend me a valet, Findlater," renewed his lordship, "a good, honest, sensible fellow, who can neither read nor write?"

"N—o—o—that is to say, yes! I can; my old servant, Collard, is out of place, and is as ignorant as—as—"

"I—or you are," said Lord St. George, with a laugh.

"Precisely," replied the baronet.

"Well, then, I take your recommendation: send him to me to-morrow at twelve."

"I will," said Sir Christopher.

"My dear Findlater," cried Clarence, when Lord St. George was gone, "did you not tell me, some time ago, that Collard was a great rascal, and closely *lié* with Jefferies? and now you recommend him to Lord St. George?"

"Hush, hush, hush!" said the baronet: "he was a great rogue to be sure; but, poor fellow, he came to me yesterday with tears in his eyes, and said he should starve if I would not give him a character; so what could I do?"

* The ancestors of our present footmen, if we may believe Sir William Temple, seem to have been to the full as intellectual as their descendants. "I have had," observes the philosophic statesman, "several servants far gone in divinity, others in poetry; have known in the families of some friends, a keeper deep in the Rosicrucian mysteries, and a laundress firm in those of Epicurus."

"At least, tell Lord St. George the truth," observed Clarence.

"But then Lord St. George would not take him!" rejoined the good-hearted Sir Christopher, with forcible *raisonné*. "No, no, Linden, we must not be so hard-hearted; we must forgive and forget;" and so saying, the baronet threw out his chest, with the conscious exultation of a man who has uttered a noble sentiment. The moral of this little history is, that Lord St. George, having been pilaged "through thick and thin," as the proverb has it, for two years, at last missed a gold watch, and Monsieur Collard finished his career, as his exemplary tutor, Mr. John Jefferies, had done before him. Ah! what a fine thing it is to have a good heart.

But to return, just as our wanderers had arrived at the farther end of the park, Lady Westborough and her daughter passed them. Clarence, excusing himself to his friend, hastened toward them, and was soon occupied in saying the prettiest things in the world to the prettiest person, at least in his eyes; while Sir Christopher, having done as much mischief as a good heart well can do in a walk of an hour, returned home to write a long letter to his mother, against "learning, and all such nonsense, which only served to blunt the affections and harden the heart."

"Admirable young man!" cried the mother, with tears in her eyes: "a good heart is better than all the heads in the world."

Amen!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Artaxerxes.—Why now you flatter.

Mardonius.—I never understood the word.

A King and no King.

PUNCTUALLY at the appointed dinner hour, did Clarence find himself at the house of Lord Holdenworth. Two persons only had yet arrived. The one was Mr. Trollop, the other Lord Aspeden; Lady Holdenworth, a meek, mild, matronly woman, was sitting by the window, and his lordship standing, *à l'Anglais*, with his back to the grate, even though there was no fire from which to exclude the rest of the party.

In all houses, it was Clarence's great rule, for which he was indebted to the precepts of Talbot, to make friends with the mistress, cost what it might with the rest. Accordingly, he lost no time in paying his court to Lady Holdenworth, a person who, being neither young, handsome, nor greatly *à la mode*, was very little accustomed to such attention, and *par conséquence*, very easily pleased. Just as Clarence had succeeded in winning his way into the good graces of the countess, the door was thrown open, and Lord Quintown entered. Then came another nobleman—then another—then a lady—then another;—the party increased—the daylight waned—the number was completed—and the dinner began.

Lord Aspeden sat next to Madame de Crumenbach, one of the plumpest (plumpness is a beauty) women in all Austria, and wife of one of the thinnest men in the same empire; *les extrêmes se touchent*; below him, though not immediately, sat Clarence; and opposite to Clarence, Mr. Henry Trollop, a person whom Callythorpe, rather ha-

morously than (according to Cicero's and Berkeley's application of the epithet) justly, designated by the title of the "Minute Philosopher."

"Were you at Lady T.'s ball last night?" said Lord Aspeden to Madame de Crumenbach, with his most insinuating air.

"Yea," replied madame, in French, "what a charming ball it was!"

"Ah," observed Lord Aspeden, inclining his face closely to Madame de Crumenbach with the air of one going to make a charming remark, "I knew you would think so, you must be very *fond of dancing*."

It was with the greatest difficulty poor Madame de Crumenbach could descend the stairs; judge then of the peculiar appositeness of the diplomatist's polite observation.

"Lord Aspeden," said the handsome Lord Quintown, "suffer me to take wine with you!"

What the diplomatist replied escaped every ear but that for which it was intended; but, by the courtly bow and smile which accompanied his words, and the hurried look of discomfiture with which Quintown turned to renew his conversation with his next neighbour, we imagine that Lord Aspeden's answer was made with his usual happiness of expression.

The dinner past—the dessert appeared—the Dutchess of Cosmowell sat opposite to Lord Aspeden—she painted more systematically than any woman in London, since the death of Lady E—, who kept a "repairer."

Lord Aspeden, who took every thing for *la belle nature*, and particularly admired a fine complexion, had long watched his opportunity. It came—he seized it.

"Your grace must allow me," said he, with his sweetest smile, "to send you a peach."

The dutchess shook her head—(you may be sure it was very *gently*, "for gentle motions are required by art.")

"No! well, then," said Lord Aspeden, with a sentimental sigh, "I must take one for your sake."

"And why for my sake?" asked the dutchess, smiling.

"Because," answered Lord Aspeden, with a profound bow, "it reminds me of your grace's complexion; for, as the dramatist has said—

"In her cheek the hues
Were painted in the fashion of a peach."

The dutchess drew back—and Lord Aspeden looked the picture of vanity at a dinner table smiling on itself.

The ladies withdrew—the men drew nearer to each other; presently all was silence, and then the great deeps were broken up, and all was the "flow of soul." Sir John Seaford, a prodigious eater, and a particularly good fellow, found himself next to Lord Aspeden—

"Mantua vix miserae ninium vicina Cremona."

Now, all the world knows that Sir John Seaford had, in 17—, one of the prettiest wives possible. We say all the world knows, for it was not poor Lady Seaford's fault, if all the world did not know it; and at that particular time, Mr. Tarleton, the Grammont of the day, flattered himself that he knew more about the matter than all the rest.

"A splendid woman, the Dutchess of Cos-

nowell," said Lord Aspeden, emphatically, to Sir John.

"Humph! a miserable confiture this!" said the particularly good fellow.

"And what is more," resumed Lord Aspeden, with a confidential air, "I think she is very much like Lady Seaford."

"You do, do you, my lord?" said Sir John. "May I request you to pass the wine."

"I do declare," resumed the flattering diplomatist, "that Lady Seaford is the 'paragon' of London; and when I told Mr. Tarleton so, the other night, he said, very prettily, that then you were the 'crescent;' meaning I suppose, that you were always coupled together."

"My dear lord," cried Sir John, across the table, "just make room for me beside you. I have something to speak to you about." And the baronet rising with a most unwonted celerity, Lord Aspeden was "left alone in his glory."

"How rude some people are," said he to Clarence *sotto voce*. "It's only we of the corps diplomatique who know any thing *des petites mœurs et des grâces de la cour*."

Politics were now touched upon. A severe attack had been made on the administration about three nights ago, and Lord Quintown was a little sore on the subject.

"We must depend on your vote to-morrow night," said he to Lord Aspeden, "for it's absolutely necessary that we should muster strong, and set a good face on the matter."

"True, my lord," said Lord Aspeden, *en souriant aimablement*, "for Machiavel well observes that 'a good face is thought the sign of a good conscience,' and I may therefore well say to your lordship, in the beautiful lines of Pope:

"That's thy wall of brass;
Compared to this, a minister's an ass!"

There was a general smile. Lord Aspeden smiled more than all the rest. It was the sweetest compliment he had ever paid, and two quotations into the bargain.

"Few people," said he, in a whisper to Clarence, "combine wit and learning: that union is reserved for us."

But if Lord Aspeden had so well availed himself of his opportunities, his *attaché* had been no less on the alert. He had quoted Swift to a Whig who had ratted, and his own speeches to the handsome minister. He had talked without ceasing to the silent Mr. Mumford, and listened without speaking to the loquacious Earl of Chatterton. The party rose, and Clarence left the room first.

"What a wonderful young man!" said Lord Quintown.

"Wonderful!" said the Whig who had ratted.

"So modest," said Mr. Mumford.

"And so eloquent," added the Earl of Chatterton.

"He is indeed prodigiously clever," observed Lord Aspeden, "and very musical too. You must hear him play the flute."

"While his minister plays the fool," muttered Lord Quintown.

"*Chacun à son métier!*" answered Lord Holdenworth, who overheard him. "Will your lordship join the ladies?"

* It has been objected to the character of Lord Aspeden that no English diplomatist could be such a fool; yet my Lord L—— was ambassador at Vienna.

CHAPTER XXXV.

What say you to the men of wit? I hope their conversation is of a higher degree in your esteem.

The Humours and Conversations of the Town.

"My dear Linden," said Mr. Trollop (how the name glides off my pen!) "this is unworthy a philosopher. We are both asked to Mrs. Mossop's—all the literati will be there. It is not yet too late—let us go. The human mind—"

"We will go!" interrupted Clarence.

They passed Lord Aspeden. He was whispering little melodies into the ear of the Dutchess of Cosmewell. "To your grace," said he, raising his voice, in order that the two young men might hear, to admire and to profit by his appropriate flattery—"to your grace may indeed be applied the lines of our great poet—You are all

"That painting can express,
Or——"

The closing door shut out the concluding line from the ears of our adventurer and philosopher.

The Mrs. Mossop of that day was the Lydia of this. He will then know, by contrast, the value of Lydia. Poor Lydia! who among all thy friends mourns while he misses thee! But thou wast a philosopher in thy patience, and didst know the depth and breadth of all worldly friendships. Thou didst know that while the tie lasts there is union, and when death divides it forgetfulness flings the broken strings into her panniers, where all the loves, hatreds, hopes, and fears of our ancestors lie "with the things before the flood." How unjust are we in our selfishness, when we ask from our summer acquaintances that strength and fidelity of fondness which we find not in the loves wherein we have built our shelter from the winds, and anchored our refuge in the storm! How often the wounds of our vanity make the secret of our pathos. We sigh because we grave no lasting character in the very hearts which, while we repine that they cannot bless us, we own that we cannot bless; and we breathe our mortifications into music, because the minions we despise are

"None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less."

Happy, perhaps, for us, that our poetry decreases as our knowledge advances. Happy, even though we regret the change, that the over keenness of the sword is blunted, that it gains in its strength what it loses in its edge, and is no longer too sharp for the sheath, and too brittle for resistance.

When Clarence and the "Minute Philosopher" arrived at Mrs. Mossop's, they found about a dozen people assembled. The lady herself reclined on a sofa, and was not the least animated of the party, nor altogether forgetful of the day when she was more anxious for the distinction of the *belle* than the reputation of the *savante*.

The conversation turned upon painting. "Have you seen Sir Joshua's last picture?" said a Mr. Nettleop, usually termed Nose Nettleop, a great literary character, for he had seen the pyramids, contemplated answering Junius, wore a loose neck-cloth, and had a nose to which that of the stranger in Slawkenbergius's tale was a snub.

"No," answered Trollop, with contempt, for, like all false pretenders to science, he affected to

despise the arts,—“no, such trifles I hold to be unworthy of the human mind!”

“And pray,” said Lady Dryaden, who was a bit of a humorist, “do you so very highly estimate the human mind?”

“Estimate it, madam!—by no means: we are only better than the brutes because of our exterior organization.”

“You do well to despise the fine arts, then,” said Lady Dryaden.

“Sir Joshua,” observed some one, sagely, “is a very tolerable painter.”

“In the human mind,” said Trollop, taking snuff emphatically, and see-sawing himself to and fro in his chair—“in the human mind we may resolve our original perceptions into particular principles of the human constitution—”

When, at that instant, the chair, not being accustomed to be see-sawed by a philosopher, gave way, and Mr. Trollop fell with a sudden violence on the floor.

“It was a very heavy fall,” cried Lady Dryaden, pityingly.

“It was a law of nature,” said the philosopher, rising, and rubbing himself, with tears in his eyes.

“The chair was in fault,” observed Mrs. Mosop; “it is an easy chair.”

“I should think, rather,” said Mr. Nose Nettletop, wisely, “that the floor was in fault; it is a hard floor.”

“You are both mistaken,” said Mr. Trollop; “my constitution was in fault: hardness and motion are particular principles of the human constitution.”

“I cannot think so,” said Nose Nettletop, crossing his legs with the determined manner of one who is about to contest a point.

“You cannot think so!” cried the philosopher, who, being still in pain, was naturally inclined to be testy; “then give me leave to tell you, sir, that you violate one of the most sacred laws of Nature. In the human mind, Mr. Nettletop,” (and here Trollop looked round with a serious air)—“there is an original principle, implanted by the Supreme Being, to confide in the veracity of others, and to believe what they tell us.”

“How learned Mr. Trollop is!” said a gentleman, more credulous than wise, to Mr. Perrivale.

“Yes,” growled the wit; “he is what Etherege calls ‘a person of great acquired follies.’”

Clarence moved away toward another group: he was stopped by a gentleman, who appeared to him somewhat inspired by the rosy god: a very ludicrous air of self-importance sat upon a countenance naturally a little pert, and somewhat insignificant. Walking on his tiptoes up to Clarence, with whom he was very slightly acquainted, this gentleman said—“I congratulate you, I congratulate you heartily, Mr. Linden.”

“Pardon me, Mr. Boswell, for what?”

“For what, sir!” answered Mr. Boswell, elevating his eyebrows, “for what!—do you not see, sir, that you are in the same room, nay, within a few feet of the Colossus of the age? Do you not feel elated as it were—now that you are breathing the Johnsonian ethereality?”

“Is that indeed, the celebrated Dr. Johnson?” said Clarence, looking toward a large and singular figure in whom he recognised the truth of the usual description given of the great lexicographer.

“It is indeed, sir!” said Mr. Boswell, staring at

him, with eyes so ludicrously dilated that Clarence could scarcely forbear laughing: “It is indeed. How do you feel, sir? Somewhat sweetstricken, eh! But never mind it. Had you, like me, the extreme happiness to be intimately acquainted with that illustrious sage, you would grow accustomed to the air of greatness—nay, you would partake of its nature. I will tell you a wonderful anecdote of my immortal friend. As we were driving the other day to Ashbourne, Dr. Johnson recommended me to drink water only; ‘for,’ said he, with his usual intelligence, and unrivalled profundity of observation—‘for if you drink water only, you are sure never to get drunk; whereas if you drink wine, you are *never* sure!’”

“Admirable, indeed!” said Clarence, dryly, “I wonder you do not give such notable sayings to the world; it would be ten thousand pities, if in the existence of type and paper, the public were deprived of so much of the ‘Johnsonian ethereality!’”

“But the public sha’n’t, sir, it sha’n’t,” said Mr. Boswell, with great vivacity. “I have them all down in a book already.”

“I suppose,” said Clarence, “that I dare not venture to ask an introduction to your extraordinary friend?”

“Why, yes, sir! he is the most affable of beings—a little rough or so; may tell you, you are a knave or a fool; but he is really the gentlest of moralists. I will give you, sir, a memorable instance. I thought I had had reason to complain of my illustrious friend, at a dinner party at Sir Joshua Reynolds’s, upon the 12th of April last; and some time afterward I told him he had been too hard upon me. ‘Sir,’ said the enlightened sage, ‘you are an unnatural Scotchman, ignorant of your own interest. You resemble a drum, and it is only by being too hard upon you, that I can arouse you from your empty inanity into the distinction of making a noise.’ There was something truly dignified in this benevolent rebuke; and it is the more remarkable because it contains a sort of pun, a species of wit generally odious to my illustrious friend!”

“Good heavens!” thought Clarence, in astonishment, “can any man be such a simpleton as to boast of being a butt.” Poor Clarence! he knew not that it was reserved for Mr. Boswell to be the Dogberry of the age, and to feel proud “of writing himself an ass.”

“But come, sir,” said Mr. Boswell, “I will just whisper your wish to my illustrious friend, and I do not doubt that he will render you happy for life, by suffering you to spend a few minutes in listening to the profound wisdom of the great Dr. Johnson.”

Clarence bowed: the whisper was made; an introduction took place; and Clarence, drawing a chair into the verge of the Johnsonian vicinity, was, in the opinion of Mr. Boswell, rendered happy for life.

With the person who sat next to him Clarence was greatly struck. This was a stout and somewhat clumsily built man, tawdrily dressed, and of rather an affected manner; but Clarence had already learnt that great men are not altogether free from the peculiarities of little men, and did not, on account of a few innocent coxcombs, do as Mr.

Boswell was inclined to do, and set down his neighbour as a fool; on the contrary, he imagined that he saw in a forehead remarkably broad, and finely developed, and in an eye, which, while the rest of the countenance seemed supine and heavy, never relaxed in a quick, though half careless, observation of all around—something not only contradicting the clownish stupidity usually supposed to characterize the air of the person in question, but strongly indicative of genius.

"Who is my neighbour to the right?" whispered Clarence to Boswell.

"O! only Goldy!" said Boswell, with a tone of indifferent contempt.

"Goldy!" repeated Clarence; "who is he?"

"Why, sir, he is the author of the 'Traveller,' and the 'History of England,' and some other very ingenious pieces."

"What! is that the great Goldsmith, the first poet, comic writer, and novelist (without the most distant comparison) of the day?" said Clarence, in surprise that Mr. Boswell, having so much admiration for the author of the 'Rambler,' and 'London,' had none for the author of the 'Traveller' and 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

"The same, sir," said Boswell, blowing his nose.

"He does not like the great Johnson to call him Goldy, though that illustrious personage calls even me Boszy."

"You surprise me!" said Clarence.

"Hist!" said Boswell, "the doctor is about to speak."

And Clarence listened, and was indeed delighted and surprised. The doctor was a little excited by a home thrust from Beauclerk, (who, secure in the courage and ready wit of a man who had made his intellect live for the world, appears to have been the boldest of Johnson's coterie,) and excited into warmth without reaching rudeness, his eloquence noted in one of its happiest and most luxuriant displays.

After a speech, rather of oratorical than conversational length, Johnson concluded, by observing that "Truth, requiring unwearied solicitation, frequently yielded to the modesty of patience what she had denied to the arrogance of wisdom or the impetuosity of genius."

"Then," said Goldsmith—who had for some time been in vain endeavouring to speak, and who now retaliated by a reproof joined to a compliment—"then, doctor, the lady is more likely to favour your listeners than yourself."

"Sir," said Doctor Johnson, "you are politely uncivil!"

"What a pity," said Mr. Boswell, with an air of contemptuous superiority, "what a pity that poor Goldy should attempt to shine!"

And forthwith Mr. Boswell blazed off in an harangue.

"Boszy," said the doctor with a paternal air, interrupting his disciple in a most luminous period—"Boszy, you certainly exhibit a singular ostentation of colloquial volubility."

The delighted Laird of Auchinleck bowed.

"Such praise from the illustrious Johnson is more valuable than degrees from all the universities of Europe."

"Why, yes, sir," resumed the sage, more gravely; "your talk is to your intellect what extravagance is to poverty: the nakedness of the reality is not concealed by the glitter of the show; and, while the spendthrift imagines he is attracting applause by his profusion, he is exciting only ridicule for his pretensions, or compassion for his folly."

"What a pity poor Boszy should attempt to shine," said Beauclerk, dryly; and the doctor rising with a chuckle, the group was broken up.

Clarence lounged away, and found himself by Trollop.

"The human mind," said the would-be-metaphysician, "I think I have now proved to your satisfaction, is a substance, unextended and indivisible; and, consequently, a mere bundle of ideas. It is, you perceive, incapable of attaining above a certain pitch, and is therefore enabled to arrive at the highest perfection; and, consequently, before many centuries are past, all the world will be philosophers, and as nothing exists to a philosopher, the philosophers will be all the world!"

"I understand you, then," said Lady Dryaden. "In a few centuries, as there will be nothing but philosophers, who are nothing, every thing will be nothing."

"Clearly so!" said Trollop, taking snuff.

"What a fine thing for philosophers!" cried Lady Dryaden.

"By no means," said Mr. Nose Nettleop, gravely; "for when they have reduced every thing into nothing, they will only fall to work again, and make every thing out of nothing!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Make way, Sir Geoffrey Peveril, or you will compel me to do that I may be sorry for!"

"You shall make no way here but at your peril," said Sir Geoffrey; "this is my ground."

Peveril of the Peak.

WHEN Clarence left Mrs. Mossop's house, why, instead of returning home, like a rational man, did he go exactly in the opposite direction? Because, my dear reader, in Hanover-square lived Lady Westborough, and it was Clarence's nightly custom to watch at a certain hour beneath the windows of that house which held the lady of his love, until he had caught one glimpse of her form, or, sometimes, for she appreciated the gallantry, though she reproached the indiscretion, till he received some token in return—a look, a gesture, a flower, dropped from the window, or a kiss of the hand, committed to the heraldry of the air.

It was a beautiful, still night, and the stars looked out upon the deserted streets, making even cities holy. Clarence walked on, calmly and musingly, yielding himself up to the mellow and tender melancholy which such nights instil into all hearts, not yet grown too chilled and stubborn for romance. When he came to the house, all was silent; the shutters were closed, and the lights veiled. With a sickening and disappointed heart, he turned away.

As he entered George-street, he observed a man before him walking with an uneven and agitated step. His right hand was clenched, and he frequently raised it as with a sudden impulse, and

* A very common complaint with Mr. Boswell. See his Life of Johnson.

struck fiercely as if at some imagined enemy. He is one of the magazine poets, thought Clarence, or possibly the laureate himself.

The stranger slackened his pace. Clarence passed him, and, turning round to satisfy a curiosity which his supposition had inspired, his eye met a dark, lowering, iron countenance, which, despite the lapse of four years, he recognised on the moment—it was Wolfe, the republican.

Clarence moved, involuntarily, with a quicker step; but, in a few minutes, Wolfe, who was vehemently talking to himself, once more passed him: the direction he took was also Clarence's way homeward, and he therefore followed the republican, though at some slight distance, and on the opposite side of the way. A gentleman on foot, apparently returning from a party, met Wolfe, and, with an air, half haughty, half unconscious, took the wall; though, according to old fashioned rules of street courtesy, he was on the wrong side for asserting the claim. The stern republican started, drew himself up to his full height, and sturdily and doggedly placed himself directly in the way of the unjust claimant. Clarence was now nearly opposite to the two, and saw all that was going on.

With a motion, a little rude and very contemptuous, the passenger attempted to put Wolfe aside, and win his path. Little did he know of the unyielding nature he had to do with; the next instant, the republican, with a strong hand, forced him from the pavement into the very kennel, and silently and coldly continued his way.

The wrath of the discomfited passenger was vehemently kindled.

"Insolent dog!" cried he, in a loud and arrogant tone, "your baseness is your protection." Wolfe turned rapidly, and made but two strides before he was once more by the side of his defeated opponent.

"What were you pleased to observe?" said he, in his low, deep, hoarse voice.

Clarence stopped. There will be mischief done here, thought he, as he called to mind the stern temper of the republican.

"Merely," said the other, struggling with his rage, "that it is not for men of my rank to avenge the insults offered us by those of yours!"

"Your rank," said Wolfe, bitterly retorting the contempt of the stranger, in a tone of the loftiest disdain; "your rank, poor changeling! And what are you, that you should lord it over me? Are your limbs stronger? your muscles firmer? your proportions juster? or, if you disclaim physical comparisons, are your mental faculties of a higher order than his who now mocks at your pretensions, and challenges you to prove them? Are the treasures of science expanded to your view? Are you lord of the elysium of poetry, or the thunderbolts of eloquence? Have you wit to illumine, or judgment to combine, or energy to control? or are you, what in reality you appear, dwindled and stunted in the fair size and sinews of manhood—overbearing, yet impotent—tyrannical, yet ridiculous? Fool! fool!—(and here Wolfe's voice rose, and his dark countenance changed its expression of mockery into fierceness)—go home and revenge yourself on your slaves, for the reproof you have drawn down upon yourself! Go! goad! gall! trample! the more you grind your minions now, the more terrible will be their retribution hereafter; them beyond endurance, with your weak

and frivolous despotisms, the debauched and hideous abortions of a sickly and unnatural state of civilization! Go! every insult, every oppression, you heap on those whom God has subjected to your hand but accelerates the day of their emancipation—but files away, link by link, the iron of their bondage—but sharpens the sword of justice, which, in the first wrath of an incensed and awakened people, becomes also for their conquered oppressors the weapon of revenge!"

The republican ceased, and pushing the stranger aside, turned slowly away. But this last insult enraged the passenger (who, during the whole of the reformer's harangue, had been almost foaming with passion) beyond all prudence. Before Wolfe had proceeded two paces, he muttered a desperate, but brief, oath, and struck the reformer with a strength so much beyond what his slight and small figure appeared to possess, that the powerful and gaunt frame of Wolfe recoiled backward several steps, and, had it not been for the iron railing of the neighbouring area, would have fallen to the ground.

Clarence pressed forward; the face of the rash aggressor was turned toward him; the features were Lord Borodaile's. He had scarcely time to make this discovery, before Wolfe had recovered himself. With a wild and savage cry, rather than exclamation, he threw himself upon his antagonist, twined his sinewy arms round the frame of the struggling but powerless, nobleman raised him in the air, with the easy strength of a man lifting a child, held him aloof for one moment, with a bitter and scornful laugh of wrathful derision, and then dashed him to the ground, and, planting his foot upon Borodaile's breast, said—

"So shall it be with all of you: there shall be but one instant between your last offence and your first but final debasement. Lie there! it is your proper place! By the only law which you yourself acknowledge, the law which gives the right divine to the strongest; if you stir limb or muscle I will crush the breath from your body."

But Clarence was now by the side of Wolfe, a new and more powerful opponent.

"Look you," said he: "you have received an insult, and you have done justice yourself. I condemn the offence, and quarrel not with you for the punishment; but that punishment is now past: remove your foot, or—"

"What?" shouted Wolfe, fiercely, every vein in his countenance swelling, and his lurid and vindictive eye, from its black and shaggy brow, flashing with the released fire of long-pent and cherished passions.

"Or," answered Clarence, calmly, "I will hinder you from committing murder."

At that instant, the watchman's voice was heard, and the night's guardian himself was seen hastening from the far end of the street toward the place of contest. Whether this circumstance, or Clarence's answer, somewhat changed the current of the republican's thoughts, or whether his anger, suddenly raised, was now as suddenly subsiding, it is not easy to decide; but he slowly and deliberately moved his foot from the breast of his baffled foe, and, bending down, seemed endeavouring to ascertain the mischief he had done. Lord Borodaile was perfectly insensible.

"You have killed him!" cried Clarence, in a voice of horror, "but you shall not escape;" and

he placed a desperate and nervous hand on the republican.

"Stand off," said Wolfe, "my blood is up! I would not do more violence to-night than I have done. Stand off! the man moves; his hour is not yet come."

And Lord Borodaile, uttering a long sigh and attempting to rise, Clarence released his hold of the republican, and bent down to assist the fallen nobleman. Meanwhile, Wolfe, muttering to himself, turned from the spot, and strode haughtily away.

The watchman now came up, and, with his aid, Clarence raised Lord Borodaile. Bruised, stunned, half-insensible as he was, that personage lost none of his characteristic stateliness; he shook off the watchman's arm, as if there was contamination in the touch; and his countenance, still menacing and defying in its expression, turned abruptly toward Clarence as if he yet expected to meet and struggle with a foe.

"How are you, my lord?" said Linden; "not severely hurt, I trust?"

"Well, quite well," cried Borodaile. "Mr. Linden, I think?—I thank you cordially for your assistance; but the dog—the rascal—where is he?"

"Gone," said Clarence.

"Gone! Where—where?" cried Borodaile; "that living man should insult me, and yet escape!"

"Which way did the fellow go?" said the watchman, anticipative of half a crown. "I will run after him in a trice, your honour—I warrant I nab him."

"No—no—" said Borodaile, haughtily; "I leave my quarrels to no man: if I could not master him myself, no one else shall do it for me. Mr. Linden, excuse me, but I am perfectly recovered, and can walk very well without your polite assistance. Mr. Watchman, I am obliged to you; there is a guinea to reward your trouble."

With these words, intended as a farewell, the proud patrician, smothering his pain, bowed with extreme courtesy to Clarence—again thanked him, and walked on unaided, and alone.

"He is a game blood," said the watchman, pocketing the guinea.

"He is worthy his name," thought Clarence; "though he was in the wrong, my heart yearns to him."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Things wear a vizard which I think to like not.
Turner of Tyburn.

CLARENCE, from that night, appeared to have formed a sudden attachment to Lord Borodaile. He took every opportunity of cultivating his intimacy, and invariably treated him with a degree of consideration which his knowledge of the world told him was well calculated to gain the good will of his haughty and arrogant acquaintance; but all this was ineffectual in conquering Borodaile's coldness and reserve. To have been once seen in a humiliating and degrading situation is quite sufficient to make a proud man hate the spectator, and, with the confusion of all prejudiced minds, to transfer the sore remembrance of the event to the

association of the witness. Lord Borodaile, though always ceremoniously civil, was immovably distant; and avoided, as well as he was able, Clarence's insinuating approaches and address. To add to his indisposition to increase his acquaintance with Linden, a friend of his, a captain in the Guards, once asked him who that Mr. Linden was? and on his lordship's replying that he did not know, Mr. Percy Bobus, the son of a wine merchant, though the nephew of a duke, rejoined, "Nobody *does* know."

"Insolent intruder!" thought Lord Borodaile: "A man whom nobody knows to make such advances to *me*!"

A still greater cause of dislike to Clarence arose from jealousy. Ever since the first night of his acquaintance with Lady Flora, Lord Borodaile had paid her unceasing attention. In good earnest, he was greatly struck by her beauty, and had for the last year been thinking of the necessity of presenting the world with a Lady Borodaile. Now, though his lordship did look upon himself in as favourable a light as a man well can do, yet he could not but own that Clarence *was* very handsome—had a devilish gentlemanlike air—talked with a better grace than the generality of young men, and danced to perfection. "I detest that fellow!" said Lord Borodaile, involuntarily and aloud, as these unwilling truths forced themselves upon his mind.

"Whom do you detest?" asked Mr. Percy Bobus, who was lying on the sofa in Lord Borodaile's drawing-room, and admiring a pair of red heeled shoes which decorated his feet.

"That puppy, Linden!" said Lord Borodaile, adjusting his cravat.

"He is a deuced puppy, certainly!" rejoined Mr. Percy Bobus, turning round in order to contemplate more exactly the shape of his right shoe. "I can't bear conceit, Borodaile."

"Nor I—I abhor it—it is so d—d disgusting!" replied Lord Borodaile, leaning his chin upon his two hands, and looking full into the glass. "Do you use Mac Neil's divine pomatum?"

"No, it's too hard; I get mine from Paris: shall I send you some?"

"Do," said Lord Borodaile.

"Mr. Linden, my lord," said the servant, throwing open the door; and Clarence entered.

"I am very fortunate," said he, with that smile which so few ever resisted, "to find you at home, Lord Borodaile; but as the day was wet, I thought I should have some chance of that pleasure; I therefore wrapped myself up in my roquelaire, and *me voici*!"

Now, nothing could be more diplomatic than the compliment of choosing a wet day for a visit, and exposing one's self to the "pitiless shower," for the greater probability of finding the visited at home. Not so thought Lord Borodaile; he drew himself up, bowed very solemnly, and said, with cold gravity,

"You are very obliging, Mr. Linden."

Clarence coloured, and bit his lip as he seated himself. Mr. Percy Bobus, with true insular breeding, took up the newspaper.

"I think I saw you at Lady C.'s last night," said Clarence; "did you stay there long?"

"No, indeed," answered Borodaile; "I hate her parties."

"One *does* meet such odd people there," observed

Mr. Percy Bobus; "creatures one never sees any where else."

"I hear," said Clarence, who never abused any one, even the givers of stupid parties, if he could help it, and therefore thought it best to change the conversation—"I hear, Lord Borodaile, that some hunters of yours are to be sold. I purpose being a bid'er for 'Thunderbolt.'"

"I have a horse to sell you, Mr. Linden," cried Mr. Percy Bobus, springing from the sofa into civility, "a superb creature."

"Thank you," said Clarence, laughing; "but I can only afford to buy *one*, and I have taken a great fancy to 'Thunderbolt.'"

Lord Borodaile, whose manners were very antiquated in their affability, bowed. Mr. Bobus sank back into his sofa, and resumed the paper.

A pause ensued. Clarence was chilled in spite of himself. Lord Borodaile played with a paper cutter.

"Have you been to Lady Westborough's lately?" said Clarence, breaking silence.

"I was there last night," replied Lord Borodaile.

"Indeed!" cried Clarence. "I wonder I did not see you there, for I dined with them."

Lord Borodaile's hair curled of itself. "He dined there, and I only asked in the evening," thought he; but his sarcastic temper suggested a very different reply.

"Ah," said he, elevating his eyebrows, "Lady Westborough told me she had had some people to dinner, whom she had been *obliged* to ask. Bobus, is that the Public Advertiser? See whether that d—d fellow Junius has been writing any more of his stupid letters."

Clarence was not a man apt to take offence, but he felt his bile rise: it will not do to show it, thought he; so he made some further remark in a jesting vein; and, after a very ill sustained conversation of some minutes longer, rose, apparently in the best humour possible, and departed, with a solemn intention never again to enter the house. Thence he went to Lady Westborough's.

The marchioness was in her boudoir; Clarence was, as usual, admitted, for Lady Westborough loved amusement above all things in the world, and Clarence had the art of affording it better than any young man of her acquaintance. On entering, he saw Lady Flora hastily retreating through an opposite door. She turned her face toward him for one moment—that moment was sufficient to freeze his blood: the large tears were rolling down her cheeks, which were as white as death, and the expression of those features, usually so laughing and joyous, was that of utter and ineffable despair.

Lady Westborough was as lively, as bland, and as agreeable as ever; but Clarence thought he detected something restrained and embarrassed lurking beneath all the graces of her exterior manner; and the single glance he had caught of the pale and altered face of Lady Flora was not calculated to reassure his mind or animate his spirits. His visit was short; when he left the room, he lingered for a few moments in the antichamber, in the hope of again seeing Lady Flora. While thus loitering, his ear caught the sound of Lady Westborough's voice: "When Mr. Linden calls again, you have my orders never to admit him into this room; he will be shown into the drawing-room."

With a hasty step and a burning cheek Clarence

quitted the house, and hurried, first to his solitary apartments, and thence (like all men under the fever of excitement, impatient of loneliness) to the peaceful retreat of his benefactor.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A maiden's thoughts do check my trembling hand.
DRAYTON.

There is something very delightful in turning from the unquietness and agitation, the fever, the ambition, the harsh and worldly realities of man's character, to the gentle and deep recesses of woman's more secret heart. Within her musings is a realm of haunted and fairy thought, to which the things of this turbid and troubled life have no entrance. What to her are the changes of state, the rivalries and contentions which form the staple of *our* existence? For her there is an intense and fond philosophy, before whose eye substances flit and fade like shadows, and shadows grow glowingly into truth. Her soul's creations are not as the moving and mortal images seen in the common day: they are things, like spirits steeped in the dim moonlight, heard when all else are still, and busy when earth's labourers are at rest! They are

"Such stuff
As dreams are made of, and their little life
Is rounded by a sleep."

Here is the real and uncentered *poetry of being*, which pervades and surrounds her as with an air, which peoples her visions and animates her love, which shrinks from earth into itself, and finds marvel and meditation in all that it beholds within, and which spreads even over the heaven in whose faith she so ardently believes the mystery and the tenderness of romance.

LETTER THE FIRST FROM LADY FLORA ARDEN TO MISS ELEANOR TREVANION.

"You say that I have not written to you so punctually of late as I used to do before I came to London, and you impute my negligence to the gayeties and pleasures by which I am surrounded. *Eh bien!* my dear Eleanor, could you have thought of a better excuse for me? You know how fond we—ay, dearest, you as well as I—used to be of dancing, and how earnestly we were wont to anticipate those children's balls at my uncle's which were the only ones we were ever permitted to attend. I found a stick the other day, on which I had cut seven notches, significant of seven days more to the next ball—we reckoned time by balls then, and danced chronologically. Well, my dear Eleanor, here I am now, brought out, tolerably well behaved, only not dignified enough, according to mamma—as fond of laughing, talking, and dancing as ever; and yet, do you know, a ball, though still very delightful, is far from being the most important event in creation; its anticipation does not keep me awake of a night; and, what is more to the purpose, its recollection does not make me shut up my inkstand, burn my *portefeuille*, and forget you, all of which you seem to imagine it has been able to effect.

"No, dearest Eleanor, you are mistaken; for

were she twice as giddy and ten times as volatile as she is, your own Flora could never, never forget you, nor the happy hours we have spent together, nor the pretty goldfinches we had in common, nor the little Scotch duets we used to sing together, nor our longings to change them into Italian, nor our disappointment when we did so, nor our laughter at Signior Shrikalini, nor our tears when poor darling Bijou died. And do you remember, dearest, the charming green lawn where we used to play together, and plan tricks for your governess! She was very, very cross, though, I think, we were a little to blame, too. However, I was much the worst! And pray, Eleanor, don't you remember how we used to like being called pretty, and told of the conquests we should make? Do you like all that now? For my part, I am tired of it, at least from the generality of one's flatterers.

"Ah! Eleanor, or heigho! as the young ladies in novels write, do you remember how jealous I was of you at —, and how spiteful I was, and how you were an angel, and bore with me, and kissed me, and told me that—that I had nothing to fear! Well, Clar—, I mean Mr. Linden, is now in town, and so popular, and so admired! I wish we were at — again, for there we saw him every day, and now we don't meet more than three times a week; and though I like hearing him praised above all things, yet I feel very uncomfortable when that praise comes from very, very pretty women. I wish we were at — again! Mamma, who is looking more beautiful than ever, is very kind: she says nothing, to be sure, but she must see how—that is to say—she must know that—that I—I mean that Clarence is very attentive to me, and that I blush and look exceedingly silly whenever he is; and therefore I suppose that whenever Clarence thinks fit to ask me, I shall not be under the necessity of getting up at six o'clock, and travelling to Grotna Green, through that odious North road, up the Highgate Hill, and over Finchley Common.

"But when will he ask you? My dearest Eleanor, that is more than I can say. To tell you the truth, there is something about Linden which I cannot thoroughly understand. They say he is nephew and heir to the Mr. Talbot, whom you may have heard papa talk of as the *chevalier le plus à la mode* in his day; but if so, why the hints, the insinuations, of not being what he seems, which Clarence perpetually throws out, and which only excite my interest without gratifying my curiosity? 'It is not,' he has said more than once, 'as an obscure adventurer that I will claim your love:' and if I venture, which is very seldom, (for, *pour dire vrai*, I am a little afraid of him,) to question his meaning, he either sinks into utter silence, for which, if I had loved *according to book*, and not so naturally, I should be very angry with him, or twists his words into another signification, such as that he would not claim me till he had become something higher and nobler than he is now. Alas, my dear Eleanor, it takes a long time to make an ambassador out of an *attaché*.

"See now if you reproached me justly with scanty correspondences. If I write a line more, I must begin a new sheet, and that will be beyond the power of a frank—a thing which would, I know, break the heart of your dear, good, generous,

but a little too prudent aunt, and irrevocably ruin me in her esteem. So God bless you, dearest Eleanor, and believe me most affectionately yours,
"FLORA ARDENNE."

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"PRAY, dearest Eleanor, does that good aunt of yours—now, don't frown, I am not going to speak disrespectfully of her—ever take a liking to young gentlemen whom you detest; and insist upon the fallacy of your opinion, and the unerring rectitude of hers? If so, you can pity and comprehend my grief. Mamma has formed quite an attachment to such a disagreeable person. He is Lord Borodaile, the eldest, and, I believe, the only son of Lord Ulswater. Perhaps you may have met him abroad, for he has been a great traveller; his family is among the most ancient in England, and his father's estate covers half a county. All this mamma tells me, with the most earnest air in the world, whenever I declaim upon his impertinence or *disagreeability*—(is there such a word? there ought to be.) 'Well,' said I to-day, 'what's that to me?' 'It may be a great deal to you,' replied mamma, significantly, and the blood rushed from my face to my heart. She could not, Eleanor, she could not mean, after all her kindness to Clarence, and in spite of all her penetration into my heart—O, no, no—she could not. How terribly suspicious this love makes one!

"But if I disliked Lord Borodaile at first, I have hated him of late; for, somehow or other, he is always in the way. If I see Clarence hastening through the crowd to ask me to dance, at that very instant, up steps Lord Borodaile with his cold, changeless face, and his haughty, old-fashioned bow, and his abominable dark complexion—and mamma smiles—and he hopes he finds me disengaged—and I am hurried off—and poor Clarence looks so disappointed and so wretched! You have no idea how ill-tempered this makes me. I could not help asking Lord Borodaile, yesterday, if he was *never* going abroad again, and the hateful creature played with his cravat, and answered 'Never!' I was in hopes that my sullenness would drive his lordship away; *tout au contraire*, 'Nothing,' said he to me the other day, when he was in full pout, 'nothing is so plebeian as good humour! Patrician blood is always in a ferment!'

"I wish, then, Eleanor, that he could see your governess; she must be majesty itself in his eyes!

"Ah, dearest, how we belie ourselves. At this moment, when you might think, from the idle, rattling, silly flow of my letter, that my heart was as light and free as it was when we used to play on the green lawn, and under the sunny trees, in the merry days of our childhood, the tears are running down my cheeks; see where they have fallen on the page, and my head throbs as if my thoughts were too full and heavy for it to contain. It is past one! I am alone, and in my own room. Mamma is gone to a rout at H—— House; but I knew I should not meet Clarence there, and so said I was ill, and remained at home. I have done so often of late, whenever I have learnt from *him* that he was not going to the same place as mamma.

Indeed I love much better to sit alone and think over his words and looks ; and I have drawn, after repeated attempts, a profile likeness of him ; and O, Eleanor, I cannot tell you how dear it is to me ; and yet there is not a line, not a look of his countenance which I have not learnt by heart, without such useless aids to my memory. But I am ashamed of telling you all this, and my eyes ache so that I can write no more.

"Ever, as ever, dearest Eleanor, your affectionate friend."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"ELEANOR, I am undone ! My mother—my mother has been so cruel ; but she cannot, she cannot intend it, or she knows very little of my heart. With some, ties may be as easily broken as formed ; with others they are twined around life itself.

"Clarence dined with us yesterday, and was unusually animated and agreeable. He was engaged on business with Lord Aspeden afterward, and left us early. We had a few people in the evening ; Lord Borodaile among the rest ; and my mother spoke of Clarence, and his relationship to, and expectations from, Mr. Talbot. Lord Borodaile sneered ; 'You are mistaken,' said he, sarcastically ; 'Mr. Linden may feel it convenient to give out that he is related to so old a family as the Talbots ; and since God only knows who or what he is, he may as well claim alliance with one person as another ; but he is certainly not the nephew of Mr. Talbot of Scarsdale Park, for that gentleman had no sisters and but one brother, who left an only daughter, that daughter had also but one child, certainly no relation to Mr. Linden. I can vouch for the truth of this statement ; for the Talbots are related to, or at least nearly connected with, myself ; and I thank Heaven that I have a pedigree, even in its collateral branches, worth learning by heart.' And then Lord Borodaile—I little thought, when I railed against him, what serious cause I should have to hate him—turned to me, and harassed me with his tedious attentions the whole of the evening.

"This morning mamma sent for me into her boudoir. 'I have observed,' said she, with the greatest indifference, 'that Mr. Linden has, of late, been much too particular in his manner toward you—your foolish and undue familiarity with every one has perhaps given him encouragement. After the gross imposition which Lord Borodaile exposed to us last night, I cannot but consider the young man as a mere adventurer, and must not only insist on your putting a total termination to civilities, which we must henceforth consider presumption, but I myself shall consider it incumbent upon me greatly to limit the advances he has thought proper to make toward my acquaintance.'

"You may guess how thunderstruck I was by this speech. I could not answer ; my tongue literally clove to my mouth, and I was only relieved by a sudden and violent burst of tears. Mamma looked exceedingly displeased, and was just going to speak, when the servant threw open the door and announced Mr. Linden. I rose hastily, and had only just time to escape, as he entered ; but when I heard that dear, dear voice, I could not resist turning for one moment. He saw me—and

was struck mute, for the agony of my soul was stamped visibly on my countenance. That moment was over—with a violent effort I tore myself away.

"Eleanor, I can now write no more. God bless you ! and me too—for I am very, very unhappy.
"F. A."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

What a charming character is a kind old man. !
STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

"CHEER up, my dear boy," said Talbot, kindly, "we must never despair. What though Lady Westborough has forbidden you the *boudoir*, a *boudoir* is a very different thing from a daughter, and you have no right to suppose that the veto extends to both. But now that we are on this subject, do let me reason with you seriously. Have you not already tasted all the pleasures, and been sufficiently annoyed by some of the pains, of acting the 'Incognito ?' Be ruled by me : resume your proper name ; it is at least one which the proudest might acknowledge ; and its discovery will remove the greatest obstacle to the success which you so ardently desire."

Clarence who was labouring under strong excitement, paused for some moments, as if to collect himself ; before he replied : "I have been thrust from my father's home—I have been made the victim of another's crime—I have been denied the rights and the name of son ; perhaps—(and I say this bitterly)—justly denied them, despite of my own innocence. What would you have me to do ? Resume a name never conceded to me—perhaps not righteously mine—thrust myself upon the unwilling and shrinking hands which disowned and rejected me—blazon my virtues by pretensions which I myself have promised to forego, and foist myself on the notice of strangers by the very claims which my nearest relations dispute ! Never—never—never ! With the simple name I have assumed—the friend I myself have won—you my generous benefactor, my real father, who never forsook nor insulted me for my misfortunes—with these I have gained some steps in the ladder ; with these and those gifts of nature, a stout heart, and a willing hand, of which none can rob me, I will either ascend the rest, even to the summit, or fall to the dust, unknown, but not contemned ; unlamented, but not despised."

"Well, well," said Talbot, brushing away a tear which he could not deny to the feeling, even while he disputed the judgment of the young adventurer,—"well, this is all very fine and very foolish ; but you shall never want friend or father while I live, or when I have ceased to live ; but come—sit down, share my dinner, which is not very good, and my dessert, which is : help me to entertain two or three guests who are coming to me in the evening to talk on literature, sup, and sleep ; and to-morrow you shall return home, and see Lady Flora in the drawing-room, if you cannot in the *boudoir*."

And Clarence was easily persuaded to accept the invitation.

Talbot was not of those men who are forced to exert themselves to be entertaining. He had the pleasant and easy way of imparting his great gen-

ral and curious information, that a man, partly humorist, partly philosopher, who values himself on being a man of letters, and is in spite of himself a man of the world, always ought to possess. Clarence was soon beguiled from the remembrance of his morifications, and, by little and little, entirely yielded to the airy and happy flow of Talbot's conversation.

In the evening, three or four men of literary eminence (as many as Talbot's small Tusculum could accommodate with beds) arrived, and in a conversation, free alike from the jargon of pedants and the insipidities of fashion, the night fled away swiftly and happily, even to the lover.

CHAPTER XL.

We are here (in the country) among the vast and noble scenes of nature; we are there (in the town) among the pitiful shifts of policy. We walk here in the light and open ways of the divine bounty—we grope there in the dark and confused labyrinths of human malice; our senses are here feasted with all the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which are all sophisticated there; and for the most part overwhelmed with their contraries; here pleasure, methinks, looks like a beautiful, constant, and modest wife: it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted harlot.

COWLEY.

LUCRETIVS has said beautifully, in the most hackneyed passage of his poem, that there is nothing sweeter than to behold afar, from the quiet and safe temples of philosophy, the great crowd rolling below, wandering, confused, erring, seeking to and fro the *viam vite*, wasting days and nights in the laborious pursuit of wealth and honour, and in the vague hope to enjoy them when possessed.*

Here, as at the hush of night, I lay aside the masterpieces of human invention, and recur to these idle and worthless pages (how far short of the vague dreams of future excellence which the enthusiasm of boyhood kindled and conceived!) here, amid the trees waving before my windows in the air of the solemn night, which breathes wild and fresh from the recesses of many woods, and over the free grass of the untilled and unpeopled wastes which surround my home—here, as the dim fire struggles (like our own pent and restless spirit) upward from the mass which clogs, and amid the vapour which curls around it, and the lone lamp casts its light on walls covered with the breathing canvases, relics or copies of no ignoble hands, and on the greater treasures which knowledge has condensed into few volumes, matter for incalculable thought—here, when I recall my remembrances of the world beyond

“That great sea, whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud,”

and sit myself down to weave them into a worldly tale, there comes over me a gentle, but deep delight,

“Like babbling gossips, safe—who hear the war
Of winds, and sigh—but tremble not.”

But this is not now my theme. Draw up the curtain! The scene is the opera.

* Voltaire, so generally wrong when he asserts a fact, is sometimes wonderfully in the right when he impeaches an opinion. There is a very acute commentary upon this passage in Lucretius, to be found in the “*Dictionnaire Philosophique*,” article ‘*Curiosité*.’ Voltaire’s interpretation of the causes of our pleasure at the distresses from which we are exempt, is both better and more benevolent than the literal sense of Lucretius.

The pit is crowded; the connoisseurs in the front row are in a very ill humour. It must be confessed, that extreme heat is a little trying to the temper of a critic.

The opera, then, was not what it is now, nor even what it had been in a former time. It is somewhat amusing to find Goldsmith questioning, in one of his essays, whether the opera could ever become popular in England? But on the night on which the reader is summoned to that “theatre of sweet sounds,” a celebrated singer from the continent made his first appearance in London, and all the world thronged to “that odious opera-house,” to hear or to say they had heard the famous Sopranello.

“A most unusually full house, my lord,” said the lean Mr. Callythorpe, to the courtly Lord Aspeden.

“So full,” replied his lordship, with a bow, “that it is quite refreshing to see you. One loves a contrast you know.

“Refreshing sight, when at the crowded feast,
We hail thy head—one empty spot at least.”

“D——d impertinent!” muttered Mr. Callythorpe.

Clarence now joined them, and, after a few conventional phrases, Lord Aspeden sauntered away.

“Horrid fool, that Lord Aspeden!” said Callythorpe; “if he had stayed two minutes longer, I should have told him so, for I never flatter—it is unworthy an English gentleman. By-the-by, I must go and court Lady —— for a card to her next rout. Do you know, my dear Clarence, that Lord Borodaile says you are no relation to Talbot? and people begin to ask a great many questions about you, just as if you were a sharper? You are not offended? I’m your true friend, and always take your part.”

“Thank you,” said Clarence, hiding, with a laugh, his vexation; “and so adieu. I am going to make my round through the boxes.”

“O, Mr. Foreigner, Mr. Foreigner,” said Clarence to himself, as he ascended the stairs, “whose name I forget, but who didst tell the credulous Duke of Orleans, that, while in all other nations people inquired into your rank, your power, your pedigree, or your fortune, in England the only question ever asked about you was, ‘What sort of a man is he?’ O, Mr. Foreigner, how grievously were you mistaken, or how lamentably are we changed!”

With a nervous step, Clarence proceeded to Lady Westborough’s box; and it was many minutes that he lingered by the door before he summoned courage to obtain admission.

He entered; the box was crowded; but Lady Flora was not there. Lord Borodaile was sitting next to Lady Westborough. As Clarence entered, Lord Borodaile raised his eyebrows, and Lady Westborough her glass. However disposed a great person may be to drop a lesser one, no one of real birth or breeding ever cuts another. Lady Westborough, therefore, though much colder, was no less civil than usual; and Lord Borodaile bowed lower than ever to Mr. Linden, as he punctiliously called him. But Clarence’s quick eye discovered instantly that he was no welcome intruder, and that his day with the beautiful marchioness was over. His visit, consequently, was short and embarrassed. When he left the box, he heard Lord Borodaile’s short,

slow, sneering laugh, followed by Lady Westborough's "hush" of reproof.

His blood boiled. He hurried along the passage, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his hand clenched.

"What ho! Linden, my good fellow; why you look as if all the ferocity of the great Figg were in your veins," cried a good-humoured voice. Clarence started, and saw the young and high-spirited Duke of Haverfield.

"Are you going behind the scenes?" said his grace. "I have just come thence; and you had much better drop into La Meronville's box with me. You sup with her to-night, do you not?"

"No, indeed!" replied Clarence; "I scarcely know her, except by sight."

"Well, and what think you of her?"

"That she is the prettiest Frenchwoman I ever saw."

"Commend me to secret sympathies!" cried the duke. "She has asked me three times who you were, and told me three times that you were the handsomest man in London, and had quite a foreign air; the latter recommendation being of course far greater than the former. So, after this, you cannot refuse to accompany me to her box, and make her acquaintance."

"Nay," answered Clarence, "I shall be too happy to profit by the taste of so discerning a person: but it is cruel in you, duke, not to feign a little jealousy—a little reluctance to introduce so formidable a rival."

"O, as to me," said the duke, "I only like her for her mental, not her personal, attractions. She is very agreeable, and a little witty; sufficient attractions for one in her situation."

"But, do tell me a little of her history," said Clarence; "for, in spite of her renown, I only know her as La belle Meronville. Is she not living *en ami* with some one of our acquaintance?"

"To be sure," replied the duke, "with Lord Borodaile. She is prodigiously extravagant; and Borodaile affects to be prodigiously fond, a thing which you and I, who know (thanks to Trollop) that there is only a certain fund of affection in the 'human mind,' and that all Lord Borodaile's is centred in Lord Borodaile, are convinced cannot really be the case."

"Is he jealous of her?" said Clarence.

"Not in the least! nor, indeed, does she give him any cause. She is very gay, very talkative, gives excellent suppers, and always has her box at the opera crowded with admirers; but that is all. She encourages many, and favours but one. Happy Borodaile! My lot is less fortunate! You know, I suppose, that Julia has deserted me!"

"You astonish me—and for what?"

"O, she told me, with a vehement burst of tears, that she was convinced I did not love her, and that a hundred pounds a month was not sufficient to maintain a milliner's apprentice. I answered the first assertion by an assurance that I adored her; but I preserved a total silence with regard to the latter: and so I found Trevanion *tête-à-tête* with her the next day."

"What did you?" said Clarence.

"Sent my valet to Trevanion with an old coat of mine, my compliments, and my hopes that, as Mr. Trevanion was so fond of my cast off conveniences, he would honour me by accepting the accompanying trifle."

"He challenged you, without doubt?"

"Challenged me! No: he tells all his friends that I am the wittiest man in Europe."

"A fool can speak the truth, you see," said Clarence, laughing.

"Thank you, Linden; you shall have my good word with La Meronville for that; *mais allons*."

Mademoiselle de la Meronville, as she pointedly entitled herself, was one of those charming adventuresses, who, making the most of a good education and a prepossessing person, a delicate turn for letter writing, and a lively vein of conversation, come to England for a year or two, as Spaniards were wont to go to Mexico, and who return to their native country with a profound contempt for the barbarians whom they have so egregiously despoiled. M. de la Meronville was small, beautifully formed, had the prettiest hands and feet in the world, and laughed *musically*. By-the-by, how difficult it is to laugh, or even to smile, at once naturally and gracefully. It is one of Steele's finest touches of character, where he says of Will Honeycomb, "He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily."

In a word, the pretty Frenchwoman was precisely formed to turn the head of a man like Lord Borodaile, whose pride made him love being courted, and whose unintellectuality required to be amused. Madame de la Meronville received Clarence with a great deal of grace, and a little reserve, the first chiefly natural, the last wholly artificial.

"Well," said the duke, (in French,) "you have not told me who are to be of your party this evening—Borodaile, I suppose, of course?"

"No, he cannot come to-night."

"Ah, *quel malheur*! then the hock will not be iced enough—Borodaile's looks are the best wine-coolers in the world."

"Fie!" cried La Meronville, glancing toward Clarence: "I cannot endure your malevolence; wit makes you very bitter."

"And that is exactly the reason why La belle Meronville loves me so: nothing is so sweet to one person as bitterness upon another; it is human nature and French nature (which is a very different thing) into the bargain."

"Bah! my lord duke, you judge of others by yourself."

"To be sure I do," cried his grace; "and that is the best way of forming a right judgment. Ah! what a foot that little *figurante* has—you don't admire her, Linden?"

"No, duke; my admiration is like the bird in the cage—chained here, and cannot fly away!" answered Clarence, with a smile at the frippery of his compliment.

"Ah, monsieur," cried the pretty Frenchwoman, leaning back, "you have been at Paris, I see—one does not learn those graces of language in England. I have been five months in your country—brought over the prettiest dresses imaginable, and have only received three compliments, and (pity me!) two out of the three were upon my pronunciation of 'How do you do!'"

"Well," said Clarence, "I should have imagined that in England, above all other countries, your vanity would have been gratified, for you know we pique ourselves on our sincerity, and say all we think."

"Yes! then you always think very unpleasant—"

ly; what an alternative! which is the best, to speak ill, or to think ill of one?"

"*Pour l'amour de Dieu*," cried the duke, "don't ask such puzzling questions; you are always getting into those moral subtleties, which I suppose you learn from Borodaile. He is a wonderful metaphysician, I hear—I can answer for his chemical powers; the moment he enters a room the very walls grow damp: as for me, I dissolve; I should flow into a fountain, like Arethusa, if happily his lordship did not freeze one again into substance as fast as he dampens one into thaw."

"*Pi donc!*" cried La Meronville. "I should be very angry, had you not taught me to be very indifferent—"

"To him!" said the duke, dryly. "I'm glad to hear it. He is not worth *une grande passion*, believe me—but tell me, *ma belle*, who else sups with you?"

"*D'abord*, Monsieur Linden, I trust," answered La Meronville, with a look of invitation, (not an inviting look,) to which Clarence bowed and smiled his assent, "Milord D——, and Mons. Trevanion, Mademoiselle Caumartin, and Monsieur Le Prince Pietro d'Urbini."

"Nothing can be better arranged," said the duke. "But see, they are just going to drop the curtain. Let me call your carriage."

"You are too good, milord," replied La Meronville, with a bow, which said, "of course;" and the duke, who would not have stirred three paces for the first princess of the blood, hurried out of the box (despite of Clarence's offer to undertake the commission) to inquire after the carriage of the most notorious adventuress of the day.

Clarence was alone in the box with the beautiful Frenchwoman. To say truth, Linden was far too much in love with Lady Flora, and too occupied, as to his other thoughts, with the projects of ambition, to be easily led into any disreputable or criminal *liaison*; he therefore conversed with his usual ease, though with rather more than his usual gallantry, without feeling the least touched by the charms of La Meronville, or the least desirous of supplanting Lord Borodaile in her favour.

The duke reappeared, and announced the carriage. As, with La Meronville leaning on his arm, Clarence hurried out, he accidentally looked up, and saw on the head of the stairs Lady Westborough with her party (Lord Borodaile among the rest) in waiting for her carriage. For almost the first time in his life, Clarence felt ashamed of himself; his cheek burned like fire, and he involuntarily let go the fair hand which was leaning upon his arm. However, the weaker our cause the better face we should put upon it, and Clarence, recovering his presence of mind, and vainly hoping he had not been perceived, buried his face as well as he was able in the fur collar of his cloak, and hurried on.

"You saw Lord Borodaile?" said the duke to La Meronville, as he handed her into her carriage.

"Yes, I accidentally looked back after we had passed him, and then I saw him."

"Looked back!" said the duke; "I wonder he did not turn you into a pillar of salt."

"*Pi donc!*" cried La belle Meronville, tapping his grace playfully on the arm, in order to do which she was forced to lean a little harder upon Clarence's, which she had not yet relinquished—" *Pi donc!—François chez moi!*"

"My carriage is just behind," said the duke, "You will go with me to La Meronville's, of course?"

"Really, my dear duke," said Clarence, "I wish I could excuse myself from this party. I have another engagement."

"Excuse yourself! and leave me to the mercy of Mademoiselle Caumartin, who has the face of an ostrich, and talks me out of breath! Never, my dear Linden, never! Besides, I want you to see how well I shall behave to Trevanion. Here is the carriage. *Entrez, mon cher.*"

And Clarence, weakly perhaps and foolishly (but he was very young and very unhappy, and so, longing for an escape from his own thoughts,) entered the carriage, and drove to the supper party, in order to prevent the Duke of Haverfield being talked out of breath by Mademoiselle Caumartin, who had the face of an ostrich.

CHAPTER XL.

Yet truth is keenly sought for, and the wind,
Charg'd with rich words, pour'd out in thought's defence,
Whether the church inspire that eloquence,
Or a Platonic piety, confined
To the sole temple of the inward mind;
And one there is who builds immortal lays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways;
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind!
Yet not alone——

WORDSWORTH.

LONDON—thou Niobe, who sittest in stone, amid thy stricken and fated children; nurse of the desolate, that hidest in thy bosom the shame, the sorrows, the sins of many sons; in whose arms the fallen and the outcast shroud their distresses, and shelter from the proud man's contumely; epitome and focus of the disparities and maddening contrasts of this wrong world, that assemblest together in one great heap the woes, the joys, the elevations, the debasements of the various tribes of man; mightiest of levellers, confounding in thy whirlpool all ranks, all minds, the graven labours of knowledge, the straws of the maniac, purple and rags, the regalities and the loathsomeness of earth—palace and lazar house combined! Grave of the living, where, mingled and massed together, we couch, but rest not—"for in that sleep of life what dreams *do* come"—each vexed with a separate vision—"shadows" which "grieve the heart," unreal in their substance, but faithful in their warnings, flitting from the eye, but graving unfleeting memories on the mind, which reproduce new dreams over and over, until the phantasm ceases, and the pall of a heavier torpor falls upon the brain, and all is still, and dark, and hushed!—"From the stir of thy great Babel," and the fixed tinsel glare in which sits pleasure like a star, "which shines, but warms not with its powerless rays," we turn to thy deeper and more secret haunts. "Thy wilderness is all before us,—where to choose our place of rest;" and, to our eyes, thy mysteries are bared, and thy hidden recesses are pierced as with a spell.

The clock of St. Paul's had tolled the second hour of morning. Within a small and humble apartment in the very heart of the city, there sat a writer, whose lucubrations, then obscure and unknown, were destined, years afterward, to excite the vague admiration of the crowd, and the deeper homage of the wise. They were of that nature

which is slow in winning its way to popular esteem; the result of the hived and hoarded knowledge of years—the produce of deep thought and sublime aspirations, influencing, in its bearings, the interests of the many, yet only capable of analysis by the judgment of the few. But the stream broke forth at last from the cavern to the daylight, although *the source* was never traced; or, to change the image—albeit none know the hand which executed, and the head which designed—the monument of a mighty intellect has been at length dug up, as it were, from the envious earth, the brighter for its past obscurity, and the more certain of immortality from the temporary neglect it has sustained.

The room was, as we before said, very small and meanly furnished; yet were there a few articles of costliness and luxury scattered about, which told that the tastes of its owner had not been quite humbled to the level of his fortunes. One side of the narrow chamber was covered with shelves, which supported books, in various languages; and though chiefly on scientific subjects, not utterly confined to them. Among the doctrines of the philosopher, and the golden rules of the moralist, were also seen the pleasant dreams of poets, the legends of Spencer, the refining moralities of Pope, the lofty errors of Lucretius, and the sublime relics of *our* “dead kings of melody.”* And over the hearth was a picture, taken in more prosperous days, of one, who had been, and was yet, to the tenant of that abode, better than fretted roofs and glittering banquets, the objects of ambition, or even the immortality of fame. It was the face of one very young and beautiful, and the deep, tender eyes looked down, as with a watchful fondness, upon the lucubator and his labours. While beneath the window, which was left unclosed, for it was scarcely June, were simple, yet not inelegant vases, filled with flowers:

“Those lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne’er so brave.”†

The writer was alone, and had just paused from his employment: he was leaning his face upon one hand, in a thoughtful and earnest mood, and the air which came chill, but gentle, from the window, slightly stirred the locks from the broad and marked brow, over which they fell in thin but graceful waves. Partly owing perhaps to the waning light of the single lamp, and the lateness of the hour, his cheek seemed very pale, and the complete, though contemplative, rest of the features partook greatly of the quiet of habitual sadness, and a little of the languor of shaken health; yet the expression, despite of the proud cast of the brow and profile, was rather benevolent than stern or dark in its pensiveness, and the lines spoke more of the wear and harrow of deep thought, than the inroads of ill-regulated passion.

There was a slight tap at the door—the latch was raised, and the original of the picture I have described entered the apartment.

Time had not been idle with her since that portrait had been taken: the round elastic figure had lost much of its youth and freshness; the step, though light, was languid, and in the centre of the fair, smooth cheek, which was a little sunken, turned one deep bright spot—fatal sign to those

who have watched the progress of the most deadly and deceitful of our national maladies; yet still the form and countenance were eminently interesting and lovely; and, though the bloom was gone for ever, the beauty, which not even death could wholly have despoiled, remained to triumph over debility, misfortune, and disease.

She approached the student, and laid her hand upon his shoulder—

“Dearest!” said he, tenderly yet reproachfully, “yet up, and the hour so late, and yourself so weak? Fie, I must learn to scold you.”

“And how,” answered the intruder, “how could I sleep or rest while you are consuming your very life in those thankless labours?”

“By which,” interrupted the writer, with a faint smile, “we glean our scanty subsistence.”

“Yes,” said the wife, (for she held that relation to the student,) and the tears stood in her eyes, “I know well that every morsel of bread, every drop of water, is wrung from your very heart’s blood, and I—I am the cause of all; but surely you exert yourself too much, more than can be requisite. These night damps, this sickly and chilling air, heavy with the rank vapours of the coming morning, are not suited to thoughts and toils which are alone sufficient to sear your mind and exhaust your strength. Come, my own love, to bed: and yet, first, come and look upon our child, how sound she sleeps! I have leant over her for the last hour, and tried to fancy it was you whom I watched, for she has learnt already your smile, and has it even when she sleeps.”

“She has cause to smile,” said the husband, bitterly.

“She has, *for she is yours!* and even in poverty and humble hopes, that is an inheritance which may well teach her pride and joy. Come, love, the air is keen, and the damp rises to your forehead—yet stay, till I have kissed it away.”

“Mine own love,” said the student, as he rose and wound his arm round the slender waist of his wife, “wrap your shawl closer over your bosom, and let us look for one instant upon the night. I cannot sleep till I have slaked the fever of my blood: the air has nothing of coldness in its breath to me.”

And they walked to the window, and looked forth. All was hushed and still in the narrow street; the cold gray clouds were hurrying fast along the sky, and the stars, weak and waning in their light, gleamed forth at rare intervals upon the mute city, like the expiring watch-lamps of the dead.

They leaned out, and spoke not; but when they looked above upon the melancholy heavens, they drew nearer to each other, as if it were their natural instinct to do so, whenever the world without seemed discouraging and sad.

At length the student broke the silence; but his thoughts, which were wandering and disjointed, were breathed less to her than vaguely and unconsciously to himself. “Morn breaks—another and another!—day upon day!—while we drag on our load like the blind beast which knows not when the burden shall be cast off, and the hour of rest be come.”

The woman pressed his hand to her bosom, but made no rejoinder—she knew his mood—and the student continued.

“And so life frets itself away! Four years

* Shakespeare and Milton.

† Herrick.

have passed over our seclusion—four years! a great segment in the little circle of our mortality; and of those years what day has pleasure won from labour, or what night has sleep snatched wholly from the lamp? Weaker than the miser, the insatiable and restless mind traverses from east to west; and from the nooks, and corners, and crevices of earth collects, fragment by fragment, grain by grain, atom by atom, the riches which it gathers to its coffers—for what?—to starve amid the plenty! The fantasies of the imagination bring a ready and substantial return; not so the treasures of thought.* Better that I had renounced the soul's labour for that of its hardier frame—better that I had 'sweated in the eye of Phoebus,' than 'eat my heart with crosses and with cares,'—seeking truth and wanting bread—adding to the indigence of poverty its humiliation;—wroth with the arrogance of those who weigh in the shallow scales of their meager knowledge the product of lavish thought, and of the hard hours for which health, and sleep, and spirit have been exchanged;—sharing the lot of those who would enchant the old serpent of evil, which refuses the voice of the charmer!—struggling against the prejudice and bigoted delusion of the bandaged and fettered herd to whom, in our fond hopes and aspirations, we trusted to give light and freedom;—seeing the slavish judgments we would have redeemed from error clashing their chains at us in ire;—made criminal by our very benevolence;—the martyrs whose zeal is rewarded with persecution, whose prophecies are crowned with contempt!—Better, O better that I had not listened to the vanity of a heated brain—better that I had made my home with the lark and the wild bee, among the fields and the quiet hills, where life, if obscurer, is less debased, and hope, if less eagerly indulged, is less bitterly disappointed. The frame, it is true, might have been bowed to a harsher labour, but the heart would at least have had its rest from anxiety, and the mind its relaxation from thought."

The wife's tears fell upon the hand she clasped. The student turned, and his heart smote him for the selfishness of his complaints. He drew her closer and closer to his bosom; and, gazing fondly upon those eyes which years of indigence and care might have robbed of their young lustre, but not of their undying tenderness, he kissed away her tears, and addressed her in a voice which never failed to charm into forgetfulness her grief.

"Dearest and kindest," he said, "was I not to blame for accusing those privations or regrets which have only made us love each other the more! Trust me, mine own treasure, that it is only in the peevishness of an inconstant and fretful humour, that I have murmured against my

fortune. For, in the midst of all, I look upon you, my angel, my comforter, my young dream of love, which God, in his mercy, breathed into waking life—I look upon you, and am blest and grateful. Nor in my juster moments do I accuse even the nature of these studies, though they bring us so scanty a reward. Have I not hours of secret and overflowing delight, the triumphs of gratified research—flashes of sudden light, which reward the darkness of thought, and light up my solitude as a revel!—These feelings of rapture, which naught but science can afford, amply repay her disciples for worse evils and severer hardships than it has been my destiny to endure. Look along the sky, how the vapours struggle with the still yet feeble stars: even so have the mists of error been pierced, though not scattered, by the dim but holy lights of past wisdom; and now the morning is at hand, and in that hope we journey on, doubtful, but not utterly in darkness. Nor is this *all my* hope; there is a loftier and more steady comfort than that which mere philosophy can bestow. If the certainty of future fame bore Milton rejoicing through his blindness, or cheered Galileo in his dungeon, what stronger and holier support shall not be given to *him* who has loved mankind as his brothers, and devoted his labours to their cause?—who has not sought, but relinquished, his own renown?—who has braved the present censures of men for their future benefit, and trampled upon glory in the energy of benevolence? Will there not be for him something more powerful than fame to comfort his sufferings now, and to sustain his hopes beyond the grave? If the wish of mere posthumous honour be a feeling rather vain than exalted, the love of our race affords us a more rational and noble desire of remembrance. Come what will, that love, if it animates our toils, and directs our studies, shall, when we are dust, make our relics of value, our efforts of avail, and consecrate the desire of fame, which were else a passion selfish and impure, by connecting it with the welfare of ages, and the eternal interests of the world and its Creator! Come, we will to bed."

CHAPTER XLII.

A man may be formed by nature for an admirable citizen, and yet, from the purest motives, be a dangerous one to the state in which the accident of birth has placed him.
STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

THE night again closed, and the student once more resumed his labours. The spirit of his hope and comforter of his toils sat by him, ever and anon lifting her fond eyes from her work to gaze upon his countenance, to sigh, and to return sadly and quietly to her employment.

A heavy step ascended the stairs, the door opened, and the tall figure of Wolfe, the republican, presented itself. The female rose, pushed a chair towards him with a smile and grace suited to better fortunes, and retiring from the table, reseated herself silent and apart.

"It is a fine night," said the student, when the mutual greetings were over. "Whence come you?"

"From contemplating human misery and worse than human degradation," replied Wolfe, slowly seating himself.

* If the poet, the novelist, the man of letters sometimes, even in the present day, complains justly of the neglect of his contemporaries, how can the philosopher, who outstrips his age, until time grows up to the measure of his intellect, hope to be appreciated, since he is not even understood? In literature, unless it be mingled with moral or political reasonings, there are, comparatively speaking, few prejudices, and still fewer hostile interests, to contend with or assuage. But in science, wherever the innovator treads, he tramples upon a long cherished opinion: he is girt round with the sanctity of error. Fond of excitement, we pant for novelty in fiction: interested in the existence of present doctrines, we shudder at novelty in truth. Happy is he who is only neglected—not persecuted or starved! Happy he who, amid Arcadian plenty, ponders at his leisure upon the subtleties of scholasticism. Let him not lament, *et frustra capis*, but rejoice that *inter literas non curat*.

"Those words specify no place—they apply universally," said the student, with a sigh.

"Ay, Glendower, for misgovernment is universal," rejoined Wolfe.

Glendower made no answer.

"O!" said Wolfe, in the low, suppressed tone of intense passion which was customary to him, "it maddens me to look upon the willingness with which men hug their trappings of slavery,—bears, proud of the rags which deck, and the monkeys which ride them. But it frets me yet more when some lordling sweeps along, lifting his dull eyes above the fools whose only crime and debasement are—what?—their subjection to *him*! Such a one I encountered a few nights since; and he will remember the meeting longer than I shall. I taught that 'god to tremble.'"

The female rose, glanced towards her husband, and silently withdrew.

Wolfe paused for a few moments, looked curiously and pryingly around, and then rising, went forth into the passage to see that no loiterer or listener was near—returned, and drawing his chair close to Glendower, fixed his dark eye upon him, and said—

"You are poor, and your spirit rises against your lot; you are just, and your heart swells against the general oppression you behold; can you not dare to remedy your ills, and those of mankind?"

"I can dare," said Glendower, calmly, though haughtily, "all things but crime."

"And which is crime? the rising against, or the submission to, evil government? Which is crime, I ask you?"

"That which is the most imprudent," answered Glendower. "We may sport in ordinary cases with our own safeties, but only in rare cases with the safety of others."

Wolfe rose, and paced the narrow room impatiently to and fro. He paused by the window, and threw it open. "Come here," he cried,—*"come, and look out."*

Glendower did so—all was still and quiet.

"Why did you call me?" said he; "I see nothing."

"Nothing!" exclaimed Wolfe; "look again—look on yon sordid and squalid huts—look at yon court, that from this wretched street leads to abodes to which these are as palaces: look on yon victims of vice and famine plying beneath the midnight skies of their filthy and infectious trade. Wherever you turn your eyes, what see you? Misery, loathsomeness, sin! Are you a man, and call you these nothing? And now lean forth still more—see afar off, by yonder lamp, the mansion of ill-gotten and griping wealth. He who owns those buildings, what did he that he should riot while we starve? He wrung from the negro's tears and bloody sweat the luxuries of a pampered and vitiated taste: he pandered to the excesses of the rich; he heaped their tables with the product of a nation's groans. Lo!—his reward! He is rich—prosperous—honoured! He sits in the legislative assembly; he declaims against immorality; he contends for the safety of property, and the equilibrium of ranks. Transport yourself from this spot for an instant—imagine that you survey the gorgeous homes of aristocracy and power—the palaces of the west. What see you there?—the

few sucking, draining, exhausting the blood, the treasure, the very existence of the many. Are we, who are of the many, wise to suffer it?"

"Are we of the many?" said Glendower.

"We could be," said Wolfe, hastily.

"I doubt it," replied Glendower.

"Listen," said the republican, laying his hand upon Glendower's shoulder, "listen to me. There are in this country men whose spirits not years of delayed hope, wearisome persecution, and bitterer than all, misrepresentations from some, and contempt from others, have yet quelled and tamed. We watch our opportunity; the growing distress of the country, the increasing severity and misrule of the administration, will soon afford it us. Your talents, your benevolence, render you worthy to join us. Do so, and—"

"Hush!" interrupted the student; "you know not what you say: you weigh not the folly, the madness of your design! I am a man more fallen, more sunken, more disappointed, than you. I, too, have had at my heart the burning and lonely hope which, through years of misfortune and want, has comforted me with the thought of serving and enlightening mankind—I, too, have devoted to the fulfilment of that hope, days and nights, in which the brain grew dizzy, and the heart heavy and clogged, with the intensity of my pursuits. Were the dungeon and the scaffold my reward, heaven knows that I would not flinch eye or hand, or abate a jot of heart and hope in the thankless prosecution of my toils. Know me, then, as one of fortunes more desperate than your own; of an ambition more unquenchable; of a philanthropy no less ardent; and I *will* add, of a courage no less firm: and behold the utter hopelessness of your projects with others, when to me they only appear the visions of an enthusiast."

Wolfe sunk down in the chair.

"Is it even so?" said he, slowly and musingly. "Are my hopes but delusions?—Has my life been but one idle, though convulsive, dream?—Is the goddess of our religion banished from this great and populous earth, to the seared and barren hearts of a few solitary worshippers, whom all else despise as madmen, or persecute as idolaters?—And if so, shall we adore her the less?—No! though we perish in her cause, it is around her altar that our corpses shall be found!"

"My friend," said Glendower, kindly, for he was touched by the sincerity, though opposed to the opinions, of the republican, "the night is yet early: we will trim the lamp, and sit down to discuss our several doctrines calmly, and in the spirit of truth and investigation."

"Away!" cried Wolfe, rising and slouching his hat over his bent and lowering brows; "away. I will not listen to you—I dread your reasonings—I would not have a particle of my faith shaken. If I err, I have erred from my birth: erred with Brutus and Tell, Hampden and Milton, and all whom the thousand tribes and parties of earth consecrate with their common gratitude and eternal reverence. In that error I will die! If our party can struggle not with hosts, there may yet arise some minister with the ambition of Caesar, if not his genius—of whom a single dagger can rid the earth!"

"And if not?" said Glendower.

"I have the same dagger for myself!" replied Wolfe, as he closed the door.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stolen forth of Holy Writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.
SHAKESPEARE.

THE only two acquaintances in this populous city whom Glendower possessed, who were aware that in a former time he had known a better fortune, were Wolfe, and a person of far higher worldly estimation, of the name of Crauford. With the former, the student had become acquainted by the favour of chance, which had for a short time made them lodgers in the same house. Of the particulars of Glendower's earliest history, Wolfe was utterly ignorant; but the addresses upon some old letters, which he had accidentally seen, had informed him that Glendower had formerly borne another name; and it was easy to glean from the student's conversation that something of greater distinction and prosperity than he now enjoyed was coupled with the appellation he had renounced. Proud, melancholy, austere—brooding upon thoughts whose very loftiness received somewhat of additional grandeur from the gloom which encircled it—Glendower found, in the ruined hopes and the solitary lot of the republican, that congeniality which neither Wolfe's habits, nor the excess of his political fervour, might have afforded to a nature which philosophy had rendered moderate, and early circumstances refined. Crauford was far better acquainted than Wolfe with the reverses Glendower had undergone. Many years ago he had known, and indeed travelled with him upon the continent; since then, they had not met till about six months prior to the time in which Glendower is presented to the reader. It was in an obscure street of the city that Crauford had then encountered Glendower, whose haunts were so little frequented by the higher orders of society, that Crauford was the first, and the only one, of his former acquaintance, with whom for years he had been brought into contact. That person recognised him at once, accosted him, followed him home, and three days afterward surprised him with a visit. Of manners which, in their dissimulation, extended far beyond the ease and breeding of the world, Crauford readily appeared not to notice the altered circumstances of his old acquaintance; and, by a tone of conversation artfully respectful, he endeavoured to remove from Glendower's mind that soreness which his knowledge of human nature told him his visit was calculated to create.

There is a certain species of pride which contradicts the ordinary symptoms of the feeling, and appears most elevated when it would be reasonable to expect it should be most depressed. Of this sort was Glendower's. When he received the guest who had known him in his former prosperity, some natural sentiment of emotion called, it is true, to his pale cheek a momentary flush, as he looked round his humble apartment, and the evident signs of poverty it contained; but his address was calm and self-possessed, and whatever mortification he might have felt, no intonation of his voice, no tell-tale embarrassment of manner, revealed it. Encouraged by this air, even while he was secretly vexed by it, and perfectly unable to do justice to the dignity of mind which gave something of majesty, rather than humiliation, to mis-

fortune, Crauford resolved to repeat his visit, and by intervals, gradually lessening, renewed it, till acquaintance seemed, though little tinctured, at least on Glendower's side, by *friendship*, to assume the semblance of *intimacy*. It was true, however, that he had something to struggle against in Glendower's manner, which certainly grew colder in proportion to the repetition of the visits; and, at length, Glendower said, with an ease and quiet which abashed, for a moment, an effrontery both of mind and manner which was almost parallel—"Believe me, Mr. Crauford, I feel fully sensible of your attentions; but as circumstances at present are such as to render an intercourse between us little congenial to the habits and sentiments of either, you will probably understand and forgive my motives in wishing no longer to receive civilities which, however I may feel, I am unable to return."

Crauford coloured, and hesitated, before he replied: "Forgive me, then," said he, "for my fault. I did venture to hope that no circumstances would break off an acquaintance to me so valuable. Forgive me, if I did imagine that an intercourse between mind and mind could be equally carried on, whether the mere body were lodged in a palace or a hovel;" and then, suddenly changing his tone into that of affectionate warmth, Crauford continued: "My dear Glendower, my dear friend, I would say, if I durst, is not your pride rather to blame here? Believe me, in my turn, I fully comprehend and bow to it; but it wounds me beyond expression. Were you in your proper station, a station much higher than my own, I would come to you at once, and proffer my friendship—as it is, I cannot; but your pride wrongs me, Glendower—indeed it does."

And Crauford turned away, apparently in the bitterness of wounded feeling.

Glendower was touched: and his nature, as kind as it was proud, immediately smote him for conduct certainly ungracious, and perhaps ungrateful. He held out his hand to Crauford; with the most respectful warmth, that personage seized and pressed it: and from that time Crauford's visits appeared to receive a license which, if not perfectly welcome, was at least never again questioned.

"I shall have this man, now," muttered Crauford, between his ground teeth, as he left the house, and took his way to his counting house. There, cool, bland, fawning, and weaving in his close and dark mind various speculations of guilt and craft, he sat among his bills and gold, like the very gnome and personification of that mammon of gain, to which he was the most supple, though concealed, adherent.

Richard Crauford was of a new, but not unimportant family. His father had entered into commerce, and left a flourishing firm, and a name of great respectability in his profession, to his son. That son was a man whom many and opposite qualities rendered a character of very singular and uncommon stamp. Fond of the toiling acquisition of money, he was equally attached to the ostentatious pageantries of expense. Profoundly skilled in the calculating business of his profession, he was devoted equally to the luxuries of pleasure, but the pleasure was suited well to the mind which pursued it. The divine intoxication of that love where the delicacies and purities of affection consecrate the humanity of passion, was to him a thing that not even his youngest imagination had

ever dreamt of. The social concomitants of the wine cup (which have for the lenient an excuse, for the austere a temptation)—the generous expanding of the heart—the increased yearning to kindly affection—the lavish spirit throwing off its exuberance in the thousand lights and emanations of wit—these, which have rendered the molten grape, despite of its excesses, not unworthy of the praises of immortal hymns, and taken harshness from the judgment of those averse to its enjoyment—these never presented an inducement to the stony temperament and dormant heart of Richard Crauford.

He looked upon the essences of things internal as the common eye upon outward nature, and loved the many shapes of evil as the latter does the varieties of earth, not for their graces, but their utility. His loves, coarse and low, fed their rank fires from an unmingled and gross depravity. His devotion to wine was either solitary and unseen—for he loved safety better than mirth—or in company with those whose station flattered his vanity, not whose fellowship ripened his crude and nipped affections. Even the recklessness of vice in him had the character of prudence; and, in the most rapid and turbulent stream of his excesses, one might detect the rocky and unmoved heart of the calculator at the bottom.

Cool, sagacious, profound in dissimulation, and not only observant of, but deducing sage consequences from, those human inconsistencies and frailties by which it was his aim to profit, he cloaked his deeper vices with a masterly hypocrisy; and for those too dear to forego, and too difficult to conceal, he obtained pardon by the intercession of virtues it cost him nothing to assume. Regular in his attendance at worship—professing rigidity of faith beyond the tenets of the orthodox church—subscribing to the public charities, where the common eye knoweth what the private hand giveth—methodically constant to the forms of business—primitively scrupulous in the proprieties of speech—hospitable, at least to his superiors—and, being naturally smooth, both of temper and address, popular with his inferiors—it was no marvel that one part of the world forgave, to a man rich and young, the irregularities of dissipation; that another forgot real immorality in favour of affected religion; or that the remainder allowed the most unexceptionable excellence of words to atone for the unobtrusive errors of a conduct which prejudiced not them.

"It is true," said his friends, "that he loves women too much; but he is young—he will marry and amend."

Mr. Crauford did *marry*—and, strange as it may seem, for love—at least for that brute-like love of which only he was capable. After a few years of ill usage on his side, and endurance of his wife's, they parted. Disgusted with her person, and profiting by her gentleness of temper, he sent her to an obscure corner of the country, to starve upon the miserable pittance which was all he allowed her from his superfluities. Even then—such is the effect of the showy proprieties of form and word—Mr. Crauford sank not in the estimation of the world.

"It was easy to see," said the spectators of his domestic drama, "that a man in temper so mild—in his business so honourable—so civil of speech—so attentive to the stocks and the sermon—could

not have been the party to blame. One never knew the rights of matrimonial disagreements, nor could sufficiently estimate the provoking disparities of temper. Certainly Mrs. Crauford never did look in good humour, and had not the open countenance of her husband; and certainly the very excesses of Mr. Crauford betokened a generous warmth of heart, which the sullenness of his conjugal partner might easily chill and revolt."

And thus, unquestioned and unblamed, Mr. Crauford walked onward in his beaten way; and secretly laughing at the toleration of the crowd, continued, at his luxurious villa, the orgies of a passionless, yet brutal sensuality.

So far might the character of Richard Crauford find parallels in hypocrisy and its success. Dive we now deeper into his soul. Possessed of talents which, though of a secondary rank, were in that rank consummate, Mr. Crauford could not be a villain by intuition, or the irregular bias of his nature: he was a villain upon a grander scale: he was a villain upon system. Having little learning and less knowledge out of his profession, his reflection expended itself upon apparently obvious deductions from the great and mysterious book of life. He saw vice prosperous in externals, and from this sight his conclusion was drawn. "Vice," said he, "is not an obstacle to success; and if so, it is at least a pleasanter road to it than your narrow and thorny ways of virtue." But there are certain vices which require the mask of virtue, and Crauford thought it easier to wear the mask than to school his soul to the reality. So to the villain he added the hypocrite. He found the success equalled his hopes, for he had both craft and genius: nor was he, naturally, without the minor amiabilities, which, to the ignorance of the herd, seem more valuable than coin of a more important amount. Blinded as we are by prejudice, we not only *mistake* but *prefer* decencies to moralities; and, like the inhabitants of Coa, when offered the choice of two statues of the same goddess, we choose, not that which is the most beautiful, but that which is the most dressed.

Accustomed easily to dupe mankind, Crauford soon grew to despise them; and from justifying roguery by his own interest, he now justified it by the folly of others; and, as no wretch is so unredeemed as to be without excuse to himself, Crauford actually persuaded his reason that he was vicious upon principle, and a rascal on a system of morality. But why the desire of this man, so consummately worldly and heartless, for an intimacy with the impoverished and powerless student? This question is easily answered. In the first place, during Crauford's acquaintance with Glendower abroad, the latter had often, though innocently, galled the vanity and self-pride of the *roturier* affecting the aristocrat, and in poverty the *roturier* was anxious to retaliate. But this desire would probably have passed away after he had satisfied his curiosity, or gloated his spite, by one or two insights into Glendower's home—for Crauford, though at times a malicious, was not a vindictive, man—had it not been for a much more powerful object which afterward occurred to him. In an extensive scheme of fraud, which for many years this man had carried on, and which for secrecy and boldness was almost unequalled, it had of late become necessary to his safety to have a partner, or rather tool. A man of education, talent, and

courage, was indispensable, and Crauford had resolved that Glendower should be that man. With the supreme confidence in his own powers which long success had given him—with a sovereign contempt for, or rather disbelief in, human integrity—and with a thorough conviction that the bribe to him was the bribe with all, and that none could on any account be poor if they had the offer to be rich, Crauford did not bestow a moment's consideration upon the difficulty of his task, or conceive that in the nature and mind of Glendower there could exist any obstacle to his design.

Men addicted to calculation are accustomed to suppose those employed in the same mental pursuit arrive, or ought to arrive, at the same final conclusion. Now, looking upon Glendower as a philosopher, Crauford looked upon him as a man, who, however he might conceal his real opinions, secretly laughed, like Crauford's self, not only at the established customs, but at the established moralities of the world. Ill acquainted with books, the worthy Richard was, like all men similarly situated, somewhat infected by the very prejudices he affected to despise; and the vulgar ill-opinion of the hearts of those who cultivate the head he in no small degree shared. Glendower himself had confirmed this opinion by lauding, though he did not entirely subscribe to, those moralists who have made an enlightened self-interest the proper measure of all human conduct; and Crauford, utterly unable to comprehend this system in its grand, naturally interpreted it in a partial, sense. Espousing self-interest as his own code, he deemed that in reality Glendower's principles did not differ greatly from his; and as there is no pleasure to a hypocrite like that of finding a fit opportunity to unburden some of his real sentiments, Crauford was occasionally wont to hold some conference and argument with the student, in which his opinions were not utterly cloaked in their usual disguise; but, cautious even in his candour, he always forbore stating such opinions as his own: he merely mentioned them as those which a man, beholding the villanies and follies of his kind, might be tempted to form; and thus Glendower, though not greatly esteeming his acquaintance, looked upon him as one ignorant in his opinions, but not likely to err in his conduct.

These conversations did, however, it is true, increase Crauford's estimate of Glendower's integrity, but they by no means diminished his confidence of subduing it. Honour, a deep and pure sense of the divinity of good, the steady desire of rectitude, and the supporting aid of a sincere religion—these he did not deny to his intended tool; he rather rejoiced that he possessed them. With the profound arrogance, the sense of immeasurable superiority which men of no principle invariably feel for those who have it, Crauford said to himself, "Those very virtues will be my best dupes—they cannot resist the temptations I shall offer, but they can resist any offer to betray me afterward, for no man can resist hunger; but your fine feelings, your nice honour, your precise religion—he! he! he!—these can teach a man very well to resist a common inducement: they cannot make him submit to be his own executioner; but they can prevent his turning king's evidence, and being executioner to another. No, no—it is not to your common rogues that I may dare trust my secret—my secret, which is my life! It is precisely of

such a fine, Athenian, moral rogue as I shall make my proud friend, that I am in want. But he has some silly scruples; we must beat them away—we must not be too rash; and, above all, we must leave the best argument to poverty. Want is your finest orator;—a starving wife—a famished brat—he! he!—these are your true tempters—your true fathers of crime, and fillers of jails and gibbets. Let me see: he has no money, I know, but what he gets from that bookseller. What bookseller, by-the-by? Ah, rare thought! I'll find out, and cut off that supply. My lady wife's cheek will look somewhat thinner next month, I fancy—he! he! But 'tis a pity, for she is a glorious creature! Who knows but I may serve two purposes! However, one at present; business first, and pleasure afterward—and faith, the business is damnably like that of life and death."

Muttering such thoughts as these, Crauford took his way one evening to Glendower's house.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Iago.—Virtue; a fig!—'tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus. *Othello.*

"So—so, my little one, don't let me disturb you. Madam, dare I venture to hope your acceptance of this fruit? I chose it myself, and I am somewhat of a judge. O! Glendower, here is the pamphlet you wished to see."

With this salutation, Crauford drew his chair to the table by which Glendower sate, and entered into conversation with his purposed victim. A comely and a pleasing countenance had Richard Crauford! the lonely light of the room fell upon a face which, though forty years of guile had gone over it, was as fair and unwrinkled as a boy's. Small, well cut features—a blooming complexion—eyes of the lightest blue—a forehead high, though narrow, and a mouth from which the smile was never absent: these, joined to a manner at once soft and confident, and an elegant, though unaffected, study of dress, gave to Crauford a personal appearance well suited to aid the effect of his hypocritical and dissembling mind.

"Well, my friend," said he, "always at your books—eh! Ah! it is a happy taste; would that I had cultivated it more; but we who are condemned to business have little leisure to follow our own inclinations. It is only on Sundays that I have time to read, and then, (to say truth I am an old-fashioned man, whom the gayer part of the world laughs at,) and then I am too occupied with the Book of Books to think of any less important study."

Not deeming that a peculiar reply was required to this pious speech, Glendower did not take that advantage of Crauford's pause which it was evidently intended that he should. With a glance toward the student's wife, our mercantile friend continued: "I did once—once, in my young dreams, intend—that whenever I married, I would relinquish a profession for which, after all, I am but little calculated. I pictured to myself a country retreat, well stored with books; and having concentrated in one home all the attractions which could have tempted my thoughts abroad, I had designed to surrender myself solely to those studies which, I lament to say, were but ill attended to in

my earlier education. But—but,"—(here Mr. Crauford sighed deeply, and averted his face)—"fate willed it otherwise!"

Whatever reply of sympathetic admiration or condolence Glendower might have made, was interrupted by one of those sudden and overpowering attacks of faintness which had of late seized the delicate and declining health of his wife. He rose, and leant over her with a fondness and alarm which curled the lip of his visitor.

"Thus it is," said Crauford to himself, "with weak minds, under the influence of habit. The love of lust becomes the love of custom, and the last is as strong as the first."

When she had recovered, she rose, and (with her child) retired to rest, the only restorative she ever found effectual for her complaint. Glendower went with her, and, after having seen her eyes, which swam with tears of gratitude at his love, close in the seeming slumber she affected in order to release him from his watch, he returned to Crauford. He found that gentleman leaning against the chimney-piece with folded arms, and apparently immersed in thought. A very good opportunity had Glendower's absence afforded to a man whose boast it was never to lose one. Looking over the papers on the table, he had seen and possessed himself of the address of the bookseller the student dealt with. "So much for business—now for philanthropy," said Mr. Crauford, in his favourite antithetical phrase, throwing himself in his attitude against the chimney-piece.

As Glendower entered, Crauford started from his reverie, and, with a melancholy air and pensive voice, said—

"Alas, my friend, when I look upon this humble apartment, the weak health of your unequalled wife—your obscurity—your misfortunes; when I look upon these, and contrast them with your mind, your talents, all that you were born and fitted for, I cannot but feel tempted to believe with those who imagine the pursuit of virtue a chimera, and who justify their own worldly policy by the example of all their kind."

"Virtue," said Glendower, "would indeed be a chimera, did it require support from those whom you have cited."

"True—most true," answered Crauford, somewhat disconcerted in reality, though not in appearance; "and yet, strange as it may seem, I have known some of those persons very good, admirably good men. They were extremely moral and religious; they only played the great game for worldly advantages upon the same terms as the other players; nay, they never made a move in it without most fervently and sincerely praying for divine assistance."

"I readily believe you," said Glendower, who always, if possible, avoided a controversy—"the easiest person to deceive is one's own self."

"Admirably said," answered Crauford, who thought it, nevertheless, one of the most foolish observations he had ever heard; "admirably said!—and yet my heart does grieve bitterly for the trials and distresses it surveys. One must make excuses for poor human frailty; and one is often placed in such circumstances as to render it scarcely possible, without the grace of God"—(here Crauford lifted up his eyes)—"not to be urged, as it were, into the reasonings and actions of the world."

Not exactly comprehending this observation, and

not very closely attending to it, Glendower merely bowed, as in assent, and Crauford continued.

"I remember a remarkable instance of this truth. One of my partner's clerks, had, through misfortune or imprudence, fallen into the greatest distress. His wife, his children—he had a numerous family—were on the literal and absolute verge of starvation. Another clerk, taking advantage of these circumstances, communicated to the distressed man a plan for defrauding his employer. The poor fellow yielded to the temptation, and was at last discovered. I spoke to him myself, for I was interested in his fate, and had always esteemed him. 'What,' said I, 'was your motive to this fraud?'—'My duty!' answered the man fervently; 'My duty! Was I to suffer my wife, my children to starve before my face, when I could save them at a little personal risk? No—my duty forbade it!'—and in truth, Glendower, there was something very plausible in this manner of putting the question."

"You might, in answering it," said Glendower, "have put the point in a manner equally plausible, and more true: was he to commit a great crime against the millions connected by social order, for the sake of serving a single family—and that his own?"

"Quite right," answered Crauford: "that was just the point of view in which I did put it: but the man, who was something of a reasoner, replied, 'Public law is instituted for public happiness. Now if mine and my children's happiness is infinitely and immeasurably more served by this comparatively petty fraud than my employer's is advanced by my abstaining from, or injured by my committing it, why the origin of law itself allows me to do it.' What say you to that, Glendower? It is something in your own Utilitarian, or, as you term it, Epicurean* principle; is it not?" and Crauford, shading his eyes, as if from the light, watched narrowly Glendower's countenance, while he concealed his own.

"Poor fool!" said Glendower: "the man was ignorant of the first lesson in his moral primer. Did he not know that no rule is to be applied to a peculiar instance, but extended to its most general bearings? Is it necessary even to observe that the particular consequence of fraud in this man might, it is true, be but the ridding his employer of superfluities, scarcely missed, for the relief of most urgent want in two or three individuals; but the general consequences of fraud and treachery would be the disorganization of all society! Do not think, therefore, that this man was a disciple of my, or of any, system of morality."

"It is very just, very," said Mr. Crauford, with a benevolent sigh; "but you will own that want seldom allows great nicety in moral distinctions, and that, when those whom you love most in the world are starving, you may be pitied, if not forgiven, for losing sight of the after laws of nature, and recurring to her first ordinance, self-preservation."

"We should be harsh, indeed," answered Glendower, "if we did not pity; or, even while the law condemned, if the individual did not forgive."

* See the article on Mr. Moore's Epicurean in the Westminster Review. Though the strictures on that work are harsh and unjust, yet the part relating to the real philosophy of Epicurus is one of the most masterly things in criticism.

So I said, so I said," cried Crauford; "and in interceding for the poor fellow, whose pardon I am happy to say I procured, I could not help declaring, that if I were placed in the same circumstances, I am not sure that my crime would not have been the same."

"No man *could* feel sure!" said Glendower, rejectedly.

Delighted and surprised with this confession, Crauford continued:—"I believe—I fear not;—thank God, *our* virtue can never be so tried; but even you, Glendower, even *you*, philosopher, moralist as you are—just, good, wise, religious—even you might be tempted, if you saw your angel wife lying for want of the aid, the very sustenance, necessary to existence, and your innocent and beautiful daughter stretch her little hands to you, and cry in the accents of famine for bread."

The student made no reply for a few moments, but averted his countenance, and then, in a slow tone, said, "Let us drop this subject: none know their strength till they are tried: self-confidence should accompany virtue, but not precede it."

A momentary flash broke from the usually calm, old eye of Richard Crauford. "He is mine," thought he: "the very name of want abases his pride: what will the reality do? O human nature, how I know and mock thee!"

"You are right," said Crauford, aloud; "let us talk of the pamphlet."

And after a short conversation upon indifferent subjects, the visiter departed.

Early the next morning was Mr. Crauford seen on foot, taking his way to the bookseller, whose address he had learnt. The bookseller was known to be a man of a strongly evangelical bias. "We must insinuate a lie or two," said Crauford, inly, about Glendower's principles. He! he! it will be a fine stroke of genius to make the upright tradesman suffer Glendower to starve, out of a principle of religion. But who would have thought my prey had been so easily snared?—why, if I had proposed the matter last night, I verily think he would have agreed to it."

Amusing himself with these thoughts, Crauford arrived at the bookseller's. There he found fate had saved him from one crime at least. The whole house was in confusion—the bookseller had that morning died of an apoplectic fit.

"Good God! how shocking!" said Crauford to the foreman; "but he was a most worthy man, and Providence could no longer spare him. The ways of Heaven are inscrutable! Oblige me with three copies of that precious tract termed the 'Divine Call.' I should like to be allowed permission to attend the funeral of so excellent a man. Good morning, sir—Alas! alas!" and shaking his head dejectedly, Mr. Crauford left the shop.

"Hurra!" said he, almost audibly, when he was once more in the street, "hurra! my victim is made, my game is won—death or the devil fights for me. But, hold—there are other booksellers in this monstrous city!—ay, but not above two or three in our philosopher's way. I must forestall him there—so, so—that is soon settled. Now, then, I must leave him a little while undisturbed, to his fate. Perhaps my next visit may be to him in jail; your debtor's side of the Fleet is almost as good a feeder as an empty stomach—he! he! he!—but the stroke must be made soon, for time presses, and this d—d business spreads so fast that if I

don't have a speedy help, it will be too much for my hands, griping as they are. However, if it holds on a year longer, I will change my seat in the lower house for one in the upper; twenty thousand pounds to the minister may make a merchant a very pretty peer. O brave Richard Crauford, wise Richard Crauford, fortunate Richard Crauford, *noble* Richard Crauford! Why, if thou art ever hanged, it will be by a jury of *peers*. Gad, the rope would then have a dignity in it, instead of disgrace. But stay, here comes the Dean of —; not orthodox, it is said—rigid Calvinist!—out with the 'Divine Call!'"

When Mr. Richard Crauford repaired next to Glendower, what was his astonishment and dismay at hearing he had left his home, none knew whether, nor could give the inquirer the slightest clue.

"How long has he left?" said Crauford to the landlady.

"Five days, sir."

"And will he not return to settle any little debts he may have incurred?" said Crauford.

"O, no, sir—he paid them all before he went. Poor gentleman—for though he was poor, he was the finest and most thorough gentleman I ever saw!—my heart bled for him. They parted with all their valuables to discharge their debts: the books, and instruments, and busts—all went; and what I saw, though he spoke so indifferently about it, hurt him the most—he sold even the lady's picture. 'Mrs. Croftson,' said he, 'Mr. —, the painter, will send for that picture the day after I leave you. See that he has it, and that the greatest care is taken of it in delivery.'"

"And you cannot even guess where he has gone to?"

"No, sir; a single porter was sufficient to convey his remaining goods, and he took him from some distant part of the town."

"Ten thousand devils!" muttered Crauford, as he turned away. "I should have foreseen this! He is lost now. Of course he will again change his name; and in the d—d holes and corners of this gigantic puzzle of houses, how shall I ever find him out?—and time presses too! Well, well, well! there is a fine prize for being cleverer, or, as fools would say, more rascally than others; but there is a world of trouble in winning it. But come—I will go home, lock myself up, and get drunk! I am as melancholy as a cat in love, and about as stupid: and, faith, one must get spirits in order to hit on a new invention. But if there be consistency in fortune, or success in perseverance, or wit in Richard Crauford, that man shall yet be my victim—and preserver!"

CHAPTER XLV.

Revenge is now the cud
That I do chew.—I'll challenge him.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

WE return to 'the world of fashion,' as the admirers of the polite novel of — would say. The noonday sun broke hot and sultry through half-closed curtains of roseate silk, playing in broken beams upon rare and fragrant exotics, which cast the perfumes of southern summers over a chamber, moderate, indeed, as to its dimensions, but decorated with a splendour rather gaudy than graceful,

and indicating much more a passion for luxury than a refinement of taste.

At a small writing table sat the beautiful La Meronville. She had just finished a note, written (how Jean Jacques would have been enchanted!) upon paper *couleur de rose*, with a mother-of-pearl pen, formed as one of Cupid's darts, dipped into an inkstand of the same material, which was shaped as a quiver, and placed at the back of a little Love, exquisitely wrought. She was folding this billet when a page, fantastically dressed, entered, and announcing Lord Borodaile, was immediately followed by that nobleman. Eagerly and almost blushing did La Meronville thrust the note into her bosom, and hasten to greet and to embrace her adorer. Lord Borodaile flung himself on one of the sofas with a listless and discontented air. The experienced Frenchwoman saw that there was a cloud on his brow—

"My dear friend," said she, in her own tongue, "you seem vexed—has any thing annoyed you?"

"No, Cecile, no. By-the-by, who supped with you last night?"

"O! the Duke of Haverfield—your friend."

"My friend!" interrupted Borodaile, haughtily—"he's no friend of mine—a vulgar, talkative fellow—my friend, indeed!"

"Well, I beg your pardon: then there was Mademoiselle Caumartin, and the Prince Pietro del Orbino, and Mr. Trevanion, and Mr. Lin—Lin—Lanten, or Linden."

"And, pray, will you allow me to ask how you became acquainted with Mr. Lin—Lin—Lanten, or Linden?"

"Assuredly—through the Duke of Haverfield."

"Humph—Cecile, my love, that young man is not fit to be the acquaintance of my friend—allow me to strike him from your list."

"Certainly, certainly!" said La Meronville, hastily; and stooping as if to pick up a fallen glove, though, in reality, to hide her face from Lord Borodaile's searching eye, the letter she had written fell from her bosom. Lord Borodaile's glance detected the superscription, and before La Meronville could regain the note, he had possessed himself of it.

"A Monsieur, Monsieur Linden!" said he, coldly, reading the address; "and, pray, how long have you corresponded with that gentleman?"

Now La Meronville's situation at that moment was by no means agreeable. She saw at one glance that no falsehood nor artifice could avail her; for Lord Borodaile might deem himself fully justified in reading the note, which would contradict any glossing statement she might make. She saw this. She was a woman of independence—cared not a straw for Lord Borodaile at present, though she *had* had a caprice for him—knew that she might choose her *bon ami* out of all London, and replied—

"That is the first letter I ever wrote to him; but I own that it will not be the last."

Lord Borodaile turned pale.

"And will you suffer me to read it?" said he; for even in these cases he was punctiliously honourable.

La Meronville hesitated. She did not know him. "If I do not consent," thought she, "he will do it without the consent: better submit with a good grace."—"Certainly!" she answered with an air of indifference.

Borodaile opened and read the note; it was as follows:

"You have inspired me with a feeling for you which astonishes myself. Ah, why should that love be the strongest which is the swiftest in its growth? I used to love Lord Borodaile—I now only esteem him—the love has flown to you. If I judge rightly from your words and your eyes, this avowal will not be unwelcome to you. Come and assure me, in person, of a persuasion so dear to my heart."
"C. L. M."

"A very pretty effusion!" said Lord Borodaile, sarcastically, and only showing his inward rage by the increasing paleness of his complexion, and a slight compression of his lip. "I thank you for your confidence in me. All I ask is, that you will not send this note till to-morrow. Allow me to take my leave of you first, and to find in Mr. Linden a successor rather than a rival."

"Your request, my friend," said La Meronville, adjusting her hair, "is but reasonable. I see that you understand these arrangements; and for my part, I think that the end of love should always be the beginning of friendship—let it be so with us!"

"You do me too much honour," said Borodaile, bowing profoundly. "Meanwhile I depend upon your promise, and bid you, as a lover, farewell for ever."

With his usual slow step Lord Borodaile descended the stairs, and walked toward the central *quartier* of town. His meditations were of no soothing nature. "To be seen by that man in a ridiculous and degrading situation—to be pestered with his d—d civility—to be rivalled by him with Lady Flora—to be duped and outdone by him with my mistress! Ay:—all this have I been; but vengeance shall come yet. As for La Meronville, the loss is a gain; and thank heaven, I did not betray myself by venting my passion and making a scene. But it was I who ought to have discarded her—not the reverse—and—death and confusion—for that upstart, above all men! And she talked in her letter about his eyes and words. Insolent coxcomb, to dare to have eyes and words for one who belonged to me. Well, well, he shall smart for this. But let me consider—I must not play the jealous fool—must not fight for a . . . —must not show the world that a man, nobody knows who, could really outwit and outdo me—me—Francis Borodaile!—No, no—I must throw the insult upon him—must myself be the aggressor—and the challenged; then, too, I shall have the choice of weapons—pistols, of course. Where shall I hit him, by-the-by?—I wish I shot as well as I used to do at Naples. I was in full practice then. Cursed place, where there was nothing else to do but to practice!"

Immersed in these, or somewhat similar, reflections, did Lord Borodaile enter Pall Mall.

"Ah, Borodaile!" said Lord St. George, suddenly emerging from a shop. "This is really fortunate—you are going my way exactly—allow me to join you."

Now Lord Borodaile, to say nothing of his happening at that time to be in a mood more than usually unsocial, could never at any time bear the thought of being made an instrument of convenience, pleasure, or good fortune to another. He,

therefore, with a little resentment at Lord St. George's familiarity, coldly replied, "I am sorry that I cannot avail myself of your offer. I am sure my way is *not* the same as yours."

"Then," replied Lord St. George, who was a good-natured, indolent man, who imagined every body was as averse to walking alone as he was—"then I will make *mine* the same as yours."

Borodaile coloured: though always uncivil, he did not like to be excelled in good manners; and therefore replied, that nothing but extreme business at White's could have induced him to prefer his own way to that of Lord St. George.

The good-natured peer took Lord Borodaile's arm. It was a natural incident, but it vexed the punctilious viscount, that any man should *take*, not *offer*, the support.

"So, they say," observed Lord St. George, "that young Linden is to marry Lady Flora Ardenne."

"*Les on-dits font la gazette des fous*," rejoined Borodaile, with a sneer. "I believe that Lady Flora is little likely to contract such a *mésalliance*."

"*Mésalliance!*" replied Lord St. George. "I thought Linden was of a very old family, which you know the Westboroughs are not, and he has great expectations—"

"Which are never to be realized," interrupted Borodaile, laughing scornfully.

"Ah, indeed!" said Lord St. George, seriously. "Well, at all events, he is a very agreeable, unaffected young man—and, by-the-by, Borodaile, you will meet him *chez moi* to-day—you know you dine with me!"

"Meet Mr. Linden! I shall be proud to have that honour," said Borodaile, with sparkling eyes: "will Lady Westborough be also of the party?"

"No, poor Lady St. George is very ill, and I have taken the opportunity to ask only men."

"You have done wisely, my lord," said Borodaile, *secum multa revolvens*; "and I assure you I wanted no hint to remind me of your invitation."

Here the Duke of Haverfield joined them. The duke never bowed to any one of the male sex; he therefore *nodded* to Borodaile, who, with a very supercilious formality, took off his hat in returning the salutation. The viscount had at least this merit in his pride, that if it was reserved to the humble, it was contemptuous to the high: his inferiors he wished to remain where they were; his equals he longed to lower.

"So I dine with you, Lord St. George, to-day," said the duke; "who shall I meet?"

"Lord Borodaile, for one," answered St. George. (The duke smiled at the viscount, and then, loosening his neckcloth, exclaimed, "Hang *these stiffeners*, they derange one entirely.") Lord St. George resumed: "My brother, Aspeden, Findlater, Urino, and Linden."

"Linden!" cried the duke; "I am very glad to hear it, *c'est un homme fait exprès pour moi*. He is very clever, and not above playing the fool; has humour without setting up for a wit, and is a good fellow without being a bad man. I like him excessively."

"Lord St. George," said Borodaile, who seemed that day to be the very martyr of the unconscious Clarence, "I wish you good morning. I have only just remembered an engagement which I must keep before I go to White's:—à l'honneur!"

And with a bow to the duke and a remonstrance from Lord St. George, Borodaile effected his escape. His complexion was, insensibly to himself, more raised than usual, his step more stately; his mind, for the first time for years, was fully excited and engrossed. Ah, what a delightful thing it is for an idle man, who has been dying of ennui, to find an enemy!

CHAPTER XLVI.

You must challenge him;
There's no avoiding—one or both must drop.
BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

"Ha, ha, ha—bravo, Linden!" cried Lord St. George, from the head of his splendid board, in approbation of some witticism of Clarence's; and ha, ha, ha! or he, he, he! according to the cachinatory intonations of the guests, rung around.

"Your lordship seems unwell," said Lord Aspeden to Borodaile; "allow me to take wine with you."

Lord Borodaile bowed his assent.

"Pray," said Mr. St. George to Clarence, "have you seen my friend Talbot lately?"

"This very morning," replied Linden: "indeed, I generally visit him three or four times a week—he often asks after you."

"Indeed!" said Mr. St. George, rather flattered: "he does me much honour; but he is a distant connexion of mine, and I suppose I must attribute his recollection of me to that cause. He is a near relation of yours, too, I think—is he not?"

"I *am* related to him," answered Clarence, colouring.

Lord Borodaile leant forward, and his lip curled. Though, in some respects, a very weak man, he had, as we have said, his good points. He hated a lie as much as Achilles did; and he believed in his heart of hearts that Clarence had just uttered one.

"Why," observed Lord Aspeden, making one of his luminously-unfortunate remarks—"why, Lord Borodaile, the Talbots, of Scarsdale, are branches of *your* genealogical tree; therefore your lordship must be related to Linden;—you are 'two cherries on one stalk!'"

"We are by no means related," said Lord Borodaile, with a distinct and clear voice, intended expressly for Clarence; "that is an honour which I must beg leave most positively to disclaim."

There was a dead silence—the eyes of all who heard a remark so intentionally rude, were turned immediately towards Clarence. His cheek burnt like fire; he hesitated a moment, and then said, in the same key, though with a little trembling in his intonation—

"Lord Borodaile cannot be more anxious to disclaim it than I am."

"And yet," returned the viscount, stung to the soul, "they who advance false pretensions ought at least to support them!"

"I do not understand you, my lord," said Clarence.

"Possibly not," answered Borodaile, carelessly: "there is a maxim which says that people not accustomed to speak truth cannot comprehend it in others."

Unlike the generality of modern heroes, who are

always in a passion—off-hand, dashing fellows, in whom irascibility is a virtue—Clarence was peculiarly sweet tempered by nature, and had, by art, acquired a command over all his passions to a degree very uncommon in so young a man. He made no reply to the inexcusable affront he had received. His lip quivered a little, and the flush of his countenance was succeeded by an extreme paleness—this was all: he did not even leave the room immediately, but waited till the silence was broken by some well-bred member of the party; and then, pleading an early engagement as an excuse for his retiring so soon, he rose, and departed.

There was throughout the room a universal feeling of sympathy with the affront, and indignation against the offender; for, to say nothing of Clarence's popularity, and the extreme dislike in which Lord Borodaile was held, there could be no doubt as to the wantonness of the outrage or the moderation of the aggrieved party. Lord Borodaile already felt the punishment of his offence: his very pride, while it rendered him indifferent to the spirit, had hitherto kept him scrupulous as to the formalities, of the *bienséances de société*; and he could not but see the grossness with which he had suffered himself to violate them, and the light in which his conduct was regarded. However, this internal discomfort only rendered him the more embittered against Clarence, and the more confirmed in his revenge. Resuming, by a strong effort, all the external indifference habitual to his manner, he attempted to enter into a conversation with those of the party who were next to him; but his remarks produced answers brief and cold: even Lord Aspeden forgot his diplomacy and his smile; Lord St. George replied to his observations by a monosyllable; and the Duke of Haverfield, for the first time in his life, asserted the prerogative which his rank gave him of setting the example—his grace did not reply to Lord Borodaile at all. In truth, every one present was seriously displeased. All civilized societies have a paramount interest in repressing the rude. Nevertheless, Lord Borodaile bore the brunt of his unpopularity with a steadiness and unembarrassed composure worthy of a better cause; and finding, at last, a companion disposed to be loquacious in the person of Sir Christopher Findlater, (whose good heart, though its first impulse resented more violently than that of any heart present the discourtesy of the viscount, yet soon warmed to the *désagrémens* of his situation, and hastened to adopt its favourite maxim of forgive and forget,) Lord Borodaile sat the meeting out; and if he did not leave the latest, he was, at least, not the first to follow Clarence.—*L'orgueil ou donne le courage, ou il y supplée.*

Meanwhile Linden had returned to his solitary home. He hastened to his room—locked the door—flung himself on his sofa, and burst into a violent and almost feminine paroxysm of tears. This fit lasted for more than an hour: and when Clarence at length stilled the indignant swellings of his heart, and rose from his supine position, he started, as his eye fell upon the opposite mirror, so haggard and exhausted seemed the forced and fearful calmness of his countenance. With a hurried step—with arms now folded on his bosom—now wildly tossed from him, and the hand so firmly clenched, that the very bones seemed working through the skin—with a brow now fierce, now

only dejected—and a complexion which one while burnt as with the crimson flush of a fever, and at another was wan and colourless, like his whose cheek a spectre has blanched—Clarence paced his apartment, the victim not only of shame—the bitterest of tortures to a young and high mind—but of other contending feelings, which alternately exasperated and palsied his wrath, and gave to his resolves at one moment an almost savage ferocity, and at the next an almost cowardly vacillation.

The clock had just struck the hour of twelve, when a knock at the door announced a visitor. Steps were heard on the stairs; and presently a tap at Clarence's room door. He unlocked it, and the Duke of Haverfield entered.

"I am charmed to find you at home," cried the duke, with his usual half kind, half careless address. "I was determined to call upon you, and be the first to offer my services in this unpleasant affair."

Clarence pressed the duke's hand, but made no answer.

"Nothing could be so unhandsome as Lord Borodaile's conduct," continued the duke, "I hope you both fence and shoot well. I shall never forgive you, if you do not put an end to that piece of rigidity."

Clarence continued to walk about the room in great agitation: the duke looked at him with some surprise. At last Linden paused by the window, and said, half unconsciously—"It must be so—I cannot avoid fighting!"

"Avoid fighting!" cried his grace, in undisguised astonishment. "No, indeed—but that is the least part of the matter—you must kill as well as fight him."

"Kill him!" cried Clarence, wildly, "whom?" and then sinking into a chair, he covered his face with his hands for a few moments, and seemed to struggle with his emotions.

"Well," thought the duke, "I never was more mistaken in my life. I could have bet my black horse against Trevanion's Julia, which is certainly the most worthless thing I know, that Linden had been a brave fellow; but these English heroes always go into fits at a duel: one manages such things, as Sterne says, better in France."

Clarence now rose, calm and collected. He sat down—wrote a brief note to Borodaile, demanding the fullest apology, or the earliest meeting—put it into the duke's hands, and said, with a faint smile, "My dear duke, dare I ask you to be second to a man who has been so grievously affronted, and whose genealogy has been so disputed?"

"My dear Linden," said the duke warmly, "I have always been grateful to my station in life for this advantage, the freedom with which it has enabled me to select my own acquaintance, and to follow my own pursuits. I am now more grateful to it than ever, because it has given me a better opportunity than I should otherwise have had of serving one whom I have always esteemed. In entering into your quarrel, I shall at least show the world that there are some men, not inferior in pretensions to Lord Borodaile, who despise arrogance and resent overbearance even to others. Your cause I consider the common cause of society; but I shall take it up, if you will allow me, with the distinguishing zeal of a friend."

Clarence, who was much affected by the kindness of this speech, replied in a similar vein; and

the duke, having read and approved the letter, rose. "There is, in my opinion," said he—"no time to be lost. I will go to Borodaile this very evening—adieu, *mon cher*: you shall kill the Argus, and then carry off the Io. I feel in a double passion with that ambulating poker, who is only malleable when he is red-hot, when I think how honourably scrupulous you were with La Meronville last night, notwithstanding all her advances; but I go to bury Cæsar, not to scold him.—*Au revoir*."

CHAPTER XLVII.

Conon.—You're well met, Crates,
Crates.—If we part so, Conon.

Queen of Carthage.

It was, as might be expected from the character of the aggressor! Lord Borodaile refused all apology, and agreed with avidity to a speedy rendezvous. He chose pistols, (choice, then, was not merely nominal,) and selected Mr. Percy Bobus for his second, a gentleman who was much fonder of acting in that capacity than in the more honourable one of a principal. The author of "Lacon," a very brilliant collection of commonplaces, says, "that if all seconds were as averse to duels as their principals, there would be very little blood spilt in that way;" and it was certainly astonishing to compare the zeal with which Mr. Bobus busied himself about this "affair," with that testified by him on another occasion, when he himself was more immediately concerned.

The morning came. Bobus breakfasted with his friend. "Damn it, Borodaile," said he, as the latter was receiving the ultimate polish of the *friseur*, "I never saw you look better in my life. It will be a great pity if that fellow shoots you."

"Shoots me!" said Lord Borodaile, very quietly—"me—no!—that is quite out of the question; but joking apart, Bobus, I will not kill the young man. Where shall I hit him?"

"In the cap of the knee," said Mr. Percy, breaking an egg.

"Nay, that will lame him for life," said Lord Borodaile, putting on his cravat with peculiar exactitude.

"Serve him right," said Mr. Bobus. "Hang him, I never got up so early in my life—it's quite impossible to eat at this hour. O—*à propos*, Borodaile, have you left any little memoranda for me to execute?"

"Memoranda!—for what?" said Borodaile, who had now just finished his toilet.

"O!" rejoined Mr. Percy Bobus, "in case of accident, you know: the man may shoot well, though I never saw him in the gallery."

"Pray," said Lord Borodaile, in a great though suppressed passion, "pray, Mr. Bobus, how often have I to tell you, that it is not by Mr. Linden that my days are to terminate: you are sure that Carabine saw to that trigger?"

"Certain," said Mr. Percy, with his mouth full, "certain—God bless me, here's the carriage, and breakfast not half done yet."

"Come, come," cried Borodaile, impatiently, "we must breakfast afterward. Here, Robert, see that we have fresh chocolate, and some more regnons, when we return."

"I would rather have them now," sighed Mr.

Bobus, foreseeing the possibility of the return being single—*Ibis! redibis? &c.*

"Come, we have not a moment to lose," exclaimed Borodaile, hastening down the stairs; and Mr. Percy Bobus followed, with a strange mixture of various regrets, partly for the breakfast that was lost, and partly for the friend that *might be*.

When they arrived at the ground, Clarence and the duke were already there: the latter, who was a dead shot, had fully persuaded himself that Clarence was equally adroit, and had, in his providence for Borodaile, brought a surgeon. This was a circumstance of which the viscount, in the plenitude of his confidence for himself and indifference for his opponent, had never once dreamt.

The ground was measured—the parties were about to take the ground. All Linden's former agitation was vanished—his mien was firm, grave, and determined, but he showed none of the careless and fierce hardihood which characterized his adversary; on the contrary, a close observer might have remarked something sad and dejected amid all the tranquillity and steadiness of his brow and air.

"For heaven's sake," whispered the duke, as he withdrew from the spot, "square your body a little more to your left, and remember your exact level. Borodaile is much shorter than you."

There was a brief, dread pause—the signal was given—Borodaile fired—his ball pierced Clarence's side; the wounded man staggered one step, but fell not. He raised his pistol; the duke bent eagerly forward; an expression of disappointment and surprise passed his lips: Clarence had fired in the air. The next moment Linden felt a deadly sickness come over him—he fell into the arms of the surgeon. Borodaile, touched by a forbearance which he had so little right to expect, hastened to the spot. He leaned over his adversary in greater remorse and pity than he would have readily confessed to himself. Clarence unclosed his eyes; they dwelt for one moment upon the subdued and earnest countenance of Borodaile.

"Thank God," he said, faintly, "that you were not the victim," and with these words he fell back insensible. They carried him to his lodgings. His wound was accurately examined. Though not mortal, it was of a dangerous nature; and the surgeons ended a very painful operation, by promising a very lingering recovery.

What a charming satisfaction for being insulted!

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Je me contente de ce qui peut s'écrire, et je rêve tout ce qui peut se rêver.
DE SEVIER.

About a week after his wound, and the second morning of his return to sense and consciousness, when Clarence opened his eyes, they fell upon a female form seated watchfully and anxiously by his bedside. He raised himself in mute surprise, and the figure, startled by the motion, rose, drew the curtain, and vanished. With great difficulty he rang his bell. His valet, Harrison, on whose mind, though it was of no very exalted order, the kindness and suavity of his master had made a great impression, instantly appeared.

"Who was that lady?" asked Linden. "How came she here?"

Harrison smiled—"O, sir, pray please to lie down, and make yourself easy: the lady knows you very well, and *would* come here; she insists upon staying in the house, so we have made up a bed in the drawing room, and she has watched by you night and day. She speaks very little English, to be sure, but your honour knows, begging your pardon, how well I speak French."

"French!" said Clarence, faintly, "French? In heaven's name who is she?"

"A Madame — Madame — La Melon-veal, or some such name, sir," said the valet.

Clarence fell back. At that moment his hand was pressed. He turned, and saw Talbot by his side. The kind old man had not suffered La Meronville to be Linden's only nurse—notwithstanding his age and peculiarity of habits, he had fixed his abode all the day in Clarence's house, and at night, instead of returning to his own home, had taken up his lodgings at the nearest hotel.

With a jealous and anxious eye to the real interest and respectability of his adopted son, Talbot had exerted all his address, and even all his power, to induce La Meronville, who had made her settlement previous to Talbot's, to quit the house, but in vain. With that obstinacy which a Frenchwoman, when she is sentimental, mistakes for nobility of heart, the *ci-devant amante* of Lord Borodaile insisted upon watching and tending one, of whose sufferings, she said and believed she was the unhappy, though innocent, cause: and whenever more urgent means of removal were hinted at, La Meronville flew to the chamber of her beloved, apostrophized him in a strain worthy of one of D'Arlincourt's heroines, and, in short, was so unreasonably outrageous, that the doctors, trembling for the safety of their patient, obtained from Talbot a forced and reluctant acquiescence in the settlement she had obtained.

Ah! what a terrible creature a Frenchwoman is, when, instead of coquetting with a *caprice*, she insists upon conceiving a *grande passion*. Little, however, did Clarence, despite his vexation, when he learnt of the *bienveillance* of La Meronville, foresee the whole extent of the consequences it would entail upon him: still less did Talbot, who in his seclusion knew not the celebrity of the handsome adventuress, calculate upon the notoriety of her motions, or the ill effect her ostentatious attachment would have upon Clarence's prosperity as a lover to Lady Flora. In order to explain these consequences more fully, let us, for the present, leave our hero to the care of the surgeon, his friends, and his would-be mistress; and while he is more rapidly recovering than the doctors either hoped or presaged, let us renew our acquaintance with a certain fair correspondent.

LETTER FROM THE LADY FLORA ARDENNE TO MISS ELEANOR TREVANION.

"MY DEAREST ELEANOR,—I have been very ill, or you would sooner have received an answer to your kind—too kind and consoling letter. Indeed, have only just left my bed: they say that I have been delirious, and I believe it; for you cannot conceive what terrible dreams I have had. But these are all over now, and every one is so kind to me—my poor mother above all! It is a plea-

sant thing to be ill when we have those who love us to watch our recovery.

"I have only been in bed a few days; yet it seems to me as if a long portion of my existence were past—as if I had stepped into a new era. You remember that my last letter attempted to express my feelings at mamma's speech about Clarence, and at my seeing him so suddenly. Now, dearest, I cannot but look on that day, on those sensations, as on a distant dream. Every one is so kind to me, mamma caresses and soothes me so fondly, that I fancy I must have been under some illusion. I am sure they could not seriously have meant to forbid his addresses. No, no: I feel that all will yet be well—so well, that even you, who are of so contented a temper, will own, that if you were not Eleanor, you would be Flora.

"I wonder whether Clarence knows that I have been ill. I wish you knew him.—Well, dearest, this letter—a very unhandsome return, I own, for yours—must content you at present, for they will not let me write more—though, so far as I am concerned, I am never so weak, in frame I mean, but what I could scribble to you about him.

"Addio—*carissima*.

F. A.

"I have prevailed on mamma, who wished to sit by me and amuse me, to go to the opera to-night, the only amusement of which she is particularly fond. Heaven forgive me for my insincerity, but he always comes into our box, and I long to hear some news of him."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"ELEANOR, dearest Eleanor, I am again very ill, but not as I was before, ill from a foolish variation of mind: no, I am now calm, and even happy. It was from an increase of cold only that I have suffered a relapse. You may believe this, I assure you, in spite of your well meant but bitter jest upon my infatuation, as you very rightly call it for Mr. Linden. You ask me what news from the opera? Silly girl that I was, to lie awake hour after hour, and refuse even to take my draught, lest I should be surprised into sleep, till mamma returned. I sent Jermyn down directly I heard her knock at the door, (O, how anxiously I had listened for it!) to say that I was still awake and longed to see her. So, of course, mamma came up, and felt my pulse, and said it was very feverish, and wondered the draught had not composed me—with a great deal more to the same purpose, which I bore as patiently as I could, till it was my turn to talk; and then I admired her dress and her *coiffure*, and asked if it was a full house, and whether the *prima donna* was in voice, &c. &c.: till, at last, I won my way to the inquiry of who were her visitors. 'Lord Borodaile,' said she, 'and the Duke of —, and Mr. St. George, and Captain Leslie, and Mr. De Retz, and many others. I felt so disappointed, Eleanor, but did not dare ask whether he was not of the list; till, at last, my mother observing me narrowly, said—'And, by-the-by, Mr. Linden looked in for a few minutes. I am glad, my dearest Flora, that I spoke to you so decidedly about him the other day.' 'Why, mamma?' said I, hiding my face under the clothes. 'Because,' said she, in rather a raised voice, 'he was quite unworthy of you!—but it is late now, and you

should go to sleep—to-morrow I will tell you more.' I would have given worlds to press the question then, but could not venture. Mamma kissed and left me. I tried to twist her words into a hundred meanings, but in each I only thought that they were dictated by some worldly information—some new doubts as to his birth or fortune; and, though that supposition distressed me greatly, yet it could not alter my love, or deprive me of hope; and so I cried, and guessed, and guessed, and cried, till at last I cried myself to sleep.

"When I awoke, mamma was already up, and sitting beside me: she talked to me for more than an hour upon ordinary subjects, till at last perceiving how *distract* and even impatient I appeared, she dismissed Jermyn, and spoke to me thus:—

"You know, Flora, that I have always loved you, more perhaps than I ought to have done, more certainly than I have loved your brothers and sisters; but you were my eldest child, my first-born, and all the earliest associations of a mother are blent and entwined with you. You may be sure therefore that I have ever had only your happiness in view, and that it is only with a regard to that end that I now speak to you."

"I was a little frightened, Eleanor, by this opening, but I was much more touched; so I took mamma's hand, and kissed, and wept silently over it;—she continued: 'I observed Mr. Linden's attention to you at —; I knew nothing more of his rank and birth then, than I do at present; but his situation in the embassy and his personal appearance naturally induced me to suppose him a gentleman of family, and, therefore, if not a great, at least not an inferior match for you, so far as worldly distinctions are concerned. Added to this, he was uncommonly handsome, and had that general reputation for talent which is often better than actual wealth or hereditary titles. I therefore did not check, though I would not encourage, any attachment you might form for him; and nothing being declared or decisive on either side when we left —, I imagined that if your flirtation with him did even amount to a momentary and girlish fantasy, absence and change of scene would easily and rapidly efface the impression. I believe that in a great measure it *was* effaced, when Lord Aspeden returned to England, and, with him, Mr. Linden. You again met the latter in society almost as constantly as before; a caprice nearly conquered was once more renewed; and in my anxiety that you should marry, not for aggrandizement, but happiness, I own to my sorrow, that I rather favoured than forbade his addresses. The young man—remember, Flora—appeared in society as the nephew and heir of a gentleman of ancient family and considerable property; he was rising in diplomacy, popular in the world, and, so far as we could see, of irreproachable character; this must plead my excuse for tolerating his visits, without instituting further inquiries respecting him, and allowing your attachment to proceed without ascertaining how far it had yet extended. I was awakened to a sense of my indiscretion, by an inquiry, which Mr. Linden's popularity rendered general,—viz. if Mr. Talbot was his uncle—who was his father—who his more immediate relations? and at that time Lord Borodale informed us of the falsehood, he had either asserted or allowed to be spread, in claiming Mr. Talbot as his relation. This, you will observe, entirely altered the situation of Mr. Linden with

respect to you. Not only his rank in life became uncertain, but suspicious. Nor was this all: his very personal respectability was no longer unimpeachable. Was this dubious and intrusive person, without a name, and with a sullied honour, to be your suitor? No, Flora; and it was from this indignant conviction that I spoke to you some days since. Forgive me, my child, if I was less cautious, less confidential than I am now. I did not imagine the wound was so deep, and thought that I should best cure you by seeming unconscious of your danger. The case is now changed; your illness has convinced me of my fault, and the extent of your unhappy attachment; but will my own dear child pardon me if I still continue, if I even confirm, my disapproval of her choice? Last night at the opera Mr. Linden entered my box. I own that I was cooler to him than usual. He soon left us, and after the opera I saw him with the Duke of Haverfield, one of the most incorrigible *roués* of the day, leading out a woman of notoriously bad character, and of the most ostentatious profligacy. He might have had some propriety, some decency, some concealment at least, but he passed just before me—before the mother of the woman to whom his vows of honourable attachment were due, and who at that very instant was suffering from her infatuation for him. Now, Flora, for this man, an obscure and possibly a plebeian adventurer—whose only claim to notice has been founded on falsehood—whose only merit, a love of you, has been, if not utterly destroyed, at least polluted and debased—for this man, poor alike in fortune, character, and honour, can you any longer profess affection or esteem?"

"Never, never, never!" cried I, springing from the bed, and throwing myself upon my mother's neck. 'Never: I am your own Flora once more. I will never suffer any one again to make me forget you,'—and then I sobbed so violently that mamma was frightened, and made me lie down, and left me to sleep. Several hours have passed since then, and I could not sleep nor think, and I would not cry, for he is no longer worthy of my tears; so I have written to you.

"O, how I despise and hate myself for having so utterly, in my vanity and folly, forgotten my mother, that dear, kind, constant friend, who never cost me a single tear, but for my own ingratitude. Think, Eleanor, what an affront to me—to me, who, he so often said, had made all other women worthless in his eyes. Do I hate him? No, I cannot hate. Do I despise? No, I will not despise, but I will forget him, and keep my contempt and hatred for myself.

"God bless you—I am worn out. Write soon, or rather come, if possible, to your affectionate but unworthy friend,
F. A.

"Good heavens! Eleanor, he is wounded. He has fought with Lord Borodale. I have just heard it; Jermyn told me. Can it, can it be true? What—what have I said against him? Hate!—forget? No, no! I never loved him till now."

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

(After an interval of several weeks.)

"TIME has flown, my Eleanor, since you left me, after your short but kind visit, with a heavy but healing wing. I do not think I shall ever again be

the giddy girl I have been ; but my head will change, not my heart ; *that* was never giddy, and that shall still be as much yours as ever. You are wrong in thinking I have not forgotten, at least renounced all affection for, Mr. Linden. I have, though with a long and bitter effort. The woman for whom he fought went, you know, to his house, immediately on hearing of his wound. She has continued with him ever since. He had the audacity to write to me once ; my mother brought me the note, and said nothing. She read my heart aright. I returned it unopened. He has even called since his convalescence. Mamma was not at home to him. I hear that he looks pale and altered. I hope not—at least I cannot resist praying for his recovery. I stay within entirely ; the season is now over, and there are no parties : but I tremble at the thought of meeting him even in the park or the gardens. Papa talks of going into the country next week. I cannot tell you how eagerly I look forward to it ; and you will then come and see me—will you not, dearest Eleanor ?

“ Ah ! what happy days we will have yet ; we will read Italian together, as we used to do ; you shall teach me your songs, and I will instruct you in mine : we will keep birds as we did—let me see—eight years ago. You will never talk to me of my folly : let that be as if it had never been ; but I will wonder with you about your future choice, and grow happy in anticipating your happiness. O, how selfish I was some weeks ago—then I could only overwhelm you with my egotisms ; now, Eleanor, it is your turn, and you shall see how patiently I will listen to yours. Never fear that you can be too prolix ; the diffuser you are, the easier I shall forgive myself.

“ Are you fond of poetry, Eleanor ? I used to say so, but I never felt that I was till lately. I will show you my favourite passages, in my favourite poets, when you come to see me. You shall see if yours correspond with mine. I am so impatient to leave this horrid town, where every thing seems dull, yet feverish—insipid, yet false. Shall we not be happy when we meet ? If your dear aunt will come with you, she shall see how I (that is, my mind) am improved. Farewell.

“ Ever your most affectionate,
“ F. A.”

CHAPTER XLIX.

“ Brave Talbot, we will follow thee.”
Henry the Sixth.

“ My letter insultingly returned—myself refused admittance—not a single inquiry made during my illness—indifference joined to positive contempt. By heaven, it is insupportable !”

“ My dear Clarence,” said Talbot to his young friend, who, fretful from pain, and writhing beneath his mortification, walked to and fro his chamber with an impatient stride ; “ my dear Clarence, do sit down, and not irritate your wound by such violent exercise. I am as much enraged as yourself at the treatment you have received, and no less at a loss to account for it. Your duel, however unfortunate the event, must have done you credit, and obtained you a reputation both for generosity and spirit ; so that it cannot be to that occurrence that

you are to attribute the change. Let us rather suppose that Lady Flora's attachment to you has become evident to her father and mother—that they naturally think it would be very undesirable to marry their daughter to a man whose family nobody knows, and whose respectability he is forced into fighting in order to support. Suffer me then to call upon Lady Westborough, whom I knew many years ago, and explain your origin as well as your relationship to me.”

Linden paused irresolutely.

“ Were I sure that Lady Flora was not utterly influenced by her mother's worldly views, I would gladly consent to your proposal—but—”

“ Forgive me, Clarence,” cried Talbot ; “ but you really argue much more like a very young man than I ever heard you do before—even four years ago. To be sure, Lady Flora is influenced by her mother's views. Would you have her otherwise ? Would you have her, in defiance of all propriety, modesty, obedience to her parents, and right feeling for herself, encourage an attachment to a person not only unknown, but who does not even condescend to throw off the incognito to the woman he addresses ? Come, Clarence, give me my instructions, and let me act as your ambassador to-morrow.”

Clarence was silent.

“ I may consider it settled, then,” replied Talbot : “ meanwhile you shall come home and stay with me : the pure air of the country, even so near town, will do you more good than all the doctors in London ; and besides, you will thus be enabled to escape from that persecuting Frenchwoman.”

“ In what manner ?” said Clarence.

“ Why, when you are in my house, she cannot well take up her abode with you ; and you shall, while I am forwarding your suit with Lady Flora, write a very flattering, very grateful letter of excuses to Madame la Meronville. But leave me alone to draw it up for you ; meanwhile, let Harrison pack up your clothes and medicines, and we will effect our escape while Madame la Meronville yet sleeps.”

Clarence rung the bell ; the orders were given, executed, and, in less than hour, he and his friend were on their road to Talbot's villa.

As they drove slowly through the grounds to the house, Clarence was sensibly struck with the quiet and stillness which breathed around. On either side of the road the honeysuckle and rose cast their sweet scents to the summer wind, which, though it was scarcely noon, stirred freshly among the trees, and waved, as if it breathed a second youth over the wan cheek of the convalescent. The old servant's ear had caught the sound of wheels, and he came to the door, with an expression of quiet delight on his dry countenance, to welcome in his master. They had lived together for so many years that they were grown like one another. Indeed, the veteran valet prided himself on his happy adoption of his master's dress and manner. A proud man, ween, was that domestic, whenever he had time and listeners for the indulgence of his honest loquacity ; many an ancient tale of his master's former glories was then poured from his unburdening remembrance. With what a glow, with what a racy enjoyment, did he expand upon the triumphs of the past ; how eloquently did he particularize the exact grace with which young Mr. Talbot was wont to enter the room, in which he

instantly became the cynosure of ladies' eyes: how faithfully did he imitate the courtly dress, the exquisite choice of colour, the costly splendour of material, which were the envy of gentles, and the despairing wonder of their valets; and then the zest with which the good old man would cry—"I dressed the boy!" Even still, this modern Scipio (Gil Blas' Scipio, not Rome's) would not believe that his master's sun was utterly set: he was only in a temporary retirement, and would, one day or other, reappear and reastonish the London world. "I would give my right arm," Jasper was wont to say, "to see master at court. How fond the king would be of him.—Ah! well, well; I wish he was not so melancholy like with his books, but would go out like other people!"

Poor Jasper! Time is, in general, a harsh wizard in his transformations; but the change which thou didst lament so bitterly, was happier for thy master than all his former "palmy state" of admiration and homage. "*Nous avons recherché le plaisir*," says Rousseau, in one of his own inimitable antitheses—"et le bonheur a fui loin de nous." But in the pursuit of pleasure we pick up some stray flowers of wisdom, and when that pursuit is over happiness will come at last to our prayers, and help us to extract and hive the honey which these flowers will afford us.

Talbot leant kindly upon his servant's arm as he descended from the carriage, and inquired after his rheumatism with the anxiety of a friend. The old housekeeper, waiting in the hall, next received his attention; and in entering the drawing-room, with that consideration, even to animals, which his worldly benevolence had taught him, he paused to notice and caress a large gray cat, which rubbed herself against his legs. Doubtless there is some pleasure in making even a gray cat happy.

Clarence, having patiently undergone all the shrugs, and sighs, and exclamations of compassion, at his reduced and wan appearance, which are the especial prerogatives of ancient domestics, followed the old man into the room. Papers and books, though carefully dusted, were left scrupulously in the places in which Talbot had last deposited them—(incomparable good fortune! what would we not give for such chamber hand-maidens!)—fresh flowers were in all the stands and vases; the large library chair was jealously set in its accustomed place, and all wore, to Talbot's eyes, that cheerful yet sober look of welcome and familiarity which makes a friend of our house.

The old man was in high spirits.

"I knew not how it is," said he, "but I feel younger than ever! You have often expressed a wish to see my family seat at Scarsdale: it is certainly a great distance hence; but as you will be my *compagnon de voyage*, I think I will try and crawl there before the summer is over; or, what say you, Clarence, shall I lend it to you and Lady Flora for the honeymoon!—You blush!—A diplomatist blush!—Ah, how the world has changed since my time! But come, Clarence, suppose you write to La Meronville?"

"Not to-day, sir, if you please," said Linden, "I feel so very weak."

"As you please, Clarence; but some years hence you will learn the value of the present. Youth is always a procrastinator, and, consequently, always a penitent." And thus Talbot ran on into a strain of conversation, half serious, half gay, which lasted

till Clarence went up stairs to lie down and muse on Lady Flora Ardenne.

CHAPTER L.

La vie est un sommeil.—Les vieillards sont ceux dont le sommeil a été plus long: ils ne commencent à se réveiller que quand il faut mourir. LA BAUVENNE.

"You wonder why I have never turned author, with my constant love of literature and my former desire of fame," said Talbot, as he and Clarence sat alone after dinner, "discussing many things:" "the fact is, that I have often intended it, and as often been frightened from my design. Those terrible feuds—those vehement disputes—those recriminations of petty magnificent abuse, so inseparable from literary life, appear to me too dreadful for a man not utterly hardened or malevolent, voluntarily to encounter. Good heavens! what acerbity sours the blood of an author! The manifestos of opposing generals, advancing to pillage, to burn, to destroy, contain not a tithe of the ferocity which animates the pages of literary controversialists! No term of reproach is too severe, no vituperation too excessive!—the blackest passions, the bitterest, the meanest malice, pour caustic and poison upon every page! It seems as if the greatest talents, the most elaborate knowledge, only sprung from the weakest and worst regulated mind, as exotics from dung. The private records, the public works of men of letters, teem with an immitigable fury! Their histories might all be reduced into these sentences—they were born—they quarrelled—they died!"

"But," said Clarence, "it would matter little to the world if these quarrels were confined merely to poets and men of imaginative literature, in whom irritability is perhaps almost necessarily allied to the keen and quick susceptibilities which constitute their genius. These are more to be lamented and wondered at among philosophers, theologians, and men of science; the coolness, the patience, the benevolence, which ought to characterize their works, should at least moderate their jealousy, and soften their disputes."

"Ah!" said Talbot, "but the vanity of discovery is no less acute than that of creation: the self-love of a philosopher is no less self-love than that of a poet. Besides, those sects the most sure of their opinions, whether in religion or science, are always the most bigoted and persecuting. Moreover, nearly all men deceive themselves in disputes, and imagine that they are intolerant, not through private jealousy, but public benevolence; they never declaim against the injustice done to themselves—no, it is the terrible injury done to society which grieves and inflames them. It is not the bitter expressions against *their* dogmas which gives them pain: by no means; it is the atrocious doctrines—so prejudicial to the country, if in politics—so pernicious to the world, if in philosophy—which their duty, not their vanity, induces them to denounce and anathematize. Look at Warburton's View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy! was there ever such a delusion in argument! yet that delusion blinded his own mind more than it ever did that of his reader: and the Episcopal champion, no doubt, thought he was wonderfully just when he was only wonderfully abusive."

"There seems," said Clarence, "to be a sort of reaction in sophistry and hypocrisy; there has, perhaps, never been a deceiver who was not, by his own passions, himself the deceived."

"Very true," said Talbot; "and it is a pity that historians have not kept that fact in view; we should then have had a better notion of the Cromwells and Mahomets of the past, than we have now, nor judged those as utter impostors who were probably half dupes. But to return to myself. I think you will already be able to answer your own question, why I did not turn author, now that we have given a momentary consideration to the *désagrémens* consequent on such a profession. But in truth, now at the close of my life, I often regret that I had not more courage, for there is in us all a certain restlessness in the persuasion, whether true or false, of superior knowledge or intellect, and this urges us on to the proof; or, if we resist its impulse, renders us discontented with our idleness, and disappointed with the past. I have every thing now in my possession which it has been the desire of my later years to enjoy: health, retirement, successful study, and the affection of one in whose breast, when I am gone, my memory will not utterly pass away. With these advantages, added to the gifts of fortune, and an habitual elasticity of spirit, I confess that my happiness is not free from a biting and frequent regret: I would fain have been a better citizen; I would fain have died in the consciousness, not only that I had improved my mind to the utmost, but that I had turned that improvement to the benefit of my fellow creatures. As it is, in living wholly for myself, I feel that my philosophy has wanted generosity; and my indifference to glory has proceeded from a weakness, not, as I once persuaded myself, from a virtue; but the fruitlessness of my existence has been the consequence of the arduous frivolities and the petty objects in which my early years were consumed; and my mind, in losing the enjoyments which it formerly possessed, had no longer the vigour to create for itself a new soil, from which labour it could only hope for more valuable fruits. It is no contradiction to see those who most eagerly courted society in their youth, shrink from it the most sensitively in their age; for they who possess certain advantages, and are morbidly vain of them, will naturally be disposed to seek that sphere for which those advantages are best calculated; and when youth and its concomitants depart, the vanity so long fed still remains, and perpetually mortifies them by recalling not so much the qualities they have lost, as the esteem which accompanied their possession; and by contrasting not so much their own present alteration, as the change they experience in the respect and consideration of others. What wonder, then, that they eagerly fly from the world, which has only mortification for their self-love, or that we find, in biography, how often the most assiduous votaries of pleasure have become the most rigid of recluses? For my part, I think that that love of solitude which the ancients so eminently possessed, and which, to this day, is considered by some as the sign of a great mind, nearly always arises from a tenderness of vanity, easily wounded in the commerce of the rough world; and that it is from disappointment that the hermitage is sought. Diderot did right, even at the risk of offending Rousseau, to write against soli-

tude. The more a moralist binds man to man, and forbids us to divorce our interests from our kind, the more effectually is the end of morality obtained. They only are justifiable in seclusion who, like the Greek philosophers, make that very seclusion the means of serving and enlightening their race—who from their retreats send forth their oracles of wisdom, and make the desert which surrounds them eloquent with the voice of truth. But remember, Clarence, (and let my life, useless in itself, have at least this moral,) that for him who in nowise cultivates his talent for the benefit of others; who is contented with being a good hermit at the expense of being a bad citizen; who looks from his retreat upon a life wasted in the *difficiles nugæ* of the most frivolous part of the world, nor redeems in the closet the time he has mispent in the saloon; remember, that for him seclusion loses its dignity, philosophy its comfort, benevolence its hope, and even religion its balm. Knowledge, unemployed, will preserve us from vice—for vice is but another name for ignorance—but *knowledge employed is virtue*. Perfect happiness, in our present state, is impossible; for Hobbes says justly, that our nature is inseparable from desires, and that the very word desire (the craving for something not possessed) implies that our present felicity is not complete. But there is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness; it is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others. In that one maxim is concentrated whatever is noble in morality, sublime in religion, or unanswerable in truth. In that pursuit we have *all* scope for whatever is excellent in our hearts, and *none* for the petty passions which our nature is heir to. Thus engaged, whatever be our errors, there will be nobility, not weakness, in our remorse; whatever our failure, virtue, not selfishness, in our regret: and, in success, vanity itself will become holy and triumph eternal. As astrologers were wont to receive upon metals 'the benign aspect of the stars, so as to detain and fix, as it were, the felicity of that hour which would otherwise be volatile and fugitive,' even so will that success leave imprinted upon our memory a blessing which cannot pass away—preserve for ever upon our names, as on a signet, the hallowed influence of the hour in which our great end was effected, and treasure up 'the relics of heaven' in the sanctuary of a human fame."

As the old man ceased, there was a faint and hectic flush over his face, an enthusiasm on his features, which age made almost holy, and which Clarence had never observed there before. In truth, his young listener was deeply affected, and the advice of his adopted parent was afterward impressed with a more awful solemnity upon his remembrance. Already he had acquired much worldly lore from Talbot's precepts and conversation. He had obtained even something better than worldly lore—a kindly and indulgent disposition to his fellow creatures; for he had seen that foibles were not inconsistent with generous and great qualities, and that we judge wrongly of human nature, when we ridicule its littleness. The very circumstances which make the shallow misanthropical, incline the wise to be benevolent. Fools discover that frailty is not incompatible with great men, they wonder and despise; but the discerning

and that greatness is not incompatible with frailty, and they admire and indulge.

But a still greater benefit than this of toleration did Clarence derive from the commune of that night. He became strengthened in his honourable ambition, and nerved to unrelaxing exertion. The recollection of Talbot's last words, on that night, occurred to him often and often, when sick at heart, and languid with baffled hope!—it roused him from that gloom and despondency which are always unfavourable to virtue, and incited him once more to that labour in the vineyard which, whether our hour be late or early, will, if earnest and devoted, obtain a blessing and reward.

The hour was now waxing late, and Talbot, mindful of his companion's health, rose to retire. As he pressed Clarence's hand and bade him farewell for the night, Linden thought there was something more than usually impressive in his manner, and affectionate in his words. Perhaps this was the natural result of their conversation.

The next morning, Clarence was awakened by a noise. He listened, and heard distinctly an alarmed cry proceeding from the room in which Talbot slept, and which was opposite to his own. He rose hastily and hurried to the chamber. The door was open, the old servant was bending over the bed: Clarence approached, and saw that he supported his master in his arms. "Good God!" he cried, "what is the matter?" The faithful old man lifted up his face to Clarence, and the big tears rolled fast from eyes, in which the sources of such emotion were wellnigh dried up.

"He loved you well, sir!" he said, and could say no more. He dropped the body gently, and throwing himself on the floor, sobbed aloud. With a foreboding and chilled heart, Clarence bent forward; the face of his benefactor lay directly before him, and the hand of death was upon it. The soul had passed to its account hours since, in the hush of night: passed, apparently, without a struggle or a pang, like the wind, which animates the harp one moment, and the next is gone.

Linden seized his hand—it was heavy and cold; his eye rested upon the miniature of the unfortunate Lady Merton, which, since the night of the attempted robbery, Talbot had worn constantly round his neck. Strange and powerful was the contrast of the pictured face, in which not a colour had yet faded, and where the hues, and fulness, and prime of youth dwelt, unconscious of the lapse of years, with the aged and shrunken countenance of the deceased.

In that contrast was a sad and mighty moral; it wrought, as it were, a contact between youth and age, and conveyed a rapid but full history of our passions and our life.

The servant looked up once more on the countenance; he pointed towards it, and muttered—"See—see! how awfully it is changed!"

"But there is a smile upon it!" said Clarence, as he flung himself beside the body, and burst into tears.

CHAPTER LI.

Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue. BACON.

It is somewhat remarkable, that while Talbot was bequeathing to Clarence, as the most valuable

of legacies, the doctrines of a philosophy he had acquired, perhaps too late to practise, Glendower was carrying those very doctrines, so far as his limited sphere would allow, into the rule and exercise of his life.

Since the death of the bookseller, which we have before recorded, Glendower had been left utterly without resource. The others to whom he applied were indisposed to avail themselves of an unknown ability. The trade of book-making was not then as it is now, and if it had been, it would not have suggested itself to the high-spirited and unworldly student. Some publishers offered, it is true, a reward tempting enough for an immoral tale; others spoke of the value of an attack upon the Americans; one suggested an ode to the minister, and another hinted that a pension might possibly be granted to one who would prove extortion not tyranny. But these insinuations fell upon a dull ear, and the tribe of Barabbas were astonished to find that an author could imagine interest and principle not synonymous.

Struggling with want, which hourly grew more imperious and urgent; wasting his heart on studies which brought fever to his pulse, and disappointment to his ambition; gnawed to the very soul by the mortifications which his poverty gave to his pride; and watching with tearless eyes, but a maddening brain, the slender form of his wife, now waxing weaker and fainter, as the canker of disease fastened upon the core of her young but blighted life, there was yet a high, though, alas! not constant consolation within him, whenever, from the troubles of this dim spot, his thoughts could escape, like birds released from their cage, and lose themselves in the might, and lustre, and freedom of their native heaven.

"If the wind scatter, or the rock receive," thought he, as he looked upon his secret and treasured work, "these seeds, they were at least dispersed by a hand which asked no selfish return, and a heart which would have lavished the harvest of its labours upon those who know not the husbandman, and trample his hopes into the dust."

But by degrees, this comfort of a noble and generous nature, these whispers of a vanity rather to be termed holy than excusable, began to grow unfrequent and low. The cravings of a more engrossing and heavy want than those of the mind came eagerly and rapidly upon him; the fair cheek of his infant became pinched and hollow; his wife—(O woman! in ordinary cases so mere a mortal, how, in the great and rare events of life, dost thou swell into the angel!)—his wife conquered nature itself by love, and starved herself in silence, and set bread before him with a smile, and bade him eat.

"But you—you?" he would ask inquiringly, and then pause.

"I have dined, dearest: I want nothing: eat, love, eat."

But he eat not. The food robbed from her seemed to him more deadly than poison; and he would rise and dash his hand to his brow, and go forth alone, with nature unsatisfied, to look upon this luxurious world, and learn *content*.

It was after such a scene that, one day, he wandered forth into the streets, desperate and confused in mind, and fainting with hunger, and half insane with fiery and wrong thoughts, which dashed

over his barren and gloomy soul, and desolated, *but conquered not!* It was evening: he stood (for he had strode on so rapidly, at first, that his strength was now exhausted, and he was forced to pause,) leaning against the railed area of a house, in a lone and unfrequented street. No passenger shared the dull and obscure thoroughfare. He stood, literally, in scene as in heart, solitary amid the great city, and wherever he looked—lo! there were none!

"Two days," said he, slowly and faintly, "two days, and bread has only once passed my lips; and that was snatched from her—from those lips which I have fed with sweet and holy kisses, and whence my sole comfort in this weary life has been drawn. And she—ay, she starves—and my child, too. They complain not—they murmur not—but they lift up their eyes to me and ask for——. Merciful God! thou *didst* make man in benevolence; thou *dost* survey this world with a pitying and paternal eye—save, comfort, cherish them, and crush *me* if thou wilt!"

At that moment a man darted suddenly from an obscure alley, and passed Glendower at full speed; presently came a cry, and a shout, and the rapid trampling of feet, and, in another moment, an eager and breathless crowd rushed upon the solitude of the street.

"Where is he?" cried a hundred voices to Glendower—"where—which road did the robber take?"—But Glendower could not answer; his nerves were unstrung, and his dizzy brain swam and reeled: and the faces which peered upon him, and the voices which shrieked and yelled in his ear, were to him as the forms and sounds of a ghastly and eltrich world. His head drooped upon his bosom—he clung to the area for support—the crowd passed on—they were in pursuit of guilt—they were thirsting after blood—they were going to fill the dungeon and feed the gibbet—what to them was the virtue they could have supported, or the famine they could have relieved? But they knew not his distress, nor the extent of his weakness, or some would have tarried and aided, for there is, after all, as much kindness as cruelty in our nature; perhaps they thought it was only some intoxicated and maudlin idler—or, perhaps, in the heat of their pursuit, they thought not at all.

So they rolled on, and their voices died away, and their steps were hushed, and Glendower, insensible and cold as the iron he clung to, was once more alone. Slowly he revived; he opened his dim and glazing eyes, and saw the evening star break from its chamber, and, though sullied by the thick and foggy air, scatter its holy smiles upon the polluted city.

He looked quietly on the still night, and its first watcher among the hosts of heaven, and felt something of balm sink into his soul; not, indeed, that vague and delicious calm, which in his boyhood of poesy and romance he had drank in, by green solitudes, from the mellow twilight;—but a quiet, sad and sober, circling gradually over his mind, and bringing it back, from its confused and disordered visions and darkness, to the recollection and reality of his bitter life.

By degrees the scene he had so imperfectly witnessed, the flight of the robber, and the eager pursuit of the mob, grew over him: a dark and guilty thought burst upon his mind.

"I am a man, like that criminal," said he fiercely. "I have nerves, sinews, muscles, flesh; I feel hunger, thirst, pain, as acutely; why should I endure more than he can? Perhaps he had a wife—a child—and he saw them starving inch by inch, and he felt that he *ought* to be their protector—and so he sinned.—And I—I—can I not sin too for mine? can I not dare what the wild beasts, and the vulture, and the fierce hearts of my brethren dare for their mates and young? One gripe of this hand—one cry from this voice—and my board might be heaped with plenty, and my child feed, and *she* smile as she was wont to smile—for one night at least."

And as these thoughts broke upon him, Glendower rose, and with a step firm, even in weakness, he strode unconsciously onward.

A figure appeared; Glendower's heart beat thick. He slouched his hat over his brows, and for one moment wrestled with his pride, and his stern virtue; the virtue conquered, but not the pride; and even the office of the suppliant seemed to him less degrading than that of the robber. He sprung forward, extended his hands toward the stranger, and cried in a sharp voice, the agony of which rang through the long dull street with a sudden and echoless sound, "Charity—food!"

The stranger paused—one of the boldest of men in his own line, he was as timid as a woman in any other; mistaking the meaning of the petitioner, and terrified by the vehemence of his gesture, he said, in a trembling tone, as he hastily pulled out his purse—

"There, there! do not hurt me—take it—take all!"

Glendower knew the voice, as a sound not unfamiliar to him; his pride, that grand principle of human action, which in him, though for a moment suppressed, was unextinguishable, returned in full force. "None," thought he, "who know me, shall know my full degradation also." And he turned away; but the stranger, mistaking this motion, extended his hand to him, saying, "Take this, my friend—you will have no need of force!" and as he advanced nearer to his supposed assailant, he beheld, by the pale lamp-light, and instantly recognised his features.

"Ah!" cried he, in astonishment, but with internal rejoicing—"ah! is it you who are thus reduced!"

"You say right, Cranford," said Glendower, sullenly, and drawing himself up to his full height, "it is *I*! but you are mistaken;—I am a beggar, not a ruffian!"

"Good heavens!" answered Cranford; "how fortunate that we should meet! Providence watches over us unceasingly! I have long sought you in vain. But"—(and here the wayward malignity, sometimes, though not always, the characteristic of Cranford's nature, irresistibly broke out)—"but that you, of all men, should suffer so—you, proud, susceptible, virtuous beyond human virtue—you, whose fibres are as acute as the naked eye—that *you* should bear this, and wince not!"

"You do my humanity wrong!" said Glendower, with a bitter and almost ghastly smile; "I do worse than wince!"

"Ay, is it so?" said Cranford: "have you awakened at last? Has your philosophy taken a more impassioned dye?"

"Mock me not!" cried Glendower; and his

eye, usually soft in its deep thoughtfulness, glared wild and savage upon the hypocrite, who stood trembling, yet half sneering, at the storm he had raised—"my passions are even now beyond my mastery—loose them not upon you!"

"Nay," said Crauford, gently, "I meant not to vex or wound you. I have sought you several times since the last night we met, but in vain; you had left your lodgings, and none knew whither. I would fain talk with you. I have a scheme to propose to you which will make you rich for ever—rich—literally rich!—not merely above poverty, but high in affluence!"

Glendower looked incredulously at the speaker, who continued—

"The scheme has danger—that you can dare!"

Glendower was still silent; but his set and stern countenance was sufficient reply. "Some sacrifice of your pride," continued Crauford—"that also you can bear!" and the tempter almost grinned with pleasure as he asked the question.

"He who is poor," said Glendower, speaking at last, "has a right to pride. He who starves has it too; but he who sees those whom he loves perish, and cannot aid, has it not!"

"Come home with me, then," said Crauford; "you seem faint and weak: nature craves food—come and partake of mine—we will then talk over this scheme, and arrange its completion."

"I cannot," answered Glendower, quietly.

"And why?"

"Because *they* starve at home!"

"Heavens!" said Crauford, affected for a moment into sincerity—"it is indeed fortunate that business should have led me here; but, meanwhile, you will not refuse this trifle—as a loan merely. By-and-by our scheme will make you so rich, that I must be the borrower."

Glendower *did* hesitate for a moment—he did swallow a bitter rising of the heart; but he thought of those at home, and the struggle was over.

"I thank you," said he; "I thank you for their sake: the *time may come*"—and the proud gentleman stopped short, for his desolate fortunes rose before him, and forbade all hope of the future.

"Yes!" cried Crauford, "the time may come when you will repay me this money a hundred-fold. But where do you live? You are silent. Well, you will not inform me—I understand you. Meet me, then, here, on this very spot, three nights hence—you will not fail?"

"I will not," said Glendower; and pressing Crauford's hand with a generous and grateful warmth, which might have softened a heart less obdurate, he turned away.

Folding his arms, while a bitter yet joyous expression crossed his countenance, Crauford stood still, gazing upon the retreating form of the noble and unfortunate man whom he had marked for destruction.

"Now," said he, "this virtue is a fine thing, a very fine thing to talk so loftily about. A little craving of the internal juices, a little pinching of this vile body, as your philosophers and saints call our better part, and lo! it oozes out like water through a leaky vessel, and the vessel sinks! No, no; virtue is a weak game, and a poor game, and a losing game. Why, there is that man, the very pink of integrity and rectitude, he is now only

wanting temptation to fall—and he *will* fall, in a fine phrase too, I'll be sworn! And then, having once fallen, there will be no medium—he will become utterly corrupt; while I, honest Dick Crauford, doing as other wise men do, cheat a trick or two, in playing with fortune, without being a whit the worse for it. Do I not subscribe to charities; am I not constant at church, ay, and meeting to boot; kind to my servants, obliging to my friends, loyal to my king? 'Gad, if I were less loving to myself, I should have been far less useful to my country! And, now, now, let me see what I as brought me to these filthy suburbs! Ah, Madam H———. Woman, incomparable woman! On, Richard Crauford, thou hast made a good night's work of it hitherto!—business seasons pleasure!" and the villain upon system moved away.

Glendower hastened to his home; it was miserably changed, even from the humble abode in which we last saw him. The unfortunate pair had chosen their present residence from a melancholy refinement in luxury; they had chosen it because no one else shared it with them, and their famine, and pride, and struggles, and despair, were without witness or pity.

With a heavy step Glendower entered the chamber where his wife sat. When at a distance he had heard a faint moan, but as he had approached, it ceased; for she, from whom it came, knew his step, and hushed her grief and pain, that they might not add, even by an atom, to his own. The peevishness, the querulous and stinging irritations of want, came not to that affectionate and kindly heart; nor could all those biting and bitter evils of fate, which turn the love that is born of luxury into rancour and gall, scathe the beautiful and holy passion which had knit into one those two un-earthly natures. They rather clung the closer to each other, as all things in heaven and earth spake in tempest or in gloom around them, and coined their sorrows into endearment, and their looks into smiles, and strove each from the depth of despair, to pluck hope and comfort for the other.

This, it is true, was more striking and constant in her than in Glendower! for in love, man, be he ever so generous, is always outdone. Yet even when, in moments of extreme passion and conflict, the strife broke from his breast into words, never once was his discontent vented upon her, or his reproaches lavished on any but fortune or himself, or his murmurs mingled with a single breath wounding to her tenderness, or detracting from his love.

He threw open the door; the wretched light cast its sickly beams over the squalid walls, foul with green damps, and the miserable yet clean bed, and the fireless hearth, and the empty board, and the pale cheek of the wife, as she rose and flung her arms round his neck, and murmured out her joy and welcome. "There," said he, as he extricated himself from her, and flung the money upon the table, "there, love, pine no more, feed yourself and our daughter, and then let us sleep and be happy in our dreams."

A writer, one of the most gifted of the present day, has told the narrator of this history, that no interest of a high nature can be given to extreme poverty. I know not if this be true; yet if I mistake not our human feelings, there is nothing so exalted, or so divine, as a great and brave spirit

working out its end through every earthly obstacle and evil: watching through the utter darkness, and steadily defying the phantoms which crowd around it; wrestling with the mighty allurements, and rejecting the fearful voice of that WANT which is the deadliest and surest of human tempters; nursing through all calamity the love of species, and the warmer and closer affections of private ties; sacrificing no duty, resisting all sin; and amid every horror and every humiliation, feeding the still and bright light of that genius which, like the lamp of the fabulist, though it may waste itself for years amid the depths of solitude, and the silence of the tomb, shall live and burn immortal and undimmed, when all around it is rottenness and decay!

And yet I confess that it is a painful and bitter task to record the humiliations, the wearing, petty, stinging humiliations of poverty; to count the drops as they slowly fall, one by one, upon the fretted and indignant heart; to particularize, with the scrupulous and nice hand of indifference, the fractional and divided movements in the dial-plate of misery; to behold the delicacies of birth, the masculine pride of blood, the dignities of intellect, the wealth of knowledge, the feminacies and graces of womanhood—all that ennoble and soften the stony mass of commonplaces which is our life, frittered into atoms, trampled into the dust and mire of the meanest thoroughfares of distress; life and soul, the energies and aims of man, ground into one prostrating want, cramped into one leveling sympathy with the dregs and refuse of his kind, blistered into a single galling and festering sore: this is, I own, a painful and a bitter task; but it hath its redemption: a pride even in debasement, a pleasure even in woe: and it is therefore that while I have abridged, I have not shunned it. There are some whom the lightning of fortune blasts, only to render holy. Amid all that humbles and scathes—amid all that shatters from their life its verdure, smites to the dust the pomp and summit of their pride, and in the very heart of existence writeth a sudden and “strange defeature,” they stand erect,—riven, not uprooted,—a monument less of pity than of awe! There are some who, exalted by a spirit above all casualty and woe, seem to throw over the most degrading circumstance the halo of an innate and consecrating power; the very things which, seen alone, are despicable and vile, associated with them become almost venerable and divine; and some portion, however dim and feeble, of that intense holiness which, in the INFANT GOD, shed majesty over the manger and the straw, not denied to those who, in the depth of affliction, cherish the angel Virtue at their hearts, flings over the meanest localities of earth an emanation from the glory of Heaven!

CHAPTER LII.

Letters of divers hands, which will absolve
Ourselves from long narration.

Tanner of Tyburn.

ONE morning, about a fortnight after Talbot's death, Clarence was sitting alone, thoughtful and melancholy, when the three following letters were put into his hand:—

FROM THE DUKE OF HAVERFIELD.

“LET me, my dear Linden, be the first to congratulate you upon your accession of fortune: five thousand a year, Scaradale, and eighty thousand pounds in the funds, are very pretty foes to starvation! Ah, my dear fellow, if you had but shot that ‘frosty Caucasus’ of humanity, that pillar of the state, made not to bend, that—but you know already whom I mean, and so I will spare you more of my lamentable metaphors: had you shot Lord Borodaile, your happiness would now be complete. Everybody talks of your luck. La Meronville tending on you with her white hands, the prettiest hands in the world—who would not be wounded, even by Lord Borodaile, for such a nurse! And then Talbot's—yet, I will not speak of *that*, for you are very unlike the present generation; and who knows but you may have some gratitude, some affection, some natural feeling in you. I had once; but that was before I went to France—those Parisians, with their fine sentiments, and witty philosophy, play the devil with one's good old fashioned feelings. So Lord Aspeden is to have an Italian ministry. How delightful for the southern rascals! Will he not, like their own autumns, wither and chill with the gentlest air imaginable? By-the-by, shall you go with him, or will you not rather stay at home, and enjoy your new fortunes—hunt—race—dine out—dance—vote in the House of Commons, and, in short, do all that an Englishman and a gentleman should do? *Ornamento e splendor del secol nostro*. Let me have the reversion of La Meronville, that is, if she will be *reverted*. Write me a line whenever you have nothing better to do.

“And believe me,

“Most truly yours,

“HAVERFIELD.”

“Will you sell your black mare, or will you buy my brown one? *Utrum horum major accipe*, the only piece of Latin I remember.”

LETTER FROM LORD ASPEDEN.

“MY DEAR LINDEN,—Suffer me to enter most fully into your feeling. Death, my friend, is common to all: we must submit to its dispensations. I heard accidentally of the great fortune left you by Mr. Talbot, (your father, I suppose I may venture to call him.) Indeed, though there is a silly prejudice against illegitimacy, yet, as our immortal bard says,

“Wherefore base?

When thy dimensions are as well compact,
Thy mind as generous and thy shape as true
As honest madam's issue!”

For my part, my dear Linden, I say, on your behalf, that it is very likely that you are a natural son, for such are always the luckiest and the best. Ah! we who are of the *corps diplomatique*, know well how to turn a compliment.

“You have probably heard of the honour his majesty has conferred upon me, in appointing to my administration the city of ——. As the choice of a secretary has been left to me, I need not say how happy I shall be to keep my promise to you. Indeed, as I told Lord — yesterday morning, I do not know anywhere a young man who has more talent, to say nothing of your skill

on the flute. But, my dear young friend, there are sad whispers about your morality and your acquaintance with that notorious Frenchwoman. Now you see, Linden, that we, who know *les usages du monde et les mœurs de la cour*, we, of the *corps diplomatique*, are not very scrupulous in these matters: but we must humour the vulgar, and love, as our illustrious Shakspeare says, 'wisely, not too well.' A hint will, I know, be sufficient to a young gentleman of your sense and discretion, for the Swan of Avon has very prettily sung, 'Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou badst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now. I am a fool—thou art nothing.'

"Adieu, my dear young friend; you will, I know, appreciate this advice.

"And believe me very truly yours,
"ASPEDEN."

LETTER FROM MADAME DE LA MERONVILLE.

(Translated.)

"You have done me wrong—great wrong. I loved you—I waited on you—tended you—nursed you—gave all up for you; and you forsook me—forsook me without a word. True, that you had been engaged in a melancholy duty, but, at least, you had time to write a line, to cast a thought, to one who had shown for you the love that I have done. But we will pass over all this; I will not reproach you—it is beneath me. The vicious upbraid—the *virtuous forgive!* I have, for several days, left your house. I should never have come to it, had you not been wounded, and, as I fondly imagined, for my sake. Return when you will, I shall no longer be there to persecute and torment you.

"Pardon this letter. I have said too much for myself—a hundred times too much to you; but I shall not sin again. This intrusion is my last.

"CECILE DE LA MERONVILLE."

These letters will, probably, suffice to clear up that part of Clarence's history which had not hitherto been touched upon; they will show that Talbot's will (after several legacies to his old servants, his nearest connexions, and two charitable institutions, which he had founded, and for some years supported) had bequeathed the bulk of his property to Clarence. The words in which the bequest was made were kind and somewhat remarkable—"To my relation and friend, commonly known by the name of Clarence Linden, to whom I am bound alike by blood and affection," &c.—These expressions, joined to the magnitude of the bequest, the apparently unaccountable attachment of the old man to his heir, and the mystery which wrapt the origin of the latter, all concurred to give rise to an opinion, easily received, and soon universally accredited, that Clarence was a natural son of the deceased; and so strong in England is the aristocratic aversion to unknown lineage, that this belief, unflattering as it was, procured for Linden a much higher consideration on the score of birth than he might otherwise have enjoyed. Furthermore will the above correspondence testify the general *écrit* of Madame La Meronville's attach-

ment, and the construction naturally put upon it. Nor do we see much left for us to explain, with regard to the Frenchwoman herself, which cannot equally well be gleaned, by any judicious and intelligent reader, from the epistle last honoured by his perusal. Clarence's conscience did, indeed, smite him severely, for his negligence and ill requital to one, who, whatever her faults or follies, had at least done nothing with which *he* had a right to reproach her. It must, however, be considered, in his defence, that the fatal event which had so lately occurred, the relapse which Clarence had suffered in consequence, and the melancholy confusion and bustle in which the last week or ten days had been passed, were quite sufficient to banish her from his remembrance. Still she was a woman, and had loved, or seemed to love; and Clarence, as he wrote to her a long, kind, and almost brotherly letter, in return for her own, felt that, in giving pain to another, one often suffers as much for avoiding as for committing a sin.

We have said his letter was kind—it was also frank, and yet prudent. In it he said that he had long loved another—which love alone could have rendered him insensible to her attachment; that he, nevertheless, should always recall her memory with equal interest and admiration; and then, with a tact of flattery which the nature of the correspondence and the sex of the person addressed rendered excusable, he endeavoured, as far as he was able, to soothe and please the vanity which the candour of his avowal was calculated to wound.

When he had finished this letter, he despatched another to Lord Aspeden, claiming a reprieve of some days before he answered the proposal of the diplomatist. After these epistolary efforts, he summoned his valet, and told him, apparently in a careless tone, to find out if Lady Westborough was still in town. Then throwing himself on the couch, he wrestled with the grief and melancholy which the death of a friend, and more than a father, might well cause in a mind less susceptible than his, and counted the dull hours crawl onward till his servant returned. "Lady Westborough and all the family had been gone a week to their seat in ———."

"Well," thought Clarence, "had *he* been alive, I could have intrusted my cause to a mediator; as it is, I will plead; or rather assert it, myself.—Harrison," said he aloud, "see that my black mare is ready by sunrise to-morrow; I shall leave town for some days."

"Not in your present state of health, sir, surely!" said Harrison, with the license of one who had been a nurse.

"Allow me to make my own plans," answered Clarence, haughtily. "See that I am obeyed." And Harrison, wondering and crest-fallen, left the room.

"Rich, independent, free to aspire to the heights which in England are only accessible to those who join wealth to ambition, I have at least," said Clarence, proudly, "no unworthy pretensions even to the hand of Lady Flora Ardenne. If she can love me for myself, if she can trust to my honour, rely on my love, feel proud in my pride, and aspiring in my ambition, then, indeed, this wealth will be welcome to me, and the disguised name, which has cost me so many mortifications, become grateful, since she will not disdain to share it."

CHAPTER LIII.

A little druid wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen
With sweetness mix'd—in russet brown bedight.
Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*.

Thus holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade,
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said.

Ibid.

It was a fine, joyous summer morning when Clarence set out, alone, and on horseback, upon his enterprise of love and adventure. If there be any thing on earth more reviving and inspiring than another, it is, to my taste, a bright day, a free horse, a journey of excitement before one, and loneliness!—Rousseau—in his own way, a great though rather a morbid epicure of this world's enjoyments—talks with rapture of his pedestrian rambles when in his first youth. But what are your foot-ploddings, your ambulating rejoicings, to the free etherealities which our courser's light bound and exulting spurnings of the dull earth bring to the spirit! For my own part, I do not love to touch the sordid clay, the mean soil to which we gravitate—I do not love that the mire, and the dust, and the stony roughness of the plebeian and vulgar sod, whence spring all the fleshy and grovelling particles of our frames, should weary the limbs and exhaust the strength and make the free blood grow languid with a coarse fatigue. If we must succumb to the power of weariness, let it come by the buoyant and rushing streams of the air through which we can cleave without touching the meaner element below; let it come by the continuity of conquest over the noble slave we have mastered to our will, and not by the measured labour of planting one jaded step after another upon this insensate earth.

But there are times when an iron and stern sadness locks, as it were, within itself our capacities of enjoyment; and the song of the birds, and the green freshness of the summer morning, and the glad motion of his generous steed, brought neither relief nor change to the musings of the young adventurer.

He rode on for several miles without noticing any thing on his road, and only now and then testifying the nature of his thoughts and his consciousness of solitude by brief and abrupt exclamations and sentences, which proclaimed the melancholy yet exciting subjects of his meditations. During the heat of the noon, he rested at a small public house about * * * miles from town; and resolving to take his horse at least ten miles further before his day's journey ceased, he remounted toward the evening, and slowly resumed his way.

He was now entering the same county in which he first made his appearance in this history. Although several miles from the spot on which the memorable night with the gipsies had been passed, his thoughts reverted to its remembrance, and he sighed as he recalled the eager hopes which then fed and animated his heart. While thus musing, he heard the sound of hoofs behind him, and presently came by a sober looking man, on a rough, strong pony, laden (besides its master's weight) with saddle bags of uncommon size, and to all appearance substantially and artfully filled.

Clarence looked, and, after a second survey, recognised the person of his old acquaintance Mr.

Morris Brown. Not equally reminiscent was the worshipful itinerant, who, in the great variety of forms and faces which it was his professional lot to encounter, could not be expected to preserve a very nice or distinguishing recollection of each.

"Your servant, sir, your servant," said Mr. Brown, as he rode his pony alongside of our traveller. "Are you going as far as W—— this evening?"

"I hardly know yet," answered Clarence; "the length of my ride depends upon my horse rather than myself."

"O, well, very well," said Mr. Brown: "but you will allow me, perhaps, sir, the honour of riding with you as far as you go."

"You give me much gratification by your proposal, Mr. Brown," said Clarence.

The broker looked in surprise at his companion. "So you know me, sir?"

"I do," replied Clarence. "I am surprised that you have forgotten me."

Slowly Mr. Brown gazed, till at last his memory began to give itself the rousing shake—"God bless me, sir, I beg you a thousand pardons—I now remember you perfectly—Mr. Linden, the nephew of my old patroness Mrs. Minden. Dear, dear, how could I be so forgetful! I hope, by-the-by, sir, that the shirts wore well. I am thinking you will want some more. I have some capital cambric of curiously fine quality, and texture, from the wardrobe of the late Lady Waddilove."

"What, Lady Waddilove still?" cried Clarence. "Why, my good friend, you will offer next to furnish me with pantaloons from her ladyship's wardrobe."

"Why, really, sir, I see you preserve your fine spirits; but I do think I have one or two pair of plum-coloured velvet inexpressibles, that passed into my possession when her ladyship's husband died, which might, perhaps, with a *little* attention, fit you, and at all events, would be a very elegant present from a gentleman to his valet."

"Well, Mr. Brown, whenever I or my valet wear plum-coloured velvet breeches, I will certainly purchase those in your possession; but, to change the subject, can you inform me what have become of my old host and hostess, the Copperases, of Copperas Bower?"

"O, sir, they are the same as ever—nice gentle people they are, too. Master Adolphus has grown into a fine young gentleman, very nearly as tall as you and I are. His worthy father preserves his jovial vein, and is very merry whenever I call there. Indeed, it was but last week that he made an admirable witticism. 'Bob,' said he—(Tom—you remember Tom, or De Warens, as Mrs. Copperas was pleased to call him—Tom is gone)—'Bob, have you stopt the coach?' 'Yes, sir,' said Bob. 'And what coach is it?' asked Mr. Copperas. 'It be the Swallow, sir,' said the boy. 'The Swallow! O, very well,' cried Mr. Copperas; 'then, now, having swallowed in the roll, I will e'en roll in the Swallow!'—Ha! ha! ha! sir, very facetious, was it not?"

"Very, indeed," said Clarence; "and so Mr. de Warens has gone; how came that?"

"Why, sir, you see, the boy was always of a gay turn, and he took to frikking it, as he called it, of a night, and so he was taken up for thrashing a watchman, and appeared before Sir John, the magistrate, the next morning."

Caractacus before Cæsar!" observed Linden: and what said Cæsar?"

"Sir!" said Mr. Brown.

"I mean, what said Sir John?"

"O! he asked him his name, and Tom, whose Mrs. Copperas (poor good woman!) had crammed with pride enough for fifty footboys, replied, 'De Warens,' with all the air of a man of independence. 'De Warens!' cried Sir John, amazed, 'we'll have no De's here: take him to Bridewell!' and so Mrs. Copperas, being without a footboy, sent for me, and I supplied her—with Bob."

"Out of the late Lady Waddilove's wardrobe too!" said Clarence.

"Ha, ha! that's well, very well, sir. No, not exactly, but he was the son of her late ladyship's coachman. Mr. Copperas has had two other servants of the name of Bob before, but this is the biggest of all, so he humorously calls him 'Triple Bob Major!' You observe that road to the right, sir—it leads to the mansion of an old customer of mine, General Cornelius St. Leger! many a good bargain have I sold to his sister. Heaven rest her!—when she died, I lost a good friend, though she was a little hot or so, to be sure. But she had a relation, a young lady—such a lovely, noble looking creature—it did one's heart, ay, and one's eyes also, good to look at her; and she's gone too—well, well, one loses one's customers sadly; it makes me feel old and comfortless to think of it. Now yonder, as far as you can see among those distant woods, lived another friend of mine, to whom I offered to make some very valuable presents upon his marriage with the young lady I spoke of just now, but, poor gentleman, he had not time to accept them; he lost his property by a lawsuit a few months after he was married, and a very different person now has Mordaunt Court."

"Mordaunt Court!" cried Clarence; "do you mean to say that Mr. Mordaunt has lost that property?"

"Why, sir, one Mr. Mordaunt has lost it, and another has gained it: but the real Mr. Mordaunt has not an acre in this county or elsewhere, I fear, poor gentleman. He is universally regretted, for he was very good and very generous, though they say he was also mighty proud and reserved; but, for my part, I never perceived it. If one is not proud one's self, Mr. Linden, one is very little apt to be hurt by pride in other people."

"And where is Mr. Mordaunt?" asked Clarence, as he recalled his interview with that person, and the interest with which Algernon then inspired him.

"That, sir, is more than any of us can say. He has disappeared altogether. Some declare that he has gone abroad, others that he is living in Wales in the greatest poverty. However, wherever he is, I am sure that he cannot be rich; for the lawsuit quite ruined him, and the young lady he married had not a farthing."

"Poor Mordaunt," said Clarence, musingly.

"I think, sir, that the squire would not be best pleased if he heard you pity him. I don't know why, but he certainly looked, walked, and moved like one whom you felt it very hard to pity. But I am thinking that it is a great shame that the general should not do any thing for Mr. Mordaunt's wife, for she was his own flesh and blood; and I am sure he had no cause to be angry at her marrying a gentleman of such old family as Mr. Mor-

daunt. I am a great stickler for birth, sir—I learnt that from the late Lady W. 'Brown,' she said, and I shall never forget her ladyship's air when she did say it, 'Brown, respect your superiors, and never fall into the hands of the republicans and atheists.'"

"And why," said Clarence, who was much interested in Mordaunt's fate, "did General St. Leger withhold his consent?"

"That we don't exactly know, sir; but some say, that Mr. Mordaunt was very high and proud with the general, and the general was, to the full, as fond of his purse as Mr. Mordaunt could be of his pedigree—and so, I suppose, one pride clashed against the other, and made a quarrel between them."

"Would not the general, then, relent after the marriage?"

"O! no, sir—for it was a runaway affair. Miss Diana St. Leger, his sister, was as hot as ginger upon it, and fretted and worried the poor general, who was never of the mildest, about the match, till at last he forbade the poor young lady's very name to be mentioned. And when Miss Diana died about two years ago, he suddenly introduced a tawny sort of *cretur*, whom they call a mulatto or creole, or some such thing, into the house; and it seems that he has had several children by her, whom he never durst own during Miss Diana's life, but whom he now declares to be his heirs. Well—they rule him with a rod of iron, and suck him as dry as an orange. They are a bad, gripping set, all of them; and I am sure, I don't say so from any selfish feeling, Mr. Linden, though they have forbid me the house, and called me, to my very face, an old cheating Jew. Think of *that*, sir!—I, whom the late Lady W. in her exceeding friendship, used to call 'honest Brown'—I whom your worthy—"

"And who," uncourteously interrupted Clarence, "has Mordaunt Court now?"

"Why, a distant relation of the last squire's, an elderly gentleman who calls himself Mr. Vavasour Mordaunt. I am going there to-morrow morning, for I still keep up a connexion with the family. Indeed the old gentleman bought a lovely little ape of me, which I did intend as a present to the late (as I may call him) Mr. Mordaunt; so, though I will not say I exactly like him—he is a hard hand at a bargain—yet at least I will not deny him his due."

"What sort of person is he? What character does he bear?" asked Clarence.

"I really find it hard to answer that question," said the gossiping Mr. Brown. "In great things he is very lavish and ostentatious, but in small things he is very penurious and saving, and miser-like—and all for one son, who is deformed and very sickly. He seems to doat on that boy; and now I have got two or three little presents in these bags for Mr. Henry. God forgive me, but when I look at the poor creature, with his face all drawn up, and his sour, ill-tempered voice, and his limbs crippled, I almost think it would be better if he were in his grave, and the rightful Mr. Mordaunt, who would then be the next heir, in his place."

"So then, there is only this unhappy cripple between Mr. Mordaunt and the property?" said Clarence.

"Exactly so, sir. But will you let me ask where you shall put up at W——? I will wait

upon you, if you will give me leave, with some very curious and valuable articles, highly desirable either for yourself or for little presents to your friends."

"I thank you," said Clarence, "I shall make no stay at W——, but I shall be glad to see you in town next week. Favour me, meanwhile, by accepting this trifle."

"Nay, nay, sir," said Mr. Brown, pocketing the money—"I really cannot accept this—any thing in the way of exchange—a ring, or a seal, or—"

"No, no, not at present," said Clarence; "the night is coming on, and I shall make the best of my way. Good-by, Mr. Brown;" and Clarence trotted off; but he had scarce got sixty yards before he heard the itinerant merchant cry out—"Mr. Linden, Mr. Linden!" and looking back, he beheld the honest Brown putting his shaggy pony at full speed, in order to overtake him: so he pulled up.

"Well, Mr. Brown, what do you want?"

"Why, you see, sir, you gave me no exact answer about the plum-coloured velvet inexpressibles," said Mr. Brown.

CHAPTER LIV.

Are we condemned!

The Double Marriage.

It was dusk when Clarence arrived at the very same inn at which, more than five years ago, he had assumed his present name. As he recalled the note addressed to him, and the insignificant sum (his whole fortune) which it contained, he could not help smiling at the change his lot had since then undergone: but the smile soon withered when he thought of the kind and paternal hand from which that change had proceeded, and knew that his gratitude was no longer availing, and that that hand, in pouring its last favours upon him, had become cold. He was ushered into No. Four, and left to his meditations till bed time.

The next day he recommenced his journey. Westborough Park was, though in another county, within a short ride of W——; but as he approached it, the character of the scenery became essentially changed. Bare, bold, and meager, the features of the country bore somewhat of a Scottish character. On the right side of the road was a precipitous and perilous descent, and some workmen were placing posts along a path for foot-passengers on that side nearest the carriage-road, probably with a view to preserve unwary coachmen or equestrians from the dangerous vicinity to the descent, which a dark night might cause them to incur. As Clarence looked idly on the workmen, and painfully on the crumbling and fearful descent I have described, he little thought that that spot would, a few years after, become the scene of a catastrophe affecting in the most powerful degree the interests of his future life. Our young traveller put up his horse at a small inn, bearing the Westborough arms, and situated at a short distance from the park gates. Now that he was so near his mistress—now that less than an hour, nay, than the fourth part of an hour, might place him before her, and decide his fate, his heart, which had hitherto sustained him, grew faint, and pre-

sented, first fear, then anxiety, and, at last, despondency to his imagination and forebodings.

"At all events," said he, "I will see her alone before I will confer with her artful and proud mother, or her cipher of a father. I will then tell her all my history, and open to her all my secrets: I will only conceal from her my present fortune, for even if rumour should have informed her of them, it will be easy to give the report no sanction; I have a right to that trial. When she is convinced that, at least, neither my birth nor character can disgrace her, I shall see if her love can enable her to overlook my supposed poverty, and to share my uncertain lot. If so, there will be some triumph in undeceiving her error and rewarding her generosity: if not, I shall be saved from involving my happiness with that of one who looks only to my worldly possessions. I owe it to her, it is true, to show her that I am no low-born pretender; but I owe it also to myself to ascertain if my own individual qualities are sufficient to gain her hand."

Fraught with these ideas, which were natural enough to a man whose peculiar circumstances were well calculated to make him feel rather soured and suspicious, and whose pride had been severely wounded by the contempt with which his letter had been treated—Clarence walked into the park, and, hovering around the house, watched and waited that opportunity of addressing Lady Flora, which he trusted her habits of walking would afford him; but hours rolled away, the evening set in, and Lady Flora had not once quitted the house.

More disappointed and sick at heart than he liked to confess, Clarence returned to his inn, took his solitary meal, and strolling once more into the park, watched beneath the windows till midnight, endeavouring to guess which were the tacements of her apartments, and feeling his heart beat high at every light which flashed forth and disappeared, and every form which flitted across the windows of the great staircase. Little did Lady Flora, as she sat in her room alone, and, in tears, mused over Clarence's fancied worthlessness and infidelity, and told her heart again and again that she loved no more—little did she know whose eyes kept vigils without, or whose feet brushed away the rank dews beneath her windows, or whose thoughts, though not altogether unmingled with reproach, were riveted with all the ardour of a young and first love upon her.

It was unfortunate for Linden that he had no opportunity of personally pleading his suit; his altered form and faded countenance would at least have ensured a hearing and an interest for his honest though somewhat haughty sincerity; but though that day, and the next, and the next, were passed in the most anxious and unremitting vigilance, Clarence only once caught a glimpse of Lady Flora, and then she was one amid a large party; and Clarence, fearful of a premature and untimely discovery, was forced to retire into the thickets of the park, and lose the solitary reward of his watches almost as soon as he had won it.

Wearied and racked by his suspense, and despairing of obtaining any favourable opportunity for an interview without such a request, Clarence at last resolved to write to Lady Flora, entreating her assent to a meeting, in which he pledged himself

CHAPTER LV.

Lucr.—What has thy father done?*Beat.*—What have I done?

Am I not innocent?

The Consul.

THE twilight was darkening slowly over a room of noble dimensions, and costly fashion. Although it was the height of summer, a low fire burnt in the grate; and, stretching his hands over the feeble flame, an old man, of about sixty, sat in an arm-chair, curiously carved with armorial bearings. The dim yet fitful flame cast its upward light upon a countenance, stern, haughty, and repellant, where the passions of youth and manhood had dug themselves graves in many an iron line and deep furrow: the forehead, though high, was narrow and compressed—the brows sullenly overhung the eyes, and the nose, which was singularly prominent and decided, age had sharpened, and brought out, as it were, till it gave a stubborn and very forbidding expression to the more sunken features over which it rose with exaggerated dignity. Two bottles of wine, a few dried preserves, and a water glass, richly chased, and ornamented with gold, showed that the inmate of the apartment had passed the hour of the principal repast, and his loneliness at a time usually social seemed to indicate that few olive branches were accustomed to overshadow his table.

The windows of the dining-room reached to the ground, and without, the closing light just enabled one to see a thick copse of wood, which, at a very brief interval of turf, darkened immediately opposite the house. While the old man was thus bending over the fire, and conning his evening contemplations, a figure stole from the copse I have mentioned, and, approaching the window, looked pryingly into the apartment; then with a noiseless hand it opened the spring of the casement, which was framed on a peculiar and old-fashioned construction, that required a practised and familiar touch—entered the apartment, and crept on, silent and unperceived by the inhabitant of the room, till it paused, and stood motionless, with folded arms, scarce three steps behind the high back of the old man's chair.

In a few minutes the latter moved from his position, and slowly rose; the abruptness with which he turned brought the dark figure of the intruder full and suddenly before him: he started back, and cried in an alarmed tone—"Who is there?"

The stranger made no reply.

The old man, in a voice in which anger and pride mingled with fear, repeated the question. The figure advanced, dropped the cloak in which it was wrapt, and presenting the features of Clarence Linden, said, in a low but clear tone,

"Your son."

The old man dropped his hold of the bell rope, which he had just before seized, and leaned, as if for support, against the oak wainscot; Clarence approached.

"Yes!" said he, mournfully, "your unfortunate, your offending, but your guiltless son. More than five years I have been banished from your house. I have been thrown, while yet a boy, without friends, without guidance, without name, upon the wide world, and to the mercy of chance. I come now to you as a man, claiming no assistance, and uttering no reproach, but to tell you that him

to clear up all that had hitherto seemed doubtful in his conduct or mysterious in his character. Though respectful, urgent, and bearing the impress of truth and feeling, the tone of the letter was certainly that of a man who conceived he had a right to a little resentment for the past, and a little confidence for the future. It was what might well be written by one who imagined his affection had once been returned, but would as certainly have been deemed very presumptuous by a lady who thought that the affection itself was a liberty.

Having penned this epistle, the next care was how to convey it. After much deliberation, it was at last committed to the care of a little girl, the daughter of the lodge-keeper, whom Lady Flora thrice a week personally instructed in the mysteries of spelling, reading, and calligraphy. With many injunctions to deliver the letter only to the hands of the beautiful teacher, Clarence trusted his despatches to the little scholar, and, with a trembling frame, and wistful eye, watched Susan take her road, with her green satchel and her shining cheeks, to the great house.

One hour, two hours, three hours passed, and the messenger had not returned. Restless and impatient, Clarence walked back to his inn, and had not been there many minutes before a servant, in the Westborough livery, appeared at the door of the humble hostel, and left the following letter for his perusal and gratification.

"Sir,

"The letter intended for my daughter has just been given to me by Lady Westborough. I know not what gave rise to the language, or the very extraordinary request for a clandestine meeting, which you have thought proper to address to Lady Flora Ardenne; but you will allow me to observe, that if you intend to confer upon my daughter the honour of a matrimonial proposal, she fully concurs with me and her mother in the negative, which I feel necessitated to put upon your obliging offer.

"I need not add that all correspondence with my daughter must close here. I have the honour to be,

"Sir, your very obedient servant,

"WESTBOROUGH.

Westborough Park.

To Clarence Linden, Esq."

Had Clarence's blood been turned to fire, his veins could not have swelled and burnt with a fiercer heat than they did, as he read the above letter—a master-piece, perhaps, in the line of what may be termed the "d—d civil" of epistolatory favours.

"Insufferable arrogance!" he muttered within his teeth. "I will live to repay it. Perfidious, unfeeling woman—what an escape I have had of her!—Now, now, I am on the world, and alone, thank heaven. I will accept Aspeden's offer, and leave this country; when I return, it shall not be as an humble suitor to Lady Flora Ardenne. Pish! how the name sickens me: but come, I have a father—at least a nominal one. He is old and weak, and may die before I return. I will see him once more, and then, heigh for Italy! O! I am so happy—so happy at my freedom and escape. What, ho!—waiter—my horse instantly!"

whom an earthly father rejected, God has preserved; that without one unworthy or debasing act I have won for myself the friends who support, and the wealth which dignifies life, since it renders it independent. Through all the disadvantages I have struggled against, I have preserved unimpaired my honour, and unsullied my conscience; you have disowned, but you might have claimed me without shame. Father, these hands are clean!"

A strong and evident emotion shook the old man's frame. He raised himself to his full height, which was still tall and commanding, and in a voice, the natural harshness of which was rendered yet more repellant by passion, replied, "Boy! your presumption is insufferable. What to me is your wretched fate? Go—go—go to your miserable mother; find her out—claim kindred there; live together, toil together, rot together; but come not to me!—disgrace to my house—ask not admittance to my affections; the law may give you my name, but sooner would I be torn piecemeal than own your right to it. If you want money, name the sum, take it; cut up my fortune to shreds—seize my property—revel on it—but come not *here*. This house is sacred; pollute it not: I disown you; I discard you; I—ay, I detest—I loathe you!"

And with these words, which came forth as if heaved from the inmost heart of the speaker, who shook with the fury he endeavoured to stifle, he fell back into his chair, and fixed his eyes, which glared fearfully through the increasing darkness, upon Linden, who stood high, erect, and sorrowfully, before him.

"Unhappy old man!" said Clarence: "have not the years which have seared your form and whitened your locks brought some meekness to your rancour, some mercy to your injustice, for one whose only crime against you seems to have been his birth. But I said I came not to reproach—not do I. Many a bitter hour, many a pang of shame, and mortification, and misery, which have made scars in my heart that will never wear away, my wrongs have cost me; but let them pass. Let them not swell your future and last account whenever it be required. I am about to leave this country, with a heavy and foreboding heart; we may never meet again on earth. I have no longer any wish, any chance of resuming the name you have deprived me of. I shall never thrust myself on your relationship, or cross your view. Lavish your wealth upon him whom you have placed so immeasurably above me in your affections. But, I have not deserved your curse, father; give me your blessing, and let me depart in peace."

"Peace! and what peace have I had? what respite from gnawing shame, the foulness and leprosy of humiliation and reproach, since—since—? But this is not your fault, you say: no, no—it is another's; and you are only the mark of my stigma, my disgrace, not its perpetrator. Ha! a nice distinction, truly. My blessing, you say! Come, kneel; kneel, boy, and have it!"

Clarence approached, and stood bending and bareheaded before his father, but he knelt not.

"Why do you not kneel?" cried the old man, vehemently.

"It is the attitude of the injurer, not of the injured!" said Clarence, firmly.

"Injured!—insolent reprobate—is it not I who am injured? Do you not read it in my brow—

here, here?" and the old man struck his clenched hand violently against his temples. "Was I not injured"—(he continued, sinking his voice into a key unnaturally low)—"did I not trust implicitly?—did I not give up my heart without suspicion?—was I not duped deliciously?—was I not kind enough, blind enough, fool enough—and was I not betrayed—damnably, filthily betrayed? But that was no injury. Was not my old age turned into a drought, a sapless tree, a poisoned spring?—were not my days made a curse to me, and my nights a torture?—was I not, am I not, a mock, and a by-word, and a miserable, impotent, un-avenged old man? Injured!—But this is no injury!—Boy, boy, what are your wrongs to mine?"

"Father!" cried Clarence, deprecatingly, "I am not the cause of your wrongs: is it just that the innocent should suffer for the guilty?"

"Speak not in that voice!" cried the old man—"that voice!—fie, fie on it. Hence! away!—away, boy!—why tarry you?—My son, and have that voice?—Pooh, you are not my son. Ha, ha!—my son!"

"What am I, then?" said Clarence, soothingly; for he was shocked and grieved, rather than irritated, by a wrath which partook so strongly of insanity.

"I will tell you," cried the father—"I will tell you what you are—you are my curse!"

"Farewell!" said Clarence, much agitated, and retiring to the window by which he had entered; "may your heart never smite you for your cruelty! Farewell!—may the blessing you have withheld from me be with you!"

"Stop! stay!" cried the father; for his fury was checked for one moment, and his nature, fierce as it was, relented: but Clarence was already gone, and the miserable old man was left alone to darkness, and solitude, and the passions which can make a hell of the human heart!

CHAPTER LVI.

*Sed quæ præclara, et prospera tanti,
Ut rebus lætis par sit mensura malorum.*

JOURNAL.

We are now transported to a father and a son of a very different stamp.

It was about the hour of one, P. M., when the door of Mr. Vavasour Mordaunt's study was thrown open, and the servant announced Mr. Brown.

"Your servant, sir—your servant, Mr. Henry," said the itinerant, bowing low to the two gentlemen thus addressed. The former, Mr. Vavasour Mordaunt, might be about the same age as Linden's father. A shrewd, sensible, ambitious man of the world, he had made his way from the state of a younger brother, with no fortune and very little interest, to considerable wealth, besides the property he had acquired by law, and to a degree of consideration for general influence and personal ability, which, considering he had no official or parliamentary rank, very few of his equals enjoyed. Persevering, steady, crafty, and possessing, to an eminent degree, that happy art of "*canting*," which is the great secret of earning character and consequence in England, the rise and reputation of Mr. Vavasour Mordaunt appeared less to be wondered at than envied; yet even envy was only

for those who could not look beyond the surface of things. He was at heart an anxious and unhappy man. The evil we do in the world is often paid back in the bosom of home. Mr. Vavasour Mordaunt was, like Crauford, what might be termed a mistaken utilitarian; he had lived utterly and invariably for self; but instead of uniting self-interest with the interest of others, he considered them as perfectly incompatible ends. But character was among the greatest of all objects to him; so that, though he had rarely deviated into what might fairly be termed a virtue, he had never transgressed what might rigidly be called a propriety. He had not the genius, the wit, the moral audacity of Crauford: he could not have indulged in one offence with impunity, by a mingled courage and hypocrisy in veiling others—he was the slave of the formula which Crauford subjugated to himself. He was only so far resembling Crauford, as one man of the world resembles another in selfishness and dissimulation: he could be dishonest, not villainous, much less a villain upon system. He was a *cantor*, Crauford a *hypocrite*: his uttered opinions were, like Crauford's, differing from his conduct; but he *believed* the truth of the former even while sinning in the latter: he canted so sincerely that the tears came in his eyes when he spoke. Never was there a man more exemplary in words: people who departed from him went away impressed with the idea of an excess of honour—a plethora of conscience. “It was almost a pity,” said they, “that Mr. Vavasour was so romantic;” and thereupon they named him as executor to their wills, and guardian to their sons. None but he could, in carrying the lawsuit against Mordaunt, have lost nothing in reputation by success. But there was something so specious, so ostensibly fair in his manner and words, while he was ruining Mordaunt, that it was impossible not to suppose he was actuated by the purest motives, the most holy desire for justice—not for himself, he said, for he was old, and already rich enough,—but for his son! From that son came the punishment of all his offences—the black drop at the bottom of a bowl, seemingly so sparkling. To him, as the father grew old, and desirous of quiet, Vavasour had transferred all his selfishness, as if to a securer and more durable firm. The child, when young, had been singularly handsome and intelligent; and Vavasour, as he toiled and toiled at his ingenious and graceful cheateries, pleased himself with anticipating the importance and advantages the heir to his labours would enjoy. For that son he certainly *had* persevered more arduously than otherwise he might have done in the lawsuit, of the justice of which he better satisfied the world than his own breast; for that son, he rejoiced as he looked around the stately halls and noble domain from which the rightful possessor had been driven; for that son he extended economy into penuriousness, and hope into anxiety; and, too old to expect much more from the world himself, for that son he anticipated, with a wearing and feverish fancy, whatever wealth could purchase, beauty win, or intellect command.

But as if, like the Castle of Otranto, there was something in Mordaunt Court which contained a penalty and a doom for the usurper, no sooner had Vavasour possessed himself of his kinsman's estate, than the prosperity of his life dried and withered away, like Jonah's gourd, in a single night.

His son, at the age of thirteen, fell from a scaffold, on which the workmen were making some extensive alterations in the old house, and became a cripple and valetudinarian for life. But still Vavasour, always of a sanguine temperament, cherished a hope that surgical assistance might restore him: from place to place, from professor to professor, from quack to quack, he carried the unhappy boy, and as each remedy failed, he was only the more impatient to devise a new one. But as it was the mind as well as person of his son in which the father had stored up his ambition; so, in despite of this fearful accident, and the wretched health by which it was followed, Vavasour never suffered his son to rest from the tasks, and tuitions, and lectures of the various masters by whom he was surrounded. The poor boy, it is true, deprived of physical exertion, and naturally of a serious and applicative disposition, required very little urging to second his father's wishes for his mental improvement; and as the tutors were all of the orthodox university calibre, who imagine that there is no knowledge (but vanity) in any other works than those in which their own education has consisted; so Henry Vavasour became at once the victor and victim of Bentleys and Scaligers, word-weighers and metre-scanners, till, utterly ignorant of every thing which could have softened his temper, dignified his misfortunes, and reconciled him to his lot, he was sinking fast into the grave, soured by incessant pain into morosity, envy, and bitterness; exhausted by an unwholesome and useless application to unprofitable studies; an excellent scholar, (as it is termed,) with the worst regulated and worst informed mind of almost any of his contemporaries equal to himself in the advantages of ability, original goodness of disposition, and the costly and profuse expenditure of education.

But the vain father, as he heard, on all sides, of his son's talents, saw nothing sinister in their direction; and though the poor boy grew daily more contracted in mind, and broken in frame, Vavasour yet hugged more and more closely to his breast the hope of ultimate cure for the latter, and future glory for the former. So he went on heaping money, and extending acres, and planting, and improving, and building, and hoping, and anticipating, for one at whose very feet the grave was already dug!

But we left Mr. Brown in the study, making his bow and professions of service to Mr. Vavasour Mordaunt and his son.

“Good day, *honest* Brown,” said the former, a middle sized and rather stout man, with a well powdered head, and a sharp, shrewd, and very sal-low countenance; “good day—have you brought any of the foreign *liqueurs* you spoke of, for Mr. Henry?”

“Yes, sir, I have some curiously fine *eau d'or* and *liqueurs des îles*, besides the *marasquino* and *curapoa*. The late Lady Waddilove honoured my taste in these matters with her especial approbation.”

“My dear boy,” said Vavasour, turning to his son, who lay extended on the couch, reading, *not* the Prometheus, (that most noble drama ever created,) *but the notes upon it*—“my dear boy, as you are fond of *liqueurs*, I desired Brown to get some peculiarly fine; perhaps—”

“Pish!” said the son, fretfully interrupting him,

"do, I beseech you, take your hand off my shoulder. See now, you have made me lose my place. I really do wish you would leave me alone for one moment in the day."

"I beg your pardon, Henry," said the father, looking reverently on the Greek characters which his son preferred to the newspaper. "It is very vexatious, I own; but do taste these *liqueurs*. Dr. Lukewarm said you might have every thing you liked—"

"But quiet!" muttered the cripple.

"I assure you, sir," said the wandering merchant, "that they are excellent; allow me, Mr. Vavasour Mordaunt, to ring for a corkscrew. I really do think, sir, that Mr. Henry looks much better—I declare he has quite a colour."

"No, indeed!" said Vavasour, eagerly. "Well, it seems to me, too, that he is getting better. I intend him to try Mr. E——'s patent collar in a day or two; but that will in some measure prevent his reading. A great pity: for I am very anxious that he should lose no time in his studies just at present. He goes to Cambridge in October."

"Indeed, sir. Well, he will set the town in a blaze, I guess, sir! Everybody says what a fine scholar Mr. Henry is—even in the servant's hall!"

"Ay, ay," said Vavasour, gratified even by this praise, "he is clever enough, Brown; and, what is more," (and here Vavasour's look grew sanctified,) "he is good enough. His principles *do equal honour to his head and heart*. He would be no son of mine if he were not as much *the gentleman as the scholar*."

The youth lifted his heavy and distorted face from his book, and a sneer raised his lip for a moment; but a sudden spasm of pain seizing him, the expression changed, and Vavasour, whose eyes were fixed upon him, hastened to his assistance.

"Throw open the window, Brown; ring the bell—call—"

"Pooh, father," cried the boy, with a sharp, angry voice, "I am not going to die yet, nor faint either; but it is all your fault. If you *will* have those odious, vulgar people here for *your own* pleasure, at least suffer me, another day, to retire."

"My son, my son!" said the grieved father, in reproachful anger, "it was my anxiety to give you some trifling enjoyment that brought Brown here—you must be sensible of that!"

"You tease me to death," grumbled the peevish unfortunate.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Brown, "shall I leave the bottles here? or do you please that I should give them to the butler? I see that I am displeasing and troublesome to Mr. Henry; but as my worthy friend and patroness, the late Lady—"

"Go—go—honest Brown!" said Vavasour, (who desired every man's good word)—"go, and give the *liqueurs* to Preston. Mr. Henry is extremely sorry that he is too unwell to see you now; and I—I have the heart of a father for his sufferings."

Mr. Brown withdrew. "'Odious and vulgar,'" said he to himself, in a little fury—for Mr. Brown peculiarly valued himself on his gentility—"odious and vulgar!" To think of his little *lordship* uttering such shameful words! However, I will go into the steward's room, and abuse him there. But, I suppose, I shall get no dinner in this house—no, not so much as a crust of bread; for while the old gentleman is launching out into such prodigious expenses on a great scale—making

heathenish temples, and spoiling the fine old house with his new picture gallery and nonsense—he is so close in small matters, that I warrant not a candle-end escapes him; griping and pinching, and squeezing with one hand, and scattering money, as if it were dirt, with the other—and all for that cross, ugly, deformed, little whipper-snapper of a son. 'Odious and vulgar,' indeed! What shocking language. Mr. Algernon Mordaunt would never have made use of such words, I know. And, bless me, now I think of it, I wonder where that poor gentleman is—the young heir here is not long for this world, I can see; and who knows but what Mr. Algernon may be in great distress; and I am sure, as far as four hundred pounds, or even a thousand, or two thousand, go, I would not mind lending it to him, only upon the post-obits of Squire Vavasour and his hopeful. I like doing a kind thing; and Mr. Algernon was always very good to me; and I am sure I don't care about the security, though I think it will be as sure as sixpence; for the old gentleman must be past sixty, and the young one is the worse life of the two. We should help one another—it is but one's duty: and if he is in great distress, he would not mind a handsome premium. Well, nobody can say Morris Brown is not as charitable as the best Christian breathing, and, as the late Lady Waddilove very justly observed, 'Brown, believe me, a prudent risk is the surest gain!' I will lose no time in finding the late squire out."

Muttering over these reflections, Mr. Brown took his way to the steward's room.

CHAPTER LVII.

Clar.—How, two letters!

The Lover's Progress

LETTER FROM CLARENCE LINDEN, ESQ., TO THE DUKE OF HAVERFIELD.

"Hotel —, Calais.

"MY DEAR DUKE,—After your kind letter, you will forgive me for not having called upon you before I left England; for you have led me to hope that I may dispense with ceremony toward you; and, in sad and sober earnest, I was in no mood to visit even you during the few days I was in London, previous to my departure. Some French philosopher has said that, 'the best compliment we can pay our friends, when in sickness or misfortune, is to avoid them.' I will not say how far I disagree with this sentiment: but I know that a French philosopher will be an unanswerable authority with you; and so I will take shelter even under the battery of an enemy.

"I am waiting here for some days, in expectation of Lord Aspeden's arrival. Sick as I was of England, and all that has lately occurred to me there, I was glad to have an opportunity of leaving it sooner than my *chef diplomatique* could do; and I amuse myself very indifferently in this dull town, with reading all the morning, plays all the evening, and dreams of my happier friends all the night.

"And so you are sorry that I did not destroy Lord Borodaile. My dear duke, you would have been much more sorry if I had! What could you then have done for a living Pasquin for your stray

lampoons and vagrant sarcasms? Had an unfortunate bullet carried away

"That peer of England—pillar of the state,

as you term him, pray on whom could 'Duke Humphrey unfold his griefs?'—Ah, my lord, better as it is, believe me; and, whenever you are at a loss for a subject for wit, you will find cause to bless my forbearance, and congratulate yourself upon the existence of its object.

"Dare I hope that, amid all the gayeties which court you, you will find time to write to me? If so, you shall have in return the earliest intelligence of every new soprano, and the most elaborate criticisms on every budding figurante of our court.

"Have you met Trollop lately—and in what new pursuit are his intellectual energies engaged? There, you see, I have fairly entrapped your grace into a question, which common courtesy will oblige you to answer. Adieu.

"Ever, my dear duke,

"Most truly yours, &c."

LETTER FROM THE DUKE OF HAVERFIELD TO
CLARENCE LINDEN, ESQ.

"A thousand thanks, *mon cher*, for your letter, though it was certainly less amusing and animated than I could have wished it for your sake, as well as my own; yet it could not have been more welcome received, had it been as witty as your conversation itself. I heard that you had accepted the place of secretary to Lord Aspeden, and that you had passed through London on your way to the continent, looking — (the amiable Callythorpe, 'who never flatters,' is my authority)—more like a ghost than yourself. So you may be sure, my dear Linden, that I was very anxious to be convinced, under your own hand, of your carnal existence.

"Take care of yourself, my good fellow, and don't imagine, as I am apt to do, that youth is like my hunter, Fearnought, and will carry you over every thing. In return for your philosophical maxim, I will give you another. 'In age we should remember that we *have been* young, and in youth, that we are *to be* old.'—Ehem!—am I not profound as a moralist? I think a few such sentences would become my long face well; and to say truth, I am tired of being witty—every one thinks he can be that—so I will borrow Trollop's philosophy—take snuff, wear a wig out of curl, and grow wise, instead of merry.

"Apropos of Trollop; let me not forget that you honour him with your inquiries. I saw him three days since, and he asked me if I had been impressed lately with the idea vulgarly called Clarence Linden; and he then proceeded to inform me that he had heard the atoms which composed your frame were about to be resolved into a new form. While I was knitting my brows very wisely at this intelligence, he passed on to apprise me that I had neither length, breadth, or extension, or any thing but mind. Flattered by so delicate a compliment to my understanding, I yielded my assent; and he then shifted his ground, and told me that there was no such thing as mind—that we were but modifications of matter—and that, in a word, I was all body. I took advantage of this doctrine, and forthwith removed my modification of matter from him.

"Findlater has just lost his younger brother in a duel. You have no idea how shocking it was. Sir Christopher, one day, heard his brother, who had just entered the — Dragoons, ridiculed for his want of spirit, by Major Elton, who professed to be the youth's best friend—the honest heart of our worthy baronet was shocked beyond measure at this perfidy, and the next time his brother mentioned Elton's name with praise, out came the story. You may guess the rest: young Findlater called out Elton, who shot him through the lungs! —'I did it for the best,' cried Sir Christopher.

"*La pauvre petite Meronville!*—What an Ariadne! Just as I was thinking to play the Bacchus to your Theseus, up steps an old gentleman from Yorkshire, who hears it is fashionable to marry *bonas robas*, proposes honourable matrimony, and deprives me and the world of La Meronville! The wedding took place on Monday last, and the happy pair set out to their seat in the North. Verily, we shall have quite a new race in the next generation—I expect all the babes will skip into the world, with a *pas de zephyr*, singing in sweet trebles—

"Little dancing loves we are:
—Who the deuse is our papa?

"I think you will be surprised to hear that Lord Borodaile is beginning to thaw—I saw him smile the other day! Certainly, we are not so near the North Pole as we were! He is going, and so am I in the course of the autumn, to your old friends, the Westboroughs. Report says that he is *un peu épris de la belle Flore*; but, then, Report is such a liar!—For my own part I always contradict her.

"Tell me how Lord Aspeden's flatteries are received in Italy. Somewhat like snow in that country, I should imagine—more surprising than agreeable! I eagerly embrace your offer of correspondence, and assure you that there are few people by whose friendship I conceive myself so much honoured as by yours. You will believe this; for you know that, like Callythorpe, I never flatter. Farewell for the present.

"Sincerely yours,

"HAVERFIELD."

CHAPTER LVIII.

Q. *Eliz.*—Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

R. *Rich.*—Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. *Eliz.*—Shall I forget myself to be myself?

SHAKESPEARE.

It wanted one hour to midnight, as Crauford walked slowly to the lonely and humble street where he had appointed his meeting with Glendower. It was a stormy and fearful night. The day had been uncommonly sultry, and as it died away, thick masses of cloud came labouring along the air, which lay heavy and breathless, as if under a spell—as if in those dense and haggard vapours the rider of the storm sat, like an incubus, upon the atmosphere beneath, and paralyzed the motion and wholesomeness of the sleeping winds. And about the hour of twilight, or rather when twilight should have been, instead of its quiet star, from one obscure corner of the heavens flashed a solitary gleam of lightning, lingered a moment,

"And ere a man had power to say, Behold!
The jaws of darkness did devour it up."

But then, as if awakened from a torpor by a signal universally acknowledged, from the courts and quarters of heaven came, blaze after blaze, and peal upon peal, the light and voices of the elements when they walk abroad. The rain fell not: all was dry and arid: the mood of nature seemed not gentle enough for tears; and the lightning, livid and forked, flashed from the sullen and motionless clouds with a deadly fierceness, made trebly perilous by the panting drought and stagnation of the air. The streets were empty and silent, as if the huge city had been doomed and delivered to the wrath of the tempest—and ever and anon the lightnings paused upon the housetops, shook and quivered as if meditating their stroke, and then, baffled, as it were, by some superior and guardian agency, vanished into their gloomy tents, and made their next descent from some opposite corner of the skies.

It was a remarkable instance of the force with which a cherished object occupies the thoughts, and of the all-sufficiency of the human mind to itself, the slowness and unconsciousness of danger with which Crauford, a man luxurious as well as naturally timid, moved amid the angry fires of heaven, and brooded, undisturbed and sullenly serene, over the project at his heart.

"A rare night for our meeting," thought he, "I suppose he will not fail me. Now let me con over my task. I must not tell him all yet. Such babes must be led into error before they can walk—just a little inkling will suffice—a glimpse into the arcana of my scheme. Well, it is indeed fortunate that I met him, for verily I am surrounded with danger, and a very little delay in the assistance I am forced to seek might exalt me to a higher elevation than the peerage."

Such was the meditation of this man, as with a slow, shuffling walk, characteristic of his mind, he proceeded to the appointed spot.

A cessation of unusual length in the series of the lightnings, and the consequent darkness, against which the dull and scanty lamps vainly struggled, prevented Crauford and another figure, approaching from the opposite quarter, seeing each other till they almost touched.—Crauford stopped abruptly.

"Is it you?" said he.

"It is a man who has outlived fortune!" answered Glendower, in the exaggerated and metaphorical language which the thoughts of men who imagine warmly, and are excited powerfully, so often assume.

"Then," rejoined Crauford, "you are the more suited for my purpose. A little urging of necessity behind is a marvellous whetter of the appetite to danger before.—He! he!" And as he said this, his low, chuckling laugh jarringly enough contrasted with the character of the night and his companion.

Glendower replied not: a pause ensued; and the lightning, which, spreading on a sudden from east to west, hung over the city—a burning and ghastly canopy—showed the face of each to the other, working, and almost haggard, as it was, with the conception of dark thoughts, and rendered wan and unearthly by the spectral light in which it was beheld.—"It is an awful night!" said Glendower.

"True," answered Crauford—"a very awful

night; but we are all safe under the care of Providence.—Jesus! what a flash!—Think you it is a favourable opportunity for our conversation?"

"Why not?" said Glendower; "what have the thunders and wrath of Heaven to do with us?"

"H—e—m! h—e—m! God sees all things," rejoined Crauford, "and avenges himself of the guilty by his storms!"

"Ay; but those are the storms of the heart! I tell you that even the innocent may have that within to which the loudest tempests without are peace! But guilt, you say—what have we to do with guilt?"

Crauford hesitated, and, avoiding any reply to this question, drew Glendower's arm within his own, and, in a low half-whispered tone, said—

"Glendower, survey mankind; look with a passionless and unprejudiced eye upon the scene which moves around us: what do you see anywhere but the same reacted and eternal law of nature—all, all preying upon each other? Or if there be a solitary individual who refrains, he is as a man without a common badge, without a marriage garment, and the rest trample him under foot! Glendower, you are such a man! Now harken, I will deceive you not; I honour you too much to beguile you, even to your own good. I own to you, fairly and at once, that in the scheme I shall unfold to you, there may be something repugnant to the factitious and theoretical principles of education—something hostile to the prejudices, though not to the reasonings, of the mind; but—"

"Hold!" said Glendower, abruptly, pausing and fixing his bold and searching eye upon the tempter; "hold!—there will be no need of argument or refinement in this case: tell me at once your scheme, and at once I will accept or reject it!"

"Gently," answered Crauford: "to all deeds of contract there is a preamble. Listen to me yet farther: when I have ceased, I will listen to you. It is in vain that you place man in cities—it is in vain that you fetter him with laws—it is in vain that you pour into his mind the light of an imperfect morality, of a glimmering wisdom, of an intellectual religion: in all places he is the same—the same savage and crafty being, who makes the passions which rule himself the tools of his conquest over others! There is in all creation but one evident law—self-preservation! Split it as you like into hairbreadths and atoms, it is still fundamentally and essentially unaltered. Glendower, that self-preservation is our bond now. Of myself I do not at present speak—I refer only to you: self-preservation commands you to place implicit confidence in me; it impels you to abjure indigence, by accepting the proposal I am about to make to you."

"You, as yet, speak enigmas," said Glendower: "but they are sufficiently clear to tell me their sense is not such as I have heard you utter."

"You are right. Truth is not always safe—safe either to others, or to ourselves! But I bare open to you now my real heart: look in it—I dare to say that you will behold charity, benevolence, piety to God, love and friendship at this moment to yourself; but I own, also, that you will behold there a determination—which, to me, seems courage—not to be the only idle being in the world, where all are busy; or worse still, to be the only one engaged in a perilous and uncertain game, and yet shunning to employ all the arts of which he is master. I will own to you that, long since, had I

been foolishly inert, I should have been, at this moment, more penniless and destitute than yourself. I live happy, respected, wealthy! I enjoy in their widest range the blessings of life. I dispense those blessings to others. Look round the world—whose name stands fairer than mine? whose hand relieves more of human distresses? whose tongue preaches purer doctrines? None, Glendower, none. I offer to you means not dissimilar to those I have chosen—fortunes not unequal to those I possess. Nothing but the most unjustifiable fastidiousness will make you hesitate to accept my offer."

"You cannot expect that I have met you this night with a resolution to be unjustifiably fastidious," said Glendower, with a hollow and cold smile.

Crauford did not immediately answer, for he was considering whether it was yet the time for disclosing the important secret. While he was deliberating, the sullen clouds began to break from their suspense. A double darkness gathered around, and a few large drops fell on the ground in token of a more general discharge about to follow from the floodgates of heaven. The two men moved onward, and took shelter under an old arch.

Crauford first broke silence. "Hist," said he—"hist—do you hear any thing?"

"Yes! I heard the winds and the rain, and the shaking houses, and the plashing pavements, and the reeking housetops—nothing more."

Looking long and anxiously around to certify himself that none was indeed the witness of their conference, Crauford approached close to Glendower, and laid his hand heavily upon his arm. At that moment a vivid and lengthened flash of lightning shot through the ruined arch, and gave to Crauford's countenance a lustre which Glendower almost started to behold. The face, usually so smooth, calm, bright in complexion, and almost inexpressive from its extreme composure, now agitated by the excitement of the moment, and tinged by the ghastly light of the skies, became literally fearful. The cold blue eye glared out from its socket—the lips blanched, and parting in act to speak, showed the white glistening teeth; and the corners of the mouth, drawn down in a half sneer, gave to the cheeks, rendered green and livid by the lightning, a lean and hollow appearance, contrary to their natural shape.

"It is," said Crauford, in a whispered but distinct tone, "a perilous secret that I am about to disclose to you. I, indeed, have no concern in it, but my lords the judges have and you will not therefore be surprised if I forestall the ceremonies of their court, and require an oath."

Then, his manner and voice suddenly changing into an earnest and deep solemnity, as excitement gave him an eloquence more impressive, because unnatural to his ordinary moments, he continued; "By these lightnings and commotions above—by the heavens in which they revel in their terrible sports—by the earth, whose towers they crumble, and herbs they blight, and creatures they blast into cinders at their will—by Him whom, whatever be the name he bears, all men in the living world worship and tremble before—by whatever is sacred in this great and mysterious universe, and at the peril of whatever can wither, and destroy, and curse—swear to preserve inviolable and for ever the secret I shall whisper to your ear!"

The profound darkness which now, in the pause of the lightning, wrapt the scene, hid from Crauford all sight of the effect he had produced, and even the very outline of Glendower's figure: but the gloom made more distinct the voice which thrilled through it upon Crauford's ear.

"Promise me that there is not dishonour, nor crime, which is dishonour, in this confidence, and I swear."

Crauford ground his teeth. He was about to reply impetuously, but he checked himself. "I am not going," thought he, "to communicate my own share of this plot, but merely to state that a plot does exist, and then to point out in what manner he can profit by it—so far, therefore, there is no guilt in his concealment, and, consequently, no excuse for him to break his vow."

Rapidly running over this self-argument, he said aloud—"I promise!"

"And," rejoined Glendower, "I swear!"

At the close of this sentence another flash of lightning again made darkness visible, and Glendower, beholding the countenance of his companion, again recoiled; for its mingled haggardness and triumph seemed to his excited imagination the very expression of a fiend!—"Now," said Crauford, relapsing into his usual careless tone, somewhat enlivened by his sneer, "now, then, you must not interrupt me in my disclosure, by those starts and exclamations which break from your philosophy like sparks from flint. Hear me throughout."

And, bending down, till his mouth reached Glendower's ear, he commenced his recital. Artfully hiding his own agency, the master-spring of the gigantic machinery of fraud, which, too mighty for a single hand, required an assistant,—throwing into obscurity the sin, while, knowing the undaunted courage and desperate fortunes of the man, he did not affect to conceal the danger—expatiating upon the advantages, the immense and almost inexhaustible resources of wealth which his scheme suddenly opened upon one in the deepest abyss of poverty, and slightly sketching, as if to excite vanity, the ingenuity and genius by which the scheme originated, and could only be sustained—Crauford's detail of temptation, in its knowledge of human nature, in its adaptation of act to principles, in its weblike craft of self-concealment, and the speciousness of its lure, was indeed a splendid masterpiece of villanous invention.

But while Glendower listened, and his silence flattered Crauford's belief of victory, not for one single moment did a weak or yielding desire creep around his heart. Subtly as the scheme was varnished, and scarce a tithe of its comprehensive enormity unfolded, the strong and acute mind of one long accustomed to unravel sophistry and gaze on the loveliness of truth, saw at once that the scheme proposed was of the most unmingled treachery and baseness. Sick, chilled, withering at heart, Glendower leant against the damp wall; as every word, which the tempter fondly imagined was irresistibly confirming his purpose, tore away the last prop to which, in the credulity of hope, the student had clung, and mocked while it crushed the fondness of his belief.

Crauford ceased, and stretched forth his hand to grasp Glendower's. He felt it not.—"You do not speak, my friend," said he; "do you deliberate, or have you not decided?" Still no answer came

Surprised, and half alarmed, he turned round, and perceived, by a momentary flash of lightning, that Glendower had risen, and was moving away toward the mouth of the arch.

"Good heavens! Glendower," cried Crauford, "where are you going?"

"Anywhere," cried Glendower, in a sudden paroxysm of indignant passion, "anywhere in this great globe of suffering, so that the agonies of my human flesh and heart are not polluted by the accents of crime! And such crime!—Why, I would rather go forth into the highways, and win bread by the sharp knife, and the death struggle, than sink my soul in such mire and filthiness of sin. Fraud—fraud—treachery! Merciful Father! what can be my state, when these are supposed to tempt me!"

Astonished and aghast, Crauford remained rooted to the spot.

"Q!" continued Glendower—and his noble nature was wrung to the utmost; "O, man—man! that I should have devoted my best and freshest years to the dream of serving thee! In my boyish enthusiasm, in my brief day of pleasure and of power, in the intoxication of love, in the reverse of fortune, in the squalid and obscure chambers of degradation and poverty, that one hope animated, cheered, sustained me through all! In temptation did this hand belie, or in sickness did this brain forego, or in misery did this heart forget, thy great and advancing cause? In the wide world, is there one being whom I have injured, even in thought—one being who, in the fellowship of want, should not have drunk of my cup, or broken with me the last morsel of my bread!—and now—now, is it come to this!"

And hiding his face with his hands, he gave way to a violence of feeling, before which the weaker nature of Crauford stood trembling and abashed. It lasted not long; he raised his head from its drooping posture, and, as he stood at the entrance of the arch, a prolonged flash from the inconstant skies shone full upon his form. Tall, erect, still, the gloomy and ruined walls gave his colourless countenance and haughty stature in bold and distinct relief; all trace of the past passion had vanished: perfectly calm and set, his features borrowed even dignity from their marble paleness, and the marks of suffering, which the last few months had writ in legible characters on the cheek and brow. Seeking out, with an eye to which the intolerable lightnings seemed to have lent something of their fire, the cowering and bended form of his companion, he said—

"Go home, miserable derider of the virtue you cannot understand—go to your luxurious and costly home—go and repine that human nature is not measured by your mangled and crippled laws; amid men, yet more fallen than I am, hope to select your victim—amid prisons, and hovels, and roofless sheds—amid rags and destitution, and wretches made mad by hunger, hope that you may find a villain.—I leave you to that hope, and—to remembrance!"

As Glendower moved away, Crauford recovered himself. Rendered desperate by the vital necessity of procuring some speedy aid in his designs, and not yet perfectly persuaded of the fallacy of his former judgment, he was resolved not to suffer Glendower thus easily to depart. Smothering his feelings by an effort violent even to his habitual

hypocrisy, he sprung forward, and laid his hand upon Glendower's shoulder.

"Stay, stay," said he, in a soothing and soft voice; "you have wronged me greatly. I pardon your warmth—nay, I honour it; but hereafter you will repent your judgment of me. At least, do justice to my intentions. Was I an actor in the scheme proposed to you?—what was it to me! Was I in the smallest degree to be benefited by it! Could I have any other motive than affection for you? If I erred, it was from a different view of the question; but is it not the duty of a friend to find expedients for distress, and to leave to the distressed person the right of accepting or rejecting them? But let this drop for ever—partake of my fortune—be my adopted brother. Here, I have hundreds about me at this moment; take them all, and own at least that I meant you well."

Feeling that Glendower, who at first had vainly endeavoured to shake off his hand, now turned toward him, though at the moment it was too dark to see his countenance, the wily speaker continued, "Yes, Glendower, if by that name I must alone address you, take all I have—there is no one in this world dearer to me than you are. I am a lonely and disappointed man, without children or ties. I sought out a friend who might be my brother in life, and my heir in death. I found you—be that to me!"

"I am faint and weak," said Glendower, slowly, "and I believe my senses cannot be clear; but a minute since, and you spoke at length, and with a terrible distinctness, words which it polluted my very ear to catch, and *now* you speak as if you loved me. Will it please you to solve the riddle?"

"The truth is this," said Crauford: "I knew your pride—I feared you would not accept a permanent pecuniary aid, even from friendship. I was driven therefore, to devise some plan of independence for you: I could think of no plan but that which I proposed. You speak of it as wicked: it may be so; but it seemed not wicked to me. I may have formed a wrong—I own it is a peculiar-system of morals; but it is, at least, sincere. Judging of my proposal by that system, I saw no sin in it. I saw, too, much less danger than, in the honesty of my heart, I spoke of. In a similar distress, I solemnly swear, I myself would have adopted a similar relief. Nor is this all; the plan proposed would have placed thousands in your power. Forgive me if I thought your life, and the lives of those most dear to you, of greater value than these sums to the persons defrauded—ay—defrauded, if you will: forgive me if I thought that with these thousands you would effect far more good—to the community than their legitimate owners. Upon these grounds, and on some others, too tedious now to state, I justified my proposal to my conscience. Pardon me, I again beseech you: accept my last proposal; be my partner, my friend, my heir; and forget a scheme never proposed to you, if I had hoped (what I hope now) that you would accept the alternative which it is my pride to offer, and which you are not justified, even by pride, to refuse."

"Great Source of all knowledge!" ejaculated Glendower, scarce audibly, and to himself. "Supreme and unfathomable God!—dost thou most loathe or pity thine abased creatures, walking in their dim reason upon this little earth, and sanc-

tioning fraud, treachery, crime, upon a principle borrowed from thy laws! O! when—when will thy full light of wisdom travel down to us, and guilt and sorrow, and this world's evil mysteries, roll away like vapours before the blaze!"

"I do not hear you my friend," said Crauford. "Speak aloud; you will—I feel you will, accept my offer, and become my brother!"

"Away!" said Glendower. "I will not."

"He wanders—his brain is touched!" muttered Crauford, and then resumed aloud—"Glendower, we are both unfit for talk at present—both unstrung by our late jar. You will meet me again to-morrow, perhaps! I will accompany you now to your door."

"Not a step: our paths are different."

"Well, well, if you will have it so, be it as you please. I have offended; you have a right to punish me, and play the churl to-night; but your address?"

"Yonder," said Glendower, pointing to the heavens. "Come to me a month hence, and you will find me there!"

"Nay, nay, my friend, your brain is heated, but you leave me! Well, as I said, your will is mine; at least take some of these paltry notes in earnest of our bargain; remember when next we meet you will share all I have."

"You remind me," said Glendower, quietly, "that we have old debts to settle. When last I saw you, you lent me a certain sum—there it is—take it—count it—there is but one poor guinea gone. Fear not—even to the uttermost farthing you shall be repaid."

"Why, why, this is unkind, ungenerous. Stay, stay,"—but waving his hand impatiently, Glendower darted away, and passing into another street, the darkness effectually closed upon his steps.

"Fool, fool that I am," cried Crauford, stamping vehemently on the ground—"in what point did my wit fail me, that I could not win one whom very hunger had driven into my net? But I must yet find him—and I will—the police shall be set to work: these half confidences may ruin me. And how deceitful he has proved—to talk more diffidently than a whining harlot upon virtue, and yet be so stubborn upon trial! Dastard that I am too, as well as fool—I felt sunk into the dust by his voice. But pooh, I must have him yet; your worst villains make the most noise about the first step. True, that I cannot storm, but I will undermine. But, wretch that I am, I must win him or another soon, or I perish on a gibbet—Out, base thought!"

CHAPTER LIX.

Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, et tanquam faciem honesti vides: quæ, si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientie. TULL.

It was almost dawn when Glendower returned to his home. Fearful of disturbing his wife, he stole with mute steps to the damp and rugged chamber, where the last son of a princely line, and the legitimate owner of lands and halls which ducal rank might have envied, held his miserable asylum. The first faint streaks of coming light broke through the shutterless and shattered win-

dows, and he saw that *she* reclined in a deep sleep upon the chair beside their child's couch. She would not go to bed herself till Glendower returned, and she had sat up, watching and praying, and listening for his footsteps, till, in the utter exhaustion of debility and sickness, sleep had fallen upon her. Glendower bent over her.

"Sleep," said he, "sleep on! The wicked do not come to thee now. Thou art in a world that has no fellowship with this—a world from which even happiness is not banished! Nor wo, nor pain, nor memory of the past, nor despair of all before thee, make the characters of thy present state! Thou forestallest the forgetfulness of the grave, and thy heart concentrates all earth's comfort in one word—'Oblivion.' Beautiful, *how* beautiful thou art even yet!—that smile, that momentary blush, years have not conquered *them*. They are as when, my young bride, thou didst lean first upon my bosom, and dream that sorrow was no more! And I have brought thee unto this. These green walls make thy bridal chamber—yon fragments of bread thy bridal board. Well! it is no matter! thou art on thy way to a land, where all things, even a breaking heart, are at rest. I weep not; wherefore should I weep! Tears are not for the dead, but their survivors. I would rather see thee drop inch by inch into the grave, and smile as I beheld it, than save thee for an inheritance of sin. What is there in this little and sordid life, that we should strive to hold it? What in this dreadful dream, that we should fear to wake?"

And Glendower knelt beside his wife, and despite his words, tears flowed fast and gushingly down his cheeks; and wearied as he was, he watched upon her slumbers, till they fell from the eyes to which his presence was more joyous than the day.

It was a beautiful thing, even in sorrow, to see that couple, whom want could not debase, nor misfortune, which makes even generosity selfish, divorce! All that fate had stripped from the poetry and graces of life, had not shaken one leaf from the romance of their green and unwithered affections! They were the very type of love in its holiest and most enduring shape: their hearts had grown together—their being had flowed through caves and deserts, and reflected the storms of an angry heaven; but its waters had indissolubly mingled into one! Young, gifted, noble, and devoted, they were worthy victims of this blighting and bitter world! Their garden was turned into a wilderness; but, like our first parents, it was hand in hand that they took their solitary way! Evil beset them, but they swerved not; the rains and the winds fell upon their unsheltered heads, but they were not bowed; and through the mazes and briers of this weary life, their bleeding footsteps strayed not, *for they had a clue!* The mind seemed, as it were, to become visible and *external* as the frame decayed, and to cover the body with something of its own invulnerable power; so that whatever should have attacked the mortal and frail part, fell upon that which, imperishable and divine, resisted and subdued it!

It was unfortunate for Glendower that he never again met Wolfe; for neither fanaticism of political faith, nor sternness of natural temper, subdued in the republican the real benevolence and generosity which redeemed and elevated his character:

nor could any impulse of party zeal have induced him, like Crauford, systematically to take advantage of poverty in order to tempt to participation in his schemes.—From a more evil companion Glendower had not yet escaped: Crauford, by some means or other, found out his abode, and lost no time in availing himself of the discovery. In order fully to comprehend his unwearied persecution of Glendower, it must constantly be remembered, that to this persecution he was bound by a necessity which, urgent, dark, and implicating life itself, rendered him callous to every obstacle, and unsusceptible of all remorse. With the exquisite tact which he possessed, he never openly recurred to his former proposal of fraud: he contented himself with endeavouring to persuade Glendower to accept pecuniary assistance; but in vain. The veil once torn from his character no craft could restore. Through all his pretences, and sevenfold hypocrisy, Glendower penetrated at once into his real motives: he was not to be duped by assurances of friendship which he knew the very dissimilarities between their natures rendered impossible. He had seen at the first, despite of all allegations to the contrary, that, in the fraud Crauford had proposed, that person could by no means be an uninfluenced and cold adviser. In after conversations, Crauford, driven, by the awful interest he had in success, from his usual consummateness of duplicity, betrayed in various important minutiae how deeply he was implicated in the crime for which he had argued; and not even the visible and progressive decay of his wife and child could force the stern mind of Glendower into accepting those wages of iniquity which he knew well were only offered as an earnest or a snare.

There is a majesty about extreme misery, when the mind falls not with the fortunes, which no hardihood of vice can violate unabashed. Often and often, humbled and defeated, through all his dissimulation, was Crauford driven from the presence of the man whom it was his bitterest punishment to fear most when most he affected to despise; and as often, recollecting his powers, and fortifying himself in his experience of human frailty when sufficiently tried, did he return to his attempts. He waylaid the door and watched the paths of his intended prey. He knew that the mind which even best repels temptation first urged, hath seldom power to resist the same suggestion, if daily,—dropping,—unwearying,—presenting itself in every form,—obtruded in every hour,—losing its horror by custom,—and finding in the rebellious bosom itself its smoothest vizard and most alluring excuse. And it was, indeed, a mighty and perilous trial to Glendower, when rushing from the presence of his wife and child—when fainting under accumulated evils—when almost delirious with sickening and heated thought, to hear at each prompting of the wrung and excited nature, each heave of the black fountain that in no mortal breast is utterly exhausted, one smooth, soft, persuasive voice for ever whispering, “Relief!”—relief, certain, utter, instantaneous!—the voice of one pledged never to relax an effort or spare a pang, by a danger to himself, a danger of shame and death—the voice of one who never spake but in friendship and compassion, profound in craft, and a very sage in the disguises with which language invests deeds.

But *virtus* has resources buried in itself, which we know not till the invading hour calls

them from their retreats. Surrounded by hosts without, and when nature itself, turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within; it assumes a new and a superhuman power, which is greater than nature itself. Whatever be its creed—whatever be its sect—from whatever segment of the globe its orisons arise, virtue is God’s empire, and from his throne of thrones he will defend it. Though cast into the distant earth, and struggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it—the banners of archangels are on its side; and from sphere to sphere, through the illimitable ether, and round the impenetrable darkness at the feet of God, its triumph is hymned by harps, which are strung to the glories of the Creator!

One evening, when Crauford had joined Glendower on his solitary wanderings, the dissembler renewed his attacks.

“But why not,” said he, “accept from my friendship what to my benevolence you would deny? I couple with my offers, my prayers rather, no conditions. How then *do* you, *can* you reconcile it to your conscience, to suffer your wife and child to perish before your eyes?”

“Man—man,” said Glendower, “tempt me no more—let them die! At present, the worst is death—what you offer me is dishonour.”

“Heavens!—how uncharitable is this! Can you call the mere act of accepting money from one who loves you, dishonour?”

“It is in vain that you varnish your designs,” said Glendower, stopping, and fixing his eyes upon him. “Do you not think that cunning ever betrays itself? In a thousand words—in a thousand looks, which have escaped *you*, but not *me*, I know that, if there be one being on this earth whom you hate, and would injure, that being is myself. Nay, start not—listen to me patiently. I have sworn that it is the last opportunity you shall have. I will not subject myself to farther temptation: I am now sane; but there are things which may drive me mad, and in madness you might conquer. You hate me: it is out of the nature of earthly things that you should not. But even were it otherwise, do you think that I could believe you would come from your voluptuous home to these miserable retreats; that, among the lairs of beggary and theft, you would lie in wait to allure me to forsake poverty, without a stronger motive than love for one who affects it not for you? I know you—I have read your heart—I have penetrated into that stronger motive—it is your own safety. In the system of atrocity you proposed to me, you are the principal. You have already bared to me enough of the extent to which that system reaches, to convince me that one miscreant, however ingenious, cannot, unassisted, support it with impunity. You want help: I am he in whom you have dared believe that you could find it. You are detected—now be undeceived!”

“Is it so?” said Crauford; and as he saw that it was no longer possible to feign, the poison of his heart broke forth in its full venom. The fiend rose from the reptile, and stood exposed in its natural shape. Returning Glendower’s stern but lofty gaze with an eye to which all evil passions lent their unholy fire, he repeated, “Is it so?—then you are more penetrating than I thought; but it is indifferent to me. It was for your sake, not mine,

most righteous man, that I wished you might have a disguise to satisfy the modesty of your punctilious. It is all one to Richard Crauford whether you go blindfold or with open eyes into his snare. Go you must, and *shall*. Ay, frowns will not awe me. You have desired the truth; you shall have it. You are right, I hate you—hate you with a soul whose force of hatred you cannot dream of. Your pride, your stubbornness, your coldness of heart, which things that would stir the blood of beggars cannot warm—your icy and passionless virtue—I hate—I hate all! You are right also, most wise inquisitor, in supposing that in the scheme proposed to you, I am the principal—I am! You were to be the tool, and *shall*. I have offered you mild inducements—pleas to soothe the technicalities of your conscience—you have rejected them—be it so. Now choose between my first offer and the gibbet. Ay, the gibbet! That night on which we made the appointment, which shall not yet be in vain—on that night you stopped me in the street—you demanded money—you robbed me—I will swear—I will prove it. Now, then, tremble, man of morality—dupe of your own strength—you are in my power—tremble! Yet in *my* safety is your escape—I am generous. I repeat my original offer—wealth, as great as you will demand, or—the gibbet—the gibbet—do I speak loud enough?—do you hear?”

“Poor fool!” said Glendower, laughing scornfully, and moving away. But when Crauford, partly in mockery, partly in menace, placed his hand upon Glendower’s shoulder, as if to stop him, the touch seemed to change his mood from scorn to fury—turning abruptly round, he seized the villain’s throat with a giant’s strength, and cried out, while his whole countenance worked beneath the tempestuous wrath within, “What if I squeeze out thy poisonous life from thee this moment!”—and then once more bursting into a withering laughter, as he surveyed the terror which he had excited, he added, “no, no; thou art too vile!”—and, dashing the hypocrite against the wall of a neighbouring house, he strode away.

Recovering himself slowly, and trembling with rage and fear, Crauford gazed round, expecting yet to find he had sported too far with the passions he had sought to control. When, however, he had fully satisfied himself that Glendower was gone, all his wrathful and angry feelings returned with redoubled force. But their most biting torture was the consciousness of their impotence. For after the first paroxysm of rage had subsided, he saw too clearly, that his threat could not be executed without incurring the most imminent danger of discovery. High as his character stood, it was possible that no charge against him might excite suspicion; but a word might cause inquiry—and inquiry would be ruin. Forced, therefore, to stomach his failure, his indignation, his shame, his hatred, and his vengeance, his own heart became a punishment almost adequate to his vices.

“But my foe will die,” said he, clenching his fist so firmly that the nails almost brought blood from the palm: “he will starve, famish; and see them—his wife, his child—perish first! I shall have my triumph, though I shall not witness it! But now, away to my villa: there, at least, will be some one whom I can mock, and beat, and trample, if I will! *Would—would—would that I were that very man, destitute as he is!* His neck, at

least, is safe: if he dies, it will not lie upon the gallows, nor among the hootings of the mob! O, horror! horror! What are my villa, my wine, my women, with that black thought, ever following me like a shadow? Who—who, while an avalanche is sailing over him, who would sit down to feast?”

Leaving this man to strun or be overtaken by fate, we return to Glendower. It is needless to say that Crauford visited him no more; and, indeed, shortly afterward Glendower again changed his home. But every day and every hour brought new strength to the disease which was creeping and burning through the veins of the devoted wife; and Glendower, who saw, on earth, nothing before them but a jail, from which, as yet, they had been miraculously delivered, repined not as he beheld her approach to a gentler and benigner home. Often he sat, as she was bending over their child, and gazed upon her cheek with an insane and fearful joy at the characters which consumption had there engraved; but when she turned toward him her fond eyes, (those deep wells of love, in which truth lay hid, and which neither languor nor disease could exhaust,) the unnatural hardness of his heart melted away, and he would rush from the house, to give vent to an agony against which fortitude and manhood were in vain!

There was no hope for their distress. His wife had, unknown to Glendower, (for she dreaded his pride,) written several times to a relation, who, though distant, was still the nearest in blood which fate had spared her, but ineffectually; the actions of a large and illegitimate family, which surrounded him, utterly prevented the success, and generally interrupted the application, of any claimant on his riches but themselves. Glendower, whose temper had ever kept him aloof from all but the commonest acquaintances, knew no human being to apply to. Deprived by birth of the coarser refuges of poverty, and utterly unable to avail himself of the mine which his knowledge and talents should have proved—sick, and despondent at heart, and debarred by the loftiness of honour, or rather principle that nothing could quell, from any unlawful means of earning bread, which to most minds would have been rendered excusable by the urgency of nature, Glendower marked the days drag on in dull and protracted despair, and envied every corpse that he saw borne to the asylum in which all earth’s hopes seemed centred and confined!

CHAPTER LX.

For ours was not like earthly love;
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still when death itself is past.

* * * * *

Hush’d were his Gertrude’s lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem’d to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart, no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt.

CAMPBELL.

“I wonder,” said Mr. Brown to himself, as he spurred his shaggy pony to a speed very unusual to the steady habits of either party—“I wonder where I shall find him. I would not for the late Lady Waddilove’s best diamond cross have any

body forestall me in the news. To think of my young master dying so soon after my last visit, or rather my last visit but one—and to think of the old gentleman taking on so, and raving about his injustice to the rightful possessor, and saying that he is justly punished, and asking me so eagerly if I could discover the retreat of the late squire, and believing me so implicitly when I undertook to do it, and giving me this letter!" And here Mr. Brown wistfully examined an epistle sealed with black wax, peeping into the corners, which irritated rather than satisfied his curiosity—"I wonder what the old gentleman says in it—I suppose he will, of course, give up the estate and house. Let me see—that long picture gallery, just built, will, at all events, want furnishing. That would be a famous opportunity to get rid of the Indian jars, and the sofas, and the great Turkey carpet. How lucky that I should just have come in time to get the letter. But let me consider how I shall find him out—an advertisement in the paper! Ah! that's the plan. 'Algernon Mordaunt, Esq.: something greatly to his advantage—apply to Mr. Brown, &c.' Ah! that will do well, very well. The Turkey carpet won't be quite long enough. I wish I had discovered Mr. Mordaunt's address before, and lent him some money during the young gentleman's life; it would have seemed more generous. However I can offer it now, before I show the letter. Bless me, it's getting dark. Come, Dobbin, go-up!" Such were the lucubrations of the faithful friend of the late Lady Waddilove, as he hastened to London, charged with the task of discovering Mordaunt, and with the delivery of the following epistle:

"You are now, sir, the heir to that property which, some years ago, passed from your hands into mine. My son, for whom alone wealth, or, I may say life, was valuable to me, is no more. I only, an old, childless man, stand between you and the estates of Mordaunt. Do not wait for my death to enjoy them. I cannot live here, where every thing reminds me of my great and irreparable loss. I shall remove next month into another home. Consider this, then, as once more yours. The house, I believe, you will find not disimproved by my alterations; the mortgages on the estate have been paid off; the former rental you will perhaps allow my steward to account to you for, and after my death the present one will be yours. I am informed that you are a proud man, and not likely to receive favours. Be it so, sir!—it is not as a favour on your side that I now make you this request—there are circumstances connected with my treaty with your father, which have of late vexed my conscience—and conscience, sir, must be satisfied at any loss. But we shall meet, perhaps, and talk over the past; at present I will not enlarge on it. If you have suffered by me, I am sufficiently punished, and my only hope is to repair your losses. I am, &c.

"H. VAVASOUR MORDAUNT."

Such was the letter, so important to Mordaunt, with which our worthy friend was charged. Bowed to the dust as Vavasour was by the loss of his son, and open to conscience as affliction had made him, he had lived too long for effect, not to be susceptible to its influence, even to the last. Amid all his grief, and it was intense, there were some

whispers of self-exaltation at the thought of the *éclat* which his generosity and abdication would excite; and, with true worldly morality, the hoped for plaudits of others gave a triumph, rather than humiliation, to his reconciliation with himself.

To say truth, there were indeed circumstances connected with his treaty with Mordaunt's father, calculated to vex his conscience. He knew that he had not only taken great advantage of Mr. Mordaunt's distress, but that, at his instigation, a paper, which could for ever have prevented Mr. Mordaunt's sale of the property, had been destroyed. These circumstances, during the life of his son, he had endeavoured to forget or to palliate. But grief is the father of remorse; and at the death of that idolized son, the voice at his heart grew imperious, and he lost the power, in losing the motive, of reasoning it away.

Mr. Brown's advertisement was unanswered; and, with the zeal and patience of the Christian proselyte's tribe and calling, the good man commenced, in person, a most elaborate and painstaking research. For a long time, his endeavours were so ineffectual, that Mr. Brown, in despair, disposed of the two Indian jars for half their value, and heaved a despondent sigh, whenever he saw the great Turkey carpet rolled up in his warehouse with as much obstinacy as if it never meant to unroll itself again.

At last, however, by dint of indefatigable and minute investigation, he ascertained that the object of his search had resided in London, under a feigned name; from lodging to lodging, and corner to corner, he tracked him, till at length he made himself master of Mordaunt's present retreat. A joyful look did Mr. Brown cast at the great Turkey carpet, as he passed by it, on his way to his street door, on the morning of his intended visit to Mordaunt. "It is a fine thing to have a good heart," said he, in the true style of Sir Christopher Findlater, and he again eyed the Turkey carpet. "I really feel quite happy at the thought of the pleasure I shall give!"

After a walk through as many obscure and filthy *wynds*, and lanes, and alleys, and courts, as ever were threaded by some humble fugitive from justice, the patient Morris came to a sort of court, situated among the miserable hovels in the vicinity of the Tower. He paused, wonderingly, at a dwelling in which every window was broken, and where the tiles, torn from the roof, lay scattered in forlorn confusion beside the door; where the dingy bricks looked crumbling away, from very age and rottenness, and the fabric, which was of great antiquity, seemed so rocking and infirm, that the eye looked upon its distorted and overhanging position with a sensation of pain and dread; where the very rats had deserted their loathsome cells, from the insecurity of their tenure, and the ragged mothers of the abject neighbourhood forbade their brawling children to wander under the threatening walls, lest they should keep the promise of their mouldering aspect, and, falling, bare to the obstructed and sickly day the secrets of their prison house. Girt with the foul and reeking lairs of that extreme destitution which necessity urges irresistibly into guilt, and excluded, by filthy alleys, and an eternal atmosphere of smoke and rank vapour, from the blessed sun and the pure air of heaven, the miserable mansion seemed set apart for every disease to couch within—too perilous even for the hunted

criminal—too dreary even for the beggar to prefer it to the bare hedge, or the inhospitable porch, beneath whose mockery of shelter the frosts of winter had so often numbed him into sleep.

Thrice did the heavy and silver-headed cane of Mr. Brown resound upon the door, over which was a curious carving of a lion dormant, and a date, of which only the two numbers 15 were discernible. Roused by a note so unusual, and an apparition so unwontedly smug as the worthy Morris, a whole legion of dingy and smoke-dried brats came trooping from the surrounding huts, and with many an elvish cry, and strange oath, and cabalistic word, which thrilled the respectable marrow of Mr. Brown, they collected in a gaping, and, to his alarmed eye, a menacing group, as near to the house as their fears and parents would permit them.

"It is very dangerous," thought Mr. Brown, looking shiveringly up at the hanging and tottering roof, "and very appalling," as he turned to the ragged crowd of infant reprobates which began with every moment to increase. At last he summoned courage, and inquired, in a tone half soothing and half dignified, if they could inform him how to obtain admittance, or how to arouse the inhabitants.

An old crone, leaning out of an opposite window with matted hair hanging over a begrimed and shrivelled countenance, made answer. "No one," she said, in her peculiar dialect, which the worthy man scarcely comprehended, "lived there, or had done so for years;" but Brown knew better; and while he was asserting the fact, a girl put her head out of another hovel, and said, that she had sometimes seen, at the dusk of the evening, a man leave the house, but whether any one else lived in it she could not tell. Again Mr. Brown sounded an alarm, but no answer came forth, and in great fear and trembling, he applied violent hands to the door; it required but little force; it gave way; he entered; and, jealous of the entrance of the mob without, reclosed and barred, as well as he was able, the shattered door. The house was *unnaturally* large for the neighbourhood, and Brown was in doubt, whether first to ascend a broken and perilous staircase, or search the rooms below: he decided on the latter; he found no one, and with a misgiving heart, which nothing but the recollection of the great Turkey carpet could have inspired, he ascended the quaking steps. All was silent. But a door was unclosed. He entered, and saw the object of his search before him.

Over a pallet bent a form, on which, though youth seemed withered, and even pride broken, the unconquerable soul left somewhat of grace and of glory, that sustained the beholder's remembrance of better days—a child in its first infancy knelt on the nearest side of the bed, with clasped hands and vacant eyes that turned toward the intruder, and remained riveted on his steps with a listless and lack-lustre gaze. But Glendower, or rather Mordaunt, as he bent over the pallet, spoke not, moved not; his eyes were riveted on one object; his heart seemed turned into stone, and his veins curdled into ice. Awed and chilled by the breathing desolation of the spot, Brown approached, and spoke, he scarcely knew what; the habitual nature of his thoughts, which cast something ludicrous into his words, doubled, as it were, the terror, because it took from the exaggeration

of the scene. "You are," he concluded his address, "the master of Mordaunt Court;" and he placed the letter in the hands of the person he thus greeted.

"Awake, hear me!" cried Algernon, to Isabel, as she lay extended on the couch; and the messenger of glad tidings, for the first time seeing her countenance, shuddered, and knew that he was in the chamber of death.

"Awake, my own, own love! Happy days are in store for us yet: our misery is past; you will live, live to bless me in riches, as you have done in want."

Isabel raised her eyes to his, and a smile, sweet, comforting, and full of love, passed the lips which were about to close for ever. "Thank heaven," she murmured, "for your dear sake. It is pleasant to die now, and *thus*!" and she placed the hand that was clasped in her relaxing and wan fingers, within the bosom which had been, for anguished and hopeless years, his asylum and refuge, and which now, when fortune changed, as if it had only breathed as a comfort for his afflictions, was, for the first time, and for ever to be cold—cold even to him!

"You will live—you will live," cried Mordaunt, in wild and incredulous despair—"in mercy live! You, who have been my angel of hope, do not—O God, O God! do not desert me now!"

But that faithful and loving heart was already deaf to his voice, and the film grew darkening and rapidly over the eye, which still, with undying fondness, sought him out through the shade and agony of death. Sense and consciousness were gone, and dim and confused images whirled round her soul, struggling a little moment before they sunk into the depth and silence where the past lies buried. But still mindful of him, and grasping, as it were, at his remembrance, she clasped, closer and closer, the icy hand which she held, to her breast. "Your hand is cold, dearest—it is cold," said she, faintly, "but I will warm it *here*!"—And so her spirit passed away, and Mordaunt felt afterward, in a lone and surviving pilgrimage, that her last thought had been kindness to him, and her last act had spoken a forgetfulness even of death, in the cares and devotion of love!

CHAPTER LXI.

Change and time take together their flight.

Golden Violet.

ONE evening in autumn, about three years after the date of our last chapter, a stranger on horseback, in deep mourning, dismounted at the door of "the Golden Fleece," in the memorable town of W——. He walked into the tap-room, and asked for a private apartment and accommodation for the night. The landlady, grown considerably plumper than when we first made her acquaintance, just lifted up her eyes to the stranger's face, and summoning a short, stout man, (formerly the waiter, now the second helpmate of the comely hostess,) desired him, in a tone which partook somewhat more of the authority indicative of their former relative situations than of the obedience which should have characterized their present, to "show the gentleman to the Griffin, No. Four."

The stranger smiled as the sound greeted his

ears, and he followed not so much the host as the hostess's spouse into the apartment thus designated. A young lady, who some eight years ago little thought that she should still be in a state of single blessedness, and who always honoured with an attentive eye the stray travellers who, from their youth, loneliness, or that ineffable air which usually designates the unmarried man, might be in the same solitary state of life, turned to the landlady, and said—

"Mother, did you observe what a handsome gentleman that was?"

"No," replied the landlady, "I only observed that he brought no servant."

"I wonder," said the daughter, "if he is in the army!—he has a military air!"

"I suppose he has dined," muttered the landlady to herself, looking towards the larder.

"Have you seen Squire Mordaunt within a short period of time?" said, somewhat abruptly, a little thick-set man, who was enjoying his pipe and negus in a sociable way at the window-seat. The characteristics of this personage were, a spruce wig, a bottle nose, an elevated eyebrow, a snuff-coloured skin and coat, and an air of that consequential self-respect which distinguishes the philosopher who agrees with the French sage; and sees "no reason in the world why a man should not esteem himself."

"No, indeed, Mr. Bossolton," returned the landlady; "but I suppose that, as he is now in the parliament-house, he will live less retired. It is a pity that the inside of that noble old hall of his should not be more seen—and after all the old gentleman's improvements, too! They say that the estate now, since the mortgages were paid off, is above ten thousand pounds a year, clear!"

"And, if I am not induced into an error," rejoined Mr. Bossolton, refilling his pipe, "old Vavasour left a great sum of ready money besides, which must have been an aid, and an assistance, and an advantage, mark me, Mistress Merrylack, to the owner of Mordaunt Hall, that has escaped the calculation of your faculty—and the—and the—faculty of your calculation!"

"You mistake, Mr. Boss," as, in the friendliness of diminutives, Mrs. Merrylack sometimes appellative the grandiloquent practitioner—"you mistake: the old gentleman left all his ready money in two bequests—the one to the college of —, in the university of Cambridge, and the other to an hospital in London. I remember the very words of the will—they ran thus, Mr. Boss:—'And whereas my beloved son, had he lived, would have been a member of the college of —, in the university of Cambridge, which he would have adorned by his genius, learning, youthful virtue, and the various qualities which did equal honour to his head and heart, and would have rendered him alike distinguished as the scholar and the Christian—I do devise and bequeath the sum of thirty-seven thousand pounds sterling, now in the English funds,' &c. &c.; and then follows the manner in which he will have his charity vested and bestowed, and all about the prize which shall be for ever designated and termed 'The Vavasour Prize,' and what shall be the words of the Latin speech which shall be spoken when the said prize be delivered, and a great deal more to that effect; so, then, he passes to the other legacy, of exactly the same sum, to the hospital, usually

called and styled —, in the city of London, and says, 'And whereas we are assured by the Holy Scriptures, which, in those days of blasphemy and sedition, it becomes every true Briton and member of the established church to support, that "charity doth cover a multitude of sins"—so I do give and devise,' &c. &c., 'to be for ever termed in the deeds,' &c. &c., 'of the said hospital, "The Vavasour Charity;" and always provided that, on the anniversary of the day of my death, there be such prayer as shall hereafter, in this my last will, be dictated, for my soul, and a sermon afterward, by a clergyman of the established church, on any text appropriate to the day and deed so commemorated.' But the conclusion is most beautiful, Mr. Bossolton:—'And now, having discharged my duties, to the best of my humble ability, to my God, my king, and my country, and dying in the full belief of the Protestant church, as by law established, I do set my hand and seal,' &c. &c."

"A very pleasing, and charitable, and devout, and virtuous testament or will, Mrs. Merrylack," said Mr. Bossolton; "and in a time when anarchy with gigantic strides does devastate, and devour, and harm the good old customs of our ancestors and forefathers, and tramples, with its poisonous breath, the magna charta, and the glorious revolution, it is beautiful—ay, and sweet—mark you, Mrs. Merrylack, to behold a gentleman of the aristocratic classes, or grades, supporting the institutions of his country with such remarkable energy of sentiments, and with — and with — Mistress Merrylack—with sentiments of such remarkable energy."

"Pray," said the daughter, adjusting her ringlets, by a little glass which hung over the top, "how long has Mr. Mordaunt's lady been dead?"

"O! she died just before the squire came to the property," quoth the mother. "Poor thing—she was so pretty. I am sure I cried for a whole hour when I heard it! I think it was three years last month, when it happened. Old Mr. Vavasour died about two months afterward."

"The afflicted husband," (said Mr. Bossolton, who was the victim of a most fiery Mrs. Boss at home,) "went into foreign lands or parts, or, as it is vulgarly termed, the continent, immediately after an event or occurrence so fatal to the cup of his prosperity, and the sunshine of his enjoyment, did he not, Mrs. Merrylack?"

"He did. And you know, Mr. Boss, he only returned about six months ago."

"And of what borough, or burgh, or town, or city, is he the member and representative?" asked Mr. Jeremiah Bossolton, putting another lump of sugar into his negus. "I have heard, it is true, but my memory is short; and, in the multitude and multifariousness of my professional engagements, I am often led into a forgetfulness of matters less important in their variety, and less—less various in their importance."

"Why," answered Mrs. Merrylack, "somehow or other, I quite forget too; but it is some distant borough. The gentlemen wanted him to stand for the county, but he would not hear of it; perhaps he did not like the publicity of the thing, for he is mighty reserved."

"Proud, haughty, arrogant, and assumptions!" said Mr. Bossolton, with a puff of unusual length.

"Nay, nay," said the daughter, (young people are always the first to defend,) "I'm sure he's not

proud—he does a mort of good, and has the sweetest smile possible! I wonder if he'll marry again! He is very young yet, not above two or three-and-thirty." (The kind damsel would not have thought, two or three-and-thirty very young some years ago; but we grow wonderfully indulgent to the age of other people as we grow older ourselves!)

"And what an eye he has!" said the landlady. "Well, for my part—but, bless me. Here, John—John—John—waiter—husband, I mean—here's a carriage and four at the door. Lizzy, dear, is my cap right?"

And mother, daughter, and husband, all flocked, charged with simper, courtesy, and bow, to receive their expected guests. With a disappointment, which we who keep not inns can but very imperfectly conceive, the trio beheld a single personage—a valet—descend from the box, open the carriage door, and take out—a desk!—Of all things human, male or female, the said carriage was utterly empty.

The valet bustled up to the landlady: "My master's here, ma'am, I think—rode on before?"

"And who is your master?" asked Mrs. Merrylack—a thrill of alarm, and the thought of No. Four, coming across her at the same time.

"Who!" said the valet, rubbing his hands; "who!—why, Clarence Talbot Linden, Esq., of Scarsdale Park, county of York, late secretary of legation at the court of —, now M. P., and one of his majesty's under secretaries of state."

"Mercy upon us!" cried the astounded landlady, "and No. Four! only think of it. Run, John—John—run—light a fire (the night's cold, I think)—in the Elephant, No. Sixteen—beg the gentleman's pardon—say it was occupied till now; ask what he'll have for dinner—fish, flesh, fowl, steaks, joints, chops, tarts—or, if it's too late, (but it's quite early yet—you may put back the day an hour or so,) ask what he'll have for supper—run, John, run:—what's the oaf staying for—run, I tell you!—Pray, sir, walk in, (to the valet, our old friend Mr. Harrison)—you'll be hungry after your journey, I think; no ceremony, I beg."

"He's not so handsome as his master," said Miss Elizabeth, glancing at Harrison discontentedly—"but he does not look like a married man; somehow. I'll just step up stairs, and change my cap; it would be but civil if the gentleman's gentleman sups with us."

Meanwhile Clarence, having been left alone in the quiet enjoyment of No. Four, had examined the little apartment with an interest not altogether unmingled with painful reflections. There are few persons, however fortunate, who can look back to eight years of their life, and not feel somewhat of disappointment in the retrospect: few persons, whose fortunes the world envy, to whom the token of past time, suddenly obtruded on their remembrance, does not awaken hopes destroyed, and wishes deceived, which that world has never known. We tell our triumphs to the crowd, but our own hearts are the sole confidants of our sorrows. "Twice," said Clarence to himself, "twice before have I been in this humble room; the first was when, at the age of eighteen, I was just launched into the world—a vessel which had for its only hope the motto of the chivalrous Sidney,

'Aut viam, inveniam aut faciam; yet, humble and nameless as I was, how well I can

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recall the exaggerated ambition, nay, the certainty of success, as well as its desire, which then burnt within me. I smile now at the overweening vanity of those hopes—some, indeed, realized, but how many nipped and withered for ever! seeds, of which a few fell upon rich ground, and prospered, but of which how far the greater number were scattered, some upon the wayside, and were devoured by immediate cares; some on stony places, and when the sun of manhood was up, they were scorched, and because they had no root, withered away; and some among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked them. I am now rich, honoured, high in the favour of courts, and not altogether unknown or unesteemed *arbitrio popularis auræ*: and yet I almost think I was happier when, in that flush of youth and inexperience, I looked forth into the wide world, and imagined that from every corner would spring up a triumph for my vanity, or an object for my affections. The next time I stood in this little spot, I was no longer the dependant of a precarious charity, or the idle adventurer, who had no stepping-stone but his ambition. I was then just declared the heir of wealth, which I could not rationally have hoped for five years before, and which was in itself sufficient to satisfy the aspirations of ordinary men. But I was corroded with anxieties for the object of my love, and regret for the friend whom I had lost: perhaps the eagerness of my heart for the one rendered me, for the moment, too little mindful of the other; but, in after years, memory took ample atonement for that temporary suspension of her duties. How often have I recalled, in this world of cold ties and false hearts, that true and generous friend, from whose lessons my mind took improvement, and from whose warnings, example; who was to me, living, a father, and from whose generosity, whatever worldly advantages I have enjoyed, or distinctions I have gained, are derived! Then I was going with a torn, yet credulous, heart, to pour forth my secret and my passion to her, and within one little week thence, how shipwrecked of all hope, object, and future happiness I was! Perhaps, at that time, I did not sufficiently consider the excusable cautions of the world—I should not have taken such umbrage at her father's letter—I should have revealed to him my birth, and accession of fortune—nor bartered the truth of certain happiness for the trials and manœuvres of romance. But it is too late to repent now. By this time my image must be wholly obliterated from her heart:—she has seen me in the crowd, and passed me coldly by—her cheek is pale, but not for me; and in a little—little while—she will be another's; and lost to me for ever! Yet have I never forgotten her through change or time—the hard and harsh projects of ambition—the labours of business, or the engrossing schemes of political intrigue. Never!—but this is a vain and foolish subject of reflection now."

And not the less reflecting upon it for that sage and veracious recollection, Clarence turned from the window, against which he had been leaning, and drawing one of the four chairs to the solitary table, he sat down, moody and disconsolate, and leaning his face upon his hands, pursued the confused, yet not disconnected, thread of his meditations.

The door abruptly opened, and Mr. Merrylack appeared.

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"Dear me, sir!" cried he, "a thousand pities you should have been put here, sir! Pray step up stairs, sir; the front drawing-room is just vacant, sir; what will you please to have for dinner, sir?" &c. &c., according to the instructions of his wife. To Mr. Merrylack's great dismay, Clarence, however, resolutely refused all attempts at locomotion, and contenting himself with intrusting the dinner to the discretion of the landlady, desired to be left alone till it was prepared.

Now, when Mr. John Merrylack returned to the tap-room, and communicated the stubborn adherence to No. Four, manifested by its occupier, our good hostess felt exceedingly discomposed. "You are so stupid, John," said she, "I'll go and expostulate like with him;" and she was rising for that purpose, when Harrison, who was taking particularly good care of himself, drew her back: "I know my master's temper better than you do, ma'am," said he; "and when he is in the humour to be stubborn, the very devil himself could not get him out of it. I dare say he wants to be left to himself: he is very fond of being alone now and then; state affairs, you know, (added the valet, mysteriously touching his forehead,) and even I dare not disturb him for the world; so make yourself easy, and I'll go to him when he has dined, and I supped. There is time enough for No. Four, when we have taken care of number one. Miss, your health!"

The landlady, reluctantly overruled in her design, retreated herself.

"Mr. Clarence Linden, M. P., did you say, sir?" said the learned Jeremiah: "surely, I have had that name or appellation in my books, but I cannot, at this instant of time, recall to my recollection the exact date and circumstance of my professional services to the gentleman so designated, styled, or, I may say, termed."

"Can't say, I am sure, sir," said Harrison—"lived with my master many years—never had the pleasure of seeing you before, nor of travelling this road—a very hilly road it is, sir. Miss, this nogus is as bright as your eyes, and as warm as my admiration."

"O, sir!"

"Pray," said Mr. Merrylack, who, like most of his tribe, was a bit of a politician, "is it the Mr. Linden who made that long speech in the House the other day?"

"Precisely, sir. He is a very eloquent gentleman, indeed: pity he speaks so little—never made but that one long speech since he has been in the House, and a capital one it was, too. You saw how the prime minister complimented him upon it. 'A speech,' said his lordship, 'which had united the graces of youthful genius, with the sound calculations of matured experience!'"

"Did the prime minister really so speak?" said Jeremiah: "what a beautiful and noble, and sensible compliment! I will examine my books when I go home—the graces of youthful genius, with the sound calculations of matured experience!"

"If he is in the Parliament House," quoth the landlady, "I suppose he will know our Mr. Mordaunt, when the squire takes his seat, next—what do you call it—sessions?"

"Know Mr. Mordaunt!" said the valet. "It is to see him that we have come down here. We intended to have gone there to-night, but master thought it too late, and I saw he was in a melancholy humour; we therefore resolved to come

here; and so master took one of the horses from the groom, whom we have left behind with the other, and came on alone. I take it, he must have been in this town before, for he described the inn so well—Capital cheese this; as mild—as mild as your sweet smile, miss!"

"O, sir!"

"Pray, Mistress Merrylack," said Mr. Jeremiah Bossolton, depositing his pipe on the table, and awakening from a profound revery in which, for the last five minutes, his senses had been buried, "pray, Mistress Merrylack, do you not call to your mind, or your reminiscence, or your—your recollection, a young gentleman, equally comely in his aspect and blandiloquent (ehem!) in his address, who had the misfortune to have his arm severely contused and afflicted by a violent kick from Mr. Mordaunt's horse, even in the yard in which your stables are situated, and who remained for two or three days in your house, or tavern, or hotel? I do remember that you were grievously perplexed because of his name, the initials of which only he gave, or intrusted, or communicated to you until you did exam—"

"I remember," interrupted Miss Elizabeth—"I remember well—a very beautiful young gentleman, who had a letter directed to be left here, addressed to him by the letters C. L., and who was afterwards kicked, and who admired your cap, mother, and whose name was Clarence Linden. You remember it well enough, mother, surely!"

"I think I do, Lizzy," said the landlady, slowly: for her memory, not so much occupied as her daughter's by beautiful young gentlemen, struggled slowly with dim ideas of the various travellers and visitors with whom her house had been honoured, before she came, at last, to the reminiscence of Clarence Linden—"I think I do—and Squire Mordaunt was very attentive to him—and he broke one of the panes of glass in No. Eight and gave me half a guinea to pay for it. I do remember, perfectly, Lizzy. So that is the Mr. Linden now here!—only think!"

"I should not have known him, certainly," said Miss Elizabeth; "he is grown so much taller, and his hair looks quite dark now, and his face is much thinner than it was; but he's very handsome still—is he not, sir?" turning to the valet.

"Ah! ah! well enough," said Mr. Harrison, stretching out his right leg, and falling away a little to the left, in the manner adopted by the renowned Gil Blas, in his address to the fair Lem, "well enough; but he's a little too tall and thin, I think."

Mr. Harrison's faults in shape were certainly not those of being too tall and thin.

"Perhaps so!" said Miss Elizabeth, who scented the vanity by a kindred instinct, and had her own reasons for pampering it—"perhaps so!"

"But he is a great favourite with the ladies all the same; however, he only loves one lady. Ah, but I must not say who, though I know. However, she is so handsome; such eyes, they would go through you like a skewer, but not like your yours, miss, which, I vow and protest, are as bright as a service of plate."

"O, sir!"

And amid these graceful compliments the time slipped away, till Clarence's dinner, and his valet's supper, being fairly over, Mr. Harrison presented himself to his master, a perfectly different being in

attendance to what he was in companionship—flippancy, impertinence, forwardness, all merged in the steady, sober, serious demeanour which characterize the respectful and well-bred domestic.

Clarence's orders were soon given. They were limited to the appurtenances of writing; and as soon as Harrison reappeared with his master's writing-desk, he was dismissed for the night.

Very slowly did Clarence settle himself to his task, and attempt to escape the ennui of his solitude, or the restlessness of thought feeding upon itself, by inditing the following epistle.

“ TO THE DUKE OF HAVERFIELD.

“ I WAS very unfortunate, my dear duke, to miss seeing you, when I called in Arlington-street, the evening before last, for I had a great deal to say to you—something upon public and a little upon private affairs. I will reserve the latter, since I only am the person concerned, for a future opportunity. With respect to the former,

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“ And now having finished the political part of my letter, let me congratulate you most sincerely upon your approaching marriage with Miss Trevanion. I do not know her myself; but I remember that she was the bosom friend of Lady Flora Ardenne, whom I have often heard speak of her in the highest and most affectionate terms, so that I imagine her brother could not better atone to you for dishonestly carrying off the fair Julia some three years ago, than by giving you his sister in honourable and orthodox exchange—the gold armour for the brazen.

“ As for my lot, though I ought not, at this moment, to dim yours by dwelling upon it, you know how long, how constantly, how ardently I have loved Lady Flora Ardenne—how, for her sake, I have refused opportunities of alliance which might have gratified, to the utmost, that worldliness of heart which so many who saw me only in the crowd have been pleased to impute to me. You know that neither pleasure, nor change, nor the insult I received from her parents, nor the sudden indifference which I so little deserved from herself, has been able to obliterate her image. You will therefore sympathize with me, when I inform you that there is no longer any doubt of her marriage with Borodaile, (or rather Lord Ulswater, since his father's death,) as soon as the sixth month of his mourning expires; to this period only two months remain.

“ Heavens! when one thinks over the past, how incredulous one could become to the future: when I recall all the tokens of love I received from that woman, I cannot persuade myself that they are now all forgotten, or rather, all lavished upon another.

“ But I do not blame her—may she be happier with him than she could have been with me! and that hope shall whisper peace to regrets which I have been foolish to indulge so long, and it is perhaps well for me that they are about to be rendered for ever unavailing.

“ I am staying at an inn, without books, companions, or any thing to beguile time and thought, but this pen, ink, and paper. You will see, therefore, a reason and an excuse for my scribbling on to you, till my two sheets are filled, and the hour of ten (one can't well go to bed earlier) arrived.

“ You remember having often heard me speak of a very extraordinary man whom I met in Italy, and with whom I became intimate. He returned to England some months ago; and on hearing it, my desire of renewing our acquaintance was so great, that I wrote to invite myself to his house. He gave me what is termed a very obliging answer, and left the choice of time to myself. You see now, most noble Festus, the reason of my journey hitherwards.

“ His house, a fine old mansion, is situated about five or six miles from this town; and, as I arrived here late in the evening, and knew that his habits were reserved and peculiar, I thought it better to take ‘mine ease in my inn’ for this night, and defer my visit to Mordaunt Court till to-morrow morning. In truth, I was not averse to renewing an old acquaintance—not, as you in your malice would suspect, with my hostess, but with her house. Some years ago, when I was eighteen, I first made a slight acquaintance with Mordaunt at this very inn, and now, at twenty-six, I am glad to have one evening to myself on the same spot, and retrace here all that has since happened to me.

“ Now, do not be alarmed; I am not going to inflict upon you the unquiet retrospect with which I have just been vexing myself; no, I will rather speak to you of my acquaintance and host to be. I have said that I first met Mordaunt some years since at this inn—an accident, for which his horse was to blame, brought us acquainted—I spent a day at his house, and was much interested in his conversation; since then, we did not meet till about two years and a half ago, when we were in Italy together. During the intermediate interval Mordaunt had married—lost his property by a lawsuit—disappeared from the world (whither none knew) for some years—recovered the estate he had lost by the death of his kinsman's heir, and shortly afterward by that of the kinsman himself, and had become a widower, with one only child, a beautiful little girl of about four years old. He lived in perfect seclusion, avoided all intercourse with society, and seemed so perfectly unconscious of having ever seen me before, whenever in our rides or walks we met, that I could not venture to intrude myself on a reserve so rigid and unbroken as that which characterized his habits and life.

“ The gloom and loneliness, however, in which Mordaunt's days were spent, were far from partaking of that selfishness so common, almost so necessarily common, to recluses. Wherever he had gone in his travels through Italy, he had left light and rejoicing behind him. In his residence at —, while unknown to the great and gay, he was familiar with the outcast and the destitute. The prison, the hospital, the sordid cabins of want, the abodes (so frequent in Italy, that emporium of artists and poets) where genius struggled against poverty and its own improvidence—all these were the spots to which his visits were paid, and in which ‘the very stones prated of his whereabouts.’ It was a strange and striking contrast to compare the sickly enthusiasm of those who flocked to Italy, to lavish their sentiment upon statues, and their wealth in the modern impositions palmed upon their gross tastes as the masterpieces of ancient art—it was a noble contrast, I say, to compare that ludicrous and idle enthusiasm with the quiet and wholesome energy of mind and heart which led Mordaunt, not to pour forth worship and

homage to the unconscious monuments of the dead, but to console, to relieve, and to sustain the woe, the wants, the feebleness of the living.

"Yet, while he was thus employed in reducing the miseries and enlarging the happiness of others, the most settled melancholy seemed to mark himself 'as her own.' Clad in the deepest mourning, a stern and unbroken gloom sat for ever upon his countenance. I have observed, that if in his walks or rides, any one, especially of the better classes, appeared to approach, he would strike into a new path. He could not bear even the scrutiny of a glance or the fellowship of a moment; and his mien, high and haughty, seemed not only to repel others, but to contradict the meekness and charity which his own actions so invariably and unequivocally displayed. It must, indeed, have been a powerful exertion of principle over feeling, which induced him voluntarily to seek the abodes and intercourse of the rude beings he blessed and relieved.

"We met at two or three places to which my weak and imperfect charity had led me, especially at the house of a sickly and distressed artist; for in former life I had intimately known one of that profession; and I have since attempted to transfer to his brethren that debt of kindness which an early death forbade me to discharge to himself. It was thus that I first became acquainted with Mordaunt's occupations and pursuits: for what ennobled his benevolence was the remarkable obscurity in which it was veiled. It was in disguise and in secret that his generosity flowed; and so studiously did he conceal his name, and hide even his features, during his brief visits to 'the house of mourning,' that none but one who (like myself) is a close and minute observer and investigator of whatever has once become an object of interest, could have traced his hand in the various works of happiness it had aided or created.

"One day, among some old ruins, I met him with his young daughter. By great good fortune I preserved the latter, who had wandered away from her father, from a fall of loose stones which would inevitably have crushed her. I was myself much hurt by my effort, having received upon my shoulder a fragment of the falling stones; and thus our old acquaintance was renewed, and gradually ripened into intimacy; not, I must own, without great patience and constant endeavour on my part: for his gloom and lonely habits rendered him utterly impracticable of access to any (as Lord Aspeden would say) but a diplomatist. I saw a great deal of him during the six months I remained in Italy, and—but you know already how warmly I admire his extraordinary powers, and venerate his character. Lord Aspeden's recall to England separated us.

"A general election ensued. I was returned for ——. I entered eagerly into domestic politics—your friendship, Lord Aspeden's kindness, my own wealth and industry, made my success almost unprecedentedly rapid. Engaged, heart and hand, in those minute yet engrossing labours for which the aspirant in parliamentary and state intrigue must unhappily forego the more enlarged though abstruser speculations of general philosophy, and of that morality which may be termed *universal* politics, I have necessarily been employed in very different pursuits from those to which Mordaunt's contemplations are devoted; yet have I often re-

called his maxims, with admiration at their depth, and obtained applause for opinions which were only imperfectly filtered from the pure springs of his own.

"It is about six months since he has returned to England, and he has very lately obtained a seat in parliament—so that we may trust soon to see his talents displayed upon a more public and enlarged theatre than they hitherto have been; and, though I fear his politics will be opposed to ours, I anticipate his public *début* with that interest which genius, even when adverse to one's self, always inspires. Yet I confess that I am desirous to see and converse with him once more in the familiarity and kindness of private intercourse. The rage of party, the narrowness of sectarian zeal, soon exclude from our friendship all those who differ from our opinions; and it is like sailors holding commune for the last time with each other, before their several vessels are divided by the perilous and uncertain sea, to confer in peace and retirement for a little while with those who are about to be launched with us in that same unquiet ocean, where any momentary caprice of the winds may disjoin us for ever, and where our very union is only a sympathy in toil, and a fellowship in danger.

"Adieu, my dear duke! it is fortunate for me that our public opinions are so closely allied, and that I may so reasonably calculate in private upon the happiness and honour of subscribing myself your affectionate friend,
C. L."

Such was the letter to which we shall leave the explanation of much that has taken place within the last three years of our tale, and which, in its tone, will serve to show the kindness and generosity of heart and feeling that mingled (rather increased than abated by the time which brought wisdom) with the hardy activity and resolute ambition that characterized the mind of our "Disowned." We now consign him to such repose as the best bedroom in the Golden Fleece can afford, and conclude the chapter.

CHAPTER LXII.

Though the wilds of enchantment all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit, for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!

CAMPBELL.

"SHALL I order the carriage round, sir?" said Harrison, "it is past one."

"Yes—yet stay—the day is fine—I will ride—let the carriage come on in the evening—see that my horse is saddled—you looked to his mash last night?"

"I did, sir. He seems wonderfully fresh: would you please to have me stay here with the carriage, sir, till the groom comes on with the other horse?"

"Ay; do—I don't know yet how far strange servants may be welcome where I am going."

"Now, that's lucky!" said Harrison to himself.

as he shut the door: "I shall have a good five hours' opportunity of making my court here. Miss Elizabeth is really a very pretty girl, and might not be a bad match. I don't see any brothers; who knows but she may succeed to the inn—hem! A servant may be ambitious as well as his master, I suppose?"

So meditating, Harrison sauntered to the stables—saw (for he was an admirable servant, and could, at a pinch, dress a horse as well as its master) that Clarence's beautiful steed received the utmost nicety of grooming which the hostler could bestow—led it himself to the door—held the stirrup for his master, with the mingled humility and grace of his profession, and then strutted away—"pride on his brow, and glory in his eye"—to be the cynosure and oracle of the tap-room.

Meanwhile, Linden rode slowly onwards. As he passed that turn of the town by which he had for the first time entered it, the recollection of the eccentric and would-be gipsy flashed upon him. "I wonder," thought he, "where that singular man is now—whether he still preserves his itinerant and woodland tastes—"

"*Si flumina sylvasque inglorius amet,*"

or whether, as his family increased in age or number, he has turned from his wanderings, and at length found out 'the peaceful hermitage.' How glowingly the whole scene of that night comes across me—the wild tents, their wilder habitants, the mingled bluntness, poetry, honest good nature, and spirit of enterprise, which constituted the chief's nature—the jovial meal and mirth round the wood fire, and beneath the quiet stars, and the eagerness and zest with which I then mingled in the merriment. Alas!—how ill the fastidiousness and refinement of after days repay us for the elastic, buoyant, ready zeal, with which our first youth enters into whatever is joyous, without pausing to ask if its cause and nature be congenial to our habits, or kindred to our tastes. After all, there really *was* something philosophical in the romance of the jovial gipsy, childish as it seemed; and I should like much to know if the philosophy has got the better of the romance, or the romance, growing into habit, become commonplace, and lost both its philosophy and its enthusiasm. Well, after I leave Mordaunt, I will try and find out my old friend."

With this resolution, Clarence's thoughts took a new channel, and dwelt upon Mordaunt, till he found himself entering his domain. As he rode through the park, where brake and tree were glowing in the yellow tints which autumn, like ambition, gilds ere it withers, he paused for a moment, to recall the scene, as he last beheld it, to his memory. It was then spring—spring in its first and fluehest glory—when not a blade of grass but sent a perfume to the air—the happy air,

"Making sweet music while the young leaves danced?"

when every cluster of the brown fern, that now lay dull and motionless around him, and amid which the melancholy deer stood afar off, gazing upon the intruder, was vocal with the blithe melodies of the infant year; the sharp, yet sweet, voices of birds—"those fairy-formed and many coloured things"—and (heard at intervals) the chirp of the merry grasshopper, or the hum of the awakened bee. He sighed, as he now looked around, and recalled the

change, both of time and season: and with that fondness of heart which causes man to knit his own little life to the varieties of time, the signs of heaven, or the revolutions of nature, he recognised something kindred in the change of scene to the change of thought and feeling which years had wrought in the beholder.

Awaking from his reverie, he hastened his horse's pace, and was soon within sight of the house. Vavasour, during the few years he had possessed the place, had conducted and carried through improvements and additions to the old mansion, upon a scale equally costly and judicious. The heavy and motley magnificence of the architecture in which the house had been built, remained unaltered; but a wing on either side, though exactly corresponding in style with the intermediate building, gave, by the long Gothic colonnade which ran across the one, and the stately windows which adorned the other, an air not only of grander extent, but more cheerful lightness to the massy and antiquated pile. It was, assuredly, in the point of view by which Clarence now approached it, a structure which possessed few superiors in point of size and effect; and harmonized so well with the noble extent of the park, the ancient woods, and the venerable avenues, that a very slight effort of imagination and love of antiquarian musings might have poured from the massive portals the pageantries of old days, and the gay galliard of chivalric romance with which the scene was in such accordance, and which in a former age it had so often witnessed.

Ah, little could any one who looked upon that gorgeous pile, and the broad lands which, beyond the boundaries of the park, swelled on the hills of the distant landscape, studded at frequent intervals with the spires and villages, which adorned the wide baronies of Mordaunt—little could he who thus gazed around, have imagined that the owner of all he surveyed had passed the glory and verdure of his manhood in the bitterest struggles with gnawing want, and rebellious pride, and urgent passion, without friend or aid but his own haughty and supporting virtue, sentenced to bear yet in his wasted and barren heart the sign of the storm he had resisted, and the scathed token of the lightning he had braved. None but Crauford, who had his own reasons for taciturnity, and the itinerant broker, easily bribed into silence, had ever known of the *extreme* poverty from which Mordaunt had passed to his rightful possessions. It was whispered, indeed, that he had been reduced to narrow and straitened circumstances; but the whisper had been only the breath of rumour, and the imagined poverty far short of the reality: for the pride of Mordaunt (the great, almost the sole failing in his character) could not endure that all he had borne and baffled should be bared to the vulgar eye; and, by a rare anomaly of mind, indifferent as he was to renown, he was morbidly susceptible of shame.

When Clarence rung at the ivy-covered porch, and made inquiry for Mordaunt, he was informed that the latter was in the park, by the river, where most of his hours, during the daytime, were spent.

"Shall I send to acquaint him that you are come, sir?" said the servant.

"No," answered Clarence, "I will leave my horse to one of the grooms, and stroll down to the river in search of your master."

Suiting the action to the word, he dismounted, consigned his steed to the groom, and following

the direction indicated to him, bent his way to the "river."

As he descended the hill, the brook (for it did not deserve, though it received, a higher name) opened enchantingly upon his view. Amid the fragrant reed and the wild flower, still sweet, though fading, and tufts of tedded grass, all of which, when crushed beneath the foot, sent a mingled tribute to its sparkling waves, the wild stream took its gladsome course, now contracted by gloomy firs, which, bending over the water, cast somewhat of their own sadness upon its surface—now glancing forth from the shade, as it "broke into dimples and laughed in the sun,"—now washing the gnarled and spreading roots of some lonely ash, which, hanging over it, still and droopingly, seemed, the hermit of the scene, to moralize on its noisy and various wanderings—now winding round the hill, and losing itself at last amid thick copses, where day did never more than wink and glimmer—and where, at night, its waters, brawling on their stony channel, seemed like a spirit's wail, and harmonized well with the scream of the gray owl, wheeling from her dim retreat, or the moaning and rare sound of some solitary deer.

As Clarence's eye roved admiringly over the scene before him, it dwelt at last upon a small building situated on the wildest part of the opposite bank: it was entirely overgrown with ivy, and the outline only remained to show the gothic antiquity of the architecture. It was a single square tower, built none knew when or wherefore, and, consequently, the spot of many vagrant guesses and wild legends among the surrounding gossips. On approaching yet nearer, he perceived, alone and seated on a little mound beside the tower, the object of his search.

Mordaunt was gazing with vacant yet earnest eye upon the waters beneath; and so intent was either his mood, or look, that he was unaware of Clarence's approach. Tears fast and large were rolling from those haughty eyes, which men who shrunk from their indifferent glance little deemed were capable of such weak and feminine emotion. Far, far through the aching void of time were the thoughts of the rest and solitary mourner; they were dwelling, in all the vivid and keen intensity of grief which dies not, upon the day when, about that hour and on that spot, he sat, with Isabel's young cheek upon his bosom, and listened to a voice which was now only for his dreams. He recalled the moment when the fatal letter, charged with change and poverty, was given to him, and the pang which had rent his heart as he looked around upon a scene over which spring had then just breathed, and which he was about to leave to a fresh summer and a new lord; and then, that deep, fond, half-fearful gaze with which Isabel had met his eye, and the feeling, proud even in its melancholy, with which he had drawn toward his breast all that earth had now for him, and thanked God in his heart of hearts that *she* was spared.

"And I am once more master," thought he, "not only of all I then held, but all which my wealthier forefathers possessed. But she who was the sharer of my sorrows and want—O, where is she? rather, ah! rather a hundredfold that her hand was still clasped in mine, and her spirit supporting me through poverty and trial, and her soft

voice murmuring the comfort that steals away care, than to be thus heaped with wealth and honour, and *alone*—alone, where never more can come love, or hope, or the yearnings of affection, or the sweet fulness of a heart that seems fathomless in its tenderness, yet overflows! Had my lot, when she left me, been still the steepings of bitterness, the stings of penury, the moody silence of hope, the damp and chill of sunless and aimless years, which rust the very iron of the soul away; had my lot been thus, as it had been, I could have borne her death, I could have looked upon her grave, and wept not—nay, I could have comforted my own struggles with the memory of her escape; but thus, at the very moment of prosperity, to leave the altered and promising earth, 'to house with darkness and with death;' no little gleam of sunshine, no brief recompense for the agonizing past, no momentary respite between tears and the tomb. O, heaven! what—what avail is a wealth which comes too late, when she, who could alone have made wealth bliss, is dust; and the light, that should have gilded many and happy days, flings only a wearying and ghastly glare upon the tomb?"

Starting from these reflections, Mordaunt half-unconsciously rose, and dashing the tears from his eyes, was about to plunge into the neighbouring thicket, when, looking up, he beheld Clarence, now within a few paces of him. He started, and seemed for one moment irresolute whether to meet or shun his advance, but probably deeming it too late for the latter, he banished, by one of those violent efforts with which men of proud and strong minds vanquish emotion, all outward sign of the past agony: and hastening toward his guest, greeted him with a welcome which, though from ordinary hosts it might have seemed cold, appeared to Clarence, who knew his temper, more cordial than he had ventured to anticipate.

CHAPTER LXIII.

My father urged me sair,
But my mither did na speak,
Though she looked into my face,
Till my heart war like to break.
And Robin Gray.

"It is rather singular," said Lady Westborough to her daughter, as they sat alone one afternoon in the music room at Westborough Park, "it is rather singular that Lord Ulswater should not have come yet. He said he should certainly be here before three o'clock."

"You know, mamma, that he has some military duties to detain him at W——," answered Lady Flora, bending over a drawing, in which she appeared to be earnestly engaged.

"True, my dear, and it was very kind in Lord —— to quarter the troop he commands in his native county; and very fortunate that W——, being his head-quarters, should also be so near us. But I cannot conceive that any duty can be sufficiently strong to detain him from you," added Lady Westborough, who had been accustomed all her life to a devotion unparalleled in this age. "You seem very indulgent, Flora."

"Alas!—she should rather say, very indifferent," thought Lady Flora; but she did not give

her thought utterance—she only looked up at her mother for a moment, and smiled faintly.

Whether there was something in that smile, or in the pale cheek of her daughter, that touched her, we know not, but Lady Westborough *was* touched; she threw her arms round Lady Flora's neck, kissed her fondly, and said, "You do not seem well, to-day, my love—are you?"

"O!—very—very well," answered Lady Flora, returning her mother's caress, and hiding her eyes, to which the tears had started.

"My child," said Lady Westborough, "you know that both myself and your father are very desirous to see you married to Lord Ulswater—of high and ancient birth, of great wealth, young, unexceptionable in person and character, and warmly attached to you—it would be impossible even for the sanguine heart of a parent to ask for you a more eligible match. But if the thought really does make you wretched—and yet how can it?"

"I have consented," said Flora, gently: "all I ask is, do not speak to me more of the—the event than you can avoid."

Lady Westborough pressed her hand, sighed, and replied not.

The door opened, and the marquis, who had within the last year become a cripple, with the great man's malady, *dura podagra*, was wheeled in on his easy chair: close behind him followed Lord Ulswater.

"I have brought you," said the marquis, who piqued himself on a vein of dry humour, "I have brought you, young lady, a consolation for my ill humours. Few gouty old fathers make themselves as welcome as I do—eh, Ulswater!"

"Dare I apply to myself Lord Westborough's compliment?" said the young nobleman, advancing toward Lady Flora; and drawing his seat near her, he entered into that whispered conversation so significant of courtship. But there was little in Lady Flora's manner, by which an experienced eye would have detected the bride elect: no sudden blush, no downcast, yet sidelong look, no trembling of the small and fairy-like hand, no indistinct confusion of the voice, struggling with unanalyzed emotions. No—all was calm, cold, listless; her cheek changed not tint nor hue, and her words, clear and collected, seemed to contradict whatever the low murmurs of her betrothed might well be supposed to insinuate. But, even in his behaviour, there was something which, had Lady Westborough been less contented than she was with the externals and surface of manner, would have alarmed her for her daughter. A cloud, sullen and gloomy, sat upon his brow, and his lip, alternately, quivered with something like scorn, or was compressed with a kind of stifled passion. Even in the exultation that sparkled in his eye, when he alluded to their approaching marriage, there was an expression that almost might have been termed fierce, and certainly was as little like the true orthodox ardour of "gentle swain," as Lady Flora's sad and half-unconscious coldness resembled the diffident passion of the "blushing maiden."

"You have considerably passed the time in which we expected you, my lord," said Lady Westborough, who, as a beauty herself, was a little jealous of the deference due to the beauty of her daughter.

"It is true," said Lord Ulswater, glancing toward the opposite glass, and smoothing his right eyebrow with his forefinger—"it is true, but I could not help it. I had a great deal of business to do with my troop—I have put them into a new manoeuvre. Do you know, my lord, (turning to the marquis,) I think it very likely the soldiers may have some work on the — of this month."

"Where, and wherefore?" asked Lord Westborough, whom a sudden twinge forced into the laconic.

"At W——. Some idle fellows hold a meeting there on that day; and if I may judge by bills and advertisements, chalkings on the wall, and, more than all, popular rumour, I have no doubt but what riot and sedition are intended—the magistrates are terribly frightened. I hope we shall have some cutting and hewing—I have no patience with the rebellious dogs."

"For shame—for shame!" cried Lady Westborough, who, though a worldly, was by no means an unfeeling, woman; "the poor people are misguided—they mean no harm."

Lord Ulswater smiled scornfully. "I never dispute upon politics, but at the head of my men," said he, and turned the conversation.

Shortly afterward Lady Flora, complaining of indisposition, rose, left the apartment, and retired to her own room. There she sat, motionless, and white as death, for more than an hour. A day or two afterward Miss Trevanion received the following letter from her:—

"Most heartily, most truly do I congratulate you, my dearest Eleanor, upon your approaching marriage. You may reasonably hope for all that happiness can afford; and though you do affect (for I do not think that you *feel*) a fear lest you should not be able to fix a character, volatile and light, like your lover's, yet, when I recollect his warmth of heart, and high sense, and your beauty, gentleness, charms of conversation, and purely disinterested love for one whose great worldly advantages might so easily bias or adulterate affection, I own that I have no dread for your future fate; no feeling that can at all darken the brightness of anticipation. Thank you, dearest, for the delicate kindness with which you allude to my destiny—me, indeed, you cannot congratulate as I can you. But do not grieve for me, my own generous Eleanor: if not happy, I shall, I trust, be at least contented. My poor father implored me with tears in his eyes—my mother pressed my hand, but spoke not; and I—I whose affections were withered, and hopes strewn, should I not have been hard-hearted indeed, if they had not wrung from me a consent? And, O! should I not be utterly lost, if in that consent which blessed them, I did not find something of peace and consolation?"

"Yes, dearest, in two months, only two months, I shall be Lord Ulswater's wife; and when we meet, you shall look narrowly at me, and see if he or you have any right to complain of me.

"Have you seen Mr. Linden lately? Yet, do not answer the question; I ought not to cherish still that fatal, clinging interest for one who has so utterly forgotten me. But I do rejoice in his prosperity: and when I hear his praises, and watch his career, I feel proud that I should once

have loved him! O, how could he be so false, so cruel, in the very midst of his professions of undying, unswerving faith to me, at the very moment when I was ill, miserable, wasting my very heart, for anxiety on his account—and such a woman too! And had he loved me, even though his letter was returned, would not his conscience have told him he deserved it, and would he not have sought me out in person, and endeavoured to win from my folly his forgiveness. But without attempting to see me, or speak to me, or soothe a displeasure so natural, to leave the country in silence, almost in disdain; and when we met again, to greet me with coldness and hauteur, and never betray by word, sign, or look, that he had ever been to me more than the merest stranger! Fool, fool, that I am, to waste another thought upon him; but I will not, and ought not to do so. In two months I shall not even have the privilege of memory.

“I wish, Eleanor—for I assure you that I have tried and tried—that I could find any thing to like and esteem (since love is out of the question) in this man, who seems so great and, to me, so unaccountable a favourite with my parents. His countenance and voice are so harsh and stern; his manner at once so self-complacent and gloomy, his sentiments so narrow, even in their notions of honour; his very courage so savage, and his pride so constant and offensive, that I in vain endeavour to persuade myself of his virtues, and recur, at least, to the unwearied affection for me which he professes. It is true that he has been three times refused; that I have told him I cannot love him; that I have even owned former love to another: he still continues his suit, and by dint of long hope has at length succeeded. But at times I could almost think that he married me from very hate, rather than love, there is such an artificial smoothness in his stern voice, such a latent meaning in his eye; and when he thinks I have not noticed him, I have, on suddenly turning toward him, perceived so dark and lowering an expression upon his countenance, that my heart has died within me for very fear.

“Had my mother been the least less kind, my father the least less urgent, I think, nay, I know, I could not have gained such a victory over myself as I have done in consenting to the day. But enough of this. I did not think I should have run on so long and so foolishly; but we, dearest, have been children, and girls, and women together: we have loved each other with such fondness and unreserve that opening my heart to you seems only another phrase for thinking aloud.

“However, in two months I shall have no right even to thoughts—perhaps I may not even love you—till then, dearest Eleanor, I am, as ever, your affectionate and faithful friend, F. A.”

Had Lord Westborough, indeed, been “less urgent,” or her mother “less kind,” nothing could ever have wrung from Lady Flora her consent to a marriage so ungenial and ill-omened. And it is worthy of observation, that while Isabel, whose lot, in this instance, somewhat resembled Lady Flora’s, had been driven by harshness and force into a despair in which was hurried away and lost, as in a whirlpool, not only the prudence, but

almost that feminacy of sex which her gentle and modest nature had, above all others, possessed, an entirely opposite persecution of love and kindness, and wooing prayers, and silent looks, had won from Lady Flora a consent to a marriage equally repugnant with that proposed to Isabel, and a compliance with wishes which were worse than torture to her soul.

Thrice had Lord Ulswater (then Lord Boro daile) been refused, before his final acceptance; and those who judge only from the ordinary effects of pride, would be astonished that he should have still persevered. But his pride was that deep-rooted feeling which, so far from being repelled by a single blow, fights stubbornly and doggedly onward, till the battle is over, and its object gained. From the moment he had resolved to address Lady Flora Ardenne, he had also resolved to win her. For three years, despite of a refusal, first gently, then more peremptorily, urged, he fixed himself in her train. He gave out that he was her affianced. In all parties, in all places, he forced himself near her, unheeding alike of her frowns or indifference; and his rank, his hauteur, his fierceness of mien, and acknowledged courage, kept aloof all the less arrogant and hardy pretenders to Lady Flora’s favour. For this, indeed, she rather thanked than blamed him; and it was the only thing which in the least reconciled her modesty to his advances, or her pride to his presumption.

He had been prudent as well as bold. The father he had served, and the mother he had won. Lord Westborough, addicted a little to politics, a good deal to show, and devotedly to gaming, was often greatly and seriously embarrassed. Lord Ulswater, even during the life of his father, (who was lavishly generous to him,) was provided with the means of relieving his intended father-in-law’s necessities; and, caring little for money in comparison to a desired object, he was willing enough, we do not say to *bribe*, but to *influence* Lord Westborough’s consent. These matters of arrangement were by no means concealed from the marchioness, who, herself ostentatious and profuse, was in no small degree benefited by them; and though they did not solely procure, yet they certainly contributed to conciliate, her favour.

Few people are designedly and systematically wicked: even the worst find good motives for bad deeds; and are as intent upon discovering glosses for conduct, to deceive themselves, as to delude others. What wonder, then, that poor Lady Westborough, never too rigidly addicted to self-examination, and viewing all things through a very worldly medium, saw only, in the alternate art and urgency employed against her daughter’s most real happiness, the various praiseworthy motives of permanently disentangling Lady Flora from an unworthy attachment, of procuring for her an establishment proportioned to her rank, and a husband whose attachment, already shown by such singular perseverance, was so likely to afford her every thing which, in Lady Westborough’s eyes, constituted felicity.

All our friends, perhaps, desire our happiness; but, then, it must invariably be in their own way. What a pity that they do not employ the same zeal in making us happy in *ours*!

CHAPTER LXIV.

If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding;
If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures;
Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.

Proverbs, ch. ii. ver. 3-5.

WHILE Clarence was thus misjudged by one whose affections and conduct he, in turn, naturally misinterpreted—while Lady Flora was alternately struggling against and submitting to the fate which Lady Westborough saw approach with gladness—the father with indifference, and the bridegroom with a pride that partook less of rapture than revenge, our unfortunate lover was endeavouring to glean, from Mordaunt's conversation and example, somewhat of that philosophy so rare except in the theories of the civilized and the occasional practice of the barbarian; which, though it cannot give us a charm against misfortune, bestows, at least, upon us the energy to support it.

We have said already, that when the first impression produced by Mordaunt's apparent pride and coldness wore away, it required little penetration to discover the benevolence and warmth of his mind. But none ignorant of his original dispositions, or the misfortunes of his life, could ever have pierced the depth of his self-sacrificing nature, or measured the height of his lofty and devoted virtue. Many men may, perhaps, be found, who will give up to duty a cherished wish, or even a darling vice, but few will ever renounce to it their rooted *tastes*, or the indulgence of those habits which have almost become, by long use, their happiness itself. Naturally melancholy and thoughtful, feeding the sensibilities of his heart upon fiction, and though addicted to the cultivation of reason rather than fancy, having perhaps more of the deeper and acuter characteristics of the poet than those calm and half-callous properties of nature, *supposed* to belong to the metaphysician and the calculating moralist, Mordaunt was above all men fondly addicted to solitude, and inclined to contemplations less useful than profound. The untimely death of Isabel, whom he had loved with that love which is the vent of hoarded and passionate musings, long nourished upon romance, and lavishing the wealth of a soul that overflows with secreted tenderness, upon the *first* object than can bring reality to fiction, that event had not only darkened melancholy into gloom, but had made loneliness still more dear to his habits by all the ties of memory, and all the consecrations of regret. The companionless wanderings—the midnight closet—the thoughts which, as Hume said of his own, could not exist in the world, but were all busy with life in seclusion: these were rendered sweeter than ever to a mind for which the ordinary objects of the world were now utterly loveless; and the musings of solitude had become, as it were, a rightful homage and offering to the dead! We may form, then, some idea of the extent to which, in Mordaunt's character, principle predominated over inclination, and regard for others over the love of self, when we see him tearing his spirit from its beloved retreats and abstracted contemplations, and devoting it to duties from which its fastidious and refined characteristics were particularly calculated to revolt. When we have considered his attachment to the hermitage, we can appreciate the virtue which made him among the most active

citizens in the great world; when we have considered the natural selfishness of grief, the pride of philosophy, the indolence of meditation, the eloquence of wealth, which says, "rest and toil not," and the temptation within, which says, "obey the voice;"—when we have considered these, we can perhaps do justice to the man who, sometimes on foot and in the coarsest attire, travelled from inn to inn, and from hut to hut; who made human misery the object of his search, and human happiness of his desire; who, breaking aside an aversion to rude contact, almost feminine in its extreme, voluntarily sought the meanest companions, and subjected himself to the coarsest intrusions; for whom the wail of affliction, or the moan of hunger, was as a summons which allowed neither hesitation nor appeal; who seemed possessed of an ubiquity for the purposes of good, almost resembling that attributed to the wanderer in the magnificent fable of "Melmoth," for the temptations to evil; who, by a zeal and labour that brought to habit and inclination a thousand martyrdoms, made his life a very hour-glass, in which each sand was a good deed or a virtuous design.

Many plunge into public affairs, to which they have had a previous distaste, from the desire of losing the memory of a private affliction; but so far from wishing to heal the wounds of remembrance by the anodynes which society can afford, it was only in retirement that Mordaunt found the flowers from which balm could be distilled. Many are through vanity magnanimous, and benevolent from the selfishness of fame; but so far from seeking applause, where he bestowed favour, Mordaunt had sedulously shrouded himself in darkness and disguise. And by that increasing propensity to quiet, so often found among those addicted to lofty or abstruse contemplation, he had conquered the ambition of youth with the philosophy of a manhood that had forestalled the affections of age. Many, in short, have become great or good to the community by individual motives easily resolved into common and earthly elements of desire; but they who inquire diligently into human nature have not often the exalted happiness to record a character like Mordaunt's, actuated purely by a systematic principle of love, which covered mankind, as heaven does earth, with an atmosphere of light extending to the remotest corners, and penetrating the darkest recesses.

It was one of those violent and gusty evenings, which give to an English autumn something rude, rather than gentle, in its characteristics, that Mordaunt and Clarence sat together,

"And sowed the hours with various seeds of talk."

The young Isabel, the only living relic of the departed one, sat by her father's side, upon the floor; and, though their discourse was far beyond the comprehension of her years, yet did she seem to listen with a quiet and absorbed attention. In truth, child as she was, she so loved, and almost worshipped, her father, that the very tones of his voice had in them a charm, which could always vibrate, as it were, to her heart, and hush her into silence; and that melancholy and deep, though somewhat low voice, when it swelled or trembled with *thought*—which in Mordaunt *was feeling*—made her sad, she knew not why; and when she heard it, she would creep to his side, and put her little hand on his, and look up at him with eyes, in

whose tender and glistening blue the spirit of her mother seemed to float. She was serious, and thoughtful, and loving, beyond the usual capacities of childhood; perhaps her solitary condition, and habits of constant intercourse with one so grave as Mordaunt, and who always, when not absent on his excursions of charity, loved her to be with him, had given to her mind a precocity of feeling, and tinged the simplicity of infancy with what ought to have been the colours of after years. She was not inclined to the sports of her age—she loved, rather, and above all else, to sit by Mordaunt's side, and silently pore over some book, or feminine task, and to steal her eyes every now and then away from her employment, in order to watch his motions, or provide for whatever her vigilant kindness of heart imagined he desired. And often, when he saw her fairy and lithe form hovering about him, and attending on his wants, or her beautiful countenance glow with pleasure when she fancied she supplied them, he almost believed that Isabel yet lived, though in another form, and that a love, so intense and holy as hers had been, might transmute, but could not perish.

The young Isabel had displayed a passion for music so early, that it almost seemed innate; and as, from the mild and wise education she received, her ardour had never been repelled on the one hand or overstrained on the other, so, though she had but just passed her seventh year, she had attained to a singular proficiency in the art—an art that suited well with her lovely face, and fond feelings, and innocent heart; and it was almost heavenly, in the literal acceptance of the word, to hear her sweet, though childish voice, swell along the still pure airs of summer, and her angelic countenance all rapt and brilliant with the enthusiasm which her own melodies created.

Never had she borne the bitter breath of unkindness, or writhed beneath that customary injustice which punishes in others the sins of our own temper, and the varied fretfulness of caprice;—and so she had none of the fears and meannesses, and acted untruths which so usually pollute and debase the innocence of childhood. But the promise of her ingenuous brow, (over which the silken hair flowed, parted into two streams of gold,) and of the fearless but tender eyes, and of the quiet smile which sat for ever upon the rosy mouth, like Joy watching Love, was kept in its fullest extent by the mind, from which all thoughts, pure, kind, and guileless flowed, like waters from a well, which a spirit has made holy for its own dwelling.

On this evening, we have said that she sat by her father's side, and listened, though she only in part drank in its sense, to his conversation with his guest.

The room was of great extent, and surrounded with books, over which, at close intervals, the busts of the departed great and the immortal wise looked down. There was the sublime beauty of Plato, the harsher and more earthly countenance of Tully, the only Roman (except Lucretius) who might have been a Greek. There the mute marble gave the broad front of Bacon (itself a world)—and there the features of Locke showed how the mind wears away the links of flesh, with the file of that thought which makes all things, *even the soul*, free! And over other departments of those works which remind us that man is made little lower than the angels, the stern face of the Florentine who sung

of hell, contrasted with the quiet grandeur enthroned on the fair brow of the English poet—“blind but bold,”—and there the glorious benignant countenance of him who has found in all humanity a friend, conspicuous among sages as minstrels, claimed brotherhood with all.

The fire burned clear and high, casting a rich twilight (for there was no other light in the room) over that gothic chamber, and shining cheerily upon the varying countenance of Clarence, and the more contemplative features of his host. In the latter might you see that care and thought had been harsh, but not unhallowed, companions. In the lines which crossed his expanse of brow, time seemed to have buried many hopes; but his mind and air, if loftier, were gentler than in younger days; and though they had gained somewhat in dignity, had lost greatly in reserve.

There was in the old chamber, with its fretted roof and ancient “garniture,” the various books which surrounded it, walls that the learned built to survive themselves, and in the marble likenesses of those for whom thought had won eternity, joined to the hour, the breathing quiet, and the *heart-light*, by whose solitary rays we love best in the eves of autumn to discourse on graver or subtler themes—there was in all this a spell which seemed particularly to invite and to harmonize with that tone of conversation, some portions of which we are now about to relate.

“How loudly,” said Clarence, “that last gust swept by—you remember that beautiful couplet in Tibullus—

—“*Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem.
Et dominam tenero detinuisse sinu.*”

“Ay,” answered Mordaunt, with a scarcely audible sigh, “that is the feeling of the lover at the ‘*immites ventos*,’ but we sages of the lamp make our mistress wisdom, and when the winds rage without, it is to *her* that we cling. See how, from the same object, different conclusions are drawn: the most common externals of nature, the wind and the wave, the stars and the heavens, the very earth on which we tread, never excite in different bosoms the same ideas; and it is from our own hearts, and not from an outward source, that we draw the hues which colour the web of our existence.”

“It is true,” answered Clarence. “You remember that in two specks of the moon the enamoured maiden perceived two unfortunate lovers, while the ambitious curate conjectured that they were the spires of a cathedral? But it is not only to our *feelings*, but also to our *reasonings*, that we give the colours which they wear. The moral, for instance, which to one man seems atrocious, to another is divine. On the tendency of the same work, what three people will agree? And how shall the most sanguine moralist hope to benefit mankind when he finds that, by the multitude, his wisest endeavours to instruct are often considered but as instruments to pervert?”

“I believe,” answered Mordaunt, “that it is from our ignorance that our contentions flow; we debate with strife and with wrath, with bickering and with hatred, but of the thing debated upon, we remain in the profoundest darkness. Like the labourers of Babel, while we endeavour in vain to

* Sweet on our couch to hear the winds above,
And cling with closer heart to her we love.

express our meaning to each other, the fabric by which, for a common end, we would have ascended to heaven from the ills of earth remains for ever unadvanced and incomplete. Let us hope that knowledge is the universal language which shall reunite us. As, in their sublime allegory, the ancients signified that only through virtue we arrive at honour, so let us believe that only through knowledge can we arrive at virtue!"

"And yet," said Clarence, "that seems a melancholy truth for the mass of the people, who have no time for the researches of wisdom."

"Not so much so as at first we might imagine," answered Mordaunt: "the few smooth all paths for the many. The precepts of knowledge it is difficult to extricate from error: but, once discovered, they gradually pass into maxims; and thus what the sage's life was consumed in acquiring becomes the acquisition of a moment to posterity. Knowledge is like the atmosphere—in order to dispel the vapour and dislodge the frost, our ancestors felled the forest, drained the marsh, and cultivated the waste, and we now breathe, without an effort, in the purified air and the chastened climate, the result of the labour of generations and the progress of ages! As, to-day, the common mechanic may equal in science, however inferior in genius, the friar* whom his contemporaries feared as a magician, so the opinions which now startle as well as astonish, may be received hereafter as acknowledged axioms, and pass into ordinary practice. We cannot even tell how far the sanguine theories of certain philosophers deceive them when they anticipate, for future ages, a knowledge which shall bring perfection to the mind, baffle the diseases of the body, and even protract to a date now utterly unknown, the final destination of life: for wisdom is a palace of which only the vestibule has been entered; nor can we guess what treasures are hid in those chambers, of which the experience of the past can afford us neither analogy nor clue."

"It was, then," said Clarence, who wished to draw his companion into speaking of himself, "it was, then, from your addiction to studies not ordinarily made the subject of acquisition that you date (pardon me) your generosity, your devotedness, your feeling for others, and your indifference to self?"

"You flatter me," said Mordaunt, modestly; (and we may be permitted to crave attention to his reply, since it unfolds the secret springs of a character so singularly good and pure;)—"you flatter me; but I will answer you, as if you had put the question without the compliment; nor, perhaps, will it be wholly uninteresting, as it will certainly be new, to sketch, without recurrence to events, or what I may call exterior facts, a brief and progressive history of one human mind.†

* Roger Bacon.

† See Condorcet on the Progress of the Human Mind; written some years after the supposed date of this conversation, but in which there is a slight, but eloquent and affecting, view of the philosophy to which Mordaunt refers.

‡ Mr. Reader, although we will own to thee that some trifling pains have been lavished on the following remarks, in order to render them as little tedious as their nature will allow of, yet we have, also, in our exceeding care for thy entertainment, so contrived it, that thou mayest skip the whole, without penalty of losing a single atom connected with the tale, which is, indeed, all that in reason thou canst be expected to interest thyself about. So, saving choice to thy discretion, we give our hint the

"Our first era of life is under the influence of the primitive feelings: we are pleased, and we laugh; hurt, and we weep: we vent our little passions the moment they are excited; and so much of novelty have we to perceive, that we have little leisure to reflect. By-and-by, fear teaches us to restrain our feelings: when displeased, we seek to revenge the displeasure, and are punished; we find the excess of our joy, our sorrow, our anger, alike considered criminal, and chidden into restraint. From harshness we become acquainted with deceit: the promise made is not fulfilled, the threat not executed, the fear falsely excited, and the hope wilfully disappointed: we are surrounded by systematized delusion, and we imbibe the contagion.

"From being forced into concealing the thoughts which we do conceive, we begin to affect those which we do not: so early do we learn the two main tasks of life, to suppress and to feign, that our memory will not carry us beyond that period of artifice to a state of nature when the twin principles of veracity and belief were so strong as to lead the philosophers of a modern school into the error of terming them innate."

"It was with a mind restless and confused—feelings which were alternately chilled and counterfeited, (the necessary results of my first tuition,) that I was driven to mix with others of my age. They did not like me, nor do I blame them. *Les manières que l'on néglige comme de petites choses, sont souvent ce qui fait que les hommes décident de vous en bien ou en mal.* Manner is acquired so imperceptibly that we have given its origin to nature, as we do the origin of all else for which our ignorance can find no other source. Mine was unprepossessing; I was disliked, and I returned the feeling; I sought not, and I was shunned. Then I thought that all were unjust to me, and I grew bitter, and sullen, and morose: I cased myself in the stubbornness of pride, I pored over the books which spoke of the worthlessness of man, and I indulged the discontent of myself by brooding over the frailties of my kind.

"My passions were strong—they told me to suppress them. The precept was old, and seemed wise—I attempted to enforce it. I had already begun, in earlier infancy, the lesson: I had now only to renew it. Fortunately I was diverted from this task, or my mind, in conquering its passions, would have conquered its powers. I learnt, in after lessons, *that the passions are never to be suppressed; they are to be directed; and when directed, rather to be strengthened than subdued.*

"Observe how a word may influence a life: a man whose opinion I esteemed, made of me the casual and trite remark, that 'my nature was one of which it was impossible to augur evil or good, it might be extreme in either.' This observation roused me into thought: could I indeed be all that was good or evil? had I the choice, and could I hesitate which to choose? but what was good, and what was evil? that seemed the most difficult inquiry.

"I asked and received no satisfactory reply;—in the words of Erasmus—*totius negotii caput ac fontem ignorant, divinant, ac delirant omnes:*

elegant and forcible phraseology of the illustrious Will Honeycomb.

"Sir, I know you hate long things—but if you like it you may contract it—or how you will—but I think it has a moral in it."

* Held on the Human Mind.

so I resolved myself to inquire and to decide. I subjected to my scrutiny the moralist and the philosopher: I saw that on all sides they disputed, but I saw that they *grew virtuous in the dispute*; they uttered much that was absurd about the origin of good, but much more that was exalted in its praise: and I never rose from any work which treated ably upon morals, whatever were its peculiar opinions, but I felt my breast enlightened, and my mind ennobled by my studies. The professor of one sect commanded me to avoid the dogmatist of another, as the propagator of moral poison; and the dogmatist retaliated on the professor; but I avoided neither: I read both, and turned all 'into honey and fine gold.' No inquiry into wisdom, however superficial, is undeserving attention. The vagaries of the idlest fancy will often chance, as it were, upon the most useful discoveries of truth, and to serve as a guide to after and to slower disciples of wisdom; even as the peckings of birds, in an unknown country, indicate to the adventurous seamen the best and the safest fruits.

"From the works of men I looked into their lives, and I found that there was a vast difference (though I am not aware that it has before been remarked) between those who cultivated *a talent*, and those who cultivated *the mind*; I found that the mere men of genius were often erring or criminal in their lives; but that vice or crime in the disciples of philosophy was strikingly unfrequent and rare. The extremest culture of reason had not, it is true, been yet carried far enough to preserve the labourer from follies of opinion, but a moderate culture had been sufficient to deter him from the vices of life. And only to the sons of wisdom, as of old to the sages of the east, seemed given the unerring star, which, through the travail of earth, and the clouds of heaven, *led them at the last to their God!*

"When I gleaned this fact from biography, I paused, and said—'Then must there be something excellent in wisdom, if it can, even in its most imperfect disciples, be thus beneficial to morality.' Pursuing this sentiment, I redoubled my researches, and, behold, the object of my quest was won! I had before sought a satisfactory answer to the question, 'What is virtue?' from men of a thousand tenets, and my heart had rejected all I had received. 'Virtue,' said some, and my soul bowed reverently to the dictate, 'virtue is religion.' I heard and humbled myself before the divine book. Let me trust that I did not humble myself in vain! But the dictate satisfied less than it awed; for, either it limited virtue to the mere belief, or, by extending it to the practice, of religion, it extended also inquiry to the method in which the practice should be applied. But with the first interpretation of the dictate, who could rest contented?—for, while in the perfect enforcement of the tenets of our faith, all virtue may be found, so in the passive and the mere belief in its divinity, we find only an engine as applicable to evil as to good:—the torch which should illumine the altar has also lighted the stake, and the zeal of the persecutor has been no less sincere than the heroism of the martyr. Rejecting, therefore, this interpretation, I accepted the other: I felt in my heart, and I rejoiced as I felt it, that in the practice of religion the body of all virtue could be found. But, in that conviction, had I at once an answer to my inquiries? Could the mere desire of good be suf-

ficient to attain it—and was the attempt at virtue synonymous with success? On the contrary, have not those most desirous of obeying the precepts of God often sinned the most against their spirit, and has not zeal been frequently the most ardent when crime was the most rife? But what, if neither sincerity nor zeal was sufficient to constitute goodness—what, if in the breasts of the best intentioned, crime had been fostered, the more dangerously, because the more disguised—what ensued? That the religion which they professed, they believed, they adored, *they had also misunderstood*; and that the precepts to be drawn from the holy book, they had darkened by their ignorance, or perverted by their passions! Here, then, at once, my enigma was solved: here, then, at once, I was led to the goal of my inquiry! Ignorance, and the perversion of passion, are but the same thing—though under different names; for only by our ignorance are our passions perverted. Therefore what followed?—that, if by ignorance the greatest of God's gifts had been turned to evil, knowledge alone was the light by which even the pages of religion should be read. It followed, that the Providence that knew that the nature it had created should be constantly in exercise, and that only through labour comes improvement, had wisely ordained that we should toil even for the blessing of its holiest and clearest laws. It had given us, in religion, as in this magnificent world, treasures and harvests which might be called forth in incalculable abundance; but had decreed that through our exertions only *should* they be called forth;—a palace more gorgeous than the palaces of enchantment was before us, but its chambers were a labyrinth which required a clue.

"What was that clue? Was it to be sought for in the corners of earth, or was it not beneficently centred in ourselves? Was it not the exercise of a power easy for us to use, if we would dare to do so? Was it not the simple exertion of the discernment granted to us for all else?—Was it not the exercise of our reason? 'Reason' cried the zealot, 'pernicious and hateful instrument, it is fraught with peril to yourself and to others; do not think for a moment of employing an engine so fallacious and so dangerous.' But I listened not to the zealot: could the steady and bright torch which, even where the Star of Bethlehem had withheld its diviner light, had guided some patient and unwearied steps to the very throne of virtue, become but a deceitful meteor to him who kindled it *for the aid of religion*, and in an eternal cause? Could it be perilous to test our reason, even to the utmost, in the investigation of the true utility and hidden wisdom of the works of God, when God himself had ordained that only through *some* exertion of our reason should we know either from nature or revelation

* There can be no doubt that they who exterminated the Albigenses, established the inquisition, and lighted the fires at Smithfield, were actuated, not by a desire to do evil, but (monstrous as it may seem) to do good;—not to counteract, but to enforce what they believed the wishes of the Almighty; so that a good intention, without the enlightenment to direct it to a fitting object, may be as pernicious to human happiness as one the most fiendish. We are told of a whole people, who used to murder their guests, not from ferocity or interest, but from the pure and praiseworthy motive of *obtaining the good qualities*, which they believed, by the murder of the deceased, devolved upon them!

that he himself existed? 'But,' cried the zealot again, 'but mere mortal wisdom teaches men presumption, and presumption, doubt.' 'Pardon me,' I answered, 'it is not wisdom, but ignorance, which teaches men presumption; genius may be sometimes arrogant, but nothing is so diffident as *knowledge*.' 'But,' resumed the zealot, 'those accustomed to subtle inquiries may dwell only on the minutiae of faith—inexplicable, because useless to explain, and argue from those minutiae against the grand and universal truth.' 'Pardon me again: it is the petty, not the enlarged, mind, which prefers casuistry to conviction; it is the confined and short sight of ignorance, which, unable to comprehend the great bearings of truth, pries only into its narrow and obscure corners, occupying itself in scrutinizing the atoms of a part, while the eagle eye of wisdom contemplates, in its widest scale, the luminous majesty of the whole. Survey our faults, our errors, our vices—fearful and fertile field; trace them to their causes—all those causes resolve themselves into one—ignorance!—For, as we have already seen that from this source flow the abuses of religion, so, also, from this source flow the abuses of all other blessings—of talents, of riches, of power: for we abuse things, either because we know not their real use, or because, with an equal blindness, we imagine the abuse more adapted to our happiness. But as ignorance, then, is the sole spring of evil—so, as the antidote to ignorance is knowledge, it necessarily follows that, were we consummate in knowledge, we should be perfect in good. He therefore who *retards the progress of intellect, countenances crime—nay, to a state, is the greatest of criminals*; while he who circulates that mental light more precious than the visual, is the holiest improver, and the surest benefactor of his race! Nor let us believe, with the dupes of a shallow policy, that there exists upon the earth one prejudice that can be called salutary, or one error beneficial to perpetuate. As the petty fish, which is fabled to possess the property of arresting the progress of the largest vessel to which it clings, even so may a single prejudice, unnoticed or despised, more than the adverse blast, or the dead calm, delay the bark of knowledge in the vast seas of time.

"It is true that the sanguineness of philanthropists may have carried them too far; it is true (for the experiment has not yet been made) that God may have denied to us, in this state, the consummation of knowledge, and the consequent perfection in good; but because we cannot be perfect, are we to resolve we will be evil? One step in knowledge is one step from sin: one step from sin is one step nearer to heaven. O! never let us be deluded by those, who, for political motives, would adulterate the divinity of religious truths: never let us believe that our Father in heaven rewards most the one talent unemployed, or that prejudice, and indolence, and folly, find the most favour in his sight! The very heathen has bequeathed to us a nobler estimate of his nature; and the same sentence which so sublimely declares 'TRUTH IS THE BODY OF GOD,' declares also 'AND LIGHT IS HIS SHADOW.'"

"Persuaded, then, that knowledge contained the key to virtue, it was to knowledge that I applied. The first grand lesson which it taught me

was the solution of a phrase most hackneyed—least understood, viz. '*common sense*.'* It is in the Portico of the Greek sage† that that phrase has received its legitimate explanation; it is there we are taught that '*common sense*' signifies '*the sense of the common interest*.' Yes! it is the most beautiful truth in morals that we have no such thing as a distinct or divided interest from our race. In their welfare is ours; and, by choosing the broadest paths to effect their happiness, we choose the surest and the shortest to our own. As I read and pondered over these truths, I was sensible that a great change was working a fresh world out of the former materials of my mind. My passions, which before I had checked into uselessness or exerted to destruction, now started forth in a nobler shape, and prepared for a new direction: instead of urging me to individual aggrandizement, they panted for universal good, and coveted the reward of ambition only for the triumphs of benevolence.

"This is one stage of virtue—I cannot resist the belief that there is a higher: it is when we begin to love virtue, not for its objects, but itself. For there are in knowledge these two excellencies:—first, that it offers to every man, the most selfish and the most exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former, 'Serve mankind, and you serve yourself;' to the latter, 'In choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind.'

"The second excellence of knowledge is that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motives as he increases the love; and at last worships the deity, where before he only coveted the gold upon its altar. And thus I learned to love virtue solely for its own beauty. I said with one who, among much dross, has many particles of ore, 'If it be not estimable in itself, I can see nothing estimable in following it for the sake of a bargain.'‡

"I looked round the world, and saw often virtue in rags, and vice in purple; the former conduces to happiness, it is true, but the happiness lies *within*, and not in externals. I contemned the deceitful folly with which writers have termed it poetical justice to make the good ultimately prosperous in wealth, honour, fortunate love, or successful desires. Nothing false, even in poetry, can be just; and that pretended moral is, of all, the falsest. Virtue is not more exempt than vice from the ills of fate, but it contains within itself always an energy to resist them, and sometimes an anodyne to soothe—to repay your quotation from Tibullus:

"Crura sonant ferro—sed canit inter opus!"

"When in the depths of my soul I set up that divinity of this nether earth, which Brutus never really understood, if, because unsuccessful in its efforts, he doubted its existence, I said in the proud prayer with which I worshipped it, 'Poverty may humble my lot, but it shall not debase thee; Temptation may shake my nature, but not the rock on which thy temple is based; Misfortune may wither all the hopes that have blossomed around thine altar, but I will sacrifice dead leaves when the flowers are no more. Though all that I have

* Plato. † Κείρονος ποσειδη—Sensus communis.
‡ Lord Shaftesbury.

loved perish—all that I have coveted fade away, I may murmur at fate, but I will have no voice but that of homage for thee! Nor, while thou smilest upon my way, would I exchange with the loftiest and happiest of thy foes! More bitter than aught of what I then dreamed have been my trials, *but I have fulfilled my vow!*

"I believe that alone to be a true description of virtue which makes it all-sufficient to itself—that alone a just portraiture of its excellence which does not lessen its internal power by exaggerating its outward advantages, nor degrade its nobility by dwelling only on its rewards. The grandest moral of ancient lore has ever seemed to me that which the picture of Prometheus affords: in whom neither the shaking earth, nor the rending heaven, nor the rock without, nor the vulture within, could cause regret for past benevolence, or terror for future evil, or envy, even amid tortures, for the dishonourable prosperity of his insulter! Who, that has glowed over this exalted picture, will tell us that we must make virtue prosperous in order to allure to it, or clothe vice with misery in order to revolt us from its image! O! who, on the contrary, would not learn to adore virtue, from the bitterest sufferings of such a votary, a hundredfold more than he would learn to love vice from the gaudiest triumphs of its most fortunate disciples?"

Something there was in Mordaunt's voice and air, and the impassioned glow of his countenance, that long after he had ceased, thrilled in Clarence's heart, "like the remembered tone of a mute lyre." And when a subsequent event led him at rash moments to doubt whether virtue was indeed the chief good, Linden recalled the words of that night, and the enthusiasm with which they were uttered, repented that in his doubt he had wronged the truth, and felt that there is a power in the deep heart of man to which even destiny is submitted!

CHAPTER LXV.

Will you hear the letter?

This is the motley minded gentleman that I have before met in the forest.
As You Like It.

A MORNINE or two after the conversation with which our last chapter concluded, Clarence received the following letter from the Duke of Haverfield:—

"YOUR letter, my dear Linden, would have been answered before, but for an occurrence which is generally supposed to engross the attention of all the persons concerned in it. Let me see—ay, *three*—yes, I have been *exactly* three days married! Upon my honour, there is much less in the event than one would imagine; and the next time it happens, I will not put myself to such amazing trouble and inconvenience about it. But one buys wisdom only by experience. Now, however, that I have communicated to you the fact, I expect you, in the first place, to excuse my negligence for not writing before; for (as I know you are fond of the *literæ humaniores*, I will give the sentiment the dignity of a quotation)—

"Un véritable amant ne connaît point d'amis;†

* Mercury.—See the Prometheus of Æschylus.
† Corneille.

and though I have been three days married, I am still a lover! In the second place, I expect you to be very grateful that, all things considered, I write to you *so soon*; *pour dire vrai, mon cher*, it would not be an ordinary inducement that could make me 'put pen to paper'—[Is not that the true vulgar, commercial, academical, metaphorical epistolary style!]
—so shortly after the fatal ceremony. So, had I nothing to say but in reply to your comments on state affairs—(hang them!)—or in applause of your Italian friend, of whom I say, as Charles II. said of the honest yeoman—'I can admire virtue, though I can't imitate it!' I think it highly probable that your letter might still remain in a certain box of tortoise-shell and gold, (formerly belonging to the great Richelieu, and now in my possession,) in which I at this instant decry, 'with many a glance of wo and boding dire,' sundry epistles, in manifold handwritings, all classed under under the one fearful denomination—'unanswered.'

"No, my good Linden, my heart is inditing of a better matter than this. Listen to me, and then stay at your host's or order your swiftest steed, as seems most meet to you.

"You said rightly that Miss Trevanion, now her Grace of Haverfield, was the intimate friend of Lady Flora Ardenne. I have often talked to her—viz., Eleanor, not Lady Flora—about you, and was renewing the conversation yesterday, when your letter, accidentally lying before me, reminded me of you. Sundry little secrets passed, in due conjugal course, from her possession into mine. I find that you have been believed, by Lady Flora, to have played the perfidious with La Meronville—that she never knew of your application to her father, and his reply—that, on the contrary, she accused you of indifference in going abroad without attempting to obtain an interview, or excuse your supposed infidelity—that her heart is utterly averse to a union with that odious Lord Borebah—I mean Lord Ulewater: and that—prepare. Linden—she still cherishes your memory, even through time, change, and fancied desertion, with a tenderness which—*which*—douse take it, I never could write sentiment—but you understand me; so I will not conclude the phrase. 'Nothing in oratory,' said my cousin D—who was, *cute nous*, more honest than eloquent, 'like a break'—'*down!* you should have added,' said I.

"I now, my dear Linden, leave you to your fate. For my part, though I own Lord Ulewater is a lord whom ladies in love with the ecstasies of married pomp might well desire, yet I do think it would be no difficult matter for you to eclipse him! I cannot, it is true, advise you to run away with Lady Flora. *Gentlemen* don't run away with the daughters of gentlemen, though they do sometimes with their wives!—(those feats, thank heaven, are pretty well confined to officers on half-pay, mercurial attorneys, and descendants of the Irish kings!)—but, without running away, you may win your betrothed and Lord Ulewater's intended.—A distinguished member of the House of Commons, owner of Scarsdale, and representative of the most ancient branch of the Talbots—*mon Dieu!* you might marry a queen-dowager, and decline settlements!

"And, so, committing thee to the guidance of that winged god, who, if three days afford any experience, has made thy friend forsake pleasure

only to find happiness, I bid thee, most gentle Linden, farewell.
"HARRIFIELD."

Upon reading this letter, Clarence felt as a man suddenly transformed! From an exterior of calm and apathy, at the bottom of which lay one bitter and corroding recollection, he passed at once into a state of emotion, wild, agitated, and confused; yet, *amid* all, was foremost a burning and intense hope, which for long years he had not permitted himself to form.

He descended into the breakfast parlour. Mordaunt, whose hours of *appearing*, though not of *rising*, were much later than Clarence's, was not yet down; and our lover had full leisure to form his plans, before his host made his *entrée*.

"Will you ride to-day?" said Mordaunt: "there are some old ruins in the neighbourhood, well worth the trouble of a visit."

"I grieve to say," answered Clarence, "that I must take my leave of you. I have received intelligence, this morning, which may greatly influence my future life, and by which I am obliged to make an excursion to another part of the country, nearly a day's journey on horseback, hence."

Mordaunt looked at his guest, and conjectured by his heightened colour, and an embarrassment which he in vain endeavoured to conceal, that the journey might have some cause for its suddenness and despatch which the young senator had his peculiar reasons for concealing. Algernon contented himself, therefore, with expressing his regret at Linden's abrupt departure, without incurring the indiscreet hospitality of pressing a longer sojourn beneath his roof.

Immediately after breakfast, Clarence's horse was brought to the door, and Harrison received orders to wait with the carriage at W——, until his master returned. Not a little surprised, we trow, was the worthy valet at his master's sudden attachment to equestrian excursions. Mordaunt accompanied his visiter through the park, and took leave of him with a warmth which sensibly touched Clarence, in spite of the absence and excitement of his thoughts; indeed, the unaffected and simple character of Linden, joined to his acute, bold, and cultivated mind, had taken strong hold of Mordaunt's interest and esteem.

It was a mild autumnal morning, but thick clouds in the rear prognosticated rain; and the stillness of the wind, the low flight of the swallows, those volucrine Bruces of the air, and the lowing of the cattle, slowly gathering toward the nearest shelter within their appointed boundaries, confirmed the inauspicious omen. Clarence had passed the town of W——, and was entering into a road singularly hilly, when he "was aware," as the quaint old writers of former days expressed themselves, of a tall stranger, mounted on a neat, well trimmed galloway, who had for the last two minutes been progressing toward a closely parallel line with Clarence, and had, by sundry glances and hints, denoted a desire of commencing acquaintance and conversation with his fellow traveller.

At last he summoned courage, and said, with a respectful, though somewhat free, air, "That is a very fine horse of yours, sir—I have seldom seen so fast a walker: if all his other paces are equally good, he must be quite a treasure."

All men have their vanities. Clarence's was as much in his horse's excellencies as his own; and,

gratified even with the compliment of a stranger, he replied to it by joining in the praise, though with a modest and measured forbearance, which the stranger, if gifted with penetration, could easily have discerned was more affected than sincere.

"And yet, sir," resumed Clarence's new companion, "my little palfrey might perhaps keep pace with your steed: look—I lay the rein on his neck—and, you see, he rivals—by heaven, he *outwalks* yours."

Not a little piqued and incensed, Linden also relaxed his rein, and urged his horse to a quicker step; but the lesser competitor not only sustained, but increased his superiority; and it was only by breaking into a trot that Linden's impatient and spirited steed could overtake him. Hitherto Clarence had not honoured his new companion with more than a rapid and slight glance; but rivalry, even in trifles, begets respect, and our defeated hero now examined him with a more curious eye.

The stranger was between forty and fifty—an age in which, generally, very little of the boy has survived the advance of manhood; yet was there a hearty and frank exhilaration in the manner and look of the person we describe, which is rarely found beyond the first stage of youth. His features were comely and clearly cut, and his hair and appearance indicative of a man who might equally have belonged to the middle or the upper orders. But Clarence's memory, as well as attention, was employed in his survey of the stranger; and he recognised, in a countenance on which time had passed very lightly, an old and oft-times recalled acquaintance. However, he did not immediately make himself known. "I will first see," thought he, "whether he can remember his young guest in the bronzed stranger, after eight years' absence."

"Well," said Clarence, as he approached the owner of the palfrey, who was laughing with childish glee at his conquest—"well, you have won, sir; but the tortoise might beat the hare in walking, and I content myself with thinking that at a trot or a gallop the result of a race would have been very different."

"I am not so sure of that, sir," said the sturdy stranger, patting the arched neck of his little favourite: "if you would like to try either, I should have no objection to venture a trifling wager on the event."

"You are very good," said Clarence, with a smile in which urbanity was a little mingled with contemptuous incredulity; "but I am not now at leisure to win your money: I have a long day's journey before me, and must not tire a faithful servant; yet I do candidly confess that I think," (and Clarence's recollection of the person he addressed made him introduce the quotation,) "that my horse—

"Excels a common one

In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone."

"Eh, sir," cried our stranger, as his eyes sparkled at the verses: "I would own that your horse were worth all the horses in the kingdom, if you brought Will Shakspeare to prove it. And I am also willing to confess that your steed does fairly merit the splendid praise which follows the lines you have quoted—

"Round hooped, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

"Come," said Clarence, "your memory has atoned for your horse's victory, and I quite forgive your conquest, in return for your compliment; but suffer me to ask how long you have commenced cavalier. The Arab's *tent* is, if I err not, more a badge of your profession than the Arab's *steed*."

King Cole (for the stranger was no less a person) looked at his companion in surprise. "So, you know me, then, sir! well, it is a hard thing for a man to turn honest, when people have so much readier a recollection of his sins than his reform."

"Reform," quoth Clarence, "am I then to understand that your majesty has abdicated your dominions under the greenwood tree?"

"You are," said Cole, eyeing his acquaintance inquisitively: "you are:

*I fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
I my worldly task have done,
Home am gone and ta'en my wages."*

"I congratulate you," said Clarence; "but only in part—for I have often envied your past state, and do not know enough of your present to say whether I should equally envy *that*."

"Why," answered Cole, "after all, we commit a great error in imagining that it is the living wood or the dead wall which makes happiness. 'My *mind* to me a kingdom is'—and it is that which you must envy, if you honour any thing belonging to me with that feeling."

"The precept is both good and old," answered Clarence; "yet I think it was not a very favourite maxim of yours some years ago. I remember a time when you thought no happiness could exist out of 'dingle and bosky dell.' If not very intrusive on your secrets, may I know how long you have changed your sentiments and manner of life? The reason of the change I dare not presume to ask."

"Certainly," said the quondam gipsy, musingly—"certainly I have seen your face before, and even the tone of your voice strikes me as not wholly unfamiliar; yet I cannot, for the life of me, guess whom I have the honour of addressing. However, sir, I have no hesitation in answering your questions. It was just five years ago, last summer, when I left the tents of Kedar. I now reside about a mile hence. It is but a hundred yards off the high road, and if you would not object to step aside and suffer a rasber, or aught else, to be 'the shoeing-horn to draw on a cup of ale,' as our plain forefathers were wont wittily to say, why, I shall be very happy to show you my habitation. You will have a double welcome, from the circumstance of my having been absent from home for the last three days."

Clarence, mindful of his journey, was about to decline the invitation, when a few heavy drops falling, began to fulfil the cloudy promise of the morning. "Trust," said Cole, "one who has been for years a watcher of the signs and menaces of the weather—we shall have a violent shower immediately. You have now no choice but to accompany me home."

"Well," said Clarence, yielding with a good grace, "I am glad of so good an excuse for intruding on your hospitality."

"O, sky!
Why didst thou promise such a beautiful day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak!"

"Bravo!" cried the ex-chief, too delighted to find a comrade so well acquainted with Shakespeare's sonnets, to heed the little injustice Clarence had done to the sky, in accusing it of a treachery its black clouds had by no means deserved. "Bravo, sir; and now, my palfrey against your steed—trot—eh—or gallop?"

"Trot, if it must be so," said Clarence, superciliously; "but I am a few paces before you."

"So much the better," cried the jovial chief. "Little John's mettle will be the more up—on with you, sir—he who breaks into a canter loses—on!"

And Clarence slightly touching his beautiful steed, the race was begun. At first his horse, which was a remarkable stepper, as the modern Messrs. Dickinson and Dyson would say, greatly gained the advantage. "To the right," cried the *ci-devant* gipsy, as Linden had nearly passed a narrow lane which led to the domain of the ex-king. The turn gave to "Little John" an opportunity which he seized to advantage; and to Clarence's indignant surprise, he beheld Cole now close behind—now beside—and now—now before! In the heat of the moment he put spurs rather too sharply to his horse, and the spirited animal immediately passed his competitor—but—in a canter!

"Victoria," cried Cole, keeping back his own steed—"victoria—confer it!"

"Pshaw," said Clarence, petulantly.

"Nay, sir, never mind it," quoth the retired sovereign; "perhaps it was but a venial transgression of your horse—and on other ground I should not have beat you."

It is very easy to be generous when one is quite sure one is the victor. Clarence felt this, and muttering out something about the sharp angle in the road, turned abruptly from all farther comment on the subject, by saying, "We are now, I suppose, entering your territory! Does not this white gate lead to your new (at least new to me) abode?"

"It does," replied Cole, opening the said gate, and pausing as if to suffer his guest and rival to look round and admire.

The house, in full view, was of red brick, small and square, faced with stone copings, and adorned in the centre with a gable roof, on which was a ball of glittering metal. A flight of stone steps led to the porch, which was of fair size and stately, considering the proportions of the mansion—over the door was a stone shield of arms, surmounted by a stag's head; and above this heraldic ornament was a window of great breadth, compared to the other conveniences of a similar nature. On either side of the house ran a slight iron fence, the protection of sundry plots of gay flowers and garden shrubs, while two peacocks were seen slowly stalking toward the enclosure to seek a shelter from the increasing shower. At the back of the building thick trees and a rising hill gave a most defence from the winds of winter; and in front, a sloping and small lawn afforded pasture for a few sheep, and two pet deer. Toward the end of this lawn were two large fishponds, shaded by rows of feathered trees. On the margin of each of them, as if emblematic of ancient customs, was a common tent; and in the intermediate space was a rustic pleasure-house, fenced from the encroaching cattle, and half hid by surrounding laurel, and the parasite ivy.

Altogether there was a quiet and old fashioned comfort, and even luxury, about the place, which suited well with the eccentric character of the abdicated chief; and Clarence, as he gazed around, really felt that he might, perhaps, deem the last state of the owner *not* worse than the first.

Unmindful of the rain, which now began to pour fast and full, Cole suffered "Little John's" rein to fall over his neck, and the spoiled favourite to pluck the smooth grass beneath, while he pointed out to Clarence the various beauties of his seat.

"There, sir," said he, "by those ponds in which, I assure you, old Isaac might have fished with delight, I pass many a summer's day. I was always a lover of the angle, and the farthest pool is the most beautiful bathing place imaginable;—as glorious Geoffrey Chaucer says—

The gravel's gold; the water pure as glass,
The banks round the well environing;
And soft as velvet the young grass
That thereupon lustily come springing.

"And in that arbour, Lucy—that is, my wife—sits in the summer evenings with her father and our children; and then—ah! see our pets come to welcome me"—pointing to the deer, who had advanced within a few yards of him, but, intimidated by the stranger, would not venture within reach—"Lucy loved choosing her favourites among animals which had formerly been wild, and faith I loved it too. But you observe the house, sir,—it was built in the reign of Queen Anne: it belonged to my mother's family, but my father sold it, and his son five years ago rebought it. Those arms belong to my maternal ancestry. Look—look at the peacocks creeping along—poor pride theirs that can't stand the shower! But, egad, that reminds me of the rain. Come, sir, let us make for our shelter." And, resuming their progress, a minute more brought them to the old-fashioned porch. Cole's ring summoned a man, not decked in "livery gay," but "clad in serving frock," who took the horses with a nod, half familiar, half respectful, at his master's injunctions of attention and hospitality to the stranger's beast; and then our old acquaintance, striking through a small low hall, ushered Clarence into the chief sitting-room of the mansion.

CHAPTER LXVI.

We are not poor; although we have
No roofs of cedar, nor our brave
Bairns, nor keep
Account of such a flock of sheep,
Nor Bullocks led
To lard the shambles; barbles bred
To kiss our hands; nor do we wish
For Pollio's lampries in our dish.

If we can meet and so confer
Both by a shining salt cellar,
And have our roof,
Although not arch'd, yet weather-proof:
And ceiling free
From that cheap candle-bawdery;
We'll eat our bean with that full mirth
As we were lords of all the earth.
HARRICK, from HORACE.

On entering the room, Clarence recognised Lucy, whom eight years had converted in a sleek and portly matron of about thirty-two, without stealing from her countenance its original expression of mingled modesty and good-nature. She hastened to meet her husband with an eager and

joyous air of welcome seldom seen on matrimonial faces after so many years of wedlock.

A fine, stout boy, of about eleven years old, left a cross-bow, which, on his father's entrance, he had appeared earnestly employed in mending, to share with his mother the salutation of the returned. An old man sat in an arm-chair by the fire, gazing on the three with an affectionate and gladdening eye, and playfully detaining a child of about four years old, who was struggling to escape to dear "papa!"

The room was of oak wainscot, and the furniture plain, solid, and strong, and cast in the fashion still frequently found in those country houses which have remained unaltered by innovation since the days of George II.

Three rough-coated dogs, of a breed that would have puzzled a connoisseur, gave themselves the rousing shake, and deserting the luxurious hearth, came in various welcome to their master. One rubbed itself against his sturdy legs, murmuring soft rejoicings; he was the grandsire of the canine race, and his wick of life burnt low in the socket. Another sprung up almost to the face of his master, and yelled his very heart out with joy: that was the son, exulting in the vigour of matured *doghood*!—and the third scrambled and tumbled over the others, uttering his peans in a shrill treble, and chiding most snappishly at his two progenitors for interfering with his pretensions to notice: that was the infant dog, the little reveller in puppy childishness! Clarence stood by the door, with his fine countenance smiling benevolently at the happiness he beheld, and congratulating himself that, for one moment, the group had forgot that he was a stranger.

As soon as our gipsy friend had kissed his wife, shaken hands with his eldest hope, shaken his head at his youngest, smiled his salutation at the father-in-law, and patted into silence the canine claimants of his favour, he turned to Clarence, and saying, half bashfully, half good humouredly, "See what a troublesome thing it is to return home, even after three days' absence. Lucy, dearest, welcome a new friend!" he placed a chair by the fireside for his guest, and motioned him to be seated.

The chief expression of Clarence's open and bold countenance was centered in the eyes and forehead; and as he now doffed his hat, which had hitherto concealed that expression, Lucy and her husband recognised him simultaneously.

"I am sure, sir," cried the former, "that I am glad to see you once more!"

"Ah! my young guest under the gipsy-awning!" exclaimed the latter, shaking him heartily by the hand: "where were my eyes, that they did not recognise you before?"

"Eight years," answered Clarence, "have worked more change with me and my friend here," (pointing to the boy, whom he had left last so mere a child,) "than they have with you and his blooming mother. The wonder is, not that you did not remember me before, but that you remember me now!"

"You are altered, sir, certainly," said the frank chief. "Your face is thinner, and far graver: and the smooth cheeks of the boy (for, craving your pardon, you were little more then) are somewhat darkened by the rough chin and bronzed complexion with which time honours the man."

And the good Cole sighed, as he contrasted Linden's ardent countenance and elastic figure, when he had last beheld him, with the serious and thoughtful face of the person now before him; yet did he inly own that years, if they had in some things deteriorated from, had in others improved, the effect of Clarence's appearance: they had brought decision to his mien, and command to his brow, and had enlarged, to an ampler measure of dignity and power, the proportions of his form. Something too there was in his look, like that of a man who has stemmed fate, and won success; and the omen of future triumph, which our fortune-telling chief had drawn from his features, when first beheld, seemed already, in no small degree, to have been fulfilled.

Having seen her guest stationed in the seat of honour opposite her father, Lucy withdrew for a few moments, and when she reappeared, was followed by a neat-handed sort of Phillis for a country maiden, bearing such kind of "savory messes" as the house might be supposed to afford.

"At all events, mine host," said Clarence, "you did not desert the fleshpots of Egypt when you forsook its tents."

"Nay," quoth the worthy Cole, seating himself at the table, "either under the roof or the awning, we may say, in the words of the old epilogue,"

"We can but bring you meat and set you stools,
And to our best cheer say, You all are welcome."

We are plain people still; but if you can stay till dinner, you shall have a bottle of such wine as our fathers' honest souls would have rejoiced in."

"I am truly sorry that I cannot tarry with you, after so fair a promise," replied Clarence; "but before night I must be many miles hence."

Lucy came forward timidly. "Do you remember this ring, sir?" said she, (presenting one,) "you dropt it in my boy's frock, when we saw you last."

"I did so," answered Clarence. "I trust that he will not now disdain a stranger's offering. May it be as ominous of good luck to him as my night in your caravan has proved to me."

"I am heartily glad to hear that it has proved so," said Cole—"now, let us fall to."

CHAPTER LXVII.

Out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
SHAKESPEARE.

"If you are bent upon leaving us so soon," said the honest Cole, as Clarence, refusing all farther solicitation to stay, seized the opportunity which the cessation of the rain afforded him, and rose to depart—"if you are bent upon leaving us so soon, I will accompany you back again into the main road, as in duty bound."

"What immediately on your return?" said Clarence—"no, no—not a step. What would my fair hostess say to me if I suffered it?"

"Rather what would she say to me if I neglected such a courtesy? Why, sir, when I meet one who knows Shakespeare's sonnets, to say nothing of the lights of the lesser stars, as well as you, only once in eight years, do you not think I would

make the most of him? Besides, it is but a quarter of a mile to the road, and I love walking after a shower."

"I am afraid, Mrs. Cole," said Clarence, "that I must be selfish enough to accept the offer." And Mrs. Cole, blushing and smiling her assent and adieu, Clarence shook hands with the whole party, grandfather and child included, and took his departure.

As Cole was now a pedestrian, Linden threw the rein over his arm, and walked on foot by his host's side.

"So," said he, smiling, "I must not inquire into the reasons of your retirement?"

"On the contrary," replied Cole, "I have walked with you the more gladly from my desire of telling them to you, for we all love to seem consistent, even in our chimeras. About six years ago, I confess that I began to wax a little weary of my wandering life; my child, in growing up, required playmates: shall I own that I did not like him to find them among the children of my own comrades? The old scamps were good enough for me, but the young ones were a little too bad for my son. Between you and me only be it said, my juvenile hope was already a little corrupted. The dog Mim—you remember Mim, sir—secretly taught him to filch as well as if he had been a bantling of his own; and, faith, our smaller goods and chattels, especially of an edible nature, began to disappear, with a rapidity and secrecy that our itinerant palace could very ill sustain. Among us (i. e. the gipsies) there is a law by which no member of the gang may steal from another; but my little heaven-instructed youth would by no means abide by that distinction; and so boldly designed and well executed were his rogueries that my paternal anxiety saw nothing before him but Botany Bay on the one hand, and Newgate Courtyard on the other."

"A sad prospect for the heir apparent!" quoth Clarence.

"It was so!" answered Cole, "and it made me deliberate. Then, as one gets older, one's romance oozes out a little in rheums and catarrhs. I began to perceive that, though I had been bred, I had not been educated, as a gipsy; and, what was worse, Lucy, though she never complained, felt that the walls of our palace were not exempt from the damps of winter, nor our royal state from the Caliban curses of

"Cramps and
Side stitches that do pen our breath up."

She fell ill; and during her illness I had sundry bright visions of warm rooms and coal fires, a friend, with whom I could converse upon Chaucer, and a tutor for my son, who would teach him other arts than those of picking pockets and pilfering larders. Nevertheless, I was a little ashamed of my own thoughts; and I do not know whether they would have been yet put into practice, but for a trifling circumstance which converted doubt and longing into certainty.

"Our crank cuffs had for some time looked upon me with suspicion and coldness: my superior privileges and comforts they had at first forgiven, on account of my birth and my generosity to them; but by degrees they lost respect for the one and gratitude for the other; and as I had in a great measure ceased from participating in their adventures, or,

* To the play of "All Fools," by Chapman.

during Lucy's illness, which lasted several months, joining in their festivities, they at length considered me as a drone in a hive, by no means compensating by my services as an ally for my admittance into their horde as a stranger. You will easily conceive, when this once became the state of their feelings toward me, with how ill a temper they brooked the lordship of my stately caravan, and my assumption of superior command. Above all, the women, who were very much incensed at Lucy's constant seclusion from their orgies, fanned the increasing discontent; and, at last, I verily believe that no eyesore could have been more grievous to the Egyptians than my wooden habitation and the smoke of its single chimney.

"From ill will, the rascals proceeded to ill acts; and one dark night, when we were encamped on the very same ground as that which we occupied when we received you, three of them, Mim at their head, attacked me in mine own habitation. I verily believe, if they had mastered me, they would have robbed and murdered us all; except, perhaps, my son, whom they thought I ill used, by depriving him of Mim's instructive society. Howbeit, I was still stirring when they invaded me, and by the help of the poker, and a tolerably strong arm, I repelled the assailants; but that very night, I passed from the land of Egypt, and made with all possible expedition to the nearest town, which was, as you may remember, W——.

"Here, the very next day, I learnt that the house I now inhabit was to be sold. It had (as I before said) belonged to my mother's family, and my father had sold it a little before his death. It was the home from which I had been stolen, and to which I had been returned: often in my starlit wanderings had I flown to it in thought; and now it seemed as if Providence itself, in offering to my age the asylum I had above all others coveted for it, was interested in my retirement from the empire of an ungrateful people, and my atonement, in rest, for my past sins in migration.

"Well, sir, in short, I became the purchaser of the place you have just seen, and I now think that, after all, there is more happiness in reality than romance: like the laverock, here will I build my nest—

"Here give my weary spirit rest,
And raise my low pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love."

"And your son," said Clarence, "has he reformed?"

"O, yes," answered Cole. "For my part, I believe the mind is less evil than people say it is; its great characteristic is imitation, and it will imitate the good as well as the bad, if we will set the example. I thank heaven, sir, that my boy now might go from Dan to Beersheba, and not filch a groat by the way."

"What do you intend him for?" said Clarence.

"Why, he loves adventure, and faith, I can't break him of that, for I love it too, so I think I shall get him a commission in the army, in order to give him a fitting and legitimate sphere wherein to indulge his propensities."

"You could not do better," said Clarence.

"But your fine sister, what says she to your amendment?"

"O! she wrote me a long letter of congratulation upon it; and every other summer, she is graciously pleased to pay me a visit of three months

long; at which time, I observe, that poor Lucy is unusually smart and uncomfortable. We sit in the best room, and turn out the dogs; my father-in-law smokes his pipe in the arbour, instead of the drawing-room; and I receive sundry hints, all in vain, on the propriety of dressing for dinner. In return for these attentions on our part, my sister invariably brings my boy a present of a pair of white gloves, and my wife a French riband of the newest pattern; in the evening, instead of my reading Shakspeare, she tells us anecdotes of high life, and, when she goes away, she gives us, in return for our hospitality, a very general and very gingerly invitation to her house. Lucy sometimes talks to me about accepting it; but I turn a deaf ear to all such overtures, and so we continue much better friends than we should be if we saw more of each other."

"And how long has your father-in-law been with you?"

"Ever since we have been here. He gave up his farm and cultivates mine for me; for I knew nothing of those agricultural matters. I made his coming a little surprise, in order to please Lucy: you should have witnessed their meeting."

"I think I have now learned all particulars," said Clarence; "it only remains for me to congratulate you: but are you, in truth, never tired of the monotony and sameness of domestic life?"

"Yes!—and then I do, as I have just done—saddle Little John, and go on an excursion of three or four days, or even weeks, just as the whim seizes me: for I never return till I am driven back by the yearning for home, and the feeling that, after all one's wanderings, there is no place like it. Whether in private life, or public, sir, in parting with a little of one's liberty one gets a great deal of comfort in exchange."

"I thank you truly for your frankness," said Clarence: "it has solved many doubts with respect to you that have often occurred to me. And now we are in the main road, and I must bid you farewell: we part, but our paths lead to the same object—you return to happiness, and I seek it."

"May you find, and I not lose it, sir," said the wanderer reclaimed; and, shaking hands, the pair parted.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufi,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur;
Conat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia; si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesternæ patri cum luce salutem
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave.

MART.

"THE last time," said Clarence to himself, "that I travelled this road, on exactly the same errand that I travel now, I do remember that I was honoured by the company of one, in all respects the opposite to mine honest host; for, whereas in the latter there is a luxuriant and wild eccentricity, an open and blunt simplicity, and a shrewd sense, which looks not after pence, but peace; so, in the mind of the friend of the late Lady Waddilove, there was a flat and hedged-in primness and narrowness of thought—an enclosure of bargains and profits of all species—mustard pots, rings, monkeys, chains, jars, and plum-coloured velvet inexpressibles, his ideas,

with the true alchymy of trade, turned them all into gold; yet was he also as shrewd and acute as he with whose character he contrasts—equally with him seeking comfort and gladness, and an asylum for his old age. Strange that all tempers should have a common object, and never a common road to it. But, since I have begun the contrast, let me hope that it may be extended in its omen unto me; let me hope that, as my encountering with the mercantile Brown brought me ill luck in my enterprise, thereby signifying the crosses and vexations of those who labour in the cheateries and over-reachings which constitute the vocation of the world; so my meeting with the philosophical Cole, who has, both in vagrancy and rest, found cause to boast of happiness, authorities from his studies to favour his inclination to each, and reason to despise what he, with Sir Kenelm Digby, would wisely call—

The fading blossoms of the earth;

so my meeting with him may prove a token of good speed to mine errand, and thereby denote prosperity to one who seeks not riches, nor honour, nor the conquest of knaves, nor the good word of fools, but happy love, and the bourne of its quiet home."

Thus, half meditating, half moralizing, and drawing, like a true lover, an omen of fear or hope from occurrences in which plain reason could have perceived neither type nor token, Clarence continued, and concluded, his day's journey. He put up at the same little inn he had visited three years ago, and watched his opportunity of seeing Lady Flora alone. More fortunate in that respect, than he had been before, such opportunity the very next day presented to him.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Duke.—Sir Valentine!

Thur.—Yonder is Silvia, and Silvia's mine.

Val.—Thurio, give back.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

"I THINK, mamma," said Lady Flora to her mother, "that, as the morning is so beautiful, I will go into the pavilion to finish my drawing."

"But Lord Ulswater will be here in an hour, or perhaps less—may I tell him where you are, and suffer him to join you?"

"If you will accompany him," answered Lady Flora, coldly, as she took up her *portefeuille*, and withdrew.

Now the pavilion was a small summer house of stone, situated in the most retired part of the grounds belonging to Westborough Park. It was a favourite retreat with Lady Flora, even in the winter months, for warm carpeting, a sheltered site, and a fireplace, constructed more for comfort than economy, made it scarcely less adapted to that season than to the more genial suns of summer.

The morning was so bright and mild that Lady Flora left open the door as she entered; she seated herself at the table, and, unmindful of her pretended employment, suffered the *portefeuille* to remain unopened. Leaning her cheek upon her hand, she gazed vacantly on the ground, and scarcely felt the tears which gathered slowly to her eyes, but, falling not, remained within the fair lids, chill and mo-

tionless, as if the thought which drew them there was born of a sorrow less agitated than fixed and silent.

The shadow of a man darkened the threshold, and there paused.

Slowly did Flora raise her eyes, and the next moment Clarence Linden was by her side, and at her feet.

"Flora," said he, in a tone trembling with its own emotions—"Flora, have years indeed separated us for ever—or dare I hope that we have misconstrued each other's hearts, and that at this moment they yearn to be united with more than the fondness and fidelity of old!—Speak to me, Flora, one word."

But she had sunk on the chair overpowered, surprised, and almost insensible: and it was not for some moments that she could utter words rather wrung from, than dictated by, her thoughts.

"Cruel and insulting—for what have you come!—is it at such a time that you taunt me with the remembrance of my past folly, or your—your" (she paused for a moment, confused and hesitating, but presently recovering herself, rose, and added, in a calmer tone)—"Surely, you have no excuse for this intrusion—you will suffer me to leave you."

"No!" exclaimed Clarence, violently agitated—"no! Have you not wronged me, stung me, wounded me to the core by your injustice!—and will you not hear now how differently I have deserved from you!—On a bed of fever and pain I thought only of you; I rose from it animated by the hope of winning you! Though, during the danger of my wound, and my consequent illness, your parents alone, of all my intimate acquaintances, neglected to honour with an inquiry the man whom you professed to consecrate with your regard, yet scarcely could my hand trace a single sentence before I wrote to you requesting an interview, in order to disclose my birth, and claim your plighted faith! That letter was returned to me unanswered, unopened. My friend and benefactor, whose fortune I now inherit, promised to call upon your father, and advocate my cause. Death anticipated his kindness. Scarcely had the ground closed upon his coffin, before, even impiously occupied with you, I came to this very spot! For three days I hovered about your house, seeking the meeting I now enjoy! I could not any longer bear the torturing suspense I endured—I wrote to you—your father answered the letter. Here—here I have it still—read!—note well the cool, the damning insult of each line! I see that you knew not of this: I rejoice at it! Can you wonder that, on receiving it, I subjected myself no more to such affronts? I hastened abroad. On my return I met you. Where? In crowds—in the glitter of midnight assemblies—in the whirl of what the vain call pleasure! I observed your countenance, your manner; was there in either a single token of endearing or regretful remembrance? None! I strove to harden my heart; I entered into politics, business, intrigue—I hoped, I longed, I burned to forget you, but in vain!

"At last I heard that rumour, though it had long preceded, had not belied, the truth, and that you were to be married—married to Lord Ulswater! I will not say what I suffered, or how idly I summoned pride to resist affection! But I would not have come now to molest you, Flora—to trouble

your nuptial rejoicings with one thought of me, if, forgive me, I had not suddenly dreamt that I had cause to hope you had mistaken, not rejected, my heart; that—you turn away, Flora!—you blush!—you weep!—O, tell me, by one word, one look, that I was not deceived!"

"No, no, Clarence," said Flora, struggling with her tears; "it is too late, too late now! Why, why, did I not know this before? I have promised, I am pledged!—in less than two months I shall be the wife of another!"

"Never," cried Clarence, "never! You promised on a false belief; they will not bind you to such a promise. Who is he that claims you? I am his equal in birth—in the world's name—and O, by what worlds his superior in love! I will advance my claim to you in his very teeth—nay, I will not stir from these domains till you, your father, and my rival have repaired my wrongs."

"Be it so, sir!"—cried a voice behind, and Clarence turned and beheld Lord Ulswater! His dark countenance was flushed with rage, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal; and the smile of scorn that he strove to summon to his lip made a ghastly and unnatural contrast with the lowering of his brow, and the fire of his eyes—"Be it so, sir," he said, slowly advancing, and confronting Clarence. "You will dispute my claims to the hand Lady Flora Ardenne has long promised to one who, however unworthy of the gift, knows, at least, how to defend it. It is well; let us finish the dispute elsewhere. It is not the first time we shall have met, if not as rivals, as foes."

Clarence turned from him without reply, for he saw Lady Westborough had just entered the pavilion, and stood mute and transfixed at the door, with surprise, fear, and anger depicted upon her regal and beautiful countenance.

"It is to you, madam," said Clarence, approaching toward her, "that I venture to appeal. Your daughter and I, four long years ago, exchanged our vows; you flattered me with the hope that those vows were not displeasing to you; since then, a misunderstanding, deadly to my happiness and to hers, divided us. I come now to explain it. My birth may have seemed obscure; I come to clear it: my conduct doubtful; I come to vindicate it. I find Lord Ulswater my rival. I am willing to compare my pretensions to his. I acknowledge that he has titles, which I have not,—that he has wealth, to which mine is but competence—but titles and wealth, as the means of happiness, are to be referred to your daughter, to none else. You have only, in an alliance with me, to consider my character and my lineage: the latter flows from blood as pure as that which warms the veins of my rival; the former stands already upon an eminence to which Lord Ulswater, in his loftiest visions, could never aspire. For the rest, madam, I adjure you, solemnly, as you value your peace of mind, your daughter's happiness, your freedom from the agonies of future remorse, and unavailing regret—I adjure you not to divorce those whom God, who speaks in the deep heart, and the plighted vow, has already joined. This is a question in which your daughter's permanent woe or lasting happiness, from this present hour to the last sand of life, is concerned. It is to her that I refer it—let her be the judge."

And Clarence moved from Lady Westborough,

who, agitated, confused, awed by the spell of a power and a nature of which she had not dreamed, stood pale and speechless, vainly endeavouring to reply—he moved from her toward Lady Flora, who leant, sobbing and convulsed with contending emotions, against the wall; but Lord Ulswater, whose fiery blood was boiling with passion, placed himself between Clarence and the unfortunate object of the contention.

"Touch her not, approach her not!" he said, with a fierce and menacing tone. "Till you have proved your pretensions superior to mine, unknown, presuming, and probably base born, as you are, you will only pass over my body to your claims."

Clarence stood still for one moment, evidently striving to master the wrath which literally swelled his form beyond its ordinary proportions; and Lady Westborough, recovering herself in the brief pause, passed between the two, and, taking her daughter's arm, led her from the pavilion.

"Stay, madam, for one instant!" cried Clarence; and he caught hold of her robe.

Lady Westborough stood quite erect and still, and drawing her stately figure to its full height, said with that quiet dignity by which a woman so often stills the angrier passions of men, "I lay the prayer and command of a mother upon you, Lord Ulswater, and on you, sir, whatever be your real rank and name, not to make mine and my daughter's presence the scene of a contest which dishonours both. Still farther, if Lady Flora's hand and my approval be an object of desire to either, I make it a peremptory condition, with both of you, that a dispute already degrading to her name pass not from word to act. For you, Mr. Linden, if so I may call you, I promise that my daughter shall be left free and unbiassed to give that reply to your singular conduct which I doubt not her own dignity and sense will suggest!"

"By heaven!" exclaimed Lord Ulswater, utterly beside himself with rage, which, suppressed at the beginning of Lady Westborough's speech, had been kindled into double fury by its conclusion, "you will not suffer Lady Flora, no, nor any one but her affianced bridegroom, her only legitimate defender, to answer this arrogant intruder! You cannot think that her hand, the hand of my future wife, shall trace line or word to one who has so insulted her with his addresses, and me with his rivalry."

"Man!" cried Clarence, abruptly, and seizing Lord Ulswater fiercely by the arm, "there are some causes which will draw fire from ice—beware—beware how you incense me to pollute my soul with the blood of a——"

"What?" exclaimed Lord Ulswater.

Clarence bent down and whispered one word in his ear.

Had that word been the spell with which the sorcerers of old disarmed the fiend, it could not have wrought a greater change upon Lord Ulswater's mien and face. He staggered back several paces; the glow of his swarthy cheek faded into a death-like paleness; the word which passion had conjured to his tongue died there in silence; and he stood with eyes dilated and fixed on Clarence's face, on which their increasing gaze seemed to force some unwilling certainty.

But Linden did not wait for him to recover his self-possession, he hurried after Lady Westborough, who, with her daughter, was hastening home.

CHAPTER LXX.

"Pardon me, Lady Westborough," he said, (as he approached,) with a tone and air of deep respect, "pardon me—but will you suffer me to hope that Lady Flora and yourself will, in a moment of greater calmness, consider over all I have said!—and—that she—that you, Lady Flora, (added he, changing the object of his address,) will vouchsafe one line of unprejudiced, unbiassed reply, to a love which, however misrepresented and calumniated, has in it, I dare to say, nothing that can disgrace her to whom, with an enduring constancy, and undimmed, though unhoping, ardour, it has been inviolably dedicated?"

Lady Flora, though she spoke not, lifted her eyes to his, and in that glance was a magic which made his heart burn with a sudden and flashing joy that atoned for the darkness of years.

"I assure you, sir," said Lady Westborough, touched, in spite of herself, with the sincerity and respect of Clarence's bearing, "that Lady Flora will reply to any letter of explanation or proposal: for myself, I will not even see her answer. Where shall it be sent to you?"

"I have taken my lodgings at the inn, by your park gates. I shall remain there—till—till—"

Clarence paused, for his heart was full; and, leaving the sentence to be filled up, as his listeners pleased, he drew himself aside from their path, and suffered them to proceed.

As he was feeding his eyes with the last glimpses of their forms, ere a turn in the grounds snatched them from his view, he heard a rapid step behind, and Lord Ulswater, approaching, laid his hand upon Linden's shoulder, and said, calmly,

"Are you furnished with proof to support the word you uttered?"

"I am!" replied Clarence, haughtily,

"And will you favour me with it?"

"At your leisure, my lord," rejoined Clarence.

"Enough!—Name your time, and I will attend you."

"On Tuesday:—I require till then to produce my witnesses."

"So be it—yet stay: on Tuesday I have military business at W——, some miles hence,—the next day let it be—the place of meeting where you please."

"Here, then, my lord," answered Clarence; "you have insulted me grossly, before Lady Westborough, and your affianced bride, and before them my vindication and answer should be given."

"You are right," said Lord Ulswater; "be it here, at the hour of twelve." Clarence bowed his assent, and withdrew.

Lord Ulswater remained on the spot, with downcast eyes, and a brow on which thought had succeeded passion.

"If true," said he aloud, though unconsciously, "if this be true, why then I owe him reparation, and he shall have it at my hands. I owe it to him on my account, and that of one now no more. Till we meet, I will not again see Lady Flora; after that meeting, perhaps, I may resign her for ever."

And with these words the young nobleman, who, despite of many evil and overbearing qualities, had, as we have said, his redeeming virtues, in which a capricious and unsteady generosity was one, walked slowly to the house—wrote a brief note to Lady Westborough, the purport of which the next chapter will disclose; and then, summoning his horse, flung himself on its back, and rode hastily away.

We will examine if those accidents,
Which common fame calls injuries, happen to him
Deservedly or no. *The New Era.*

FROM LORD ULSWATER TO LADY WESTBOROUGH.

"FORGIVE me, dearest Lady Westborough, for my violence—you know and will allow for the infirmities of my temper. I have to make you and Lady Flora one request, which I trust you will not refuse me.

"Do not see or receive any communication from Mr. Linden till Wednesday; and on that day, at the hour of twelve, suffer me to meet him at your house. I will then either prove him to be the basest of impostors, or, if I fail in this, and Lady Flora honours my rival with one sentiment of preference, I will, without a murmur, submit to her decree and my rejection. Dare I trust that this petition will be accorded to one who is, with great regard and esteem,
" &c. &c. &c."

"This is fortunate," said Lady Westborough, gently, to her daughter, who, leaning her head on her mother's bosom, suffered hopes, the sweeter for their long sleep, to divide, if not wholly to possess, her heart. "We shall have now time well and carefully to reflect over what will be best for your future happiness. We owe this delay to one to whom you have been affianced. Let us, therefore, now merely write to Mr. Linden, to inform him of Lord Ulswater's request; and to say that if he will meet his lordship at the time appointed, we, that is I, shall be happy to see him."

Lady Flora sighed, but she saw the reasonableness of her mother's proposal, and, pressing Lady Westborough's hand, murmured her assent.

"At all events," thought Lady Westborough, as she wrote to Clarence, "the affair can but terminate to advantage. If Lord Ulswater proves Mr. Linden's unworthiness, the suit of the latter is, of course, at rest for ever: if not, and Mr. Linden be indeed all that he asserts, my daughter's choice cannot be an election of reproach. Lord Ulswater promises peaceably to withdraw his pretensions; and though Mr. Linden may not possess his rank or fortune, he is certainly one with whom, if of ancient blood, any family would be proud of an alliance."

Blending with these reflections a considerable share of curiosity and interest in a secret which partook so strongly of romance, Lady Westborough despatched her note to Clarence. The answer returned was brief, respectful, and not only acquiescent in, but grateful for, the proposal.

With this arrangement both Lady Westborough and Lady Flora were compelled, though with very different feelings, to be satisfied; and an agreement was tacitly established between them, to the effect that if Linden's name passed unblemished through the appointed ordeal, Lady Flora was to be left to, and favoured in, her own election. While, on the contrary, if Lord Ulswater succeeded in the proof he had spoken of, his former footing in the family was to be fully re-established, and our unfortunate adventurer for ever discarded.

To this Lady Flora readily consented: for with a sanguine and certain trust in her lover's truth and honour, which was tenfold more strong for her late suspicions, she would not allow herself a doubt as to the result; and with an impatience, mingled

with a rapturous exhilaration of spirit, which brought back to her the first greenness and radiancy of her youngest years, she counted the hours and moments to the destined day.

Meanwhile Lady Westborough, satisfied that in neither case her daughter's happiness (i. e. marriage) could *materially suffer*, and with a little prepossession in favour of Clarence, which counterbalanced in some measure his worldly disadvantages, in comparison with the broad lands and lofty name of Ulswater, soothed her impatience by wondering at the singularity of Clarence's sudden reappearance, his mysterious secret, and the fate which, having preserved her (beauty as she was) through her best days in all the brilliant tameness of patrician life, had at last implicated her, in the person of her daughter, in the *denouement* of what might be called, for such life, a very tolerable mystery and romance.

While such was the state of affairs at Westborough Park, Clarence was again on horseback, and on another excursion. By the noon of the day following that which had seen his eventful meeting with Lady Flora, he found himself approaching the extreme boundaries of the county in which Mor-daunt Court and the memorable town of W—— were situated. The characteristics of the country were now materially changed from those which gave to the vicinity of Algernon's domains its wild and uncultivated aspect.

As Clarence slowly descended a hill of considerable steepness and length, a prospect of singular and luxurious beauty opened to his view. The noblest of England's rivers was seen through "tufts, and shades, and flowers," pursuing its silver-winding way. On the opposite banks lay, embosomed in the golden glades of autumn, the busy and populous town that from the height seemed still and lifeless as an enchanted city over which the mid-day sun hung like a guardian spirit. Behind, in sweeping diversity, stretched wood and dale, and fields despoiled of their rich harvest, yet still presenting a yellow surface to the eye; and ever and anon some bright patch of green, demanding the gaze as if by a lingering spell from the past spring; while, here and there, spire and hamlet studded the landscape, or some lowly cot lay, backed by the rising ground or the silent woods, white and solitary, and sending up its faint tribute of smoke in spires to the altars of heaven. The river was more pregnant of life than its banks; barge and boat were gliding gayly down the wave, and the glad oar of the frequent and slender vessels consecrated to pleasure was seen dimpling the water, made by distance smoother than glass.

On the right side of Clarence's road, as he descended the hill, lay wide plantations of fir and oak, divided from the road by a park paling, the uneven sides of which were covered with brown moss, and which, at rare openings in the young wood, gave glimpses of a park, seemingly extending over great space, the theatre of many a stately copse, and oaken grove, which might have served the druids with fane and temple meet for the savage sublimity of their worship.

Upon these unfrequent views, Clarence checked his horse, and gazed, with emotions sweet yet bitter over the pales, along the green expanse which they contained. And once, when through the trees he caught a slight glimpse of the white

walls of the mansion they adorned, all the years of his childhood seemed rolled fresh and revived upon his heart, thrilling to its farthest depths with a mighty and sorrowful, yet sweet, melody, and

"Singing of boyhood back—the voices of his home."

Home! yes, amid those groves had the April of his life lavished its mingled smiles and tears! There was the spot hallowed by his earliest joys! and the scene of sorrows still more sacred than joys!—and now, after many years, the exiled boy came back, a prosperous and thoughtful man, to take but one brief glance of that home which to him had been less hospitable than a stranger's dwelling, and to find a witness, among those who remembered him, of his very birth and identity!

He wound the ascent at last, and entering a small town at the foot of the hill, which was exactly facing the larger one on the opposite shore of the river, put up his horse at one of the inns: and then, with an indifferent brow, but a beating heart, remounted the hill, and, entering the park by one of its lodges, found himself once more in the haunts of his childhood!

CHAPTER LXXI.

O, the steward, the steward—I might have guess'd as much.
Tales of the Crusaders.

THE evening was already beginning to close, and Clarence was yet wandering in the park, and retracing, with his heart's eye, each knoll, and tree, and tuft, once so familiar to his wanderings.

At the time we shall again bring him personally before the reader, he was leaning against an iron fence that, running along the left wing of the house, separated the pleasure-grounds from the park, and gazing, with folded arms and wistful eyes, upon the scene on which the dusk of twilight was gradually gathering.

The house was built originally in the reign of Charles II.: it had since received alterations and additions, and now presented to the eye a vast pile of Grecian, or rather Italian, architecture, heterogeneously blended with the massive window, the stiff coping, and the heavy roof which the age immediately following the revolution introduced. The extent of the building, and the grandeur of the circling demesnes, were sufficient to render the mansion imposing in effect; while, perhaps, the very style of the architecture, to our own taste, or rather associations, not displeasing, was calculated to conjoin a stately comfort with magnificence, and to atone in solidity for any deficiency in grace. At a little distance from the house, and placed on a much more commanding site, were some ancient and ivy-grown ruins, now scanty indeed, and fast mouldering into decay, but sufficient to show the antiquarian the remains of what once had been a hold of no ordinary size and power. These were the wrecks of the old mansion, which was recorded by tradition to have been reduced to this state by accidental fire, during the banishment of its loyal owner, in the time of the protectorate. Upon his return, the present house was erected: and the rumours of that day paid the builders in the gold of that great French king who well knew how to corrupt in peace as to devastate in war, and who found few Englishmen, in the reign of the vilest

of the Stuarts, proof against the example which their royal master had condescended to set them.

That founder of the new mansion left, however, a gallant and not ungracious name to his posterity; and his pictured likeness, on which the reckless gayety, unthinking courage, and searing though frivolous vices of the age, were admirably fixed upon the canvass—a portrait alike of the individual and the times—was still more lingeringly dwelt upon by the exhibiting attendant and the listening visitor, than all the grim visages and mailed figures of his nobler and ruder ancestors, which had been snatched from the conflagration of their ancient hall to deck the home and monument of their glittering yet unworthy successor.

As Clarence was thus stationed, he perceived an elderly man approach toward him. "This is fortunate," said he to himself—"the very person I have been watching for. Well, years have passed lightly over old Wardour: still the same precise garb—the same sturdy and slow step—the same upright form. Of a verity he is, in outward man at least, the pink and pattern of stewards, and would have been a fitting seneschal for Sir Hubert himself!"

The person thus designated now drew near enough for parlance; and, in a tone a little authoritative, though very respectful, inquired if Clarence had any business to transact with him.

"I beg pardon," said Clarence, slouching his hat over his face, "for lingering so near the house at this hour: but I have seen it many years ago, and, indeed, been a guest within its walls; and it is rather my interest for an old friend, than my curiosity to examine a new one, which you are to blame for my trespass."

"O, sir," answered Mr. Wardour, a short and rather stout man, of about sixty-four, attired in a chocolate-coat, gray breeches, and silk stockings of the same dye, which, by the waning light, took a sombrier and sadder hue—"O, sir—pray make no apology. I am only sorry the hour is so late, that I cannot offer to show you the interior of the house: perhaps, if you are staying in the neighbourhood, you would like to see it to-morrow. You were here, I take it, sir, in my old lord's time?"

"I was!—upon a visit to his second son—we had been boys together."

"What! Master Clinton?" cried the old man, with extreme animation; and then suddenly changing his voice, added, in a subdued and saddened tone, "Ah! poor young gentleman, I wonder where he is now?"

"Why—is he not in this country?" asked Clarence.

"Yes—no—that is, I can't exactly say where he is—I wish I could—poor Master Clinton—I loved him as my own son."

"You surprise me," said Clarence. "Is there any thing in the fate of Clinton L'Estrange that calls forth your pity? If so, you would gratify a much better feeling than curiosity if you would inform me of it. The fact is, that I came here to seek him; for I have been absent from the country many years, and on my return my first inquiry was for my old friend and schoolfellow. None knew any thing of him in London, and I imagined, therefore, that he might have settled down into a country gentleman. I was fully prepared to find

him marshalling the fox-hounds or beating the preserves; and you may consequently imagine my mortification on learning, at my inn, that he had not been residing here for many years; further I know not!"

"Ay—ay—sir," said the old steward, who had listened very attentively to Clarence's detail, "had you pressed one of the village gossips a little closer, you would doubtless have learned more! But it's a story I don't much love telling, although formerly I could have talked of Master Clinton by the hour together, to any one who would have had the patience to listen to me."

"You have really created in me a very painful desire to learn more," said Clarence; "and if I am not intruding on any family secrets, you would oblige me greatly by whatever information you may think proper to afford to an early and attached friend of the person in question."

"Well, sir, well," replied Mr. Wardour, who, without imputation on his discretion, loved talking as well as any other old gentleman of sixty-four, "if you will condescend to step up to my house, I shall feel happy and proud to converse with a friend of my dear young master's; and you are heartily welcome to the information I can give you."

"I thank you sincerely," said Clarence; "but suffer me to propose as an amendment to your offer, that you accompany me for an hour or two to my inn."

"Nay, sir," answered the old gentleman, in a piqued tone, "I trust you will not disdain to honour me with your company. Thank Heaven, I can afford" (an Englishman's constant thought and expression) "to be hospitable now and then."

Clarence, who seemed to have his own reasons for the amendment he had proposed, still struggled against this offer, but was at last, from fear of offending the honest steward, obliged to accede.

Striking across a path, which led through a corner of the plantation, to a space of ground containing a small garden, quaintly trimmed in the Dutch taste, and a brick house of moderate dimensions, half overgrown with ivy and jessamine, Clarence and his inviter paused at the door of the said mansion, and the latter welcomed his guest to his abode.

"Pardon me," said Clarence, as a damsel in waiting opened the door, "but a very severe attack of rheumatism obliges me to keep on my hat; you will, I hope, indulge me in my rudeness!"

"To be sure—to be sure, sir. I myself suffer terribly from rheumatism in the winter—though you look young, sir, very young, to have an old man's complaint. Ah, the people of my day were more careful of themselves, and that is the reason we are such stout fellows in our age."

And the worthy steward looked complacently down at legs, which very substantially filled their comely investments.

"True, sir," said Clarence, laying his hand upon that of the steward, who was just about to open the door of an apartment; "but suffer me at least to request you not to introduce me to any of the ladies of your family. I could not, were my very life at stake, think of affronting them by not doffing my hat. I have the keenest sense of what is due

the sex, and I must seriously entreat you, for the sake of my health during the whole of the coming winter, to suffer our conversation not to take place in their presence."

"Sir—I honour your politeness," said the prim little steward: "I, myself, like every true Briton, reverence the ladies; we will, therefore, retire to my little study. Mary, girl," (turning to the attendant,) "see that we have a nice chop for supper, in half an hour: and tell your mistress that I have a gentleman of quality with me upon particular business, and must not be disturbed."

With these injunctions, the steward led the way to the farther end of the house, and, having ushered his guest into a small parlour, adorned with sundry law-books, a great map of the estate, a print of the late owner of it, a rusty gun, slung over the fireplace, two stuffed pheasants, and a little mahogany buffet—having, we say, led Clarence to this sanctuary of retiring stewardship, he placed a seat for him, and said,

"Between you and me, sir, be it respectfully said, I am not sorry that our little confabulation should pass alone. Ladies are very delightful—very delightful, certainly; but they won't let one tell a story one's own way—they are fidgetty, you know, sir—fidgetty—nothing more; it's a trifle, but it's unpleasant; besides my wife was Master Clinton's foster-mother, and she can't bear a word about him, without running on into a long rignarole of what he did as a baby, and so forth. I like people to be chatty, sir, but not garrulous; I can't bear garrulity—at least in a female. But, suppose, sir, we defer our story till after supper? A glass of wine or warm punch makes talk glide more easily; besides, sir, I want something to comfort me when I talk about Master Clinton. Poor gentleman, he was so comely, so handsome!"

"Did you think so?" said Clarence, turning toward the fire.

"Think so!" ejaculated the steward, almost angrily; and forthwith he launched out into an encomium on the perfections, personal, moral, and mental, of Master Clinton, which lasted till the gentle Mary entered to lay the cloth. This reminded the old steward of the glass of wine which was so efficacious in making talk glide easily; and, going to the buffet before mentioned, he drew forth two bottles, both of port. Having carefully and warily decanted both, he changed the subject of his praise; and, assuring Clarence that the wine he was about to taste was, at least, as old as Master Clinton, having been purchased in joyous celebration of the young gentleman's birth-day, he whiled away the minutes with a glowing eulogy on its generous qualities, till Mary entered with the comestorial viands.

Clarence, with an appetite sharpened, despite his romance, by a long fast, did ample justice to the fare; and the old steward, warming into familiarity with the virtues of the far-famed port, chatted and laughed in a strain half simple and half shrewd, which rendered him no disagreeable or mirthless host.

The fire being stirred up to a free blaze, the hearth swept, and all the tokens of supper, save and except the kingly bottle and its subject glasses, being removed, the steward and his guest drew closer to each other, and the former began his story.

VOL. I.

CHAPTER LXXII.

The actors are at hand, and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

"You know, probably, sir, that my late lord was twice married: by his first wife he had three children, only one of whom, the youngest, though now the present earl, survived the first period of infancy. When Master Francis, as we always called him, in spite of his accession to the title of viscount, was about six years old, my lady died, and, a year afterward, my lord married again. His second wife was uncommonly handsome: she was a Miss Talbot, (a Catholic,) daughter of Colonel Talbot, and niece to the celebrated beau, Squire Talbot, of Scarsdale Park. Poor lady! they say that she married my lord through a momentary pique against a former lover. However that may be, she was a fine, high-spirited creature—very violent in temper, to be sure, but generous and kind when her passion was over; and however haughty to her equals, charitable and compassionate to the poor.

"She had but one son, Master Clinton. Never, sir, shall I forget the rejoicings that were made at his birth; for my lord doated on his present wife, and had disliked his first, whom he had married for her fortune; and it was therefore natural that he should prefer the child of the present wife to Master Francis. Ah, it is sad to think how love can change! Well, sir, my lord seemed literally to be wrapt up in the infant: he nursed it, and fondled it, and hung over it, as if he had been its mother rather than its father. My lady desired that it might be christened by one of her family names; and my lord consenting, it was called Clinton.—(The wine is with you, sir! Do observe that it has not changed colour in the least, notwithstanding its age!)

"My lord was fond of a quiet, retired life; indeed, he was a great scholar, and spent the chief part of his time among his books. Dr. Latinas, the young gentleman's tutor, said his lordship made Greek verses better than Dr. Latinas could make English ones, so you may judge of his learning. But my lady went constantly to town, and was among the gayest of the gay; nor did she often come down here without bringing a whole troop of guests. Lord help us, what goings on there used to be at the great house!—such dancing and music, and dining, and supping, and shooting parties, fishing parties, gipsy parties: you would have thought all England was merry-making there.

"But my lord, though he indulged my lady in all her whims and extravagance, seldom took much share in them himself. He was constantly occupied with his library and children, nor did he ever suffer either Master Francis or Master Clinton to mix with the guests. He kept them very close at their studies, and when the latter was six years old, I do assure you, sir, he could say his *Propria quæ maribus* better than I can.—(You don't drink, sir.) When Master Francis was sixteen, and Master Clinton eight, the former was sent abroad on his travels with a German tutor, and did not return to England for many years afterward; meanwhile Master Clinton grew up to the age of fourteen, increasing in comeliness and goodness. He was very fond of his studies, much more so than Mas-

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ter Francis had been, and was astonishingly forward for his years. So my lord loved him better and better, and would scarcely ever suffer him to be out of his sight.

"When Master Clinton was about the age I mentioned, viz. fourteen, a gentleman of the name of Sir Clinton Manners became a constant visiter at the house. Report said that he was always about my lady in London, at Ranelagh, and the ball-rooms and routs, and all the fine places—and certainly he was scarcely ever from her side in the pleasure parties at the park. But my lady said that he was a cousin of hers, and an old playmate in childhood, and so he was—and unhappily for her, something more too. My lord, however, shut up in his library, did not pay any attention to my lady's intimacy with Sir Clinton; on the contrary, as he was a cousin and friend of hers, his lordship seemed always happy to see him, and was the only person in the neighbourhood who had no suspicion of what was going on.

"O, sir, it's a melancholy story, and I can scarcely persuade myself to tell it. (It is really delicious wine this—six-and-twenty years old last *birth-day*—to say nothing of its age before I bought it—Ah!)—Well, sir, the blow came at last like a thunder-clap—my lady, finding disguise was in vain, went off with Sir Clinton. Letters were discovered which showed that they had corresponded for years—that he was her lover before her marriage—that she, in a momentary passion with him, had accepted my lord's offer—that she had always repented her precipitation—and that she had called her son after his name—all this, and much more, sir, did my lord learn, as it were, at a single blow.

"He obtained a divorce, and Sir Clinton and my lady went abroad. But from that time my lord was never the same man. Always proud and gloomy, he now became intolerably violent and morose. He shut himself up, saw no company of any description, rarely left the house, and never the park—and, from being one of the gayest places in the country, sir, the mansion became as dreary and deserted as if it had been haunted. (It is for you to begin the second bottle, sir.)

"But the most extraordinary change in my lord was in his conduct to Master Clinton—from doting upon him, to a degree that would have spoilt any temper less sweet than my poor young master's, he took the most violent aversion to him. From the circumstance of his name, and the long intimacy existing between my lady and her lover, his lordship would not believe that Master Clinton was his own child; and indeed I must confess there was good ground for his suspicions. Besides this, Master Clinton took very much after his mother. He had her eyes, hair, and beautiful features, so that my lord could never see him without being reminded of his disgrace: therefore, whenever the poor young gentleman came into his presence, he would drive him out with oaths and threats which rung through the whole house. He could not even bear that he should have any attendance or respect from the servants, for he considered him quite as an alien like, and worse than a stranger; and his lordship's only delight seemed to consist in putting upon him every possible indignity and affront. But Master Clinton was a high spirited young gentleman, and after having in vain endeavoured to

soothe my lord by compliance and respect, he at last utterly avoided his lordship's presence.

"He gave up his studies in a great measure, and wandered about the park and woods all day; and sometimes even half the night; his mother's conduct, and his father's unkindness seemed to prey upon his health and mind, and, at last, he grew almost as much altered as my lord. From being one of the merriest boys possible, full of life and spirits, he became thoughtful and downcast, his step lost its lightness, and his eye all the fire which used once quite to warm one's heart when one looked at it; in short, sir, the sins of the mother were visited as much upon the child as the husband. (Not the least tawney, sir, you see, though it is so old!)

"My lord at first seemed to be glad that he now never saw his son; but, by degrees, I think he missed the pleasure of venting his spleen upon him; and so he ordered my young master not to stir out without his leave, and confined him closer than ever to his studies. Well, sir, (if it were not for this port, I could not get out another sentence!) there used then to be sad scenes between them: my lord was a terribly passionate man, and said things sharper than a two-edged sword, as the Psalms express it; and though Master Clinton was one of the mildest and best tempered boys imaginable, yet he could not at all times curb his spirit; and, to my mind, when a man is perpetually declaring he is not your father, one may now and then be forgiven in forgetting that you are to behave as his son.

"Things went on in this way sadly enough for about three years and a half, when Master Clinton was near eighteen. One evening, after my lord had been unusually stormy, Master Clinton's spirit warmed, I suppose, and, from word to word, the dispute increased, till my lord, in a furious rage, ordered in the servants, and told them to horsewhip his son. Imagine, sir, what a disgrace to that noble house! But there was not one of them who would not rather have cut off his right hand than laid a finger upon Master Clinton, so greatly was he beloved; and, at last, my lord summoned his own gentleman, a German, six feet high, entirely devoted to his lordship, and commanded him, upon pain of instant dismissal, to make use, in his presence, of a horsewhip which he put into his hand.

"The German did not dare refuse, so he approached Master Clinton. The servants were still in the room, and perhaps they would have been bold enough to rescue Master Clinton, had there been any need of their assistance; but he was a tall youth, as bold as a hero, and, when the German approached, he caught him by the throat, threw him down, and very nearly strangled him: he then, while my lord was speechless with rage, left the room, and did not return all night. (What a body it has, sir—Ah!)

"The next morning I was in a little room adjoining my lord's study, looking over some papers and maps. His lordship did not know of my presence, but was sitting alone at breakfast, when Master Clinton suddenly entered the study; the door leading to my room was ajar, and I heard all the conversation which ensued.

"My lord asked him very angrily how he had dared absent himself all night: but Master Clinton making no reply to this question, said, in a

very calm, loud voice, which I think I hear now,—
 ‘My lord, after the insult you have *presumed*—
 (yes, sir, *presumed* was the word)—to offer to me,
 it is perhaps unnecessary to observe that nothing
 could induce me to remain under your roof. I
 come, therefore, to take my last leave of you.’

“He paused, and my lord, (probably, like me,
 being taken by surprise,) making no reply, he con-
 tinued. ‘You have often told me, my lord, that I
 am not your son; and it is possible that I may not
 be so—so much the less, therefore, am I bound to
 submit to the injustice and cruelty which the ex-
 perience of nearly four years warrants me to expect
 for the future—and so much the more must you
 rejoice at the idea of ridding your presence of an
 intruder.’ ‘And how, sir, do you expect to live,
 except upon my bounty?’ exclaimed my lord.
 ‘You remember,’ answered my young master,
 ‘that an humble dependant of my mother’s family,
 who had been our governess in childhood, left me,
 at her death, the earnings of her life. I believe
 they amount to nearly a thousand pounds—I look
 to your lordship’s honour either for the principal
 or the yearly interest, as may please you best:
 farther I ask not from you.’ ‘And do you think,
 sir,’ cried my lord, almost screaming with passion,
 ‘that upon that beggarly pittance you shall go
 forth to dishonour; more than it is yet dishonoured,
 the name of my ancient house? Do you think,
 sir, that that name to which you have no preten-
 sion, though the law iniquitously grants it to you,
 shall be sullied either with trade or robbery? for
 to one or the other you must necessarily be driven.’
 ‘I foresaw your speech, my lord, and am prepared
 with an answer. Far be it from me to thrust my-
 self into any family, the head of which thinks pro-
 per to reject me—far be it from me to honour my
 humble fortunes with a name which I am as will-
 ing as yourself to disown: I purpose, therefore, to
 adopt a new one; and whatever may be my future
 fate, that name will screen me both from your re-
 membrance and the world’s knowledge. Are you
 satisfied now, my lord?’

“His lordship did not answer for some minutes;
 at last, he said sneeringly, ‘Go, boy, go! I am
 delighted to hear you have decided so well. Leave
 word with my steward where you wish your
 clothes to be sent to you; God forbid I should
 rob you either of your wardrobe or your princely
 fortune. Wardour will transmit to you the latter,
 even to the last penny, by the same conveyance
 as that which is honoured by the former. And
 now good morning, sir; yet stay, and mark my
 words—never dare to re-enter my house, or to ex-
 pect an iota more of fortune or favour from me.
 And, hark you, sir—if you dare violate your word,
 if you dare, during my life at least, assume a
 name which you were born to sully, my curse, my
 deepest, heartiest, eternal curse, be upon your head
 in this world and the next!’ ‘Fear not, my lord,
 my word is pledged,’ said the young gentleman;
 and the next moment I heard his parting step in
 the hall.

“Sir, my heart was full, (your glass is empty!)
 and my head spun round as if I were on a preci-
 pice: but I was determined my young master
 should not go till I had caught another glimpse of
 his bonny face, so I gently left the room I was in,
 and hastening out of the house by a private en-
 trance, met Master Clinton in the park, not very
 far from the spot where I saw you, sir, just now.

To my surprise, there was no sign of grief or agi-
 tation upon his countenance: I had never seen
 him look so proud, or, for years, so happy.

“‘Wardour,’ said he, in a gay tone, when he
 saw me, ‘I was going to your house: my father
 has at last resolved that I should, like my brother,
 commence my travels, and I wish to leave with
 you the address of the place to which my clothes,
 &c. will be sent.’

“I could not contain any longer when I heard
 this, sir; I burst into tears, confessed that I had
 accidentally heard his conversation with my lord,
 and besought him not to depart so hastily, and
 with so small a fortune; but he shook his head,
 and would not hear me. ‘Believe me, my good
 Wardour,’ said he, ‘that since my unhappy mo-
 ther’s flight, I have never felt so elated or so happy
 as I do now: one should go through what I have
 done to learn the rapture of independence.’ He
 then told me to have his luggage sent to him, un-
 der his initials of C. L., at the Golden Fleece, the
 principal inn in the town of W——, which, you
 know, sir, is at the other end of the county, on the
 road to London; and then, kindly shaking me by
 the hand, he broke away from me; but he turned
 back before he had got three paces, and said, (and
 then, for the first time, the pride of his counte-
 nance fell, and the tears stood in his eyes,) ‘War-
 dour, do not divulge what you have heard: put as
 good a face upon my departure as you can, and let
 the blame, if any, fall upon me, not upon your
 master: after all, he is to be pitied, not blamed,
 and I can never forget that he once loved me.’ He
 did not wait for my answer, perhaps he did not
 like to show me how much he was affected, but
 hurried down the park, and I soon lost sight of
 him. My lord that very morning sent for me,
 demanded what address his son had left, and gave
 me a letter, enclosing, I suppose, a bill for my
 poor young master’s fortune, ordering it to be sent
 with the clothes immediately.

“Sir, I have never seen or heard aught of the
 dear gentleman since: you must forgive me, I
 cannot help tears, sir—(the wine is with you.)”

“But the mother, the mother!” said Clarence,
 earnestly, “what became of her? she died abroad,
 two years since, did she not?”

“She did, sir,” answered the honest steward,
 refilling his glass. “They say that she lived very
 unhappily with Sir Clinton, who did not marry
 her, owing, I believe, to her religion, till all of a
 sudden she disappeared, none knew whither.”

Clarence redoubled his attention.

“At last,” resumed the steward, “two years
 ago, a letter came from her to my lord; she was a
 nun in some convent, (in Italy, I think,) to which
 she had at the time of her disappearance secretly
 retired. The letter was written on her death-bed,
 and so affectingly, I suppose, that even my stern
 lord was in tears for several days after he received
 it. But the principal passage in it was relative to
 her son: it assured my lord, (for so with his own
 lips he told me just before he died, four months
 ago,) that Master Clinton was in truth his son, and
 that it was not till she had been tempted many
 years after her marriage, that she had fallen; she
 implored my lord to believe this ‘on the word of
 one for whom earth and earth’s objects were no
 more;’ those were her words.

“Six months ago, when my lord lay on the bed
 from which he never rose, he called me to him,

and said—"Wardour, you have always been the faithful servant of our house, and warmly attached to my second son; tell my poor boy, if ever you see him, that I did at last open my eyes to my error, and acknowledge him as my child; tell him that I have desired his brother, (who was then, sir, kneeling by my lord's side,) as he values my blessing, to seek him out and repair the wrong I have done him; and add, that my best comfort in death was the hope of his forgiveness!"

"Did he, did he say *that*?" exclaimed Clarence, who had been violently agitated during the latter part of this recital, and now sprung from his seat—"My father, my father! would that I had borne with thee more—mine—mine was the fault—from *him* should have come the forgiveness."

The old steward sat silent and aghast. At that instant his wife entered, with a message of chiding at the lateness of the hour upon her lip, but she started back when she saw Clarence's profile, as he stood leaning against the wall: "Good heavens!" cried she, "is it, is it—yes, it is my young master, my own foster-son!"

Rightly had Clarence conjectured, when he had shunned her presence. Years had, indeed, wrought a change in his figure and face: acquaintance, servant, friend, relation, the remembrance of his features had passed from all; but she who had nursed him as an infant on her lap, and fed him from her breast, she who had joined the devotion of clanship to the fondness of a mother, knew him at a glance.

"Yes," cried he, as he threw himself into her withered and aged arms, "it is I, the child you reared, come, after many years, to find too late, when a father is no more, that he had a right to a father's home."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interrogatories,
And all will answer all things faithfully.
SHAKESPEARE.

"But did not any one recognise you in your change of name?" said the old foster-mother, looking fondly upon Clarence, as he sat the next morning by her side. "How could any one forget so winsome a face who had once seen it?"

"You don't remember," said Clarence, (as we will yet continue to call our hero,) smiling, "that your husband had forgotten it."

"Ay, sir," cried the piqued steward, "but that was because you wore your hat slouched over your eyes; if you had taken off *that*, I should have known you directly."

"However that may be," said Clarence, unwilling to dwell longer on an occurrence which he saw hurt the feelings of the kind Mr. Wardour, "it is very easy to explain how I preserved my incognito. You recollect that my father never suffered me to mix with my mother's guests: so that I had no chance of their remembering me, especially as, during the last three years and a half, no stranger had ever entered our walls. Add to this, that I was in the very time of life in which a few years work the greatest change, and on going to London, I was thrown entirely among people who could never have seen me before.

Fortunately for me, I became acquainted with my mother's uncle—circumstances subsequently led me to disclose my birth to him, upon a promise that he would never call me by any other name than that which I had assumed. He, who was the best, the kindest, the most generous of human beings, took a liking to me. He insisted not only upon his relationship to me, as my grand uncle, but upon the justice of repairing to me the wrongs his unhappy niece had caused me. The delicacy of his kindness—the ties of blood—and an accident which had enabled me to be of some service to him, all prevented my resisting the weight of obligation with which he afterward oppressed me. He procured me an appointment abroad: I remained there four years. When I returned, I entered, it is true, into very general society; but four years had, as you may perceive, altered me greatly; and even had there previously existed any chance of my being recognised, that alteration would, probably, have been sufficient to ensure my secret."

"But your brother—my present lord—did you never meet him, sir?"

"Often, my good mother; but you remember that I was little more than six years old when he left England, and when he next saw me I was about two and twenty: it would have been next to a miracle, or, at least, would have required the eyes of love like yours to have recalled me to memory after such an absence."

"Well—to return to my story—I succeeded, partly as his nearest relation, but principally from an affection dearer than blood, to the fortune of my real uncle and adopted father. Fate prospered with me: I rose in the world's esteem and honour, and soon became prouder of my borrowed appellation than of all the titles of my lordly line. Circumstances occurring within the last week, which it will be needless to relate, but which may have the greatest influence over my future life, made it necessary to do what I had resolved I would never do—prove my identity and origin. Accordingly I came here to seek you."

"But why did not my honoured young master disclose himself last night?" asked the steward.

"I might say," answered Clarence, "because I anticipated great pleasure in a surprise; but I had another reason—it was this: I had heard of my poor father's death, and I was painfully anxious to learn if at the last he had testified any relenting toward me—and yet more so to ascertain the manner of my unfortunate mother's fate. Both abroad and in England, I had sought tidings of her everywhere, but in vain: in mentioning my mother's retiring into a convent, you have explained the reason why my efforts were so fruitless. With these two objects in view, I thought myself more likely to learn the whole truth as a stranger than in my proper person; for in the latter case I deemed it probable that your delicacy and kindness might tempt you to conceal whatever was calculated to wound my feelings, and to exaggerate any thing that might tend to flatter or to soothe them. Thank heaven, I now learn that I have a right to the name my boyhood bore, that my birth is not branded with the foulest of private crimes, and that in death my father's heart yearned to his too hasty but repentant son. Enough of this—I have now only to request you, my friend, to accompany me, before daybreak, on Wednesday morning, to a place several miles hence."

Your presence there will be necessary to substantiate the proof for which I came hither."

"With all my heart, sir," cried the honest steward; "and after Wednesday you will, I trust, resume your rightful name!"

"Certainly," replied Clarence; "since neither I, nor the memory of him from whom I inherit it, have any longer a reason for shame at its possession."

Leaving Clarence now for a brief while to renew his acquaintance with the scenes of his childhood, and to offer the tribute of his filial tears to the ashes of a father whose injustice had been but "the stinging of a heart the world had stung"—we return to some old acquaintances in the various conduct of our drama.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Upon his couch the veiled Mokanna lay.
The Veiled Prophet.

THE autumn sun broke through an apartment in a villa in the neighbourhood of London, furnished with the most prodigal, yet not tasteless, attention to luxury and show, within which, beside a table strewn with newspapers, letters, and accounts, lay Richard Crauford, extended carelessly upon a sofa, which might almost have contented the Sybarite, who quarrelled with a rose leaf. At his elbow was a bottle half emptied, and a wine glass just filled. An expression of triumph and enjoyment was visible upon his handsome, but usually inexpressive, countenance.

"Well," said he, taking up a newspaper, "let us read this paragraph again. What a beautiful sensation it is to see one's name in print!—We understand that Richard Crauford, Esq., M. P. for —, is to be raised to the dignity of the peerage. There does not, perhaps, exist in the country a gentleman more universally beloved and esteemed" (mark that, Dicky Crauford)—"The invariable generosity with which his immense wealth has been employed—his high professional honour—his undeviating and consistent integrity of his political career"—(ay, to be sure, it is only your most fools who are inconsistent, no man can deviate who has one firm principle, self-interest*) "his manly and energetic attention to the welfare of religion," (he—he—he!) "conjoined to a fortune almost incalculable, render this condescension of our gracious sovereign no less judicious than deserved! We hear that the title proposed for the new peer is that of Viscount Innisdale, which, we believe, was formerly in the noble family of which Mr. Crauford is a distant branch." "He! he! he! Bravo! bravo! Viscount Innisdale!—noble family—distant branch—the devil take him! What an ignoramus my father was, not to know that! Why, rest his soul, he never knew who his grandfather was; but the world will not be equally ignorant of that important point. Let me see, who shall be Viscount Innisdale's great grandfather? Well, well, whoever he here's long life to his great grandson! 'Incalculable fortune!' Ay, ay, I hope, at all events, it will never be calculated. But now for my letters.

Bah—this wine is a thought too acid for the cellars of Viscount Innisdale! What, another from Mother H—! Dark eyes, small mouth—sings like an angel—eighteen! Pish! I am too old for such follies now; 'tis not pretty for Viscount Innisdale. Humph!—Lisbon—seven hundred pounds five shillings and seven pence—halfpenny, is it, or farthing? I must note that down. Loan for the King of Prussia. Well, must negotiate that to-morrow. Ah, Hockit, the wine-merchant—pipe of claret in the docks—vintage of 17—. Bravo! all goes smooth for Viscount Innisdale! Pish!—from my damnable wife! What a pill for my lordship! What says she?

"*Dawlish, Devonshire.*

"You have not, my dearest Richard, answered my letters for months. I do not, however, presume to complain of your silence: I know well that you have a great deal to occupy your time, both in business and pleasure. But one little line, dear Richard—one little line, surely, that is not too much now and then. I am most truly sorry to trouble you again about money: and you must know that I strive to be as saving as possible;—[Pish!—curse the woman—sent her twenty pounds three months ago!]

"but I really am so distressed, and the people here are so pressing; and at all events, I cannot bear the thought of your wife being disgraced. Pray, forgive me, Richard, and believe how painful it is in me to say so much. I know you will answer this! and, O, do, do, tell me how you are.

"Ever your affectionate wife,

"CAROLINE CRAUFORD."

"Was there ever poor man so plagued!—Where's my note-book! Mem.—Send Car. to-morrow 20*l.* to last her the rest of the year. Mem.—Send Mother H— 500*l.* Mem.—Pay Hockit's bill 830*l.* Bless me what shall I do with Viscountess Innisdale! Now, if I were not married, I would be son-in-law to a duke. Mem.—Go down to Dawlish, and see if she won't die soon. Healthy situation, I fear—devilish unlucky—must be changed. Mem.—Swamps in Essex. Who's that?"

A knock at the door disturbed Mr. Crauford in his meditations. He started up, hurried the bottle and glass under the sofa, where the descending drapery completely hid them; and, taking up a newspaper, said in a gentle tone, "Come in." A small, thin man, bowing at every step, entered.

"Ah! Bradley, is it you, my good fellow?" said Crauford—"glad to see you—a fine morning; but what brings you from town so early?"

"Why, sir," answered Mr. Bradley, very obsequiously, "something unpleasant has—"

"Merciful heaven!" cried Crauford, blanched into the whiteness of death, and starting up from the sofa with a violence which frightened the timid Mr. Bradley to the other end of the room—"the counting house—the books—all safe?"

"Yes, sir, yes, at present—but—"

"But what, man?"

"Why, honoured sir," resumed Mr. Bradley, bowing to the ground, "your partner, Mr. Jessopp, has been very inquisitive about the accounts. He says, Mr. Da Costa, the Spanish merchant, has been insinuating very unpleasant hints, and that he must have a conversation with you at your earliest

Singular confusion of terms! Self-interest was also pervading principle of Mordaunt's philosophy!

convenience; and when, sir, I ventured to remonstrate about the unreasonableness of attending to what Mr. Da Costa said, Mr. Jessopp was quite abusive, and declared that there seemed some very mysterious communication between you (begging your pardon, sir,) and me, and that he did not know what business I, who had no share in the firm, had to interfere."

"But," said Crauford, "you were civil to him—did not reply hotly—eh—my good Bradley?"

"Lord forbid, sir—Lord forbid, that I should not know my place better, or that I should give an unbecoming word to the partner of my honoured benefactor. But, sir, if I dare venture to say so, I think Mr. Jessopp is a little jealous, or so, of you; he seemed quite in a passion at a paragraph in the paper, about my honoured master's becoming a lord."

"Right, honest Bradley, right: he is jealous—we must soothe him. Go, my good fellow—go to him with my compliments, and say, that I will be with him by one. Never fear, this business will be easily settled."

And bowing himself out of the room, Bradley withdrew.

Left alone, a dark cloud gathered over the brow of Mr. Crauford.

"I am on a precipice," thought he; "but if my own brain does not turn giddy with the prospect, all yet may be safe. Cruel necessity, that obliged me to admit another into the business, that foiled me of Mordaunt, and drove me upon this fawning rascal. So, so—I almost think there is a Providence, now that Mordaunt has grown rich; but then his wife died—ay—ay—God saved him, but the devil killed her." He—he—he! But seriously—seriously, there is danger in the very air I breathe! I must away to that envious Jessopp instantly; but first let me finish the bottle."

CHAPTER LXXV.

A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation.

Iludibras.

ABOUT seven miles from W——, on the main road from ——, there was in 17——, a solitary public house; which, by-the-by, is now a magnificent hotel. Like many of its brethren in the more courtly vicinity of the metropolis, this *amænum hospitium peregrinæ gentis*, then had its peculiar renown for certain dainties of the palate; and various in degree and character were the numerous parties from the neighbouring towns and farms, which upon every legitimate holyday were wont to assemble at the mansion of mine host, of "the Jolly Angler," in order to feast upon eel-pie, and grow merry over the true Herefordshire cider.

But upon that especial day on which we are about to introduce our reader into the narrow confines of its common parlour, the said hostel was crowded with persons of a very different description from the peaceable idlers who were ordinarily wont to empty mine host's larder, and forget the price of corn over the divine inspirations of pomarial nectar. Instead of the indolent, satisfied air

of the saturnalian merry-maker, the vagrant angler, or the gentleman farmer, with his comely dame who "walked in silk attire, and miller had to spare;" instead of the quiet yet glad countenances of such hunters of pleasure and eaters of eel-pie, or the more obstreperous joy of urchins let loose from school to taste some brief and perennial recreation, and mine host's delicacies at the same time; instead of these, the little parlour presented a various and perturbed group, upon whose features neither eel-pie nor Herefordshire cider had wrought the relaxation of a holyday, or the serenity of a momentary content.

The day to which we now refer was the one immediately preceding that appointed for the far famed meeting at W——; and many of the patriots, false or real, who journeyed from a distance to attend that rendezvous, had halted at our host's of the Jolly Angler; both as being within a convenient space from the appointed spot, and as a tabernacle where promiscuous intrusion, and (haply) immoderate charges, were less likely to occur than at the bustling and somewhat extortionary hotels and inns of the town of W——.

The times in which this meeting was held were those of great popular excitement and discontent; and the purport of the meeting proposed was to petition parliament against the continuance of the American war, and the king against the continuance of his ministers.

Placards, of an unusually inflammatory and imprudent nature, had given great alarm to the more sober and well disposed persons in the neighbourhood of W——; and so much fear was felt or assumed upon the occasion, that a new detachment of Lord Ulswater's regiment had been especially ordered into the town; and it was generally rumoured that the legal authorities would interfere, even by force, for the dispersion of the meeting in question. These circumstances had given the measure a degree of general and anxious interest which it would not otherwise have excited; and while everybody talked of the danger of attending the assembly, everybody resolved to thrust himself into it.

It was about the goodly hour of noon, and the persons assembled were six in number, all members of the most violent party, and generally considered by friend and foe as embracers of republican tenets. One of these, a little, oily, corpulent personage, would have appeared far too sleek and well fed for a disturber of things existing, had not a freckled, pimpled, and fiery face, a knit brow, and a small black eye of intolerable fierceness, belied the steady and contented appearance of his frame and girth. This gentleman, by name Christopher Culpepper, spoke in a quick, muffled, shuffling sort of tone, like the pace of a Welsh pony, somewhat lame, perfectly broken-winded, but an exemplary amble for all that.

Next to him sat, with hands clasped over his knees, a thin, small man, with a countenance prematurely wrinkled, and an air of great dejection. Poor Castleton! his had been, indeed, the bitter lot of a man, honest but weak, who attaches himself, heart and soul, to a public cause which, in his life at least, is hopeless. Three other men were sitting by the open window, disputing, with the most vehement gestures, upon the character of Wilkes; and at the other window, alone, silent, and absorbed, sat a man whose appearance and features were

* Voltaire.—"Dieu a puni ce fripon, le diable a noyé les autres."—*Candide*.

angularly calculated to arrest and concentrate attention. His raven hair, grizzled with the first advance of age, still preserved its strong, wiry curl, and luxuriant thickness. His brows, large, bushy, and indicative of great determination, met over eyes which, at that moment, were fixed upon vacancy with a look of thought and calmness very unusual to their ordinary restless and rapid glances. His mouth, that great seat of character, was firmly and obstinately shut; and though, at the first observation, its downward curve and iron severity wore the appearance of unmitigated harshness, disdain, and resolve, yet a more attentive deducer of signs from features would not have been able to detect in its expression any thing resembling selfishness or sensuality, and in that absence would have found sufficient to redeem the more repellant indications of mind which it betrayed.

Presently the door was opened, and the landlord, making some apology to both parties for having no other apartment unoccupied, introduced a personage whose dress and air, as well as a kind of saddle bag, which he would not intrust to any other bearer than himself, appeared to denote him as one rather addicted to mercantile than political speculations. Certainly he did not seem too much at home among the patriotic reformers, who, having glared upon him for a single moment, renewed, without remark, their several attitudes or occupations.

The stranger, after a brief pause, approached the solitary reformer whom we last described; and making a salutation, half timorous and half familiar, thus accosted him—

"Your servant, Mr. Wolfe, your servant. I think I had the pleasure of hearing you a long time ago at the Westminster election: very eloquent you were, sir, very!"

Wolfe looked up for an instant at the face of the speaker, and, not recognising it, turned abruptly away, threw open the window, and, leaning out, appeared desirous of escaping from all further intrusion on the part of the stranger: but that gentleman was by no means of a nature easily bashed.

"Fine day, sir, for the time of year—very fine day, indeed. October is a charming month, as my mounted friend and customer, the late Lady Waddilove, was accustomed to say. Talking of that, sir, as the winter is now approaching, do you not think it would be prudent, Mr. Wolfe, to provide yourself with an umbrella? I have an admirable one which I might dispose of: it is from the effects of the late Lady Waddilove. 'Brown,' said her dyspnoea, a short time before her death—'Brown, you are a good creature; but you ask too much for the Dresden vase. We have known each other a long time—you must take fourteen pounds ten shillings, and you may have that umbrella, in the corner, into the bargain.' Mr. Wolfe, the bargain is completed, and the umbrella became mine—it may now be yours."

And so saying, Mr. Brown, depositing his saddle bag on the ground, proceeded to unfold an umbrella of singular antiquity and form—a very long stick, tipped with ivory, being surmounted with about a quarter of a yard of sea-green silk, somewhat discoloured by time and wear.

"It is a beautiful article, sir," said Mr. Brown, admiringly surveying it—"is it not?"

"Pshaw!" said Wolfe, impatiently—"what have you to do with your goods and chattels?—go and palm

the cheatings and impositions of your pitiful trade upon some easier gull."

"Cheatings and impositions, Mr. Wolfe!" cried the slandered Brown, perfectly aghast:—"I would have you to know, sir, that I have served the first families in the country, ay, and in this county too, and never had such words applied to me before. Sir, there was the late Lady Waddilove, and the respected Mrs. Minden, and her nephew the ambassador, and the Dutchess of Pugadale, and Mr. Mordaunt, of Mordaunt Court, poor gentleman—though he is poor no more," and Mr. Brown proceeded to enumerate the long list of his customers.

Now, we have stated that Wolfe, though he had never known the rank of Mordaunt, was acquainted with his real name; and, as the sound caught his ear, he muttered, "Mordaunt—Mordaunt—ay, but not my former acquaintance—not him who was called Glendower. No, no—the man cannot mean him."

"Yes, sir, but I do mean him," cried Brown, in a rage. "I do mean that Mr. Glendower, who afterward took another name, but whose real appellation is Mr. Algernon Mordaunt, of Mordaunt Court, in this county, sir."

"What description of man is he?" said Wolfe; "rather tall, slender, with an air and mien like a king's, I was going to say—but better than a king's—like a freeman's?"

"Ay, ay,—the same," answered Mr. Brown, sullenly; "but why should I tell you—'cheating and imposition,' indeed!—I am sure my word can be of no avail to you—and I sha'n't stay here any longer to be insulted, Mr. Wolfe—which, I am sure, talking of freemen, no freeman ought to submit to; but as the late Lady Waddilove once very wisely said to me, 'Brown, never have any thing to do with those republicans, they are the worst tyrants of all.' Good morning, Mr. Wolfe—gentlemen, your servant—'cheating and imposition,' indeed!"—and Mr. Brown banged the door as he departed.

"Wolfe," said Mr. Christopher Culpepper, "who is that man?"

"I know not," answered the republican, laconically, and gazing on the ground, apparently in thought.

"He has the air of a slave," quoth the free Culpepper, "and slaves cannot bear the company of freemen; therefore he did right to go—whe—w!—Had we a proper, and thorough, and efficient reform, human nature would not be thus debased by trades, and callings, and bartera, and exchange, for all professions are injurious to the character and the dignity of man—whe—w!—but, as I shall prove upon the hustings to-morrow, it is in vain to hope for any amendment in the wretched state of things until the people of these realms are fully, freely, and fairly represented—whe—w!—Gentlemen, it is past two, and we have not ordered dinner—whe—w!"—(N. B. this ejaculation denotes the kind of snuffle which lent peculiar energy to the dicta of Mr. Culpepper.)

"Ring the bell then, and summon the landlord," said, very pertinently, one of the three disputants upon the character of Wilkes.

The landlord appeared; dinner was ordered.

"Pray," said Wolfe, "has that man, Mr. Brown, I think he called himself, left the inn?"

"He has, sir, for he was mightily offended at something which—"

"And how far," interrupted Wolfe, "hence does Mr. Mordaunt live?"

"About five miles on the other side of W——," answered mine host.

Wolfe rose, seized his hat, and was about to depart.

"Stay, stay," cried citizen Christopher Culpepper; "you will not leave us till after dinner?"

"I shall dine at W——," answered Wolfe, quitting the room.

"Then our reckoning will be heavier," said Culpepper. "It is not handsome in Wolfe to leave us—who—w!—Really I think that our brother in the great cause has of late relaxed in his attentions and zeal to the goddess of our devotions—who—w!"

"It is human nature!" cried one of the three disputants upon the character of Wilkes.

"It is not human nature!" cried the second disputant, folding his arms doggedly, in preparation for a discussion.

"Contemptible human nature!" exclaimed the third disputant, soliloquizing with a supercilious expression of hateful disdain.

"Poor human nature!" murmured Castleton, looking upward with a sigh; and though we have not given to that gentleman other words than these, we think they are almost sufficient to let our readers into his character.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Silvia, ubi passim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille sinistrorsum hic dextrorsum abii; unus utrique
Error, sed variis illudat paribus. HORAT.

As Wolfe strode away from the inn, he muttered to himself—

"Can it be that Mordaunt has suddenly grown rich? If so, I rejoice at it. True, that he was not for our cause, but he had the spirit and the heart which belonged to it. Had he not been bred among the prejudices of birth, or had he lived in stormier times, he might have been the foremost champion of freedom. As it is, I rather lament than condemn. Yet I would fain see him once more. Perhaps prosperity may have altered his philosophy. But can he, indeed, be the same Mordaunt of whom that trading itinerant spoke? Can he have risen to the pernicious eminence of a landed aristocrat? Well, it is worth the journey; for if he have power in the neighbourhood, I am certain that he will exert it for our protection; and at the worst, I shall escape from the idle words of my compatriots. O! if it were possible that the advocates could debase the glory of the cause, how long since should I have flinched from the hardship and the service to which my life is devoted! Self-interest—Envy, that snarls at all above it, without even the beast's courage to bite—Folly, that knows not the substance of freedom, but loves the glitter of its name—Fear, that falters—Crime, that seeks in licentiousness an excuse—Disappointment, only craving occasion to rail—Hatred—Sourness, boasting of zeal, but only venting the blackness of rancour and evil passion,—all these make our adherents, and give our foes the handle and the privilege to scorn and to despise. But man chooses the object, and fate only furnishes the tools. Happy for our posterity, that when the

object is once gained, the frailty of the tools will be no more!"

Thus soliloquizing, the republican walked rapidly onward, till a turn of the road brought before his eye the form of Mr. Brown, seated upon a little rough pony, and "whistling as he went, for want of thought."

Wolfe quickened his pace, and soon overtook him.

"You must forgive me, my good man," said he soothingly, "I meant not to impeach your honesty or your calling. Perhaps I was hasty and peevish; and, in sad earnest, I have much to tease and distract me."

"Well, sir, well," answered Mr. Brown, greatly mollified: "I am sure no Christian can be more forgiving than I am; and since you are sorry for what you were pleased to say, let us think no more about it. But touching the umbrella, Mr. Wolfe—have you a mind for that interesting and useful relic of the late Lady Waddilove?"

"Not at present, I thank you," said Wolfe, mildly: "I care little for the inclemencies of the heavens, and you may find many to whom your proffered defence from them may be more acceptable. But tell me if the Mr. Mordaunt you mentioned was ever residing in town, and in very indifferent circumstances?"

"Probably he was," said the cautious Brown, who, as we before said, had been bribed into silence, and who now grievously repented that passion had betrayed him into the imprudence of candour; "but I really do not busy myself about other people's affairs. 'Brown,' said the late Lady Waddilove to me—'Brown, you are a good creature, and never talk of what does not concern you.' Those, Mr. Wolfe, were her ladyship's own words!"

"As you please," said the reformer, who did not want shrewdness, and saw that his point was already sufficiently gained; "as you please. And now, to change the subject, I suppose we shall have your attendance at the meeting at W—to-morrow?"

"Ay," replied the worthy Brown; "I thought it likely I should meet many of my old customers in the town on such a busy occasion; so I went a little out of my way home to London, in order to spend a night or two there. Indeed, I have some valuable articles for Mr. Glumford, the magistrate, who will be in attendance to-morrow."

"They say," observed Wolfe, "that the magistrates, against all law, right, and custom, will dare to interfere with, and resist, the meeting. Think you report says true?"

"Nay," returned Brown, prudently, "I cannot exactly pretend to decide the question: all I know is that Squire Glumford said to me, at his own house, five days ago, as he was drawing on his boots—'Brown,' said he, 'Brown, mark my words, we shall do for those rebellious dogs!'"

"Did he say so?" muttered Wolfe between his teeth. "O, for the old times, or those yet to come, when our answer would have been, or shall be—the sword!"

"And you know," pursued Mr. Brown, "that Lord Ulswater and his regiment are in the town, and have even made great preparations against the meeting a week ago."

"I have heard this," said Wolfe; "but I cannot think that any body of armed men dare interrupt

or attack a convocation of peaceable subjects, met solely to petition parliament against famine for themselves and slavery for their children."

"Famine!" quoth Mr. Brown. "Indeed it is very true—very!—times are dreadfully bad. I can scarcely get my own living—parliament certainly ought to do something; but you must forgive me, Mr. Wolfe; it may be dangerous to talk with you on these matters; and, now I think of it, the sooner I get to W—— the better—good morning—a shower's coming on—you won't have the umbrella, then?"

"They dare not," said Wolfe to himself, "no, no,—they dare not attack us—they dare not;" and clenching his fist, he pursued, with a quicker step, and more erect mien, his solitary way.

When he was about the distance of three miles from W——, he was overtaken by a middle-aged man, of a frank air and a respectable appearance. "Good day, sir," said he; "we seem to be journeying the same way—will it be against your wishes to join company?"

Wolfe assented, and the stranger resumed:

"I suppose, sir, you intend to be present at the meeting at W—— to-morrow. There will be an immense concourse, and the entrance of a new detachment of soldiers, and the various reports of the likelihood of their interference with the assembly, make it an object of some interest and anxiety to look forward to."

"True—true," said Wolfe, slowly, eyeing his new acquaintance with a deliberate and scrutinizing attention. "It will, indeed, be interesting to see how far an evil and hardy government will venture to encroach upon the rights of the people, which it ruins while it pretends to rule."

"Of a truth," rejoined the other, "I rejoice that I am no politician. I believe my spirit is as free as any cooped in the narrow dungeon of earth's clay can well be; yet I confess that it has drawn none of its liberty from book, pamphlet, speech, or newspaper, of modern times."

"So much the worse for you, sir," said Wolfe, sourly; "the man who has health and education can find no excuse for supineness or indifference to that form of legislation by which his country decays or prospers."

"Why," said the other gayly, "I willingly confess myself less of a patriot than a philosopher; and as long as I am harmless, I strive very little to be useful in a public capacity; in a private one, as a father, a husband, and a neighbour, I trust I am not utterly without my value."

"Pish!" cried Wolfe; "let no man who forgets his public duties prate of his private merits. I tell you, man, that he who can advance by a single air's-breadth the happiness or the freedom of mankind has done more to save his own soul than if he had paced every step in the narrow circle of his domestic life with the regularity of clock-work."

"You may be right," quoth the stranger, carelessly; "but I look on things in the mass, and perhaps see only the superficies, while you, I perceive already, are a lover of the abstract. For my part, Harry Fielding's two definitions seem to me excellent. 'Patriot—a candidate for a place!' 'Politics—the art of getting such a place!' Perhaps, sir, as you seem a man of education, you remember the words of our great novelist?"

"No!" answered Wolfe a little contemptuously

—"I cannot say that I burden my memory with the deleterious witticisms and shallow remarks of writers of fancy. It has been a mighty and spreading evil to the world, that the vain fictions of the poets, or the exaggerations of novelists, have been hitherto so welcomed and extolled. Better had it been for us if the destruction of the lettered wealth at Alexandria had included all the lighter works which have floated, from their very levity, down the stream of time, an example and a corruption to the degraded geniuses of later days."

The eyes of the stranger sparkled. "Why, you outgoth the Goth!" exclaimed he, sharply. "But you surely preach against what you have not studied. Confess that you are but slightly acquainted with Shakspeare, and Spenser, and noble Dan Chaucer. Ay, if you knew them as well as I do, you would, like me, give

"To hem faith and full credence,
And in your heart have hem in reverence."

"Pish!" again muttered Wolfe; and then rejoined aloud, "It grieves me to see time so wasted, and judgment so perverted, as yours appear to have been; but it fills me with pity and surprise, as well grief, to find that, so far from shame at the effeminacy of your studies, you appear to glory and exult in them."

"May the Lord help me, and lighten thee," said Cole—for it was he. "You are at least not a novelty in human wisdom, whatever you may be in character; for you are far from the only one proud of being ignorant, and pitying those who are not so."

Wolfe darted one of his looks of fire at the speaker, who, nothing abashed, met the glance with an eye, if not as fiery, at least as bold.

"I see," said the republican, "that we shall not agree upon the topics you have started. If you still intrude your society upon me, you will, at least, choose some other subject of conversation."

"Pardon me," said Cole, whose very studies, while they had excited, in their self-defence, his momentary warmth, made him habitually courteous and urbane—"pardon me for my hastiness of expression. I own myself in fault." And with this apology, our ex-king slid into the new topics which the scenery and the weather afforded him.

Wolfe, bent upon the object of his present mission, made some inquiries respecting Mordaunt; and though Cole only shared the uncertain information of the country gossips, as to the past history of that person, yet the little he did know was sufficient to confirm the republican in his belief of Algernon's identity; while the ex-gipsy's account of his rank and reputation in the country made Wolfe doubly anxious to secure, if possible, his good offices and interference on behalf of the meeting. But the conversation was not always restricted to neutral and indifferent ground, but, ever and anon, wandered into various allusions or opinions, from the one, certain to beget retort or controversy in the other.

Had we time, and our reader patience, it would have been a rare and a fine contrast to have noted more at large the differences of thought and opinion between the companions; each in his several way so ardent for liberty, and so impatient of the control and customs of society; each so enthusiastic for the same object, yet so coldly contemptuous to the enthusiasm of the other. The one

guided only by his poetical and erratic tastes, the other solely by dreams, seeming to the world no less baseless, yet, to his own mind, bearing the name of stern judgment and inflexible truth. Both men of active and adventurous spirits, to whom forms were fetters, and ceremonies odious; yet, deriving from that mutual similarity only pity for mutual perversion, they were memorable instances of the great differences congeniality itself will occasion, and of the never-ending varieties which minds, rather under the influence of imagination than judgment, will create.

Nor would it have been uninteresting, had we dived more deeply into the several educations of their lives, to have unravelled those differences, connected those similarities, and traced each to the circumstances, minute in appearance, yet mighty in effect, by which the philanthropist must hope, and the moralist calculate, that all characters have hitherto been formed, and shall hereafter be amended. We are aware that our jovial Ægyptian will be the greater favourite in any comparison between himself and the republican; yet we cannot help pausing to observe that whatever the failings of the latter, he had been guided throughout life by a principle which, if mistaken, was at least inflexible; while the other had obeyed only an alternate impulse and indolence, selfish in their cause, though, perhaps, innocent in their effect.

I know not, therefore, if we *envy* our lover of poetry the most, whether we ought not, even in our condemnation of his errors, to give the palm of *approbation* to the self-sacrificing, if self-deceiving, worshipper of truth.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Gratis anhelas, multa agendo, nihil agens.
PHEDRUS.

Upon entering the town, the streets displayed all the bustle and excitement which the approaching meeting was eminently calculated to create in a place ordinarily quiescent and undisturbed; groups of men were scattered in different parts, conversing with great eagerness; while here and there, some Demosthenes of the town, impatient of the coming strife, was haranguing his little knot of admiring friends, and preparing his oratorical organs by petty skirmishing for the grand battle of the morrow. Now and then the eye roved upon the gaunt forms of Lord Ulswater's troopers, as they strolled idly along the streets, in pairs, perfectly uninterested by the great event which set all the more peaceable inmates of the town in a ferment, and returning, with a slighting and supercilious glance, the angry looks and muttered anathemas which, ever and anon, the hardier spirits of the petitioning party liberally bestowed upon them.

As Wolfe and his comrade entered the main-street, the former was accosted by some one of his compatriots, who, seizing him by the arm, was about to apprise the neighbouring idlers, by a sudden exclamation, of the welcome entrance of the eloquent and noted republican. But Wolfe perceived and thwarted his design.

"Hush!" said he, in a low voice; "I am only now on my way to an old friend, who seems a

man of influence in these parts, and may be of avail to us on the morrow; keep silence, therefore, with regard to my coming till I return. I would not have my errand interrupted."

"As you will," said the brother spirit; "but who have you here—a fellow labourer?" and the reformer pointed to Cole, who, with an expression of shrewd humour, blended with a sort of philosophical compassion, stood at a little distance waiting for Wolfe, and eyeing the motley groups assembled before him.

"No," answered Wolfe; "he is some vain and idle sower of unprofitable flowers; a thing who loves poetry, and, for aught I know, writes it; but that reminds me that I must rid myself of his company; yet, stay—do you know this neighbourhood sufficiently to serve me as a guide?"

"Ay," quoth the other; "I was born within three miles of the town."

"Indeed!" rejoined Wolfe; "then, perhaps, you can tell me if there is any way of reaching the place called Mordaunt Court, without passing through the more public and crowded thoroughfares of the town."

"To be sure," rejoined the brother spirit; "you have only to turn to the right up yon hill, and you will in an instant be out of the purlieus and precincts of W——, and on your shortest road to Mordaunt Court; but surely it is not to its owner that you are bound?"

"And why not?" said Wolfe.

"Because," replied the other, "he is the wealthiest, the highest, and as report says, the haughtiest aristocrat of these parts."

"So much the better, then," said Wolfe, "as he aid us in obtaining a quiet hearing to-morrow, undisturbed by those liveried varlets of hire, who are termed, in sooth, Britain's defence! Much better, when we think of all they cost us to pamper and to clothe, should they be termed Britain's ruin; but, farewell for the present; we shall meet to-night; your lodgings——"

"Yonder," said the other, pointing to a small inn opposite; and Wolfe, nodding his adieu, returned to Cole, whose vivacious and restless nature had already made him impatient of his companion's delay.

"I must take my leave of you now," said Wolfe, "which I do with a hearty exhortation that you will change your studies, fit only for effeminate and enslaved minds."

"And I return the exhortation," answered Cole. "Your studies seem to me tenfold more crippling than mine: mine take all this earth's restraint from me, and yours seem only to remind you that all earth is restraint: mine show me whatever world the fondest fancy could desire; yours only the follies and change of this. In short, while 'my mind to me a kingdom is,' yours seems to consider the whole universe itself nothing but a great meeting for the purpose of abusing ministers and demanding reform!"

Not too well pleased by this answer, and at the same time indisposed for the delay of further reply, Wolfe contented himself with an iron sneer of disdain, and, turning on his heel, strode rapidly away in the direction his friend had indicated.

Meanwhile, Cole followed him with his eye, till he was out of sight, and then muttered to himself—
"Never was there a fitter addition to old Barclay's 'Ship of Fools!' I should not wonder if this man's

patriotism leads him from despising the legislature into breaking the law; and, faith, the surest way to the gallows is less through vice than discontent; yet, I would fain hope better things for him—for, methinks, he is neither a common declaimer, nor an ordinary man."

With these words the honest Cole turned away, and, strolling toward the Golden Fleece, soon found himself in the hospitable mansion of Mistress and Mister Merrylack.

While the ex-king was taking his ease at his inn, Wolfe proceeded to Mordaunt Court. The result of the meeting that there ensued was a determination on the part of Algernon to repair immediately to W—.

CHAPTER LXXVIII

The commons here in Kent are up in arms.
Second part of Henry VI.

WHEN Mordaunt arrived at W—, he found that the provincial deities, (who were all assembled at dinner with the principal inhabitants of the town,) in whose hands the fate of the meeting was placed, were in great doubt and grievous consternation. He came in time, first to balance the votes, and ultimately to decide them. His mind, prudent and acute, when turned to worldly affairs, saw in a glance the harmless, though noisy, nature of the meeting; and he felt that the worst course the government or the county could pursue would be to raise into importance, by violence, what otherwise would meet with ridicule from most, and indifference from the rest.

His large estates, his ancient name, his high reputation for talent, joined to that manner, half eloquent and half commanding, which rarely fails of effect when deliberation only requires a straw on either side to become decision—all these rendered his interference of immediate avail; and it was settled that the meeting should, as similar assemblies had done before, proceed and conclude, undisturbed by the higher powers, so long as no positive act of sedition to the government or danger to the town was committed.

Scarcely was this arrangement agreed upon, before Lord Ulswater, who had hitherto been absent, entered the room in which the magisterial conclave was assembled. Mr. Glumford (whom our readers will possibly remember as the suitor to Isabel St. Leger, and who had at first opposed, and then reluctantly subscribed to, Mordaunt's interference) bustled up to him.

"So, so, my lord," said he, "since I had the honour of seeing your lordship, quite a new sort of trump has been turned up."

"I do not comprehend your metaphorical elegancies of speech, Mr. Glumford," said Lord Ulswater.

Mr. Glumford explained. Lord Ulswater's cheek grew scarlet. "So Mr. Mordaunt has effected this wise alteration," said he.

"Nobody else, my lord, nobody else; and I am sure, though your lordship's estates are at the other end of the county, yet they are much larger than his; and since your lordship has a troop at your command, and that sort of thing, I would not, if

I were your lordship, suffer any such opposition to your wishes."

Without making a reply to this harangue, Lord Ulswater stalked haughtily up to Mordaunt, who was leaning against the wainscot, and conversing with those around him.

"I cannot but conceive, Mr. Mordaunt," said he, with a formal bow, "that I have been misinformed in the intelligence I have just received."

"Lord Ulswater will, perhaps, inform me to what intelligence he alludes?"

"That Mr. Mordaunt, the representative of one of the noblest families in England, has given the encouragement and influence of his name and rank to the designs of a seditious and turbulent mob."

Mordaunt smiled slightly, as he replied—"Your lordship *rightly* believes that you are misinformed. It is precisely because I would *not* have the mob you speak of seditious or turbulent, that I have made it my request that the meeting of to-morrow should be suffered to pass off undisturbed."

"Then, sir," cried Lord Ulswater, striking the table, with a violence which caused three reverend potentates of the province to start back in dismay, "I cannot but consider such interference on your part to the last degree impolitic and uncalled for; these, sir, are times of great danger to the state, and in which it is indispensably requisite to support and strengthen the authority of the law."

"I waive, at present," answered Mordaunt, "all reply to language neither courteous nor appropriate. I doubt not but that the magistrates will decide as is most in accordance with the spirit of that law which, in this and in all times, should be supported."

"Sir," said Lord Ulswater, losing his temper more and more, as he observed that the bystanders, whom he had been accustomed to awe, all visibly inclined to the opinion of Mordaunt, "sir, if your name has been instrumental in producing so unfortunate a determination on the part of the magistrates, I shall hold you responsible to the government for those results which ordinary prudence may calculate upon."

"When Lord Ulswater," said Mordaunt, sternly, "has learned what is due, not only to the courtesies of society, but to those legitimate authorities of his country, who (he ventures to suppose) are to be influenced, contrary to their sense of duty, by any individual, then, he may, perhaps, find leisure to make himself better acquainted with the nature of those laws which he now so vehemently upholds."

"Mr. Mordaunt, you will consider yourself answerable to me for those words," said Lord Ulswater, with a tone of voice unnaturally calm; and the angry flush of his countenance was supplanted by a livid paleness.

"At all times, and in every sense," answered Mordaunt; and Lord Ulswater, turning on his heel, left the room.

As he repaired homeward, he saw one of his soldiers engaged in a loud and angry contest with a man, in the plain garb of a peaceful citizen; a third person standing by, appeared ineffectually endeavouring to pacify the disputants. A rigid disciplinarian, Lord Ulswater allowed not even party feeling, roused as it was, to conquer professional habits. He called off the soldier, and the man with whom the latter had been engaged immediately came up to Lord Ulswater, with a step

as haughty as his own. The third person, who had attempted the peacemaker, followed him.

"I presume, sir," said he, "that you are an officer of this man's regiment?"

"I am the commanding officer, sir," said Lord Ulswater, very little relishing the air and tone of the person who addressed him.

"Then," answered the man (who was, indeed, no other than Wolfe, who, having returned to W—— with Mordaunt, had already succeeded in embroiling himself in a dispute)—"then, sir, I look to you for his punishment, and my redress;" and Wolfe proceeded, in his own exaggerated language, to detail a very reasonable cause of complaint. The fact was, that Wolfe, meeting one of his compatriots, and conversing with him somewhat loudly, had uttered some words which attracted the spleen of the soldier, who was reeling home, very comfortably intoxicated; and the soldier had, most assuredly, indulged in a copious abuse of the d—d rebel, who could not walk the streets without chattering sedition.

Wolfe's friend confirmed the statement.

The trooper attempted to justify himself; but Lord Ulswater saw his intoxication in an instant, and, secretly vexed that the complaint was not on the other side, ordered the soldier to his quarters, with a brief but sure threat of punishment on the morrow. Not willing, however, to part with the "d—d rebel," on terms so flattering to the latter, Lord Ulswater, turning to Wolfe, with a severe and angry air, said—

"As for you, fellow, I believe the whole fault was on your side; and if you dare again give vent to your disaffected ravings, I shall have you sent to prison, to tame your rank blood upon bread and water. Begone, and think yourself fortunate to escape now!"

The fierce spirit of Wolfe was in arms on the instant; and his reply, in subjecting him to Lord Ulswater's threat, might at least have prevented his enlightening the public on the morrow, had not his friend, a peaceable, prudent man, seized him by the arm, and whispered—"What are you about?—Consider for what you are here—another word may rob the assembly of your presence. A man bent on a public cause must not, on the eve of its trial, enlist in a private quarrel."

"True, my friend, true," said Wolfe, swallowing his rage, and eyeing Lord Ulswater's retreating figure with a menacing look; "but the time may yet come when I shall have license to retaliate on the upstart."

"So be it," quoth the other—"he is our bitterest enemy. You know, perhaps, that he is Lord Ulswater, of the —— regiment! it has been at his instigation that the magistrates proposed to disturb the meeting. He has been known publicly to say that all who attend the assembly ought to be given up to the swords of his troopers."

"The butchering dastard!—to dream even of attacking unarmed men; but enough of him—I must tarry yet in the street to hear what success our intercessor has obtained." And as Wolfe passed the house in which the magisterial conclave sat, Mordaunt came out and accosted him.

"You have sworn to me that your purpose is peaceable?" said Mordaunt.

"Unquestionably," answered Wolfe.

"And you will pledge yourself that no disturb-

ance, that can be either effected, or counteracted, by yourself and friends, shall take place?"

"I will."

"Enough!" answered Mordaunt. "Remember, that if you commit the least act that can be thought dangerous, I may not be able to preserve you from the military. As it is, your meeting will be unopposed."

Contrary to Lord Ulswater's prediction, the meeting went off as quietly as an elderly maiden's tea party. The speakers, even Wolfe, not only took especial pains to recommend order and peace, but avoided, for the most part, all inflammatory enlargement upon the grievances of which they complained. And the sage foreboders of evil, who had locked up their silver spoons, and shaken their heads very wisely, for the last week, had the agreeable mortification of observing rather an appearance of good humour upon the countenances of the multitude than that ferocious determination against the lives and limbs of the well affected which they had so sorrowfully anticipated.

As Mordaunt (who had been present during the whole time of the meeting) mounted his horse, and quitted the ground, Lord Ulswater, having just left his quarters, where he had been all day in expectation of some violent act of the orators or the mob, demanding his military services, rode up to Mordaunt.

"After what has passed between us," said he, with unusual and punctilious ceremony of address, "Mr. Mordaunt must be aware of the satisfaction I am necessitated to require."

"Lord Ulswater," answered Mordaunt, "will find me at any time prepared to give, since he has forestalled me in demanding, the satisfaction to which he refers."

"To-morrow," said Lord Ulswater, "I have the misfortune to be unavoidably engaged. The next day, if it suit you, punctually at the hour of two, I shall be at the column in the wood before us, only attended with a friend."

"I will not fail you, my lord," answered Mordaunt; and with this comfortable arrangement, so agreeably concluded, Lord Ulswater once more bowed to his horse's mane, and withdrew.

It so happened that Wolfe, wishing to speak to Mordaunt, had followed him from the ground, and overheard Lord Ulswater's last speech. In his design of addressing Mordaunt, Wolfe was, however, frustrated; for Algernon, immediately on the conclusion of Lord Ulswater's errand, set spurs to his horse, and not observing the republican, was speedily out of sight.

"Well, well," muttered Wolfe, "I know not why I should grieve at this—yet I do; they are both aristocrats, and foes to the happiness of the multitude. Of what greater avail, therefore, are the private virtues of the one than the arrogance and insolence of the other? No, no; let them both perish—let their own vitiated rules of honour become their own punishment and doom; and yet Mordaunt—his generosity, his talent, his—*Pish!* what are these to us?" And the stern Wolfe steeled his heart, and plunging once more into the crowd, soon lost among his compatriots all recollection of the scene he had witnessed.

But fate was surely, though darkly, working out her own end, and neither her tool nor her victim dreamt yet of the method or the hour.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

*Jam te premet nox, fabulæque Manes
Et domus exilis Plutonia.*

Hon.

THE morning was dull and heavy, as Lord Ulswater mounted his horse, and unattended, took his way toward Westborough Park. His manner was unusually thoughtful and absent; perhaps two affairs upon his hands, either of which seemed likely to end in bloodshed, were sufficient to bring reflection even to the mind of a cavalry officer.

He had scarcely got out of the town before he was overtaken by our worthy friend, Mr. Glumford. As he had been a firm ally of Lord Ulswater in the contest respecting the meeting, so, when he joined and saluted that nobleman, Lord Ulswater, mindful of past services, returned his greeting with an air rather of condescension than hauteur. To say truth, his lordship was never very fond of utter loneliness, and the respectful bearing of Glumford, joined to that mutual congeniality which sympathy in political views always occasions, made him more pleased with the society than shocked with the intrusion of the squire; so that when Glumford said, "If your lordship's way lies along this road for the next five or six miles, perhaps your lordship will allow me the honour of accompanying you," Lord Ulswater graciously signified his consent to the proposal, and carelessly mentioning that he was going to Westborough Park, slid into that conversation with his new companion which the meeting and its actors afforded.

Turn we for an instant to Clarence. At the appointed hour he had arrived at Westborough Park, and, bidding his companion, the trusty Wardour, remain within the chaise which had conveyed them, he was ushered with a trembling heart, but a mien erect and self-composed, into Lady Westborough's presence; the marchioness was alone.

"I am sensible, sir," said she, with a little embarrassment, "that it is not exactly becoming to my station and circumstances to suffer a meeting of the present nature between Lord Ulswater and yourself to be held within this house; but I could not resist the request of Lord Ulswater, conscious, from his character, that it could contain nothing detrimental to the—to the consideration and delicacy due to Lady Flora Ardenne."

Clarence bowed. "So far as I am concerned," said he, "I feel confident that Lady Westborough will not repent of her condescension."

There was a pause.

"It is singular," said Lady Westborough, looking to the French clock upon an opposite table, "that Lord Ulswater is not yet arrived."

"It is," said Clarence, scarcely conscious of his words, and wondering whether Lady Flora would deign to appear.

Another pause. Lady Westborough felt the awkwardness of her situation.

Clarence made an effort to recover himself.

"I do not see," said he, "the necessity of delaying the explanation I have to offer to your ladyship till my Lord Ulswater deems it suitable to him to appear. Allow me at once to enter into a history, told in few words, and easily proved."

"Stay," said Lady Westborough, struggling with her curiosity; "it is due to one who has stood in so peculiar a situation in our family to wait yet a

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little longer for his coming. We will, therefore, till the hour is completed, postpone the object of our meeting."

Clarence again bowed, and was silent. Another and a longer pause ensued; it was broken by the sound of the clock striking—the hour was completed.

"Now," began Clarence—when he was interrupted by a sudden and violent commotion in the hall. Above all, was heard a loud and piercing cry, in which Clarence recognised the voice of the old steward. He rose abruptly, and stood motionless and aghast: his eyes met those of Lady Westborough, who, pale and agitated, lost, for the moment, all her habitual self-command. The sound increased: Clarence rushed from the room into the hall; the open door of the apartment revealed to Lady Westborough, as to him, a sight which allowed her no farther time for hesitation. She hurried after Clarence into the hall, gave one look, uttered one shriek of horror, and fainted.

CHAPTER LXXX.

Idem.—But thou wilt brave me in these saucy terms.

Cade.—Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too.

SHAKESPEARE.

"You see, my lord," said Mr. Glumford, to Lord Ulswater, as they rode slowly on, "that as long as those rebellious scoundrels are indulged in their spoutings and meetings, and that sort of thing, that—that there will be no bearing them."

"Very judiciously remarked, sir," replied Lord Ulswater. "I wish all gentlemen of birth and consideration viewed the question in the same calm, dispassionate, and profound light that you do. Would to heaven it were left to me to clear the country of those mutinous and dangerous rascals—I would make speedy and sure work of it."

"I am certain you would, my lord—I am certain you would. It is a thousand pities that pompous fellow, Mordaunt, interfered yesterday, with his moderation, and policy, and all that sort of thing—so foolish, you know, my lord—mere theory, and romance, and that sort of thing: we should have had it all our own way, if he had not."

Lord Ulswater played with his riding whip, but did not reply. Mr. Glumford continued:

"Pray, my lord, did your lordship see what an ugly, ill-dressed set of dogs those meetings were—that Wolfe, above all?—O, he's a horrid looking fellow. By-the-by, he left the town this very morning; I saw him take leave of his friends in the street just before I set out. He is going to some other meeting—on foot, too. Only think of the folly of talking about the policy, and prudence, and humanity, and that sort of thing of sparing such a pitiful poor fellow as that—can't afford a chaise, or a coach even—my lord—positively can't."

"You see the matter exactly in its true light, Mr. Glumford," said his lordship, patting his fine horse, which was somewhat impatient of the slow pace of his equine companion.

"A very beautiful animal of your lordship's," said Mr. Glumford, spurring his own horse—a

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heavy, dull quadruped, with an obstinate ill-set tail, a low shoulder, and a Roman nose. "I am very partial to horses myself, and love a fine horse as well as anybody."

Lord Ulswater cast a glance at his companion's steed; and seeing nothing in its qualities to justify this assertion of attachment to the *beau en cheval*, was silent. Lord Ulswater never flattered even his mistress, much less Mr. Glumford.

"I will tell you, my lord," continued Mr. Glumford, "what a bargain this horse was;" and the squire proceeded, much to Lord Ulswater's discontent, to detail the history of his craft in making the said bargain.

The riders were now entering a part of the road, a little more than two miles from Westborough Park, in which the features of the neighbouring country took a bolder and ruder aspect than they had hitherto worn. On one side of the road the view opened upon a descent of considerable depth, and the dull sun looked drearily over a valley in which large fallow fields, a distant and solitary spire, and a few stunted and withering trees, formed the chief characteristics. On the other side of the road a narrow footpath was separated from the highway by occasional posts; and on this path Lord Ulswater—(how the minute and daily occurrences of life show the grand pervading principles of character)—was, at the time we refer to, riding, in preference to the established thoroughfare for equestrian and aurigal travellers. The side of this path farthest from the road was bordered by a steep declivity of stony and gravelly earth, which almost deserved the dignified appellation of a precipice; and it was with no small exertion of dextrous horsemanship that Lord Ulswater kept his spirited and susceptible steed upon the narrow and somewhat perilous path, in spite of its frequent starts at the rugged descent below.

"I think, my lord, if I may venture to say so," said Mr. Glumford, having just finished the narration of his bargain, "that it would be better for you to take the high road just at present; for the descent from the footpath is steep, and abrupt, and densed crumbling; so that if your lordship's horse shied or took a wrong step, it might be attended with unpleasant consequences—a fall, or that sort of thing."

"You are very good, sir," said Lord Ulswater, who, like most proud people, conceived advice an insult; "but I imagine myself capable of guiding my horse, at least upon a road so excellent as this."

"Certainly, my lord, certainly; I beg your pardon; but—bless me, who is that tall fellow in black, talking to himself yonder, my lord? The turn of the road hides him from you just at present; but I see him well. Ha, ha! what gestures he uses! I dare say he is one of the petitioners, and—yes, my lord, by Jupiter, it is Wolfe himself! You had better (excuse me, my lord) come down from the footpath—it is not wide enough for two people—and Wolfe, I dare say, a d—d rascal, would not get out of the way for the devil himself! He's a nasty, black, fierce-looking fellow; I would not for something meet him in a dark night, or that sort of thing!"

"I do not exactly understand, Mr. Glumford," returned Lord Ulswater, with a supercilious glance at that gentleman, "what peculiarities of temper you are pleased to impute to me, or from

what you deduce the supposition that I shall move out of my way for a person like Mr. Wooll, or Wolfe, or whatever be his proper appellation."

"I beg your pardon, my lord, I am sure," answered Glumford; "of course your lordship knows best, and if the rogue is impertinent, why I'm a magistrate, and will commit him; though, to be sure," continued our righteous Daniel, in a lower key, "he has a right to walk upon the footpath without being rode over, or that sort of thing."

The equestrians were now very near Wolfe, who, turning hastily around, perceived, and immediately recognised Lord Ulswater. "Ah-ha," muttered he to himself, "here comes the insolent thirster for blood, grudging us, seemingly, even the meager comfort of the path which his horse's hoofs are breaking up—yet thank heaven," added the republican, looking with a stern satisfaction at the narrowness of the footing, "he cannot very well pass me, and the free lion does not move out of his way for such servile though pampered and dangerous kine as those to which this creature belongs."

Actuated by this thought, Wolfe almost insensibly moved entirely into the middle of the path, so that what with the posts on one side, and the abrupt and undefended precipice, if we may so call it, on the other, it was quite impossible for any horseman to pass the republican, unless over his body.

Lord Ulswater marked the motion, and did not want penetration to perceive the cause. Glad of an opportunity to wreak some portion of his irritation against a member of a body so offensive to his mind, and which had the day before obtained a sort of triumph over his exertions against them; and rendered obstinate in his intention by the pique he had felt at Glumford's caution, Lord Ulswater, tightening his rein, and humming, with apparent indifference, a popular tune, continued his progress till he was within a foot of the republican. Then, checking his horse for a moment, he called, in a tone of quiet arrogance, to Wolfe to withdraw himself on one side till he had passed.

The fierce blood of the reformer, which the least breath of oppression sufficed to kindle, and which yet boiled with the remembrance of Lord Ulswater's threat to him two nights before, was on fire at this command. He stopped short, and turning half round, stood erect in the strength and power of his singularly tall and not ungraceful form. "Poor and proud fool," said he, with a voice of the most biting scorn, and fixing an eye eloquent of ire and menaced danger upon the calmly contemptuous countenance of the patrician—"poor and proud fool, do you think that your privileges have already reached so pleasant a pitch that you may ride over men like dust? Off, fool—the basest peasant in England, degraded as he is, would resist, while he ridiculed, your arrogance."

Without deigning any reply, Lord Ulswater spurred his horse; the spirited animal bounded forward, almost on the very person of the obstructor of the path; with uncommon agility, Wolfe drew aside from the danger, seized, with a powerful grasp, the bridle, and abruptly arresting the horse, backed it fearfully toward the descent. Incensed beyond all presence of mind, the fated nobleman raised his whip, struck violently at the

publican. The latter, as he felt the blow, uttered a single shout of such ferocity that it curdled the voracious blood of Glumford, and with a giant and in hand he backed the horse several paces down the precipice. The treacherous earth crumbled beneath the weight, and Lord Ulswater, spurring his steed violently at the same instant that Wolfe sharply and strongly curbed it, the affrighted animal reared violently, forced the rein from Wolfe, stood erect for a moment of horror to the spectator, and then, as its footing and balance alike failed it, fell backward, and rolled over and over its unfortunate and helpless rider.

"Good God!" cried Glumford, who had sat quietly upon his dozing horse, watching the result of the dispute—"what have you done? you have killed his lordship—positively killed him—and his horse, too, I dare say. You shall be hanged for this, sir, as sure as I am a magistrate, and that sort of thing."

Unheeding this denunciation, Wolfe had made the spot where rider and horse lay blent together at the foot of the descent; and, assisting the latter to rise, bent down to examine the real effect of his violence. "Methinks," said he, as he looked upon the hueless, but still defying, features of the horseman—"methinks I have seen that face somewhere before?—but where? perhaps my dreams have foretold me this."

Lord Ulswater was utterly senseless; and as Wolfe raised him, he perceived the right side of his head was covered with blood, and that one arm seemed crushed and broken. Meanwhile a carriage had appeared—was hailed by Glumford—stopped; and, on being informed of the circumstances and the rank of the sufferer, the traveller, a single gentleman, descended, assisted to raise the unhappy nobleman—placed him in the carriage, and obeying Glumford's instructions, proceeded slowly to Westborough Park.

"But the ruffian—the rebel—the murderer!" said Mr. Glumford, both querulously and inquiringly, looking toward Wolfe, who, without having attempted to assist his victim, stood aloof, with arms folded, and an expression of sated ferocity upon his speaking features.

"O! as to him," quoth the traveller, stepping into his carriage, in order to support the mangled man—"you, sir, and my valet can bring him along with you, or take him to the next town, or do, in short, with him just as you please, only be sure he does not escape—drive on, post-boy, very gently." And poor Mr. Glumford found the muscular form of the stern Wolfe consigned to the sole care of himself and a very diminutive man in pea-green silk stockings, who, however excellently well he might perform the office of valet, was certainly by no means calculated in physical powers for the retention of a criminal.

Wolfe saved the pair a world of trouble and anxiety.

"Sir," said he, gravely turning to Glumford, "you beheld the affray, and, whatever its consequences, will do me the common justice of witnessing as to the fact of the first aggressor: it will, however, be satisfactory to both of us to seize the earliest opportunity of putting the matter upon a legal footing, and I shall, therefore, return to W——, to which town you will doubtless accompany me."

"With all my heart!" cried Mr. Glumford, feel-

ing as if a mountain of responsibility were taken from his breast. "And I wish to God you may be transported instead of hanged!"

CHAPTER LXXXI.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,
And dull the film along his dim eye grew.

BYRON.

THE light broke partially through the half-closed shutters of the room in which Lord Ulswater—who, awakened to sense and pain by the motion of the carriage, had now relapsed into insensibility—lay. By the side of the sofa on which he was laid, knelt Clarence, bathing one hand with tears violent and fast; on the opposite side leant over, with bald front, and an expression of mingled fear and sorrow upon his intent countenance, the old steward; while, at a little distance, Lord Westborough, who had been wheeled into the room, sat mute in his chair, aghast with bewilderment and horror, and counting every moment to the arrival of the surgeon, who had been sent for. The stranger to whom the carriage belonged stood by the window, detailing, in a low voice, to the chaplain of the house, what particulars of the occurrence he was acquainted with, while the youngest scion of the family, a boy of about ten years, and who, in the general confusion, had thrust himself unnoticed into the room, stood close to the pair, with open mouth and thirsting ears, and a face on which childish interest at a fearful tale was strongly blent with the more absorbed feeling of terror at the truth.

Slowly Lord Ulswater opened his eyes—they rested upon Clarence.

"My brother—my brother!" cried Clarence, in a voice of powerful anguish—"is it thus—thus that you have come hither to—" He stopped in the gushing fulness of his heart. Extricating from Clarence the only hand he was able to use, Lord Ulswater raised it to his brow, as if in the effort to clear remembrance; and then, turning to Wardour, seemed to ask the truth of Clarence's claim—at least so the old man interpreted the meaning of his eye, and the faint and scarce intelligible words which broke from his lips.

"It is—it is, my honoured lord," cried he, struggling with his emotion—"it is your brother—your lost brother, Clinton L'Estrange." And as he said these words, Clarence felt the damp chill hand of his brother press his own, and knew by that pressure and the smile—kind, though brief from exceeding pain—with which the ill-fated nobleman looked upon him, that the claim long unknown was at last acknowledged, and the ties long broken united, though in death.

The surgeon arrived—the room was cleared of all but Clarence—the first examination was sufficient. Unaware of Clarence's close relationship to the sufferer, the surgeon took him aside—"A very painful operation," said he, "might be performed, but it would only torture, in vain, the last moments of the patient; no human skill can save, or even protract his life."

The doomed man who, though in great pain, was still sensible, stirred. His brother flew toward him. "Flora," he murmured, in a tone so low, that nothing but the acute and strained nerves of

his listener could have distinguished its meaning—"let me see her, I implore."

Curbing, as much as he was able, his emotion, and conquering his reluctance to leave the sufferer even for a moment, Clarence flew in search of Lady Flora. He found her: in rapid and hasty words, he signified the wish of the dying man, and hurried her, confused, trembling, and scarce conscious of the melancholy scene she was about to witness, to the side of her affianced bridegroom.

I have been by the death-beds of many men, and I have noted that shortly before death, as the frame grows weaker and weaker, the fiercer passions yield to those feelings better harmonizing with the awfulness of the hour. Thoughts soft and tender, which seemed little to belong to the character in the health and vigour of former years, obtain then an empire, brief, indeed, but utter for the time they last—and this is the more impressive, because (as in the present instance I shall have occasion to portray) in the moments which succeed and make the very latest of life, the ruling passion, suppressed for an interval by such gentler feelings, again returns to take its final triumph over that frail clay, which, through existence, it has swayed, agitated, and moulded like wax unto its will.

When Lord Ulswater saw Flora approach and bend weepingly over him, a momentary softness broke over a face on which was rapidly gathering a sterner pride than even that which it had worn in life. Taking her hand, he extended it toward Clarence; and, turning to the latter, faltered out—"Let this—my—brother—atone—for—"; apparently unable to finish the sentence, he then relaxed his hold and sunk upon the pillow: and so still, so apparently breathless, did he remain for several minutes, that they thought the latest agony was over.

As, yielding to this impression, Clarence was about to withdraw the scarce conscious Flora from the chamber, words, less tremulous and indistinct than aught which he had yet uttered, broke from Lord Ulswater's lips. Clarence hastened to him; and, bending over his countenance, saw that, even through the rapid changes and shades of death, it darkened with the peculiar characteristics of the unreleased soul within:—the brow was knit into more than its wonted sternness and pride; and in the eye, which glared upon the opposite wall, the light of the waning life broke into a momentary blaze—that flash, so rapid and evanescent, before the air drinks in the last spark of the being it has animated, and night—the starless and eternal—falls over the extinguished lamp! The hand of the right arm (which was that unshattered by the fall) was clenched and raised; but, when the words which came upon Clarence's ear had ceased, it fell heavily by his side, like a clod of that clay which it had then become. In those words, it seemed as if, in the confused delirium of passing existence, the brave soldier mingled some dim and bewildered recollection of former battles, with that of his last most fatal, though most ignoble, strife.

"Down, down with them," he muttered between his teeth, though in a tone startlingly deep and audible; "down with them. No quarter to the infidels—strike for England and Effingham. Ha!—who strives for flight there?—kill him—no mercy, I say—none!—there—there—I have despatched him—ha!—ha!—What, still alive—off, slave, off!—O, slain—slain in a ditch, by a base-born hind—

O—bitter—bitter—bitter!" And with these words, of which the last, from their piercing anguish and keen despair, made a dread contrast with the fire and defiance of the first, the jaw fell—the flashing and fierce eye glazed and set—and all of the haughty and bold patrician which the earth retained was—dust!

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Il n'est jamais permis de détériorer une âme humaine pour l'avantage des autres, ni de faire un scélérat pour le service des honnêtes gens. ROUSSEAU.

As the reader approaches the termination of this narrative, and looks back upon the many scenes he has passed, perhaps, in the mimic representation of human life, he may find no unfaithful resemblance to the truth.

As, among the crowd of characters jostled against each other in their course, some drop off at the first, the second, or the third stage, and leave a few only continuing to the last, while fate chooses her agents and survivors among those whom the bystander, perchance, least noticed as the objects of her selection—and they who, haply, seemed to him, at first, among the most conspicuous as characters, sink, some abruptly, some gradually, into actors of the least importance in events; as the reader notes the same passion, in different strata, producing the most opposite qualities, and gathers from that notice some estimate of the vast perplexity in the code of morals, deemed by the shallow so plain a science, when he finds that a similar and single feeling will produce both the virtue we love and the vice we detest, the magnanimity we admire and the meanness we despise; as the feeble hands of the author force into contrast ignorance and wisdom, the affectation of philosophy and its true essence, coarseness and refinement, the lowest vulgarity of sentiment with an exaltation of feeling approaching to morbidity, the reality of virtue with the counterfeit, the glory of the Divinity with the hideousness of the idol, sorrow and eager joy, marriage and death, tears and their young successors, smiles; as all, blent together, these varieties of life form a single yet many-coloured web, leaving us to doubt whether, in fortune the bright hue or the dark—in character, the base material or the rich, predominate—the workman of the web could almost reconcile himself to his glaring and great deficiency in art, by the fond persuasion that he has, at least in his choice of tint and texture, caught something of the likeness of nature: but he knows, to the abasement of his vanity, that these enumerated particulars of resemblance to life are common to all, even to the most unskilful of his brethren; and it is not the mere act of copying a true original, but the rare circumstance of force and accuracy in the copy, which can alone constitute a just pretension to merit, or flatter the artist with the hope of a moderate success.

The news of Lord Ulswater's untimely death soon spread around the neighbourhood, and reached the ears of Mordaunt at the very hour he was preparing for the appointed meeting with that ill-starred nobleman. Finding himself forestalled by a more deadly and a surer foe, Algernon repaired to W——, to gather from Wolfe some less exaggerated account of the affray than that which the many tongues of rumour had brought to him.

It was no difficult matter to see the precise share of blame to be attached to Wolfe; and, notwithstanding the biased account of Glumford, and the strong spirit of party then existing in the country, no rational man could, for a moment, term the event of a sudden fray a premeditated murder, or the violence of the aggrieved the black offence of a wilful criminal. Wolfe, therefore, soon obtained a release from the confinement to which he had been committed; and, with a temper made still more asperate than before, by the evident disposition of his auditors to have treated him, had it been possible, with the utmost rigour, he returned to his companions well calculated, by their converse and state of mind, to inflame the fester of his moral constitution.

It happens, generally, that men very vehement in any particular opinion choose their friends, not from a general similarity of character, but in proportion to their mutual congeniality of sentiment upon that particular opinion; it happens, also, that those who are not audibly violent, if we may so speak, upon any opinion, moral or political, are rarely the wisest or the purest of their party. Those with whom Wolfe was intimate were men who shared none of the nobler characteristics of the republican; still less did they participate, or even comprehend, the enlightened and benevolent views for which these wise and great men of that sect—a sect to which philanthropy is, perhaps too fondly, inclined to attach—have been so conspicuously eminent. On the contrary, Wolfe's comrades, without education, and consequently without principle, had been driven to disaffection, by desperate fortunes and ruined expectations, acting upon minds polluted by the ignorance, and hardened among the dross of the pulace. But the worst can, by constant intercourse, corrupt the best; and the barriers of good and evil, often confused in Wolfe's mind by the madness of his passions, seemed, as his intercourse with these lawless and ruffian associates thickened, to be at last utterly broken down and swept away. Unhappily too—soon after Wolfe's return to London—the popular irritation showed itself in mobs, perhaps rather to be termed disorderly than seditious; the ministers, however, thought otherwise; the military were summoned, and, in dealing with the mob, much injury, resulting, it is to be supposed, from accident, not design, ensued to many of the persons assembled. Some were severely wounded by the swords of the soldiers—others were trampled and trampled upon by the horses, which increased the agitation or irritability of their riders; and a few, among whom were two women and three children, lost their lives. Wolfe had been in the crowd—and the scene, melancholy as it really was, and appearing to his temper unredeemed and inexcusable on the part of the soldiers—left on his mind a deep and burning impression of revenge. Justice (as they termed it) was demanded by strong bodies of the people upon the soldiers; but the administration, deeming it politic rather to awe than to conciliate, advised the sovereign, so far from censuring the military, to thank them for their exertions.

From that time Wolfe appears to have resolved upon the execution of a design, which he had long perfectly and confusedly meditated.

This was no less a crime (and to him did conscientiously seem no less a virtue) than to seize a favourable opportunity for assassinating the most

prominent member of the administration, and the one who, above all the rest, was the most odious to the disaffected. It must be urged, in extenuation of the atrocity of this design, that a man perpetually brooding over one scheme, which to him has become the very sustenance of existence, and which scheme, perpetually frustrated, grows desperate by disappointment, acquires a heat of morbid and oblique enthusiasm, which may not be unreasonably termed insanity; and that, at the very time Wolfe reconciled it to his conscience to commit the murder of his fellow creature, he would have moved out of his path for a worm. Assassination, indeed, seemed to him justice; and the execution of a felon the glory of martyrdom.

Thank heaven, that neither religion nor liberty is to be judged by the occasional madness of its defenders. The hosts of an invading and impious conqueror may be under a better discipline, and commit fewer irregularities, than a patriot army, heated into excess by the very holiness of the cause they support. "All is not (says Lord Shaftesbury with justice) *fucus*, or mere varnish; nor is the face of truth less fair for all the counterfeit vizards which have been put upon her."

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

And thou that, silent at my knee,
Dost lift to mine thy soft, dark, earnest eyes,
Fill'd with the love of childhood, which I see
Pure through its depths—a thing without disguise:
Thou that hast breathed in slumber on my breast,
When I have check'd its throbs to give thee rest,
Mine own, whose young thoughts fresh before me rise,
It is not much that I may guide thy prayer,
And circle thy young soul with free and healthful air.
HERMANS.

THE events we have recorded, from the time of Clarence's visit to Mordaunt to the death of Lord Ulswater, took place within little more than a week. We have now to pass in silence over several weeks: and, as it was the commencement of autumn when we introduced Clarence and Mordaunt to our reader, so it is the first opening of winter in which we will resume the thread of our narration.

Mordaunt had removed to London; and, although he had not yet taken any share in public business, he was only watching the opportunity to commence a career, the brilliancy of which, those who knew aught of his mind, began already to foretell. But he mixed little, if at all, with the gayer occupants of the world's prominent places. Absorbed alternately in his studies and his labours of good, the halls of pleasure were seldom visited by his presence: and they who, in the crowd, knew nothing of him but his name, and the lofty bearing of his mien, recoiled from the coldness of his exterior, and, while they marvelled at his retirement and reserve, saw in both but the moroseness of the student, and the gloom of the misanthropist.

But the nobleness of his person—the antiquity of his birth—his wealth—his unblemished character, and the interest thrown over his name, by the reputation of talent, and the unpenetrated mystery of his life, all powerfully spake in his favour to that sex who judge us not only from what we are to others, but from what they imagine we can be to them. From such allurements, however, as from all else, the mourner turned only the more

deeply to cherish the memory of the dead ; and it was a touching and holy sight to mark the mingled excess of melancholy and fondness with which he watched over that treasure in whose young beauty and guileless heart, his departed Isabel had yet left the resemblance of her features and her love. There seemed between them to exist even a dearer and closer tie than that of daughter and sire ; for, in both, the objects which usually divide the affections of the man or the child, had but a feeble charm : Isabel's mind had expanded beyond her years, and Algernon's had outgrown his time ; so that neither the sports natural to her age, nor the ambitions ordinary to his, were sufficient to wean or to distract the clinging and the unity of their love. When, after absence, his well known step trod lightly in the hall, her ear, which had listened, and longed, and thirsted for the sound, taught her fairy feet to be the first to welcome his return ; and when the slightest breath of sickness menaced her slender frame, it was his hand that smoothed her pillow, and his smile that cheered away her pain ; and when she sunk into sleep, she knew that a father's heart watched over her through the long but untiring night—that a father's eye would be the first which, on waking, she would meet.

"O ! beautiful, and rare as beautiful," was that affection ; in the parent no earthlier or harder sternness in authority, nor weakness in doating, nor caprice in love—in the child no fear debasing reverence, yet no familiarity diminishing respect. But love, whose pride is in serving, seemed to make at once soft and hallowed the offices mutually rendered ; and nature, never counteracted in her dictates, wrought, without a visible effort, the proper channels into which those offices should flow ; and that charity, which not only covers sins, but lifts the veil from virtues, whose beauty might otherwise have lain concealed, linked them closer and closer, and threw over that link the sanctity of itself. For it was Algernon's sweetest pleasure to make her young hands the ministers of good to others, and to drink, at such times, from the rich glow of her angel countenance, the purified selfishness of his reward. And when after the divine joy of *blessing*, which, perhaps, the youngest taste yet more vividly than their sires, she threw her arms around his neck, and thanked him with glad tears for the luxury he had bestowed upon her, how could they, in that gushing overflow of heart, help loving each other the more, or feeling that in that love there was something which justified the excess ?

Nor have we drawn with too exaggerating a pencil, nor, though Isabel's *mind* was older than her years, extended that prematurity to her *heart*. For, where we set the example of benevolence, and see that the example is in naught corrupted, the milk of human kindness will flow not the least readily from the youngest breast, and out of the mouth of babes will come the wisdom of charity and love !

Ever since Mordaunt's arrival in town, he had sought out Wolfe's abode, for the purpose of ministering to the poverty under which he rightly conjectured that the republican laboured. But the habitation of one, needy, distressed, seldom living long in one place, and far less notorious of late than he had formerly been, was not easy to discover ; nor was it till after long and vain search that he ascertained the retreat of his singular acquaint-

ance. The day in which he effected this object we shall have hereafter occasion to specify. Meanwhile we return to Mr. Crauford.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Plot on thy little hour, and skein on skein
Weave the vain mesh, in which thy subtle soul
Broods on its venom ! Lo ! behind, before,
Around thee, like an armament of cloud,
The black fate labours onward !

ASHL.

THE dusk of a winter's evening gathered over room in Crauford's house in town, only relieved from the closing darkness by an expiring and sullen fire, beside which Mr. Bradley sat, with his feet upon the fender, apparently striving to coax some warmth into the icy palms of his spread hands. Crauford himself was walking up and down the room with a changeful step, and ever and anon glancing his bright, shrewd eye at the partner of his fraud, who, seemingly unconscious of the observation he underwent, appeared to occupy his attention solely with the difficulty of warming his meager and withered frame.

"Ar'n't you very cold there, sir ?" said Bradley, after a long pause, and pushing himself fast into the verge of the dying embers—"may I ring for some more coals ?"

"Hell and the —— : I beg your pardon, good Bradley, but you vex me beyond patience. How can you think of such trifles when our lives are in so imminent a danger ?"

"I beg your pardon, my honoured benefactor, they are indeed in danger !"

"Bradley, we have but one hope—fidelity to each other. If we persist in the same story, a little can be brought home to us—not a little, good Bradley ; and though our characters may be a little touched, why, what is a character ? If we eat less, drink less, enjoy less, when we have lost it ? Not a whit. No, my friend, we will go abroad : leave it to me to save from the wreck our fortunes enough to live upon like princes."

"If not like peers, my honoured benefactor."

"'Sdeath !—yes, yes, very good—he ! he ! if not peers. Well, all happiness is in the sea, and Richard Crauford has as many senses as I count Innisdale ; but had we been able to probe the inquiry another week, Bradley, why, I would have been my lord, and you Sir John."

"You bear your losses like a hero, sir," said Mr. Bradley.

"To be sure ; there is no loss, man, but I have none ; let us preserve that—and it will be our fault if we don't—and the devil take all the rest. But bless me, it grows late, and, at all events, we are safe for some hours ; the inquiry won't be placed till twelve to-morrow, why should we not sit till twelve to-night. Ring, my good fellow, dinner must be nearly ready."

"Why, honoured sir," said Bradley, "I will go home to see my wife, and arrange my business. Who knows but I may sleep in Newgate to-morrow ?"

Crauford, who had been still walking to and fro, stopped abruptly at this speech, and his eye, even through the gloom, shot out a livid and fierce glare before which the timid and humble glance of Bradley quailed in an instant.

"Go home!—no, my friend, no, I can't part with you to-night, no, not for an instant. I have many lessons to give you. How are we to learn our parts for to-morrow, if we don't rehearse them beforehand? Do you not know that a single blunder may turn what I hope will be a farce, into a tragedy? Go home!—pooh, pooh—why, man, I have not seen my wife, nor put my house to rights, and if you do but listen to me, I tell you again and again that not a hair of our heads can be touched."

"You know best, honoured sir; I bow to your decision."

"Bravo, honest Brad! and now for dinner. I have the most glorious champagne that ever danced foam to your lip. No counsellor like the bottle, believe me!"

And the servant entering to announce dinner, Crauford took Bradley's arm, and leaning affectionately upon it, passed through an obsequious and liveried row of domestics to a room blazing with light and plate. A noble fire was the first thing which revived Bradley's spirit, and as he read his hands over it, before he sat down to the table, he surveyed, with a gleam of gladness upon his thin cheeks, four vases of glittering metal formerly the boast of a king, in which were immersed the sparkling genii of the grape.

Crauford, always a gourmand, eat with unusual appetite, and pressed the wine upon Bradley with eager hospitality, which soon somewhat clouded the senses of the worthy man. The dinner was removed, the servants retired, and the friends were left alone.

"A pleasant trip to France!" cried Crauford, raising a bumper. "That's the land for hearts like mine. I tell you what, little Brad, we will leave our wives behind us, and take, with a new countenance, and new names, a new lease of life. What will it signify to men, making love at Paris, what will they say of them in London? Another bumper, honest Brad—a bumper to the girls! What say you to that, eh?"

"Lord, sir, you are so facetious—so witty! It must be owned that a black eye is a great temptation—Lira-lira, la-la!" And Mr. Bradley's own eyes rolled joyously.

"Bravo, Brad!—a song, a song! but treason to Burgundy! Your glass is—"

"Empty—honoured sir, I know it!—Lira-lira—but it is easily filled! We, who have all our wine been pouring from one vessel into another, know how to keep it up to the last!"

"Nay, then, cries the knight, we may yet be forgiven, for at a worst buy the bishop's reversion in heaven; our frequent escapes in this world show how true 'tis, that gold is the only *Elizir Salutis*."

"Derry down, derry down."

"If you, who to swindling conveniently creep, your safety depends on the weight of the sum, or no rope was yet made that could tie up a plum."

"Derry down, &c."*

"Bravissimo, little Brad!—you are quite a wit! What is it to have one's faculties called out. Well, a toast to old England, the land in which no man ever wants a farthing who has wit to steal it. "Old England for ever!"—your rogue is your true patriot!"—and Crauford poured the

remainder of the bottle, nearly three parts full, into a beaker, which he pushed to Bradley. That convivial gentleman emptied it at a draught, and faltering out, "Honest Sir John!—room for my Lady Bradley's carriage," dropped down on the floor insensible.

Crauford rose instantly, satisfied himself that the intoxication was genuine, and giving the lifeless body a kick of contemptuous disgust, left the room, muttering—"The dull ass, did he think it was on his back that I was going to ride off!—He!—he!—he! But stay, let me feel my pulse. Too fast by twenty strokes! One's never sure of the mind if one does not regulate the body to a hair! Drank too much—must take a powder before I start."

Mounting by a back staircase to his bed-room, Crauford unlocked a chest, took out a bundle of clerical clothes, a large shovel hat, and a huge wig. Hastily, but not carelessly, inducing himself in these articles of disguise, he then proceeded to stain his fair cheeks with a preparation which soon gave them a swarthy hue. Putting his own clothes in the chest, which he carefully locked, (placing the key in his pocket,) he next took from a desk on his dressing-table a purse; opening this, he extracted a diamond of great size and immense value, which, years before, in preparation of the event that had now taken place, he had purchased.

His usual sneer curled his lip as he gazed at it. "Now," said he, "is it not strange that this little stone should supply the mighty wants of that grasping thing, man! Who talks of religion, country, wife, children! This petty mineral can purchase them all! O, what a bright joy speaks out in your white cheek, my beauty! What are all human charms to yours? Why, by your spell, most magical of talismans, my years may walk, gloating and revelling, through a lane of beauties, till they fall into the grave! Pish!—that grave is an ugly thought—a very, very ugly thought! But come, my sun of hope, I must eclipse you for a while! Type of myself—while you hide, I hide also: and when I once more let you forth to the day, then shine out, Richard Crauford—shine out!" So saying, he sewed the diamond carefully in the folds of his shirt; and rearranging his dress, took the cooling powder, which he weighed out to a grain, with a scrupulous and untrembling hand—descended the back stairs—opened the door, and found himself in the open street.

The clock struck ten as he entered a hackney coach and drove to another part of London. "What, so late!" thought he: "I must be at Dover in twelve hours—the vessel sails then. Humph!—some danger yet! What a pity that I could not trust that fool. He!—he!—he!—what will he think to-morrow, when he wakes and finds that only *one* is destined to swing!"

The hackney-coach stopped, according to his directions, at an inn in the city. Here Crauford asked if a note had been left for Dr. Stapylton. One (written by himself) was given to him. "Merciful heaven!" cried the false doctor, as he read it, "my daughter is on the bed of death!"

The landlord's look wore anxiety—the doctor seemed for a moment paralyzed by silent woe. He recovered, shook his head piteously, and ordered a post-chaise and four on to Canterbury without delay.

*From a ballad called "The Knight and the Prelate."

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good!" thought the landlord, as he issued the order into the yard.

The chaise was soon out—the doctor entered—off went the post-boys—and Richard Crauford feeling his diamond, turned his thoughts to safety and to France.

A little, unknown man, who had been sitting at the bar for the last two hours, sipping brandy and water, and who, from his extreme taciturnity and quiet, had been scarcely observed, now rose. "Landlord," said he, "do you know who that gentleman is?"

"Why," quoth the Boniface, "the letter to him was directed, 'For the Rev. Dr. Stapylton—will be called for.'"

"Ah!" said the little man, yawning—"I shall have a long night's work of it—Have you another chaise and four in the yard?"

"To be sure, sir, to be sure!" cried the landlord, in astonishment.

"Out with it, then! Another glass of brandy and water—a little stronger—no sugar!"

The landlord stared—the bar-maid stared—even the head waiter, a very stately person, stared too.

"Hark ye," said the little man, sipping his brandy and water, "I am a deuced good-natured fellow, so I'll make you a great man to-night; for nothing makes a man so great as being let into a great secret. Did you ever hear of the rich Mr. Crauford?"

"Certainly—who has not?"

"Did you ever see him?"

"No! I can't say I ever did."

"You lie, landlord—you saw him to-night."

"Sir!" cried the landlord, bristling up.

The little man pulled out a brace of pistols, and very quietly began priming them out of a small powder flask.

The landlord started back—the head waiter cried 'rape,' and the bar-maid 'murder.'

"Who the devil are you, sir?" cried the landlord.

"Mr. Tickletrout, the celebrated officer—thief-taker, as they call it. Have a care, ma'am, the pistols are loaded. I see the chaise is out—there's the reckoning, landlord."

"O Lord! I'm sure I don't want any reckoning—too great an honour for my poor house to be favoured with your company; but (following the little man to the door) who did you please to say you were going to catch?"

"Mr. Crauford, alias Dr. Stapylton."

"Lord! Lord!—to think of it—how shocking! What has he done?"

"Swindled, I believe."

"My eyes! And why, sir, did not you catch him when he was in the bar?"

"Because then I should not have got paid for my journey to Dover. Shut the door, boy; first stage on to Canterbury."

And drawing a woollen night-cap over his ears, Mr. Tickletrout resigned himself to his nocturnal excursion.

On the very day on which the patent for his peerage was to have been made out—on the very day on which he had afterward calculated on reaching Paris—on that very day was Mr. Richard Crauford lodged in Newgate, fully committed for a trial of life and death.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

There, if, O gentle love! I read aright
The utterance that seal'd thy sacred bond:
'Twas listening to those accents of delight
She hid upon his breast those eyes—beyond
Expression's power to paint—all languishingly fond.
CAMPELL.

"And you will positively leave us for London," said Lady Flora, tenderly—"and to-morrow, too." This was said to one who, under the name of Clarence Linden, has played the principal part in our drama, and who now, by the death of his brother, succeeding to the honours of his house, we present to our reader as Clinton L'Estrange, Earl of Uxwater.

They were alone in the memorable pavilion; and though it was winter, the sun shone cheerily into the apartment; and through the door, which was left partly open, the evergreens, contrasting with the leafless boughs of the oak and beech, could be just descried, furnishing the lover with some meet simile of love, and deceiving the eye of those willing to be deceived with a resemblance to the departed summer. The unusual mildness of the day seemed to operate genially upon the birds—those children of light and song; and they grouped blithely beneath the window and near the door, where the hand of the kind young spirit of the place had so often ministered to their want. Every now and then, too, you might hear the shrill glad note of the blackbird keeping measure to his swift and low flight, and sometimes a vagrant hawk from the neighbouring preserves sauntered fearlessly by the half shut door, secure, from long experience, of an asylum in the vicinity of one who had drawn from the breast of Nature a tenderness and love for all its offspring.

Her lover sat at Flora's feet; and, looking upward, seemed to seek out the fond and melting eye which, too conscious of their secret, turned bashfully from his gaze. He had drawn her arm over his shoulder; and clasping that small and snowy hand, which, long coveted with a miser's desire, was at length won, he pressed upon it a thousand kisses—sweeter beguilers of time than even words. All had been long explained—the space between their hearts annihilated—doubt, anxiety, misconception, those clouds of love, had passed away, and left not a rack to obscure its heaven.

"And you will leave us to-morrow—must it be to-morrow?"

"Ah! Flora, it must; but see, I have your lock of hair—your beautiful dark hair, to kiss, when I am away from you, and I shall have your letter, dearest—a letter every day; and O! more than all, I shall have the hope, the certainty, that when we meet again, you will be mine for ever."

"And I, too, must, by seeing it in your handwriting, learn to reconcile myself to your new name. Ah! I wish you had been still Clarence—only Clarence. Wealth, rank, power—what are all these but rivals to your poor Flora?"

"But Clinton is a name very, very like Clarence, dearest;" and the imprisoned hand was kissed more passionately than ever.

"And—and—when will you return?"

"Directly I can be spared—I have, you know, some duties yet to discharge to the ministers, though I have resigned my official situation, and

in the present crisis they are anxious even for my assistance."

Lady Flora sighed, and the next moment blushed; and, what with the sigh and the blush, Clarence's lip wandered from the hand to the cheek, and thence to a mouth on which the west wind seemed to have left the sweets of a thousand summers.

O! in this thorny and troubled earth, where love, the offspring of some other world, finds rarely shelter but in the wilderness and the cave—where sorrow and disappointment, and shame, and the shadows of early death, track its unguided footsteps, and watch, like the weird torturers of Orestes, over its brief and perilous repose, it is sweet to behold it, though only for an instant, enshrined in a temple worthy to become its refuge, and meet for the homage of our vows.

For ye, young lovers, whose bright fates have contrasted the doom of those whom this wayward history has also recorded—those who through wo and want loved, as ye shall do, through the equal trial of happiness and splendour—for you, long years of sunshine are in store—years which, in ripening your virtues, shall only increase your capacities of love!—Pardon, if, for one brief moment, your historian pauses, to mingle the gushings of his own affections with the tale which he dedicates to yours! Beautiful being, whom now, in no wild and boyish vision, I behold, with thy soft eyes which are as the mirrors of human tenderness, and thy pure brow where never cloud or shade ruffled the abode of all gentle and woman thought, and thy fairy and fond step, where the vigilance and care of love preside and sleep not, hast thou filled the fountains of my heart with a mighty and deep stream, and shall they not overflow? Thy cheek is paler than it was, my love, and thy smile has a fainter play, and the music of thy sweet voice is more low and hushed, and the zephyr that waiteth on thy footstep flags at times with a weaker wing; so that when I look on thee my eyes have tears, but they are not the tears of sorrow; for to me there is a brighter lustre in thy youth than when in the glory of an earlier spring the cheek of the very Hebe would have been dim to thine! Has not the bloom of affection a richer damask than the bloom of health? In thy looks I behold the loveliness of comfort and of hope, and thy smile has the beauty of the steps which, upon the mountain top, are the messengers of glad tidings. Thou hast trusted thine ALL with me; and while the vessel yet lives through the stormy tide thy treasures shall be safe! But the blast and the tempest have already shattered the bark, and the clouds are still black, and the land lies viewless and afar; and, in truth, the wayward heart, that thou hast so often borne with, thou mayest have yet but a little longer to endure, for my wanderings have not been without a shadow, nor my slumbers without a vision, and even now the voice of a warning that will not be stilled falls low but ominously on my ear! Ah, sweeter far than fame is the still sleep in which all contests, all envy, are at rest—the early doom where the eye dwelleth in death upon the vigils of affection, and the heart is not sentenced to survive youth, and love, and hope—a mourner over many tombs! For time bereaves us of all, nor can aught that has earth's mixture (and what but thy tenderness has not!) endure its test: it is not only the links, but the garlands, of life that are

loosed with the silver cord, and the heart treasure is broken long before the heart itself with the golden bowl at the cistern. But my latest and my living dream—for the blessing shall I invoke? In the silence made a vow; in the night I have recpledge. Come under the shadow of me and while it yet lives to the things of earth in my vow and my pledge that thy blessing be found!

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

A Houndsitch man, one of the devil's near his broker.
Every Man in his Humour.

We have here discovered the most dangerous lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.
Much Ado about Nothing.

It was an evening of mingled rain and the hour about nine, when Mr. Morris under shelter of that admirable umbrella green silk, to which we have before had the to summon the attention of our readers, was a day of business, plodding homeward his way. The obscure streets through which he was bent were at no time very thickly thronged, and at the present hour the inclemency of the weather rendered them utterly deserted. It is true that now and then a solitary female, holding up, with one hand, garments already piteously bedraggled, and with the other thrusting her umbrella in the teeth of the hostile winds, might be seen crossing the intersected streets, and vanishing at the subterranean recesses of some kitchen; or a tramp, tramping onward amid the mazes of the politan labyrinth, till, like the cuckoo, "but no longer "seen," the echo of her rattling pattens made a dying music to the reluctant ears of the passer-by, or indeed, at intervals of unfrequent occurrence, a vehicle of hackney appellation jolted, rattled, clattering, bumping over the uneven stones, groaning forth its gratitude to the elements which it was indebted for its fare. Sometimes a chivalrous gallant of the feline species would be seen, with its delicate paws upon the streaming pavement, and with a small but dismal cry, dropping from the pyramidal roofs of its tender

But, save these occasional infringements upon the totality, solitude, dark, comfortless, and unrelieved around the creaking footsteps of Mr. Brown. "I wish," soliloquized the worthy "that I had been able advantageously to dispose of this cursed umbrella of the late Lady Warrington; it is very little calculated for any but a single slender shape, and though it certainly keeps the rain off my hat, it only sends it with a dripping upon my shoulders. Pish, deuce take the umbrella, I shall catch my death of cold."

These complaints of an affliction that was surely sufficient to irritate the naturally peevish temper of Mr. Brown, only ceased, as that trious personage paused at the corner of the street for the purpose of selecting the driest part of the pavement, which to effect the miserable act of crossing to the opposite side. Occupied in stretching himself over the kennel, in order to take the fullest advantage of its topography which the scanty and feeble lamps would allow, the unhappy wanderer

ing his umbrella, suffered a cross and violent gust of wind to rush, as if on purpose, against the interior. The rapidity with which this was done, and the sudden impetus, which gave to the inflated *paraphsie* the force of a balloon, happening to occur exactly at the moment Mr. Brown was stooping with such wistful anxiety over the pavement, that gentleman, to his inexpressible dismay, was absolutely lifted, as it were, from his present footing, and immersed in a running rivulet of liquid mire, which flowed immediately below the pavement. Nor was this all—for the wind, finding itself somewhat imprisoned in the narrow receptacle it had thus abruptly entered, made so strenuous an exertion to extricate itself, that it turned Lady Waddilove's memorable relic utterly inside out; so that when Mr. Brown, aghast at the calamity of his immersion, lifted his eyes to heaven, with a devotion that had in it more of expostulation than submission, he beheld, by the melancholy lamps, the apparition of his umbrella, the exact opposite to its legitimate conformation, and seeming, with its lengthy stick, and inverted summit, the actual and absolute resemblance of a gigantic wine glass.

"Now," said Mr. Brown, with that ironical bitterness so common to intense despair, "now that's what I call pleasant."

As if the elements were guided and set on by all the departed souls of those whom Mr. Brown had, at any time, overreached in his profession, scarcely had the afflicted broker uttered this brief sentence, before a discharge of rain tenfold more heavy than any which had yet fallen tumbled down in literal torrents upon the defenceless head of the itinerant.

"This won't do," said Mr. Brown, plucking up courage, and splashing out of the little rivulet, once more into *terra firma*, "this won't do—I must find a shelter somewhere. Dear, dear, how the wet runs down me. I am for all the world like the famous dripping well in Derbyshire. What a beast of an umbrella!—I'll never buy one again of an old lady—hang me if I do."

As the miserable Morris uttered these sentences, which gushed out, one by one, in a broken stream of complaint, he looked round and round—before—behind—beside—for some temporary protection or retreat. In vain—the uncertainty of the light only allowed him to discover houses, in which no portico extended its friendly shelter, and where even the doors seemed divested of the narrow ledge wherewith they are, in more civilized quarters, ordinarily crowned.

"I shall certainly have the rheumatism all this winter," said Mr. Brown, hurrying onward as fast as he was able. Just then, glancing desperately down a narrow lane, which crossed his path, he perceived the scaffolding of a house, in which repair or alteration had been at work. A ray of hope flashed across him; he redoubled his speed, and, entering the welcome haven, found himself entirely protected from the storm. The extent of the scaffolding was, indeed, rather considerable; and, though the extreme narrowness of the lane, and the increasing gloom of the night, left Mr. Brown in almost total darkness, so that he could not perceive the exact peculiarities of his situation, yet he was perfectly satisfied with the shelter he had obtained; and after shaking the rain from his hat—squeezing his coat sleeves and lappets, satisfying himself that it was only about the shoulders that he was thoroughly wetted, and thrusting two

pocket-handkerchiefs between his shirt and skin, as preventives to the dreaded rheumatism, Mr. Brown leant luxuriously back against the wall in the farthest corner of his retreat, and busied himself with endeavouring to restore his misshapen umbrella to its original utility of shape.

Our wanderer had been about three minutes in this situation, when he heard the voices of men, who were hastening along the lane.

"But do stop," said one; and these were the first words distinctly audible to the ear of Mr. Brown—"do stop, the rain can't last much longer and we have a long way yet to go."

"No, no," said the other, in a voice more peremptory, yet better accented than the first, which was evidently plebeian, and somewhat foreign in its tone, "no, we have no time. What say you to the inclemencies of the weather, to men fixed upon an inward and burning thought, and by the workings of the mind, almost callous to the contingencies of the frame?"

"Nay, my very good friend," said the first speaker with positive, though not disrespectful earnestness, "that may all be very fine for you, who have a constitution like a horse; but I am quite a—what call you it—an invalid—eh! I have a devilish cough ever since I have been in this d—d country—beg your pardon, no offence to it—so I shall just step under cover of this scaffolding for a few minutes, and if you like the weather so much, my very good friend, why there is plenty of room in the lane to—(ugh—ugh—ugh) to enjoy it."

As the speaker ended, the dim light, just faintly glimmering at the entrance of the friendly shelter, was obscured by his shadow, and, presently afterward, his companion joining him, said—

"Well, if it must be so; but how think you can be fit to brave all the perils of our scheme when you shrink, like a palsied crone, from a sprinkling of a few water-drops?"

"A few water-drops, my very good friend," answered the other, "a few—what call you them—ay—water-falls rather—(ugh—ugh;) but let me tell you, my brother citizen, that a man is not like to get his skin wet with water, and yet thrust his arm up to the very elbow in blood—(ugh—ugh.)"

"The devil!" mentally ejaculated Mr. Brown, who, at the word scheme, had advanced one step from his retreat, but who now, at the last word of the intruder, drew back as gently as a snail in his shell; and although his person was far more much enveloped in shade to run the least chance of detection, yet the honest broker began to feel a little tremor vibrate along the chords of his shivering frame, and a new anathema against the misshapen umbrella rise to his lips.

"Ah!" quoth the second, "I trust that it may be so; but to return to our project—are you quite sure that these two identical ministers are in the regular habit of walking homeward from that parliament which their despotism has so degraded?"

"Sure—ay, that I am; Davidson swears to it."

"And you are also sure of their persons, so that even in the dusk, you can recognise them? for you know, I have never seen them."

"Sure as five-pence!" returned the first speaker, to whose mind the lives of the persons referred to were of considerably less value than the sum elegantly specified in his metaphorical reply.

"Then," said the other, with a deep, stern determination of tone—"then shall this hand, by which one of the proudest of our oppressors has already fallen, be made a still worthier instrument of the wrath of Heaven!"

"You are a d—d pretty shot, I believe," quoth the first speaker, as indifferently as if he were raising the address of a Norfolk squire.

"Never yet did my eye misguide me, or my aim waver a hair's breadth from its target! I thought not, when I learnt the art as a boy, that in battle, other than in the execution of a single criminal, that skill would avail me."

"Well, we shall have a glorious opportunity to-morrow night!" answered the first speaker; "that, if it does not rain so infernally as it does this night: but we shall have a watch of many hours, dare say."

"That matters but little," replied the other conspirator; "nor even if, night after night, the same vigil is renewed and baffled, so that it bring its reward at last."

"Right," quoth the first; "I long to be at it!—ugh! ugh!—what a confounded cough I have: it will be my death soon, I'm thinking."

"If so," said the other, with a solemnity which seemed ludicrously horrible, from the strange contrast of the words and object—"die at least with the sacredness of a brave and noble deed upon our conscience and your name!"

"Ugh! ugh!—I am but a man of colour, but I am a patriot, for all that, my good friend! See, the violence of the rain has ceased; we will proceed:" and with these words the worthy pair left the place to darkness and Mr. Brown.

"O, Lord!" said the latter, stepping forth, and growing, as it were, in that exclamation, a whole weight of suffocating emotion from his chest—what bloody miscreants! Murder his majesty's ministers!—'shoot them like pigeon's!'—'d—d pretty shot!' indeed. O, Lord! what *would* the late Lady Waddilove, who always hated even the things so cordially, say, if she were alive! But how providential that I should have been here; who knows but I may save the lives of the whole administration, and get a pension, or a little place at the post-office! I'll go to the prime minister directly—this very minute! Pish! i'n't you right now, you cursed thing?" upbraiding the umbrella, which, half right and half wrong, seemed endued with an instinctive obstinacy for the sole purpose of tormenting its owner.

However, losing this petty affliction in the greatness of his present determination, Mr. Brown issued out of his lair, and hastened to put his benevolent and loyal intentions into effect.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

When laurell'd ruffians die, the heaven and earth
And the deep air give warning. Shall the good
Perish and not a sign! ANON.

It was the evening after the event recorded in our last chapter; all was hushed and dark in the room where Mordaunt sat alone, the low and falling embers burnt dull in the grate, and through the unclosed windows the high stars rode pale and ran in their career. The room, situated at the back of the house, looked over a small garden,

where the sickly and hear shrubs, overshadowed by a few wintry poplars and grim firs, saddened in the dense atmosphere of fog and smoke, which broods over our island city. An air of gloom hung comfortless and chilling over the whole scene externally and within. The room itself was large and old, and its far extremities, mantled as they were with dusk and shadow, impressed upon the mind that involuntary and vague sensation, not altogether unmixed with awe, which the eye, resting upon a view that it can but dimly and confusedly define, so frequently communicates to the heart. There was a strange oppression at Mordaunt's breast, with which he in vain endeavoured to contend. Ever and anon, an icy but passing chill, like the shivers of a fever, shot through his veins, and a wild and unearthly and objectless awe stirred through his hair, and his eyes filled with a glassy and cold dew, and sought as by a self-impulsion the shadowy and unpenetrated places around, which momentarily grew darker and darker. Little addicted by his peculiar habits to an over-indulgence of the imagination, and still less accustomed to those absolute conquests of the physical frame over the mental, which seem the usual sources of that feeling we call presentiment, Mordaunt rose, and walking to and fro along the room, endeavoured by the exercise to restore to his veins their wonted and healthful circulation. It was past the hour in which his daughter retired to rest; but he was often accustomed to steal up to her chamber, and watch her in her young slumbers; and he felt this night a more than usual desire to perform that office of love: so he left the room, and ascended the stairs. It was a large old house (now a ducal possession) that he tenanted. The staircase was broad, and lighted from above by a glass dome; and as he slowly ascended, and the stars gleamed down still and ghastly upon his steps, he fancied—but he knew not why—that there was an omen in their gleam. He entered the young Isabel's chamber; there was a light burning within: he stole to her bed, and, putting aside the curtain, felt, as he looked upon her peaceful and pure beauty, a cheering warmth gather round his heart. How lovely is the sleep of childhood! What worlds of sweet, yet not utterly sweet, associations, does it not mingle with the envy of our gaze! What thoughts, and hopes, and cares, and forebodings does it not excite! There lie in that yet ungrieved and unsullied heart what unnumbered sources of emotion! what deep fountains of passion and woe! Alas! whatever be its earlier triumphs, the victim must fall at last! As the hart which the jackals pursue, the moment its race is begun, the human prey is foredoomed for destruction, not by the single sorrow, but the *thousand* cares; it may baffle one race of pursuers, but a new succeeds; as fast as some drop off exhausted, others spring up to renew and to perpetuate the chase; and the fated, though flying victim, never escapes—but in death. There was a faint smile upon his daughter's lip, as Mordaunt bent down to kiss it; the dark lash rested on the snowy lid—ah! that tears had no well beneath its surface!—and her breath stole from her rich lips with so regular and calm a motion, that like the "forest leaves," it "seemed stirred with prayer!"* One arm lay over the

* And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer. |
Byron.

everlid, the other pillowed her head, in the unrivalled grace of infancy; that grace which we might almost believe could come from the modelling, though unseen soul, only when the form at rest suffered it more palpably to stir within; and only from that soul, whose unchecked and pervading loveliness no art had yet distorted and no guilt alloyed. And the spirit of that fairy and fair child had as little of human dress! Her very solitude and separation from others of her age, had surrounded her with an atmosphere where the breath of no ruder sentiment had mingled! Her thoughts seemed scarcely to rest upon the mortal soil which she trod, but might, in no exaggerated image, be likened to those birds, the exiles of Eden, which, borne upon wings that have yet the blessing of their home, never touch the unholy earth over which their pilgrimage is doomed.

Mordaunt stooped once more, for his heart filled as he gazed upon his child, to kiss her cheek again, and to mingle a blessing with the kiss. When he rose—upon that fair, smooth face there was one bright and glistening drop; and Isabel stirred in sleep, and, as if suddenly vexed by some painful dream, she sighed deeply as she stirred. It was the last time that the cheek of the young and predestined orphan was ever pressed by a father's kiss, or moistened by a father's tear! He left the room silently; no sooner *had* he left it, than, as if without the precincts of some charmed and preserving circle, the chill and presentiment at his heart returned. There is a feeling which perhaps all have in a momentary hypochondria felt at times: it is a strong and shuddering impression which Coleridge has embodied in his own dark and supernatural verse, *that something not of earth is behind us*—that if we turned our gaze backward, we should behold that which would make the heart as a bolt of ice, and the eye shrivel and parch within its socket. And so intense is the fancy that, *when* we turn, and all is void, from that very void we could shape a spectre, as fearful as the image our terror had foredrawn! Somewhat such feeling had Mordaunt now, as his steps sounded hollow and echoless on the stairs, and the stars filled the air around him with their shadowy and solemn presence. Breaking by a violent effort from a spell of which he felt that a frame somewhat overtaken of late was the real enchanter, he turned once more into the room which he had left to visit Isabel. He had engaged his personal attendance at an important motion in the House of Commons for that night, and some political papers were left upon his tables, which he had promised to give to one of the members of his party. He entered the room, purposing to stay only a minute: an hour passed before he left it; and his servant afterward observed that, on giving him some orders as he passed through the hall to the carriage, his cheek was as white as marble, and that his step, usually so haughty and firm, reeled and trembled like a fainting man's. Dark and inexplicable fate! weaver of wild contrasts, demon of this hoary and old world, that movest through it, as a spirit moveth over the waters, filling the depths of things with a solemn mystery, and an everlasting change! thou sweepest over our graves, and joy is born from the ashes: thou sweepest over joy, and, lo, it is a grave! Engine and tool of the Almighty, whose years cannot fade, thou changest the earth as a

garment, and as a vesture it is changed; thou makest it one vast sepulchre and womb united, swallowing and creating life! and reproducing over and over, from age to age, from the creation to the creation's doom, the same dust and stem which were our fathers, and which are the seed heirlooms that through countless generations they bequeath and perpetuate to their sons!

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

Methinks, before the issue of our fate,
A spirit moves within us, and impels
The passion of a prophet to our lips.

ARON.

O vita philosophia dux, virtutis indagatrix!
TULL.

UPON leaving the House of Commons, Mordaunt was accosted by Lord Ulswater, who had just taken his seat in the upper house. Whatever abstraction or whatever weakness Mordaunt might have manifested before he had left his home, he had now entirely conquered both; and it was with his usual collected address that he replied to Lord Ulswater's salutations, and congratulated him on his change of name, and accession of honours.

It was a night of uncommon calm and beauty; and, although the moon was not visible, the frosty and clear sky, "clad in the lustre of its thousand stars,"* seemed scarcely to mourn either the bellying light, or the breathing poesy of her presence; and, when Lord Ulswater proposed that Mordaunt should dismiss his carriage, and that they should walk home, Algernon consented not unwillingly to the proposal. He felt, indeed, an unwonted relief in companionship; and the still air and the deep heavens seemed to woo him from more unwelcome thoughts, as with a softening and a sister's love.

"Let us, before we return home," said Lord Ulswater, "stroll for a few moments toward the bridge; I love looking at the river on a night like this."

Whoever inquires into human circumstances will be struck to find how invariably a latent current of fatality appears to pervade them. It is the turn of the atom in the scale which makes our safety, or our peril; our glory, or our shame; our sceptre, or our grave! A secret voice at Mordaunt's heart prompted him to dissent from this proposal, trifling as it seemed, and welcome as it was to his present and peculiar mood: he resisted the voice—the moment passed away, and the last seal was set upon his doom—they moved onward toward the bridge. At first, both were silent, for Lord Ulswater used the ordinary privilege of a lover, and was absent and absorbed, and his companion was never the first to break the taciturnity natural to his habits. At last Lord Ulswater said, "I rejoice that you are now in the sphere of action most likely to display your talents—you have not spoken yet, I think; indeed, there has been no fitting opportunity, but you will soon, I trust."

"I knew not," said Mordaunt, with a melancholy smile, "whether you judge rightly in thinking the sphere of political exertion one the most

calculated for me; but I feel at my heart a foreboding that my planet is not fated to shine in *any* earthly sphere. Sorrow and misfortune have dimmed it in its birth, and now it is waning toward its decline."

"Its decline!" repeated his companion—"no, rather its meridian. You are in the vigour of your years, the noon of your prosperity, the height of your intellect and knowledge; you require only an effort to add to these blessings the most lasting of all—fame!"

"Well," said Mordaunt, and a momentary light flashed over his countenance, "the effort *will* be made. I do not pretend not to have felt ambition. No man should make it his boast, for it often gives to our frail and earth-bound virtue both its weapon and its wings; but when the soil is exhausted, its produce fails; and when we have forced our hearts to too great an abundance, whether it be of flowers that perish, or of grain that endures, the seeds of after hope bring forth but a languid and scanty harvest. My earliest idol was ambition; but then came others, love and knowledge, and afterward the desire to bless. That desire you may term ambition; but we will suppose them separate passions; for by the latter I would signify the thirst for glory, either in evil or in good; and the former teaches us, though by little and little, to gain its object, no less in secrecy than for applause; and wisdom, which opens to us a world, vast, but hidden from the crowd, establishes also over that world an arbiter of its own, so that its disciples grow proud, and communing with their own hearts, care for no louder judgment than the still voice within. It is thus that indifference, not to the welfare, but to the report, of others grows over us; and often, while we are the most ardent in their cause, we are the least anxious for their esteem."

"And yet," said Lord Ulswater, "I have thought the passion for esteem is the best guarantee for deserving it."

"Nor without justice—other passions may supply its place, and produce the same effects; but the love of true glory is the most legitimate agent of extensive good, and you do right to worship and enshrine it. For me it is dead; it survived—ay, the truth shall out!—poverty, want, disappointment, baffled aspirations—all, all, but the deadness, the lethargy of regret: when no one was left upon this altered earth to animate its efforts, to smile upon its success, then the last spark quivered and died;—and—and—but forgive me—on this subject I am not often wont to wander. I would say that ambition is for me no more—not so are its effects; but the hope of serving that race whom I have loved as brothers, but who have never known me—who, by the exterior, (and here something bitter mingled with his voice,) pass sentence on the heart—in whose eyes I am only the cold, the wayward, the haughty, the morose—the hope of serving them is to me, now, a far stronger passion than ambition was heretofore; and, whatever for that end the love of fame would have dictated, the love of mankind will teach me still more ardently to perform."

They were now upon the bridge:—Pausing, they leant over, and looked along the scene before them. Dark and hushed, the river flowed sullenly on, save where the reflected stars made a tremulous and broken beam on the black surface of the water,

or the lights of the vast city which lay in shadow on its banks, scattered at capricious intervals, a pale but unpiercing wanness, rather than lustre, along the tide; or, save where the stillness was occasionally broken by the faint oar of the boatman, or the call of his rude voice, mellowed by distance and the element into a tone not utterly displeasing.

But behind them as they leant, the feet of passengers, on the great thoroughfare, passed not oft—but quick; and that sound, the commonest of earth's, made—as they lingered—rarer and rarer by the advancing night, contrasted, rather than destroyed, the quiet of the heaven, and the solemnity of the silent stars.

"It is an old, but a just comparison," said Mordaunt's companion, "which has likened life to a river such as we now survey, gliding alternately in light or in darkness, in sunshine or in storm, to that great ocean in which all waters meet."

"If," said Algernon, with his usual thoughtful and pensive smile, "we may be allowed to vary that simile, I would, separating the universal and eternal course of destiny from the fleeting generations of human life, compare the river before us to *that* course, and not *it*, but the city scattered on its banks, to the varieties and mutability of life. There (in the latter) crowded together in the great chaos of social union, we herd in the night of ages, flinging the little lustre of our dim lights over the sullen tide which rolls beside us—seeing the tremulous ray glitter on the surface, only to show us how profound is the gloom which it cannot break, and the depths which it is too faint to pierce. There crime stalks, and wo hushes her moan, and poverty couches, and wealth riots—and death, in all and each, is at his silent work. But the stream of fate, unconscious of our changes and decay, glides on to its engulfing bourne; and, while it mirrors the faintest smile or the lightest frown of heaven, behold, without a change upon its surface, the generations of earth perish, and be renewed, along its banks!"

There was a pause: and by an involuntary and natural impulse, they turned from the waves beneath, to the heaven, which, in its breathing contrast, spread all eloquently, yet hushed, above. They looked upon the living and intense stars, and felt palpably at their hearts that spell—wild, but mute—which nothing on or of earth can inspire; that pining of the imprisoned soul, that longing after the immortality on high, which is perhaps no imaginary type of the immortality ourselves are heirs too.

"It is on such nights as these," said Mordaunt, who first broke the silence, but with a low and soft voice, "that we are tempted to believe that in Plato's divine fancy there is as divine a truth—that 'our souls are *indeed* of the same essence as the stars,' and that the mysterious yearning, the impatient wish which swells, and soars within us to mingle with their glory, is but the instinctive and natural longing to reunite the divided *portion* of an immortal spirit, stored in these cells of clay, with the original lustre of the heavenly and burning *whole*."

"And hence then," said his companion, pursuing the idea, "might we also believe in that wondrous and wild influence which the stars have been fabled to exercise over our fate; hence might we shape a visionary clue to their imagined power over our birth, our destinies, and our death."

"Perhaps," rejoined Mordaunt, and Lord Ulswater has since said that his countenance, as he spoke, wore an awful and strange aspect, which lived long and long afterward in the memory of his companion, "perhaps there *are* tokens and signs between the soul and the things of heaven which do not wholly shame the doctrine of *him** from whose bright wells Plato drew (while he coloured with his own gorgeous errors) the waters of his sublime lore." As Mordaunt thus spoke, his voice changed: he paused abruptly, and, pointing to a distant quarter of the heavens, said,

"Look yonder; do you see, in the far horizon, one large and solitary star, that, at this very moment, seems to wax pale and paler, as my hand points to it?"

"I see it—it shrinks and soars, while we gaze, into the farther depths of heaven, as if it were seeking to rise to some higher orbit."

"And do you see," rejoined Mordaunt, "yon fleecy but dusk cloud, which sweeps slowly along the sky toward it? What shape does that cloud wear to your eyes?"

"It seems to me," answered Lord Ulswater, "to assume the exact semblance of a procession, whether of mirth or burial—the human shape appears to me as distinctly moulded in the thin vapours as in ourselves; nor would it perhaps ask too great indulgence from our fancy, to image among the darker forms in the centre of the cloud one bearing the very appearance of a *bier*—the plume, and the caparison, and the steeds, and the mourners! Still, as I look, the likeness seems to me to increase!"

"Strange," said Mordaunt, musingly, "how strange is this thing which we call the mind! Strange that the dreams and superstitions of childhood should cling to it with so inseparable and fond a strength! I remember, years since, that I was affected even as I am now, to a degree which wiser men might shrink to confess, upon gazing on a cloud exactly similar to that which at this instant we behold. But see—that cloud has passed over the star; and now, as it rolls away, look, the star itself has vanished into the heavens."

"But I fear," answered Lord Ulswater, with a slight smile, "that we can deduce no omen either from the cloud or the star: would, indeed, that nature were more visibly knit with our individual existence! Would that in the heavens there were a book, and in the waves a voice, and on the earth a token of the mysteries and enigmas of our fate!"

"And yet," said Mordaunt, slowly, as his mind gradually rose from its dreamlike oppression to its wonted and healthful tone, "yet, in truth, we want neither sign nor omen from other worlds to teach us all that it is the end of existence to fulfil in this: and that seems to me a far less exalted wisdom which enables us to solve the *riddles*, than that which elevates us above the *chances* of the future."

"But *can* we be placed above those chances—can we become independent of that fate to which the ancients taught that even their deities were submitted?"

"Let us not so wrong the ancients," answered Mordaunt; "their poets taught it, not their philosophers. Would not virtue be a dream, a mockery indeed, if it were, like the herb of the field, a

thing of blight and change, of withering and renewal, a minion of the sunbeam and the cloud! Shall calamity deject it? Shall prosperity pollute! *then* let it not be the object of our aspiration, but the byword of our contempt. No: let us rather believe, with the great of old, that *when it is based on wisdom*, it is throned above change and chance! throned above the things of a petty and sordid world! throned above the Olympus of the heathen! throned above the stars which fade, and the moon which waneth in her course! Shall *we* believe less of the divinity of virtue than an Athenian sage? Shall *we*, to whose eyes have been revealed without a cloud, the blaze and the glory of heaven, make virtue a slave to those chains of earth which the pagan subjected to her feet? But if by *her* we can trample on the ills of life, are we not, a hundredfold more, by her, the vanquishers of death? All creation lies before us: shall we cling to a grain of dust? All immortality is our heritage: shall we gasp and sicken for a moment's breath? *What if we perish within an hour?*—what if already the black cloud lowers over us—what if from our hopes and projects, and the fresh-woven ties which we have knit around our life, we are abruptly torn, shall we be the creatures or the conquerors of fate? Shall we be the exiled from a home, or the escaped from a dungeon? Are we not as birds which look into the great air only through a barred cage? Shall we shrink and mourn when the cage is shattered, and all spreads around us—our element and our empire! No, it was not for this that, in an elder day, virtue and valour received but a common name! The soul, into which *that* spirit has breathed its glory, is not only above fate—it profits by her assaults! Attempt to weaken it, and you nerve it with a new strength—to wound it, and you render it more invulnerable—to destroy it, and you make it immortal! This, indeed, is the sovereign whose realm every calamity increases—the hero whose triumph every invasion augments!—standing on the last sands of life, and encircled by the advancing waters of darkness and eternity, it becomes in its expiring effort *doubly* the victor and the king!"

Impressed, by the fervour of his companion, with a sympathy almost approaching to awe, Lord Ulswater pressed Mordaunt's hand, but offered no reply; and both, excited by the high theme of their conversation, and the thoughts which it produced, moved in silence from their post, and walked slowly homeward.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

Is it possible?
Is't so? I can no longer what I would:
No longer draw back at my liking! I
Must do the deed because I thought of it.
What is thy enterprise—thy aim, thy object?
Hast honestly confessed it to thyself?
O bloody, frightful deed!
Was that my purpose when we parted?
O God of justice! COLERIDGE'S *Wallenstein*.

We need scarcely say that one of the persons overheard by Mr. Brown was Wolfe, and the peculiar tone of oratorical exaggeration, characteristic of the man, has already informed the reader with which of the two he was identified.

* Socrates, who taught the belief in omens.

On the evening after that conversation—the evening fixed for the desperate design on which he had set the last hazard of his life—the republican, starting from the companions with whom he had passed the day, returned home to compose the fever of his excited thoughts, and have a brief hour of solitary meditation, previous to the committal of that act which he knew must be his immediate passport to the jail and the gibbet. On entering his squalid and miserable home, the woman of the house, a blear-eyed and filthy hag, who was holding to her withered breast an infant, which, even sucking the stream that nourished its tainted existence, betrayed upon its haggard and bloated countenance the polluted nature of the mother's milk, from which it drew at once the support of life and the seeds of death—this woman, meeting him in the narrow passage, arrested his steps, to acquaint him that a gentleman had that day called upon him, and left a letter in his room, with strict charge of care and speed in its delivery. The visitor had not, however, communicated his name, though the curiosity excited by his mien and dress had prompted the crone particularly to demand it.

Little affected by this incident, which to the hostess seemed no unimportant event, Wolfe pushed the woman aside, with an impatient gesture, and, scarcely conscious of the abuse which followed this motion, hastened up the sordid stairs to his apartment. He sat himself down upon the foot of his bed, and, covering his face with his hands, surrendered his mind to the tide of contending emotions which rushed upon it.

What was he about to commit? Murder!—murder in its coldest and most premeditated guise! “No!” cried he aloud, starting from the bed, and dashing his clenched hand violently against his brow—“no—no—no!—it is not murder, it is justice! Did not they, the hirelings of oppression, ride over their crushed and shrieking countrymen, with drawn blades and murderous hands? Was I not among them at that hour? Did I not with these eyes see the sword uplifted, and the smiter strike? Were not my ears filled with the groans of their victims and the savage yells of the trampling dastards?—yells which rung in triumph over women and babes and weaponless men? And shall there be no vengeance? Yes, it shall fall, not upon the tools, but the master—not upon the slaves, but the despot! Yet,” said he, suddenly pausing, as his voice sank into a whisper, “assassination!—in another hour, perhaps—a deed irrevocable—a seal set upon two souls—the victim's and the judge's! Fetters and the felon's cord before me!—the shouting mob—the stigma!—no, no, it will not be the stigma; the gratitude, rather, of future times, when motives will be appreciated and party hushed! Have I not wrestled with wrong from my birth?—have I not rejected all offers from the men of an impious power?—have I made a moment's truce with the poor man's foe?—have I not thrice purchased free principles with an imprisoned frame?—have I not bartered my substance, and my hopes, and the pleasures of this world for my unmovable, unswerving faith to the great cause?—am I not about to crown all by one blow—one lightning blow, destroying at once myself and a criminal too mighty for the law?—and shall not history do justice to this devotedness—this absence from all self hereafter—and admire, even if it condemn?”

Buoying himself with these reflections, and exciting the jaded current of his designs once more into an unnatural impetus, the unhappy man ceased, and paced with rapid steps the narrow limits of his chamber: his eye fell upon something bright, which glittered amid the darkening shadows of the evening. At that sight his heart stood still for a moment; it was the weapon of intended death: he took it up, and as he surveyed the shining barrel, and felt the lock, a more settled sternness gathered at once over his fierce features and stubborn heart. The pistol had been bought and prepared for the purpose with the utmost nicety, not only for use but show; nor is it unfrequent to find in such instances of premeditated ferocity in design, a fearful kind of coxcombry lavished upon the means.

Striking a light, Wolfe rescaled himself deliberately, and began, with the utmost care, to load the pistol: that scene would not have been an unworthy sketch for those painters who possess the power of giving to the low a force almost approaching to grandeur, and of augmenting the terrible by a mixture of the ludicrous; the sordid chamber, the damp walls, the high window, in which a handful of discoloured paper supplied the absence of many a pane: the single table of rough oak, the rush-bottomed and broken chair, the hearth unconscious of a fire, over which a mean bust of Milton held its tutelary sway—while the dull rushlight streamed dimly upon the swarthy and strong countenance of Wolfe, intent upon his work—a countenance in which the deliberate calmness that had succeeded the late struggle of feeling had in it a mingled power of energy and haggardness of languor, the one of the desperate design, the other of the exhausted body, while in the knit brow, and the iron lines, and even in the settled ferocity of expression, there was yet something above the stamp of the vulgar ruffian—something eloquent of the motive no less than the deed, and significant of that not ignoble perversity of mind which diminished the guilt, yet increased the dreadfulness of the meditated crime, by mocking it with the name of virtue.

As he had finished his task, and hiding the pistol in his person, waited for the hour in which his accomplice was to summon him to the fatal deed, he perceived close by him on the table, the letter which the woman had spoken of, and which, till then, he had, in the excitement of his mind, utterly forgotten. He opened it mechanically—an enclosure fell to the ground. He picked it up—it was a bank-note of considerable amount. The lines in the letter were few, anonymous, and written in a hand evidently disguised. They were calculated peculiarly to touch the republican, and reconcile him to the gift. In them the writer professed to be actuated by no other feeling than admiration for the unbending integrity which had characterized Wolfe's life, and the desire that sincerity in any principles, however they might differ from his own, should not be rewarded only with indigence and ruin.

It is impossible to tell how far, in Wolfe's mind, his own desperate fortunes might, insensibly, have mingled with the motives which led him to his present design: certain it is that, wherever the future is hopeless, the mind is easily converted from the rugged to the criminal; and equally certain it is that we are apt to justify to ourselves many

efficiency in a cause where we have made great sacrifices: and, perhaps, if this unexpected assistance had come to Wolfe a short time before, it might, by softening his heart, and reconciling him in some measure to fortune, have rendered him less susceptible to the fierce voice of political hatred and the instigation of his associates. Nor can we, who are removed from the temptations of the poor—temptations to which ours are as breezes which woo, to storms which “tumble towers”—nor can we tell how far the acerbity of want, and the absence of wholesome sleep, and the indignity of the rich, and the rankling memory of better fortunes, or even the mere fierceness which absolute hunger produces in the humours and veins of all that hold nature's life—nor can we tell how far these madden the temper, which is but a minion of the body, and plead in irresistible excuse for the crimes which our wondering virtue—haughty because unelicited—stamps with its loftiest reprobation!

The cloud fell from Wolfe's brow, and his eye gazed, musingly and rapt, upon vacancy. Steps were heard ascending—the voice of a distant clock tolled with a distinctness which seemed like strokes palpable as well as audible to the senses; and as the door opened, and his accomplice entered, Wolfe muttered—“Too late—too late!”—and first crushing the note in his hands, then tore it into atoms, with a vehemence which astonished his companion, who, however, knew not its value.

“Come,” said he, stamping his foot violently upon the floor, as if to conquer by passion all internal relenting—“come, my friend, not another moment is to be lost; let us hasten to our holy deed!”

“I trust,” said Wolfe's companion, when they were in the open street, “that we shall not have our trouble in vain; it is a brave night for it! Davidson wanted us to throw grenades into the ministers' carriages, as the best plan; and, faith, we can try that if all else fails!”

Wolfe remained silent—indeed he scarcely heard his companion; for a sullen indifference to all things around him had wrapt his spirit—that singular feeling, or rather absence from feeling, common to all men, when bound on some exciting action, upon which their minds are already and wholly bent;—which renders them utterly without thought, when the superficial would imagine they were the most full of it, and leads them to the threshold of that event which had before engrossed all their most waking and fervid contemplation with a blind and mechanical unconsciousness, resembling the influence of a dream.

They arrived at the place they had selected for their station—sometimes walking to and fro, in order to escape observation—sometimes hiding behind the pillars of a neighbouring house, they awaited the coming of their victims. The time passed on—the streets grew more and more empty; and, at last, only the visitation of the watchman—or the occasional steps of some homeward wanderer, disturbed the solitude of their station.

At last, just after midnight, two men were seen approaching toward them, linked arm-in-arm, and walking very slowly.

“Hist—hist,” whispered Wolfe's comrade—“there they are at last—is your pistol cocked?”

“Ay,” answered Wolfe, “and yours, man—collect yourself—your hand shakes.”

“It is with the cold, then,” said the ruffian, using, unconsciously, a celebrated reply—“Let us withdraw behind the pillar.”

They did so—the figures approached them; the night, though starlit, was not sufficiently clear to give the assassins more than the outline of their shapes, and the characters of their height and air.

“Which,” said Wolfe, in a whisper—for, as he had said, he had never seen either of his intended victims—“which is my prey?”

“O, the nearest to you,” said the other, with trembling accents; “you know his d—d proud walk, and erect head—that is the way he answers the people's petitions, I'll be sworn. The taller and farther one, who stoops more in his gait, is mine.”

The strangers were now at hand.

“You know you are to fire first, Wolfe,” whispered the nearer ruffian, whose heart had long failed him, and who was already meditating escape.

“But are you sure—quite sure of the identity of our prey?” said Wolfe, grasping his pistol.

“Yes, yes,” said the other; and, indeed, the air of the nearest person approaching them bore, in the distance, a strong resemblance to that of the minister it was supposed to designate. His companion, who appeared much younger, and of a mien equally patrician, but far less proud, seemed listening to the supposed minister with the most earnest attention. Apparently occupied with their conversation, when about twenty yards from the assassins, they stood still for a few moments.

“Stop, Wolfe, stop,” said the republican's accomplice, whose Indian complexion, by fear, and the wan light of the lamps and skies, faded into a jaundiced and yellow hue, while the bony whiteness of his teeth made a grim contrast with the glare of his small, black, sparkling eyes. “Stop, Wolfe—hold your hand. I see, now, that I was mistaken; the farther one is a stranger to me, and the nearer one is much thinner than the minister: pocket your pistol—quick—quick—and let us withdraw.”

Wolfe dropped his hand, as if dissuaded from his design; but, as he looked upon the trembling frame and chattering teeth of his terrified accomplice, a sudden, and not unnatural, idea darted across his mind, that he was wilfully deceived by the fears of his companion; and that the strangers, who had now resumed their way, were indeed what his accomplice had first reported them to be. Filled with this impression, and acting upon the momentary spur which it gave, the infatuated and fatal man pushed aside his comrade, with a muttered oath at his cowardice and treachery, and taking a sure and steady, though quick, aim at the person, who was now just within the certain destruction of his hand, he fired the pistol. The stranger reeled, and fell into the arms of his companion.

“Hurra!” cried the murderer, leaping from his hiding place, and walking with rapid strides toward his victim—“hurra! for liberty and England!”

Scarce had he uttered these prostituted names, before the triumph of misguided zeal faded suddenly and for ever from his brow and soul.

The wounded man leaned back in the supporting arms of his chilled and horror-stricken friend; who, kneeling on one knee to support him, fixed his eager eyes upon the pale and changing countenance.

tenance of his burden, unconscious of the presence of the assassin.

"Speak, Mordaunt, speak! how is it with you?" he said.

Recalled from his torpor by the voice, Mordaunt opened his eyes, and muttering, "My child, my child," sunk back again; and Lord Ulswater (for it was he) felt, by his increased weight, that death was hastening rapidly on its victim.

"O!" said he bitterly, and recalling their last conversation—"O! where—where—when this man—the wise, the kind, the innocent, almost the perfect, falls thus in the very prime of existence, by a sudden blow from an obscure hand—unblest in life, inglorious in death—O! where—where is this boasted triumph of virtue, or where is its reward?"

True to his idol at the last, as these words fell upon his dizzy and receding senses, Mordaunt raised himself by a sudden, though momentary, exertion; and fixing his eyes full upon Lord Ulswater, his moving lips (for his voice was already gone) seemed to shape out the answer, "*It is here!*" With this last effort, and with an expression upon his aspect which seemed at once to soften and to hallow the haughty and calm character which in life it was wont to bear, Algernon Mordaunt fell once more back into the arms of his companion, and immediately expired.

CHAPTER XC.

Come, death, these are thy victims; and the axe
Waks those who claim'd the chariot.—Thus we count
Our treasures in the dark, and when the light
Breaks on the cheated eye, we find the coin
Was skulls—

Yet the while

Fate links strange contrasts, and the scaffold's gloom
Is neighbour'd by the altar.

ANON.

WARR Crauford's guilt and imprisonment became known; when inquiry developed, day after day, some new maze in the mighty and intricate machinery of his sublime dishonesty; when houses of the most reputed wealth and profuse splendour, whose affairs Crauford had transacted, were discovered to have been for years utterly undermined and beggared, and only supported by the extraordinary genius of the individual by whose extraordinary guilt, now no longer concealed, they were suddenly and irretrievably destroyed; when it was ascertained that, for nearly the fifth part of a century, a system of villany had been carried on throughout Europe, in a thousand different relations, without a single breath of suspicion, and yet which a single breath of suspicion could at once have arrested and exposed; when it was proved that a man, whose luxury had exceeded the pomp of princes, and whose wealth was supposed more inexhaustible than the enchanted purse of Fortunatus, had for eighteen years been a penniless pensioner upon the prosperity of others; when the long scroll of this almost incredible fraud was slowly, piece by piece, unrolled before the terrified curiosity of the public, an invading army at the Temple gates could scarcely have excited such universal consternation and dismay.

The mob, always the first to execute justice, in their own inimitable way, took vengeance upon Crauford, by burning the house no longer his, and

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the houses of the partners, who were the worst and most innocent sufferers for his crime. No epithet of horror and hatred was too severe for the offender; and serious apprehensions for the safety of Newgate, his present habitation, were generally expressed. The more saintly members of that sect to which the hypocrite had ostensibly belonged, held up their hands, and declared that the fall of the Pharisee was a judgment of Providence. Nor did they think it worth while to make, for a moment, the trifling inquiry, how far the judgment of Providence was also implicated in the destruction of the numerous and innocent families he had ruined!

But, whether from that admiration for genius, common to the vulgar, which forgets all crime in the cleverness of committing it, or from that sagacious disposition peculiar to the English, which makes a hero of any person eminently wicked, no sooner did Crauford's trial come on, than the tide of popular feeling experienced a sudden revulsion. It became, in an instant, the fashion to admire and to pity a gentleman so *talented* and so *unfortunate*. Likenesses of Mr. Crauford appeared in every print-shop in town—the papers discovered that he was the very fac-simile of the great king of Prussia. The laureate made an ode upon him, which was set to music; and the public learnt, with tears of compassionate regret at so romantic a circumstance, that pigeon-pies were sent daily to his prison, made by the delicate hands of one of his former mistresses. Some sensation, also, was excited by the circumstance of his poor wife (who soon afterward died of a broken heart) coming to him in prison, and being with difficulty torn away; but then, conjugal affection is so very commonplace, and—there was something so engrossingly pathetic in the anecdote of the pigeon-pies!

It must be confessed that Crauford displayed singular address and ability upon his trial; and fighting every inch of ground, even to the last, when so strong a phalanx of circumstances appeared against him, that no hope of a favourable verdict could for a moment have supported him—he concluded the trial with a speech delivered by himself—so impressive, so powerful, so dignified, yet so impassioned, that the whole audience, hot as they were, dissolved into tears.

Sentence was passed—Death! But such was the infatuation of the people that every one expected that a pardon, for a crime more complicated and extensive than half the Newgate calendar could equal, would of course be obtained. Persons of the highest rank interested themselves in his behalf: and up to the night before his execution, expectations, almost amounting to certainty, were entertained by the criminal, his friends, and the public. On that night was conveyed to Crauford the positive and peremptory assurance that there was no hope. Let us now enter his cell, and be the sole witnesses of his solitude.

Crauford was, as we have seen, a man in some respects of great *moral* courage, of extraordinary daring in the formation of schemes, of unwavering resolution in supporting them, and of a temper which rather rejoiced in, than shunned, the braving of a distant danger for the sake of an adequate reward. But this courage was supported and fed solely by the self-persuasion of consummate genius, and his profound confidence both in his good fortune, and the inexhaustibility of his resources.

Physically he was a coward! *immediate* peril to be confronted by the *person*, not the *mind*, had ever appalled him like a child. He had never dared to back a spirited horse. He had been known to remain for days in an obscure alehouse in the country, to which a shower had accidentally driven him, because it had been idly reported that a wild beast had escaped from a caravan, and been seen in the vicinity of the inn. No dog had ever been allowed in his household; lest it *might* go mad. In a word, Crauford was one to whom life and sensual enjoyments were every thing—the supreme blessings—the only blessings.

As long as he had the hope, and it was a sanguine hope, of *saving* life, nothing had disturbed his mind from its serenity. His gayety had never forsaken him; and his cheerfulness and fortitude had been the theme of every one admitted to his presence. But when this hope was abruptly and finally closed—when death, immediate and unavoidable—death—the extinction of existence—the *cessation of sense*, stood bare and hideous before him, his genius seemed at once to abandon him to his fate, and the inherent weakness of his nature to gush over every prop and barrier of his art.

"No hope!" muttered he, in a voice of the keenest anguish—"no hope—merciful God—none—none! What, I—I—who have shamed kings in luxury—I to die on the gibbet, among the reeking, gaping, swinish crowd with whom—O, God, that I were one of *them* even! that I were the most loathsome beggar that ever crept forth to taint the air with sores!—that I were a toad immured in a stone, sweltering in the atmosphere of its own venom!—a snail crawling on these very walls, and tracking his painful path in slime!—any thing—any thing, but death! And *such* death—the gallows—the scaffold—the halter—the fingers of the hangman paddling round the neck where the softest caresses have clung *and sated*. To die—die—die! What, I, whose pulse now beats so strongly—whose blood keeps so warm and vigorous a motion!—in the very prime of enjoyment and manhood—all life's million paths of pleasure before me—to die—to swing to the winds—to hang—ay—ay—to hang!—to be cut down, distorted and hideous—to be thrust into the earth with worms—to rot, or—or—or hell! is there a hell—*better that even, than annihilation!*

"Fool—fool! damnable fool that I was, (and in his sudden rage he clenched his own flesh till the nails met in it,) had I but got to France one day sooner! Why don't you save me—save me—you whom I have banquetted, and feasted, and lent money to!—one word from you might have saved me—I will not die! I don't deserve it!—I am innocent!—I tell you not guilty, my lord—not guilty! Have you not hearts, no consciences!—murder—murder—murder!" and the wretched man sunk upon the ground, and tried, with his hands, to grasp the stone floor, as if to cling to it from some imaginary violence.

Turn we from him to the cell in which another criminal awaits also the awful coming of his latest morrow.

Pale, motionless, silent—with his face bending over his bosom, and hands clasped tightly upon his knees, Wolfe sat in his dungeon, and collected his spirit against the approaching consummation of his turbulent and stormy fate—his bitterest punishment had been already past; mysterious

chance, or rather the power above chance, had denied to him the haughty triumph of self-applause. No sophistry, now, could compare his doom to that of Sidney, or his deed to the act of the avenging Brutus.

Murder—causeless—objectless—universally execrated—rested, and would rest (till oblivion wrapt it) upon his name. It had appeared, too, upon his trial, that he had, in the information he had received, been the mere tool of a spy, in the minister's pay; and that, for weeks before his intended deed, his design had been known, and his conspiracy only not bared to the public eye, because political craft awaited a riper opportunity for the disclosure. He had not then merely been the blind dupe of his own passions, but, more humbling still, an instrument in the hands of the very men whom his hatred was sworn to destroy. Not a wreck—not a straw, of the vain glory, for which he had forfeited life, and risked his soul, could he hug to a sinking heart, and say—"This is my support."

The remorse of gratitude imbittered his cup still farther. On Mordaunt's person had been discovered a memorandum of money anonymously enclosed to Wolfe on the day of the murder; and it was couched in words of esteem which melted the fierce heart of the republican into the only tears he had shed since childhood. From that time a sullen, silent spirit fell upon him. He spoke to none—heeded none: he made no defence in trial—no complaint of severity—no appeal from judgment. The iron had entered into his soul—but it supported, while it tortured. Even now, as we gaze upon his inflexible and dark countenance, no transitory emotion—no natural spasm of sudden fear for the catastrophe of the morrow—no intense and working passions struggling into calm—no sign of internal hurricanes, rising, as it were, from the hidden depths, agitate the surface, or betray the secrets of the unfathomable world within. The mute lip—the rigid brow—the downcast eye—a heavy and dread stillness, brooding over every feature—these are all that we behold!

Is it that thought sleeps, locked in the torpor of a senseless and rayless dream; or that an evil incubus weighs upon it, crushing its risings, but deadening not its pangs? Does memory fly to the green fields and happy home of his childhood, or the lonely studies of his daring and restless youth, or his earliest homage to that spirit of freedom which shone bright, and still, and pure, upon the solitary chamber of him who sung of heaven; or (dwelling on its last and most fearful object) rolls it only through one tumultuous and convulsive channel—Despair? Whatever be within the silent and deep heart—pride, or courage, or callousness, or that stubborn firmness which, once principle, has grown habit, cover all as with a pall; and the strong nerves, and the hard endurance of the human flesh, sustain what the immortal mind perhaps quails beneath, in its dark retreat, but once dreamt that it would glory to bear.

The fatal hour had come! and, through the long dim passages of the prison, four criminals were led forth to execution. The first was Crauford's associate, Bradley. This man prayed fervently; and, though he was trembling and pale, his mien and aspect bore something of the calmness of resignation.

It has been said that there is no friendship among the wicked. I have examined this maxim closely, and believe it, like most popular proverbs, false. In wickedness there is peril; and mutual terror is the strongest of ties. At all events, the wicked can, not unoften, excite an attachment in their followers denied to virtue. Habitually courteous, caressing, and familiar, Crauford had, despite of his own suspicions of Bradley, really touched the heart of one, whom weakness and want, not nature, had gained to vice; and it was not till Crauford's guilt was by other witnesses undeniably proved that Bradley could be tempted to make any confession tending to implicate him.

He now crept close to his former partner, and frequently clasped his hand, and besought him to take courage, and to pray. But Crauford's eye was glassy and dim, and his veins seemed filled with water—so numbed, and cold, and white was his cheek. Fear, in him, had passed its paroxysm, and was now insensibility; it was only when they urged him to pray that a sort of benighted consciousness strayed over his countenance, and his ashen lips muttered something which none heard.

After him came the Creole, who had been Wolfe's accomplice. On the night of the murder, he had taken advantage of the general loneliness, and the confusion of the few present, and fled. He was found, however, fast asleep, in a garret, before morning, by the officers of justice; and, on trial, he had confessed all. This man was in a rapid consumption. The delay of another week would have given to nature the termination of his life. He, like Bradley, seemed earnest and absorbed in prayer.

Last came Wolfe, his tall, gaunt frame worn, by confinement and internal conflict, into a gigantic skeleton; his countenance, too, had undergone a withering change: his grizzled hair seemed now to have acquired only the one hoary hue of age; and, though you might trace in his air and eye the sternness, you could no longer detect the fire, of former days. Calm, as on the preceding night, no emotion broke over his dark, but not defying features. He rejected, though not irreverently, all aid from the benevolent priest, and seemed to seek, in the pride of his own heart, a substitute for the resignation of religion.

"Miserable man!" at last said the good clergyman, in whom zeal overcame kindness, "have you at this awful hour no prayer upon your lips?"

A living light shot then, for a moment, over Wolfe's eye and brow. "I have!" said he; and, raising his clasped hands to heaven, he continued in the memorable words of Sidney—"Lord, defend thy own cause, and defend those who defend it! Stir up such as are faint; direct those that are willing; confirm those that waver; give wisdom and integrity to all: order all things so as may most redound to thine own glory!"

"I had once hoped," added Wolfe, sinking in his tone—"I had once hoped that I might with justice have continued that holy prayer;" but—he ceased abruptly: the glow passed from his countenance, his lips quivered, and the tears stood

* "Grant that I may die glorifying thee for all thy mercies, and that at the last thou hast permitted me to be singled out as a witness of thy truth, and even by the confession of my opposers for that old cause in which I was from my youth engaged, and for which thou hast often and wonderfully declared thyself."

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

in his eyes; that was the only weakness he betrayed, and those were his last words.

Crauford continued, even while the rope was put round him, mute and unconscious of every thing. It was said that his pulse (that of an uncommonly strong and healthy man on the previous day) had become so low and faint that, an hour before his execution, it could not be felt. He and the Creole were the only ones who struggled: Wolfe died, seemingly, without a pang.

From these feverish and fearful scenes the mind turns, with a feeling of grateful relief, to contemplate the happiness of one whose candid and high nature, and warm affections, fortune, long befriending, had at length blest.

It was on an evening in the earliest flush of returning spring, that Lord Ulswater, with his beautiful bride, entered his magnificent domains. It had been his wish and order, in consequence of his brother's untimely death, that no public rejoicings should be made on his marriage; but the good old steward could not persuade himself entirely to enforce obedience to the first order of his new master; and as the carriage drove into the park-gates, crowds on crowds were assembled, to welcome and to gaze.

No sooner had they caught a glimpse of their young lord, whose affability and handsome person had endeared him to all who remembered his early days, and of the half blushing, half smiling countenance beside him, than their enthusiasm could be no longer restrained. The whole scene rang with shouts of joy—and, through an air filled with blessings, and amid an avenue of happy faces, the bridal pair arrived at their home.

"Ah! Clarence, (for so I must still call you,)" said Flora, her beautiful eyes streaming with delicious tears, "let us never leave these kind hearts; let us live among them, and strive to repay and deserve the blessings which they shower upon us! Is not benevolence, dearest, better than ambition?"

"Can it not rather, my own Flora, be ambition itself?"

CONCLUSION.

So rest you, merry gentlemen.

Monsieur Thomas.

THE author has now only to take his leave of the less important characters whom he has assembled together; and then, all due courtesy to his numerous guests being performed, to retire himself to repose.

First, then, for Mr. Morris Brown:—In the second year of Lord Ulswater's marriage, the worthy broker paid Mrs. Minden's nephew a visit, in which he persuaded that gentleman to accept, "as presents," two admirable fire-screens, the property of the late Lady Waddilove: the same may be now seen in the housekeeper's room, at Borodaile Park, by any person willing to satisfy his curiosity and—the housekeeper. Of all farther particulars respecting Mr. Morris Brown, history is silent.

In the obituary for 1792, we find the following paragraph:—Died at his house in Putney, aged seventy-three, Sir Nicholas Copperas, Knt., a gentleman well known on the Exchange for his facetious humour. Several of his *bons-mots* are still recorded in the common council. When residing,

many years ago, in the suburbs of London, this worthy gentleman was accustomed to go from his own house to the Exchange, in a coach called 'the Swallow,' that passed his door just at breakfast-time; upon which occasion he was wont wittily to observe to his accomplished spouse—'And now, Mrs. Copperas, having swallowed in the roll, I will e'en roll in the Swallow!' His whole property is left to Adolphus Copperas, Esq. banker."

And, in the next year, we discover—

"Died, on Wednesday last, at her jointure house, Putney, in her sixty-eighth year, the amiable and elegant Lady Copperas, relict of the late Sir Nicholas, Knt."

Lord Aspeden was a frequent guest at the house of Lord Ulswater, delighting every one with his graceful urbanity. By a note of the latter, (dated twenty-four years after his marriage, and now in our possession,) we find his lordship attributed the failure of his eldest son, in an election for the county, entirely to the envy excited by some courtly compliment of our *ci-devant* minister; we may therefore conclude that this polished diplomatist arrived at a good old age.

Mr. Trollolop, having exhausted the whole world of metaphysics, died, like Descartes, "in believing he had left nothing unexplained."

Mr. Callythorpe entered the House of Commons, at the time of the French revolution. He distinguished himself by many votes in favour of Mr. Pitt, and one speech which ran thus: "Sir, I believe my right honourable friend who spoke last (Mr. Pitt) designs to ruin the country; but I will support him through all; honourable gentlemen may laugh—but I'm a true Briton, and will not serve my friend the less because I scorn to flatter him."

Sir Christopher Findlater lost his life by an accident arising from the upset of his carriage; his good heart not having suffered him to part with a drunken coachman.

Mr. Glumford turned miser in his old age; and died of want, and an extravagant son.

Our honest Cole and his wife were always among the most welcome visitors at Lord Ulswater's. In his extreme old age, the ex-king took a journey to Scotland, to see the author of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Nor should we do justice to the chief's critical discernment if we neglected to record that, from the earliest dawn of that great luminary of our age, he predicted its meridian splendour. The eldest son of the gipsy-monarch inherited his father's spirit, and is yet alive, a general, and G. C. B.

Mr. Harrison married Miss Elizabeth, and succeeded to the Golden Fleece.

The Duke of Haverfield and Lord Ulswater continued their friendship through life; and the letters of our dear Flora to her correspondent, Eleanor, did not cease, even with that critical and perilous period to all maiden correspondence—marriage. If we may judge from the subsequent letters which we have been permitted to see, Eleanor never repented her brilliant nuptials, nor discovered (as the Dutchess of ——— once said from experience) "that dukes are as intolerable for husbands as they are delightful for matchmakers."

And Isabel Mordaunt!—Ah! not in these pages shall her history be told even in epitome. Perhaps for some future narrative, her romantic and eventful fate may be reserved. Suffice it, for the present, that the childhood of the young heiress passed in the house of Lord Ulswater, whose proudest boast, through a triumphant and prosperous life, was to have been her father's friend; and that, as she grew up, she inherited her mother's beauty and gentle heart, and seemed to bear, in her deep eyes and melancholy smile, some remembrance of the scenes in which her first infancy had been passed.

But for him, the husband and the father, whose trials through this wrong world I have portrayed—for him let there be neither murmurs at the blindness of fate, nor sorrow at the darkness of his doom. Better that the lofty and bright spirit should pass away before the petty business of life had bowed it, or the sordid mists of this low earth breathed a shadow on its lustre! Who would have asked *that* spirit to have struggled on for years in the intrigues—the hopes—the objects of meaner souls? Who would have desired that the heavenward and impatient heart should have grown inured to the chains and toil of this enslaved state, or hardened into the callousness of age? Nor would we claim the vulgar pittance of compassion for a lot which is exalted above regret! Pity is for our weaknesses—to our weaknesses only be it given. It is the aliment of love—it is the wages of ambition—it is the rightful heritage of error! But why should pity be entertained for the soul which never fell!—for the courage which never quailed!—for the majesty never humbled!—for the wisdom which, from the rough things of the common world, raised an empire above earth and destiny!—for the stormy life!—it was a triumph!—for the early death!—it was an immortality!

I have stood beside Mordaunt's tomb: his will had directed that he should sleep not in the vault of his haughty line—and his last dwelling is surrounded by a green and pleasant spot. The trees shadow it like a temple; and a silver, though fitful brook wails, with a constant yet not ungrateful dirge, at the foot of the hill on which the tomb is placed. I have stood there in those ardent years when our wishes know no boundary, and our ambition no curb; yet, even then, I would have changed my wildest vision of romance for that quiet grave, and the dreams of the distant spirit whose relics repose beneath it.

To you who have gone with him through a journey that has, perchance, often wearied, and at times displeased, you, the author has now only to add his thanks and his farewell. He may scarcely ask you to pardon the failures which a greater ability might have shunned, and the errors which a more practised attention might not have incurred; but forgive him, at least, if at intervals he has paused from recital to linger too long over reflection—forgive him, if his desire to mingle utility with interest has appeared, to you, too frequent and unveiled; and believe, that if he ever meet you again, he will be neither forgetful of his faults, nor ungrateful for your indulgence.

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DEVEREUX.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"ZANONI," "NIGHT AND MORNING," "RIENZI,"
"THE DISOWNED," "PELHAM," &c.

[Publisher - by T. W.]

"He that knows most men's manners, must of necessity
Best know his own, and mend those by example.

Pure and strong spirits

Do, like the fire, still covet to fly upward."

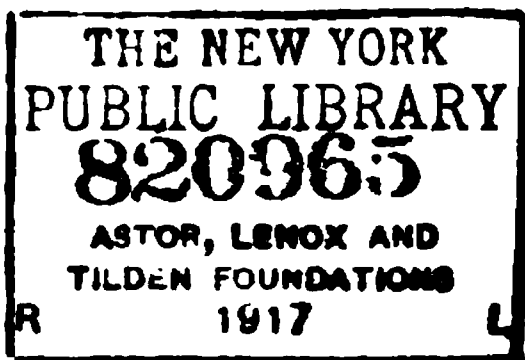
The Queen of Corinth, Act 2, Scene 4.

NEW-YORK:

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1842.

Vol. 1.



DEDICATORY EPISTLE

TO

JOHN AULDJO, Esq., &c.

AT NAPLES.

London, December 12, 1835.

MY DEAR AULDJO,—

PERMIT me, as a memento of the pleasant hours we passed together, and the intimacy we formed, by the winding shores and the rosy seas of the old Parthenope, to dedicate to you this romance. It was written in, perhaps, the happiest period of my literary life—when success began to brighten upon my labours, and it seemed to me a fine thing to make a name. Reputation, like all possessions, fairer in the hope than the reality, shone before me, in the gloss of novelty—and I had neither felt the envy it excites, the weariness it occasions, nor (worse than all) that coarse and painful notoriety, that something between the gossip and the slander, which attends every man whose writings become known—surrendering the rarest privacies of life to

"The gaudy, babbling, and rumorous day."

In short—yet almost a boy—(for, in years, at least, I was little more, at the date of the publication of "Pelham" and "The Disowned,") and full of the sanguine arrogance of hope, I pictured to myself far greater triumphs than it will ever be mine to achieve: and never did architect of dreams build up his pyramid upon (alas!) a narrower base, or a more crumbling soil! Time cures us effectually of these self-conceits, and brings us, somewhat harshly, from the gay extravagance of commanding the much that we design with the little that we can accomplish.

"The Disowned" and "Devereux" were both written in retirement, and in the midst of metaphysical studies and investigations, varied and miscellaneous enough, if not very deeply conned. At that time I was indeed engaged in preparing for the press a philosophical work, which I had afterward the good sense to postpone to a later age and a more sobered mind. But the effect of these studies is somewhat prejudicially visible in both the romances I have referred to; and the external and dramatic colourings which belong to fiction are too often broken for the inward and subtle analysis of motives, characters, and actions. The workman was not sufficiently master of his art to forbear the vanity of parading the wheels of the mechanism, and was too fond of calling attention to the minute and tedious operations by which the movements were to be performed, and the result obtained. I believe that an author is generally pleased with his work, less in proportion as it is good, than in proportion as it fulfils the idea with which he commenced it. He rarely, perhaps, an accurate judge how far the execution is in itself faulty or meritorious; but he judges with tolerable success how far it accomplishes the end and objects of the conception. He is pleased with his work, in short, according as he can say, "This has expressed what I meant it to convey." But the reader, who is not in the secret of the author's original design, usually views the work through a different medium—and is perhaps, in this, the wiser critic of the two; for the book that wanders far most from the idea which originated it, may often be better than that which is rigidly limited to the unfolding and dénouement of a single conception. If we accept this solution, we may be enabled to understand why an author so unfrequently makes favourites of some of his productions most condemned by the public. For my own part, remember that "Devereux" pleased me better than "Pelham" or "The Disowned," because the execution more exactly corresponded with the design. It expressed with tolerable fidelity what I meant it to express. That was a happy age, my dear Auldjo, when, on finishing a work, we could feel contented with our labour, and fancy we had done our best. Now, alas! I have learnt enough of the wonders of the art to recognise all the deficiencies of the disciple; and to know that no author, worth the reading, can ever in one single work do all of which he is capable.

No man, I believe, ever wrote any thing really good, who did not feel that he had the ability to write something

better. Writing, after all, is a cold and a coarse interpreter of thought. How much of the imagination,—how much of the intellect, evaporates and is lost while we seek to embody it in words!—Man made language, and God the genius. Nothing short of an eternity could enable men to imagine, think, and feel, to express all they have imagined, thought, and felt. Immortality, the spiritual desire, is the intellectual necessity.

In "Devereux," I wished to portray a man flourishing in the last century, with the train of mind and sentiment peculiar to the present;—describing a life, and not its dramatic epitome, the historical characters introduced are not closely woven with the main plot, like those in the fictions of Sir Walter Scott—but are rather, like the narrative romances of an earlier school, designed to relieve the predominant interest, and give a greater air of truth and actuality to the supposed memoir. It is a fiction which deals less with the picturesque than the real. Of the principal character thus introduced (the celebrated and graceful, but charlatanic, Bolingbroke) I still think that my sketch, upon the whole, is substantially just. We must not judge of the politicians of one age by the lights of another. Happily we now demand in a statesman a desire for other aims than his own advancement; but, at that period, ambition was almost universally selfish—the statesman was yet a courtier—a man whose very destiny it was to intrigue, to plot, to glitter, to deceive. It is in proportion as politics have ceased to be a secret science—in proportion as courts are less to be flattered, and tools to be managed, that politicians have become useful and honest men: and the statesman now directs a people, where once he outwitted an ante-chamber. Compare Bolingbroke—not with the men and by the rules of this day—but with the men and by the rules of the last. He will lose nothing in comparison with a Walpole, with a Marlborough on the one side—with an Oxford or a Swift upon the other.

And now, my dear Auldjo, you have had enough of my egotisms. As our works grow up—like old parents, we grow garrulous, and love to recur to the happier days of their childhood;—we talk over the pleasant pain they cost us in their rearing—and memory renews the season of dreams and hopes: we speak of their faults as of things past—of their merits as of things enduring: we are proud to see them still living, and, after many a harsh ordeal and rude assault, keeping a certain station in the world;—we hoped perhaps something better for them in their cradle; but, as it is, we have good cause to be contented. You, a fellow author, and one whose spirited and charming sketches embody so much of personal adventure, and therefore so much connect themselves with associations of real life as well as of the studious closet; you know, and must feel, with me, that these our books are a part of us, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh! They treasure up the thoughts which stirred us—the affections which warmed us, years ago—they are the mirrors of how much of what we were! To the world, they are but as a certain number of pages—good or bad—tedious or diverting; but to ourselves, the authors, they are as marks in the wild maze of life by which we can retrace our steps—and be with our youth again. What would I not give to feel as I felt—to hope as I hoped—to believe as I believed—when this work was first launched upon the world! But time gives, while it takes away—and among its recompenses for many losses are the memories I referred to in commencing this letter, and gratefully revert to it at its close. From the land of cloud and the life of toil, I turn to that golden clime and the happy indolence that so well accords with—and hope once more, ere I die, with a companion knowledge can recall the past, and whose gaiety on the present, to visit the disburied city of—and see the moonlight sparkle over the waves of Naples.

Adieu, my dear Auldjo,
and believe
Your obliged and

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHER'S INTRODUCTION.

My life has been one of frequent adventure and constant excitement—it has been passed to this present day in a stirring age, and not without acquaintance of the most eminent and active spirits of the time. Men of all grades, and of every character, have been familiar to me. War—love—ambition—the scroll of sages—the festivals of wit—the intrigues of states—all that agitates mankind, the hope and the fear, the labour and the pleasure—the great drama of vanities, with the little interludes of wisdom;—these have been the occupations of my manhood;—these will furnish forth the materials of that history which is now open to your survey. Whatever be the faults of the historian, he has no motive to palliate what he has committed, or to conceal what he has felt. Children of an after century—the very time in which these pages will greet you, destroys enough of the connexion between you and myself, to render me indifferent alike to your censure and your applause. Exactly one hundred years from the day this record is completed, will the seal I shall place on it be broken, and the secrets it contains be disclosed. I claim that congeniality with you which I have found not among my own coevals. *Their* thoughts, their feelings, their views, have nothing

kindred to my own. I speak their language, but it is not as a native—they know not a syllable of mine! With a future age my heart may have more in common—to a future age my thoughts may be less unfamiliar, and my sentiments less strange; I trust these confessions to the trial. Children of an after century, between you and the being who has traced the pages ye behold—that busy, versatile, restless being—there is but one step—but that step is a century! His *now* is separated from your *now*, by an interval of three generations! While he writes, he is exulting in the vigour of health and manhood—while ye read, the very worms are starving upon his dust. This commune between the living and the dead—this intercourse between that which breathes and moves, and *is*—and that which life animates not, nor mortality knows—annihilates falsehood, and chills even self-delusion into awe. Come, then, and look upon the picture of a past day, and of a gone being, without apprehension of deceit—and as the shadows and lights of a checkered and wild existence flit before you—watch if, in your own hearts, there be aught which mirrors the reflection.

MORTON DEVEREUX.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Is the hero of the following tale is not altogether deceived in his hope of congeniality with those to whom he has bequeathed his memoirs, the reader will find himself led through the scenes of the past century in company with one possessing many of the peculiarities of thought and feeling characteristic of the present. One opinion, however, entertained by Count Devereux, seems almost exclusively to belong to a former day;—*viz.* the opinion he expresses of his friend and contemporary, Lord Bolingbroke. For my own part, I do not think that the portrait he has drawn of that remarkable man has been coloured by undue partiality: If, on the one hand, Lord Bolingbroke's good qualities have not been misconstrued into vices, neither, on the other, have his affectations or his errors been extolled into virtues; and I incline to believe that his character—a character which, in my interpretation of history, was irregular, not abandoned—faulty, not vicious—has been no less unexamined by his biographical commentators, than slandered by his political enemies. If I am deceived in this opinion, I know at least that I have been deceived not in consequence of my prejudices, but *in spite* of them, for my party

tenets would not bias me in favour of Lord Bolingbroke as a Tory, nor my sentiments on the subtleties of moral philosophy incline me to esteem him as a metaphysician.* I must be pardoned for these observations, which seemed to me rendered necessary by the notes which I have (in Books IV—VI., wherein any more favourable view of Lord Bolingbroke has chiefly been taken) added to the text. If any excuse is required for attacking in those notes “The Literary Superstition,” which renders men unwilling to have the opinions they have formed, however erroneously, of celebrated characters, shaken and disturbed, I beg to refer the reader to the words of Horace Walpole. (one, by-the-by, of Lord Bolingbroke's bitterest maligners,) prefixed to the small but valuable work, entitled “An Inquiry respecting Clarendon, &c., by Hon. G. Agar Ellis.”

* As if in corroboration of the opinion vulgarly held, that Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical sentiments or rather philosophical errors, were very partial. If at all divulged during his life, the reader will find no allusion whatsoever to them in these pages, where instead they would be obviously out of place.

DEVEREUX.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Of the hero's birth and parentage—Nothing can differ more from the end of things than their beginning.

My grandfather, Sir Arthur Devereux, (peace be with his ashes!) was a noble old knight and cavalier, possessed of a property sufficiently large to have maintained in full dignity half a dozen peers—such as peers have been since the days of the first James. Nevertheless, my grandfather loved the equestrian order better than the patrician, rejected all offers of advancement, and left his posterity no titles but those to his estate.

Sir Arthur had two children by wedlock—both sons; at his death, my father, the youngest, bade adieu to the old hall and his only brother, prayed to the grim portraits of his ancestors to inspire him, and set out—to join as a volunteer the armies of that *Louis*, afterward surnamed *le grand*. Of him I shall say but little; the life of a soldier has only two events worth recording, his first campaign and his last. My uncle did as his ancestors had done before him, and cheap as the dignity had grown, went up to court to be knighted by Charles II. He was so delighted with what he saw of the metropolis, that he forswore all intention of leaving it, took to Sedley and champagne, flirted with Nell Gwynne, lost double the value of his brother's portion at one sitting to the chivalrous Grammont, wrote a comedy corrected by Etherege, and took a wife recommended by Rochester. The wife brought him a child six months after marriage, and the infant was born on the same day the comedy was acted. Luckily for the honour of the house, my uncle shared the fate of Phimæus, king of Sicyon, and all the offspring he ever had (that is to say, the child and the play) "died as soon as they were born." My uncle was now only at a loss what to do with his wife—that remaining treasure, whose readiness to oblige him had been so miraculously evinced. She saved him the trouble of long cogitation—an exercise of intellect to which he was never too ardently inclined. There was a gentleman of the court, celebrated for his sedateness and solemnity; my aunt was piqued into emulating Orpheus, and six weeks after her confinement, she put this rock into motion—they eloped. Poor gentleman!—it must have been a severe trial of patience to a man never known before to transgress the very slowest of all possible walks—to have had two events of the most rapid nature happen to him in the same week. Scarcely had he recovered the shock of being ran away with by my aunt, before, terminating for ever his vagrancies, he was ran through by my uncle. The wits made an epigram upon the event, and my uncle, who was as bold as a lion at the point of a sword, was, to speak frankly,

terribly disconcerted by the point of a jest. He retired to the country in a fit of disgust and gout. Here his own *bon naturel* rose from the layers of art which had long oppressed it, and he solaced himself by righteously governing domains worthy of a prince, for the mortifications he had experienced in the dishonourable career of a courtier.

Hitherto I have spoken somewhat slightly of my uncle, and in his dissipation he deserved it, for he was both too honest and too simple to shine in that galaxy of prostituted genius of which Charles II. was the centre. But in retirement he was no longer the same person, and I do not think that the elements of human nature could have furnished forth a more amiable character than Sir William Devereux, presiding at Christmas over the merriment of his great hall.

Good old man! his very defects were what we loved best in him—vanity was so mingled with good nature that it became graceful, and we revered one the most, while we most smiled at the other.

One peculiarity had he, which the age he had lived in and his domestic history rendered natural enough, viz. an exceeding distaste to the matrimonial state: early marriages were misery; imprudent marriages idiotism, and marriage at the best, he was wont to say, with a kindling eye, and a heightened colour, marriage at the best—was the devil. Yet it must not be supposed that Sir William Devereux was an ungallant man. On the contrary, never did the *beau sexe* have an humbler or more devoted servant. As nothing in his estimation was less becoming to a wise man than matrimony, so nothing was more ornamental than flirtation.

He had the old man's weakness, garrulity; and he told the wittiest stories in the world, without omitting any thing in them but the point. This omission did not arise from the want either of memory or of humour; but solely from a deficiency in the malice natural to all jesters. He could not persuade his lips to repeat a sarcasm hurting even the dead or the ungrateful; and when he came to the drop of gall which should have given zest to the story, the milk of human kindness broke its barrier despite of himself, and washed it away. He was a fine wreck, a little prematurely broken by dissipation, but not perhaps the less interesting on that account; tall, and somewhat of the jovial old English girth, with a face where good nature and good living mingled their smiles and glow. He wore the garb of twenty years back, and was curiously particular in the choice of his silk stockings. Between you and me, he was not a little vain of his leg, and a compliment on that score was always sure of a gracious reception.

The solitude of my uncle's household was broken

by an invasion of three boys—none of the quietest; and their mother, who, the gentlest and saddest of womankind, seemed to follow them, the emblem of that primeval silence from which all noise was born. These three boys were my two brothers and myself. My father, who had conceived a strong personal attachment for *Louis Quatorze*, never quitted his service, and the great king repaid him by orders and favours without number; he died of wounds received in battle—a count and a marshal, full of renown, and destitute of money. He had married twice: his first wife, who died without issue, was a daughter of the noble house of La Tremouille—his second, our mother, was of a younger branch of the English race of Howard. Brought up in her native country, and influenced by a primitive and retired education, she never loved that gay land which her husband had adopted as his own. Upon his death, she hastened her return to England, and refusing, with somewhat of honourable pride, the magnificent pension which Louis wished to settle upon the widow of his favourite, came to throw herself and her children upon those affections which she knew they were entitled to claim.

My uncle was unaffectedly rejoiced to receive us. To say nothing of his love for my father, and his pride at the honours the latter had won to their ancient house—the good gentleman was very well pleased with the idea of obtaining four new listeners, out of whom he might select an heir, and he soon grew as fond of us as we were of him. At the time of our new settlement, I had attained the age of twelve; my second brother (we were twins) was born an hour after me; my third was about fifteen months younger. I had never been the favourite of the three. In the first place, my brothers (my youngest especially) were uncommonly handsome, and, at most, I was but tolerably good looking; in the second place, my mind was considered as much inferior to theirs as my body;—I was idle and dull, sullen and haughty; the only wit I ever displayed was in sneering at my friends, and the only spirit, in quarrelling with my twin brother; so said or so thought all who saw us in our childhood; and it follows, therefore, that I was either very unamiable or very much misunderstood.

But to the astonishment of myself and my relations, my fate was now to be reversed, and I was no sooner settled at Devereux Court, than I became evidently the object of Sir William's pre-eminent attachment. The fact was, that I really liked both the knight and his stories better than my brothers did; and the very first time I had seen my uncle, I had commented on the beauty of his stocking, and envied the constitution of his leg; from such trifles spring affection! In truth, our attachment so progressed that we grew to be constantly together; and while my childish anticipations of the world made me love to listen to stories of courts and courtiers, my uncle returned the compliment, by declaring of my wit as the angler declared of the River Lea, that one would find enough in it, if one would but angle sufficiently long.

Nor was this all; my uncle and myself were exceedingly like the waters of Alpheus and Arethusa—nothing was thrown into the one without being seen very shortly afterward floating upon the other. Every witticism or legend Sir William imparted to me, (and some, to say truth, were a

little tinged with the licentiousness of the times he had lived in,) I took the first opportunity of retailing, whatever might be the audience; and few boys, at the age of thirteen, can boast of having so often as myself excited the laughter of the men and the blushes of the women. This circumstance, while it aggravated my own vanity, delighted my uncle's; and as I was always getting into scrapes on his account, so he was perpetually bound, by duty, to defend me from the charges of which he was the cause. No man defends another long without loving him the better for it; and perhaps Sir William Devereux and his eldest nephew were the only allies in the world who had no jealousy of each other.

CHAPTER II.

A family consultation—A priest, and an era in life.

"You are ruining the children, my dear Sir William," said my gentle mother, one day, when I had been particularly witty, "and the Abbé Montreuil declares it absolutely necessary that they should go to school."

"To school!" said my uncle, who was caressing his right leg, as it lay over his left knee—"to school, madam! you are joking. What for, pray?"

"Instruction, my dear Sir William," replied my mother.

"Ah, ah! I forgot that; true, true!" said my uncle, despondingly, and there was a pause. My mother counted her rosary; my uncle sunk into a revery; my second brother pinched my leg under the table, to which I replied by a silent kick; and my youngest fixed his large, dark, speaking eyes upon a picture of the Holy Family, which hung opposite to him.

My uncle broke silence; he did it with a start.

"Od's fish, madam,"—(my uncle dressed his oaths, like himself, a little after the example of Charles II.)—"od's fish, madam, I have thought of a better plan than that; they shall have instruction without going to school for it."

"And how, Sir William?"

"I will instruct them myself, madam," and Sir William slapped the calf of the leg he was caressing.

My mother smiled.

"Ay, madam, you may smile; but I and my Lord Dorset were the best scholars of the age; you shall read my play."

"Do, mother," said I, "read the play. Shall I tell her some of the jests in it, uncle?"

My mother shook her head in anticipative horror, and raised her finger reprovingly. My uncle said nothing, but winked at me; I understood the signal, and was about to begin, when the door opened, and the Abbé Montreuil entered. My uncle released his right leg, and my jest was cut off. Nobody ever inspired a more dim, religious awe than the Abbé Montreuil. The priest entered with a smile. My mother hailed the entrance of an ally.

"Father," said she, rising, "I have just represented to my good brother the necessity of sending my sons to school; he has proposed an alternative, which I will leave you to discuss with him."

"And what is it?" said Montreuil, sliding into

chair, and patting Gerald's head with a benignant air.

"To educate them himself," answered my mother, with a sort of satirical gravity. My uncle moved uneasily in his seat, as if, for the first time, he saw something ridiculous in the proposal.

The smile, immediately fading from the thin lips of the priest, gave way to an expression of respectful approbation. "An admirable plan," said he, slowly, "but liable to some little exceptions, which Sir William will allow me to indicate."

My mother called to us, and we left the room with her. The next time we saw my uncle the priest's reasonings had prevailed. The following week we all three went to school. My father had been a Catholic, my mother was of the same creed, and consequently we were brought up in that unpopular faith. But my uncle, whose religion had been sadly undermined at court, was a terrible villager at the holy mysteries of Catholicism; and while his friends termed him a Protestant, his enemies hinted, falsely enough, that he was a skeptic. When Montreuil first followed us to Devereux Court, many and bitter were the little jests my worthy uncle had provided for his reception; and he would shake his head with a notable archness whenever he heard our reverential description of the expected guest. But, somehow or other, no sooner had he seen the priest, than all his purposed sallies deserted him. Not a single witticism came to his assistance, and the calm, smooth face of the ecclesiastic seemed to operate upon the fierce resolves of the facetious knight in the same manner as the human eye is supposed to awe into impotence the malignant intentions of the ignobler animals. Yet nothing could be blander than the demeanour of the Abbé Montreuil—nothing more worldly, in their urbanity, than his manner and address. His garb was as little clerical as possible, his conversation rather familiar than formal, and he invariably listened to every syllable the good knight uttered, with a countenance and mien of the most attentive respect.

What then was the charm by which this singular man never failed to obtain an ascendancy, in some measure allied with fear, over all in whose company he was thrown? That was a secret my uncle never could solve, and which, only in later life, I myself was able to discover. It was partly by the magic of an extraordinary and powerful mind, partly by an expression of manner, if I may use such a phrase, that seemed to sneer most when most it affected to respect; and partly by an air like that of a man never exactly at his ease; not that he was shy, or ungraceful, or even taciturn—no! it was an indescribable embarrassment, resembling that of one playing a part, familiar to him, indeed, but somewhat distasteful. This embarrassment, however, was sufficient to be contagious, and to confuse that dignity in others, which, strangely enough, never forsook himself.

He was of low origin, but his address and appearance did not betray his birth. Pride suited better with his mien than familiarity—and his countenance, rigid, thoughtful, and cold, even through smiles, in expression was strikingly commanding. In person he was slightly above the middle standard; and had not the texture of his frame been remarkably hard, wiry, and muscular, the total absence of all superfluous flesh would have given the lean gauntness of his figure an ap-

pearance of almost spectral emaciation. In reality, his age did not exceed twenty-eight years; but his high, broad forehead was already so marked with line and furrow, his air was so staid and quiet, his figure so destitute of the roundness and elasticity of youth, that his appearance always impressed the beholder with the involuntary idea of a man considerably more advanced in life. Abstemious to habitual penance, and regular to mechanical exactness in his frequent and severe devotions, he was as little inwardly addicted to the pleasures and pursuits of youth, as he was externally possessed of its freshness and its bloom.

Nor was gravity with him the unmeaning veil to imbecility, which Rochefoucault has so happily called "the mystery of the body." The variety and depth of his learning fully sustained the respect which his demeanour insensibly created. To say nothing of his lore in the dead tongues, he possessed a knowledge of the principal European languages besides his own, viz. English, Italian, German, and Spanish, not less accurate and little less fluent than that of a native; and he had not only gained the key to these various coffers of intellectual wealth, but he had also possessed himself of their treasures. He had been educated at St. Omers; and, young as he was, he had already acquired no inconsiderable reputation among his brethren of that illustrious and celebrated Order of Jesus, which has produced both the worst and the best men that the Christian world has ever known—which has, in its successful zeal for knowledge, and the circulation of mental light, bequeathed a vast debt of gratitude to posterity; but which unhappily encouraging certain scholastic doctrines, that by a mind at once subtle and vicious can be easily perverted into the sanction of the most dangerous and systematized immorality, has already drawn upon its professors an almost universal odium, which, by far the greater part of them, is singularly undeserved.

So highly established was the good name of Montreuil that, when, three years prior to the time of which I now speak, he had been elected to the office he held in our family, it was scarcely deemed a less fortunate occurrence for us, to gain so learned and so pious a preceptor, than it was for him to acquire a situation of such trust and confidence in the household of a marshal of France, and the especial favourite of Louis XIV.

It was pleasant enough to mark the gradual ascendancy he gained over my uncle; and the timorous dislike which the good knight entertained for him, yet struggled to conceal. Perhaps that was the only time in his life, in which Sir William Devereux was a hypocrite.

Enough of the priest at present—I return to his charge. To school we went—our parting with our uncle was quite pathetic—mine in especial. "Harkye, sir count," whispered he, (I bore my father's title,) "harkye, don't mind what the old priest tells you; your real man of wit never wants the musty lessons of schools in order to make a figure in the world. Don't cramp your genius, my boy; read over my play, and honest George Etherege's 'Man of Mode;' they'll keep your spirit's alive, after dozing over those old pages which Homer (good soul!) dozed over before. God bless you, my child—write to me—no one, not even your mother, shall see your letters—and—and be sure, my fine fellow, that you don't sag too

hard. The glass of life is the best book—and one's natural wit, the only diamond that can write legibly on it."

Such were my uncle's parting admonitions; it must be confessed, that, coupled with the dramatic gifts alluded to, they were likely to be of infinite service to the *débutant* for academical honours. In fact, Sir William Devereux was deeply impregnated with the notion of his time, that ability and inspiration were the same thing, and that unless you were thoroughly idle, you could not be thoroughly a genius. I verily believe that he thought wisdom got its gems, as Abu Zeid al Hassan* declares some Chinese philosophers thought oysters got their pearls—viz. by gaping!

CHAPTER III.

A change in conduct and in character—Our evil passions will sometimes produce good effects; and, on the contrary, an alteration for the better in manners will, not unfrequently, have among its causes a little corruption of mind; for the feelings are so blended, that in suppressing those disagreeable to others, we often suppress those which are amiable in themselves.

My twin-brother, Gerald, was a tall, strong, handsome boy, blessed with a great love for the orthodox academical studies, and extraordinary quickness of ability. Nevertheless, he was indolent by nature, in things which were contrary to his taste—fond of pleasure—and among all his personal courage, ran a certain vein of irresolution, which rendered it easy for a cool and determined mind to awe or to persuade him. I cannot help thinking, too, that, clever as he was, there was something commonplace in the cleverness; and that his talent was of that mechanical, yet quick nature, which makes wonderful boys, but mediocre men. In any other family he would have been considered the beauty; in ours he was thought the genius.

My youngest brother, Aubrey, was of a very different disposition of mind, and frame of body; thoughtful, gentle, susceptible, acute; with an uncertain bravery, like a woman's, and a taste for reading, that varied with the caprice of every hour. He was the beauty of the three, and my mother's favourite. Never, indeed, have I seen the countenance of man, so perfect, so glowingly, yet delicately handsome, as that of Aubrey Devereux. Locks, soft, glossy, and twining into ringlets, fell in dark profusion over a brow whiter than marble; his eyes were black and tender, as a Georgian girl's; his lips, his teeth, the contour of his face, were all cast in the same feminine and faultless mould; his hands would have shamed those of Madame de la Tiscure, whose lover offered six thousand marks to any European who could wear her glove; and his figure would have made Titania give up her Henchman, and the king of the fairies be any thing but pleased with the exchange.

Such were my two brothers; or, rather, (so far as the internal qualities are concerned,) such they seemed to me; for it is a singular fact that we never judge of our near kindred with that certainty with which *la science du monde* enables

us to judge of others; and I appeal to any one, whether of all people by whom he has been mistaken, he has not been most often mistaken by those with whom he was brought up.

I had always loved Aubrey, but they had not suffered him to love me; and we had been so little together, that we had in common none of those childish remembrances, which serve, more powerfully than all else in later life, to cement and soften affection. In fact, I was the scapegoat of the family. What I must have been in early childhood, I cannot tell; but before I was ten years old I was the object of all the despondency and evil forebodings of my relations. My father said I laughed at *la gloire et le grand monarque*, the very first time he attempted to explain to me the value of the one, and the greatness of the other. The countess said, I had neither my father's eye, nor her own smile—that I was slow at my letters, and quick with my tongue; and throughout the whole house, nothing was so favourite a topic, as the extent of my rudeness, and the venom of my repartee. Montreuil, on his entrance into our family, not only fell in with, but favoured and fostered, the reigning humour against me; whether from that *divide et impera* system, which was so grateful to his temper, or from the mere love of meddling and intrigue, which in him, as in Alberoni, attached itself equally to petty and to large circles, was not then clearly apparent; it was only certain that he fomented the dissensions, and widened the breach between my brothers and myself. Alas! after all, I believe, my sole crime was my candour. I had a spirit of frankness, which no fear could tame, and my vengeance for any infantine punishment, was in speaking veraciously of my punishers. Never tell me of the pang of falsehood to the slandered: nothing is so agonizing to the fine skin of vanity, as the application of a rough truth!

As I grew older I saw my power, and indulged it; and being scolded for sarcasm, I was flattered into believing I had wit; so I punned and jested, lampooned and satirized, till I was as much a torment to others, as I was tormented myself. The secret of all this was, that I was unhappy. Nobody loved me—I felt it to my heart of hearts. I was conscious of injustice, and the sense of it made me bitter. Our feelings, especially in youth, resemble that leaf, which, in some old traveller, is described as expanding itself to warmth, but when chilled, not only shrinking and closing, but presenting to the spectator, thorns which had lain concealed upon the opposite side of it before.

With my brother Gerald, I had a deadly and irreconcilable feud. He was much stouter, taller, and stronger than myself; and far from conceding to me that respect which I imagined my priority of birth entitled me to claim, he took every opportunity to deride my pretensions, and to vindicate the cause of the superior strength and vigour which constituted his own. It would have done your heart good to have seen us cuff one another, we did it with such zeal. There is nothing in human passion like a good brotherly hatred! My mother said, with the most feeling earnestness, that she used to feel us fighting in the womb: we certainly lost no time directly we were out of it. Both my parents were secretly vexed that I had come into the world an hour sooner than my brother; and Gerald himself looked upon it as a sort

* In his Commentary on the Account of China by two Travellers.

of juggle—a kind of jockeyship by which he had lost the prerogative of birthright. This very early rankled in his heart, and he was so much a greater favourite than myself, that instead of rooting out so unfortunate a feeling on his part, my good parents made no scruple of openly lamenting my seniority. I believe the real cause of our being taken from the domestic instructions of the abbé (who was an admirable teacher) and sent to school, was solely to prevent my uncle deciding every thing in my favour. Montreuil, however, accompanied us to our *academy*, and remained with us during the three years in which we were perfecting ourselves in the blessings of education.

At the end of the second year a prize was instituted for the best proficient at a very severe examination; two months before it took place we went home for a few days. After dinner my uncle asked me to walk with him in the park. I did so; we strolled along to the margin of a rivulet, which ornamented the grounds. There my uncle, for the first time, broke silence.

"Morton," said he, looking down at his left leg, "Morton—let me see—thou art now of a reasonable age—fourteen at the least."

"Fifteen, if it please you, sir," said I, elevating my stature as much as I was able.

"Humph! my boy; and a pretty time of life it is, too. Your brother Gerald is taller than you by two inches."

"But I can beat him, for all that, uncle," said I, colouring, and clenching my fist.

My uncle pulled down his right ruffle. "'Gad so, Morton, you're a brave fellow," said he; "but I wish you were less of a hero and more of a scholar. I wish you could beat him in Greek, as well as in boxing. I will tell you what old Rowley said," and my uncle occupied the next quarter of an hour with a story. The story opened the good old gentleman's heart—my laughter opened it still more. "Hark ye, sirrah!" said he, pausing abruptly, and grasping my hand with a vigorous effort of love and muscle, "hark ye, sirrah—I love you—'Sdeath, I do. I love you better than both your brothers, and that crab of a priest into the bargain; but I am grieved to the heart to hear what I do of you. They tell me you are the idlest and most profligate boy in the school—that you are always beating your brother Gerald, and making a scurrilous jest of your mother or myself."

"Who says so? who dares say so?" said I, with an emphasis that would have startled a less hearty man than Sir William Devereux. "They lie, uncle, by my soul they do. Idle I am—profligate I may be—quarrelsome with my brother I confess myself; but jesting at you or my mother—never—never. No, no; you, too, who have been so kind to me—the only one who ever was! No, no; do not think I could be such a wretch," and as I said this the tears gushed from my eyes.

My good uncle was exceedingly affected. "Look ye, child," said he, "I do not believe them. 'Sdeath, not a word—I would repeat to you a good jest now of Sedley's, 'Gad, I would, but I am really too much moved just at present. I tell you what, my boy, I tell you what you shall do: there's a trial coming on at school—eh?—well, the abbé tells me Gerald is certain of being first, and you of being last. Now, Morton, you shall beat your brother, and shame the Jesuit. There—

my mind's spoken—dry your tears, my boy, and I'll tell you the jest Sedley made: it was in the mulberry garden one day—" And the knight told his story.

I dried my tears—pressed my uncle's hand—escaped from him as soon as I was able—hastened to my room, and surrendered myself to reflection.

When my uncle so good-naturally proposed that I should conquer Gerald at the examination, nothing appeared to him more easy;—he was pleased to think I had more talent than my brother, and talent, according to his creed, was the only master-key to unlock every science. A problem in Euclid, or a phrase in Pindar, a secret in astronomy, or a knotty passage in the fathers, were all riddles, with the solution of which, application had nothing to do. One's mother wit was a precious sort of necromancy, which could pierce every mystery at first sight; and all the gifts of knowledge, in his opinion, like reading and writing in that of the sage Dogberry, "came by nature." Alas! I was not under the same pleasurable delusion; I rather exaggerated than diminished the difficulty of my task, and thought, at the first glance, that nothing short of a miracle would enable me to excel my brother. Gerald, a boy of natural talent, and as I said before, of great assiduity in the orthodox studies—especially favoured too by the instruction of Montreuil,—had long been esteemed the first scholar of our microcosm; and though I knew that with some branches of learning I was more conversant than himself, yet, as my emulation had been hitherto solely directed to bodily contention, I had never thought of contesting with him a reputation for which I cared little, and on a point in which I had been early taught that I could never hope to enter into any advantageous comparison with the "genius" of the Devereuxs.

A new spirit now passed into me—I examined myself with a jealous and impartial scrutiny—I weighed my acquisitions against those of my brother—I called forth from their secret recesses, the unexercised and almost unknown stores, I had from time to time laid up in my mental armoury to moulder and to rust. I surveyed them with a feeling that they might yet be polished into use, and excited alike by the stimulus of affection on one side, and hatred on the other—my mind worked itself from despondency into doubt, and from doubt into the sanguineness of hope. I told none of my design—I exacted from my uncle a promise not to betray it—I shut myself in my room—I gave out that I was ill—I saw no one, not even the abbé—I rejected his instructions, for I looked upon him as an enemy; and for the two months before my trial, I spent night and day in an unremitting application, of which, till then, I had not imagined myself capable.

Though inattentive to the school exercises, I had never been wholly idle. I was a lover of abstruser researches than the hackneyed subjects of the school, and we had really received such extensive and judicious instructions from the abbé during our early years, that it would have been scarcely possible for any of us to have fallen into a thorough distaste for intellectual pursuits. In the examination, I foresaw that much which I had previously acquired might be profitably displayed—much secret and recondite knowledge of the customs and manners of the ancients, as well as their literature, which curiosity had led me to obtain, and which I knew

had never entered into the heads of those who, contented with their reputation in the customary academical routine, had rarely dreamed of wandering into less beaten paths of learning. Fortunately too for me, Gerald was so certain of success, that latterly he omitted all precaution to obtain it; and as none of our schoolfellows had the vanity to think of contesting with him, even the abbé seemed to imagine him justified in his supineness.

The day arrived. Sir William, my mother, the whole aristocracy in the neighbourhood, were present at the trial. The abbé came to my room a few hours before it commenced; he found the door locked.

"Ungracious boy," said he, "admit me—I come at the earnest request of your brother, Aubrey, to give you some hints preparatory to the examination."

"He has indeed come at my wish," said the soft and silver voice of Aubrey, in a supplicating tone; "do admit him, dear Morton, for my sake!"

"Go," said I bitterly, from within, "go—ye are both my foes and slanderers—you come to insult my disgrace beforehand; but perhaps you will yet be disappointed."

"You will not open the door?" said the priest.

"I will not—begone."

"He will indeed disgrace his family," said Montreuil, moving away.

"He will disgrace himself," said Aubrey, dejectedly.

I laughed scornfully. If ever the consciousness of strength is pleasant, it is when we are thought most weak.

The greater part of our examination consisted in the answering of certain questions in writing, given to us in the three days immediately previous to the grand and final one; for this last day was reserved, the paper of composition (as it was termed) in verse and prose, and the personal examination in a few showy but generally understood subjects. When Gerald gave in his paper, and answered the verbal questions, a buzz of admiration and anxiety went round the room. His person was so handsome, his address so graceful, his voice so assured and clear, that a strong and universal sympathy was excited in his favour. The head master publicly complimented him. He regretted only the deficiency of his pupil in certain minor but important matters.

I came next, for I stood next to Gerald in our class. As I walked up the hall, I raised my eyes to the gallery in which my uncle and his party sat. I saw that my mother was listening to the abbé, whose eye, severe, cold, and contemptuous, was bent upon me. But my uncle leant over the railing of the gallery, with his plumed hat in his hand, which, when he caught my look, he waved gently, as if in token of encouragement, and with an air so kind and cheering, that I felt my step grew prouder, as I approached the conclave of the masters.

"Morton Devereux," said the president of the school, in a calm, loud, austere voice, that filled the whole hall, "we have looked over your papers on the three previous days, and they have given us no less surprise than pleasure. Take heed and time how you answer us now."

At this speech a loud murmur was heard in my uncle's party, which gradually spread round the

averted: that of the abbé was impenetrable, but I saw my uncle wiping his eyes, and felt a strange emotion creeping into my own. I turned hastily away, and presented my paper—the head master received it, and putting it aside proceeded to the verbal examination.

Conscious of the parts in which Gerald was likely to fail, I had paid especially attention to the minutiae of scholarship, and my forethought stood me in good stead at the present moment. My trial ceased—my last paper was read. I bowed, and retired to the other end of the hall. I was not so popular as Gerald—a crowd was assembled round him, but I stood alone. As I leant against a column, with folded arms, and a countenance which I felt betrayed little of my internal emotions, my eye caught Gerald's. He was very pale, and I could see that his hand trembled. Despite of our enmity, I felt for him. The worst passions are softened by triumph, and I foresaw that mine was at hand.

The whole examination was over. Every boy had passed it. The masters retired for a moment—they reappeared and rescated themselves. The first sound I heard was that of my own name. I was the victor of the day—I was more—I was one hundred marks before my brother. My head swam round—my breath forsook me. Since then I have been placed in many trials of life, had many triumphs; but never was I so overcome as at that moment. I left the hall—I scarcely listened to the applauses with which it rang. I hurried to my own chamber, and threw myself on the bed in a delirium of intoxicated feeling, which had in it more of rapture, than any thing but the gratification of first love, or first vanity, can bestow.

Ah! it would be worth stimulating our passions if it were only for the pleasure of remembering their effect; and all violent excitement should be indulged less for present joy, than for future retrospection. My uncle's step was the first thing which intruded on my solitude.

"Od's-fish, my boy," said he, crying like a child; "this is fine work—'Gad, so it is. I almost wish I were a boy myself to have a match with you—faith I do—see what is it to learn a little of life. If you had never read my play, do you think you would have done half so well!—no, my boy, I sharpened your wits for you. Honest George Etherege and I—we were the making of you; and when you come to be a great man, and are asked what made you so, you shall say, 'My uncle's play'—'Gad, you shall. Faith, boy—never smile!—Od's-fish—I'll tell you a story *à propos* to the present occasion as if it had been made on purpose. Rochester, and I, and Sedley, were walking one day,—and *entre nous*—awaiting certain appointments—hem!—for my part I was a little melancholy or so, thinking of my catastrophe—that is, of my play's catastrophe; and so said Sedley, winking at Rochester, 'Our friend is sorrowful.' 'Truly,' said I, seeing they were about to banter me—for you know they were arch fellows; 'truly, little Sid,' (we called Sedley Sid,) 'you are greatly mistaken;—you see, Morton, I was thus sharp upon him, because, when you go to court, you will discover that it does not do to take without giving. And then Rochester said, looking roguishly toward me, the wittiest thing against Sedley that ever I heard—it was the most celebrated *bon mot* at court for three weeks—he said—

CHAPTER IV.

A contest of art, and a league of friendship—Two characters in mutual ignorance of each other, and the reader no wiser than either of them.

THE abbé was now particularly courteous to me. He made Gerald and myself breakfast with him, and told us nothing was so amiable as friendship among brothers. We agreed to the sentiment, and like all philosophers, did not agree a bit the better for acknowledging the same first principles. Perhaps, notwithstanding his fine speeches, the abbé was the real cause of our continued want of cordiality. However, we did not fight any more; we avoided each other, and at last became as civil and as distant, as those mathematical lines, which appear to be taking all possible pains to approach one another, and never get a jot the nearer for it. O! your civility is the prettiest invention possible for dislike. Aubrey and I were inseparable, and we both gained by the intercourse. I grew more gentle, and he more masculine; and, for my part, the kindness of his temper so softened the satire of mine, that I learned at last to smile full as often as to sneer.

The abbé had obtained a wonderful hold over Aubrey; he had made the poor boy think so much of the next world, that he had lost all relish for this. He lived in a perpetual fear of offence—he was like a chymist of conscience, and weighed minutiae by scruples. To play, to ride, to run, to laugh at a jest, or to banquet on a melon, were all sins to be atoned for: and I have found (as a penance for eating twenty-three cherries instead of eighteen) the penitent of fourteen, standing, bare-footed, in the coldest nights of winter, upon the hearth-stones, almost utterly naked, and shivering like a leaf, beneath the mingled effect of frost and devotion. At first I attempted to wrestle with this exceeding holiness, but finding my admonitions received with great distaste and some horror, I suffered my brother to be happy in his own way. I only looked with a very evil and jealous eye upon the good abbé, and examined, while I encouraged them, the motives of his advances to myself. What doubled my suspicions of the purity of the priest, was my perceiving that he appeared to hold out different inducements for trusting him, to each of us, according to his notions of our respective characters. My brother Gerald he alternately awed and persuaded, by the sole effect of superior intellect. With Aubrey he used the mechanism of superstition. To me, he, on the one hand, never spoke of religion, nor, on the other, ever used threats or persuasion to induce me to follow any plan suggested to my adoption; every thing seemed to be left to my reason and my ambition. He would converse with me for hours upon the world and its affairs; speak of courts and kings in an easy and unpedantic strain; point out the advantage of intellect in acquiring power and controlling one's species; and whenever I was disposed to be sarcastic upon the human nature I had read of, he supported my sarcasm by illustrations of the human nature he had seen. We were both, I think, (for myself I can answer,) endeavouring to pierce the real nature of the other; and perhaps the talent of diplomacy, for which, years afterward, I obtained some applause, was first learnt in my skirmishing warfare with the Abbé Montreuil.

lo, boy, od's-fish—it was so stinging I can't tell thee; faith, I can't. Poor Sid; he was a good fellow though malicious—and he's dead now. I'm sorry I said a word about it. Nay, never look so disappointed, boy. You have all the cream of the story as it is. And now put on your hat, and come with me. I've got leave for you to take a walk with your old uncle."

That night as I was undressing, I heard a gentle rap at the door, and Aubrey entered. He approached me timidly, and then, throwing his arms round my neck, kissed me in silence. I had not for years experienced such tenderness from him; and I sat now mute and surprised. At last said, with the sneer which I must confess I usually assumed toward those persons whom I imagined I had a right to think ill of,

"Pardon me, my gentle brother, there is something portentous in this sudden change. Look well round the room, and tell me at your earliest leisure what treasure it is that you are desirous should pass from my possession into your own."

"Your love, Morton," said Aubrey, drawing back, but apparently in pride, not anger; "your love—I ask nothing more."

"Of a surety, kind Aubrey," said I, "the favour seems somewhat slight to have caused your modesty such delay in requesting it. I think you have been now some years nerving your mind to the exertion."

"Listen to me, Morton," said Aubrey, suppressing his emotion; "you have always been my favourite brother. From our first childhood my heart yearned to you. Do you remember the time when an enraged bull pursued me, and you, then only ten years old, placed yourself before it and defended me at the risk of your own life? Do you think I could ever forget that—child as I was?—never, Morton, never!"

Before I could answer, the door was thrown open and the abbé entered. "Children," said he, and the single light of the room shone full upon his unmoved, rigid, commanding features—"children, be as Heaven intended you—friends and brothers. Morton, I have wronged you, I own it, here is my hand; Aubrey, let all but early love, and the present promise of excellence which your former displays, be forgotten."

With these words, the priest joined our hands. I looked on my brother, and my heart melted. I lunged myself into his arms and wept.

"This is well," said Montreuil, surveying us with a kind of grim complacency, and taking my brother's arm, he blessed us both, and led Aubrey away.

That day was a new era in my boyish life. I grew henceforth both better and worse. Application and I, having once shaken hands, became a very good acquaintance. I had hitherto valued myself upon supplying the frailties of a delicate frame, by an uncommon agility in all bodily exercises. I now strove rather to improve the deficiencies of my mind, and became orderly, industrious, and devoted to study. So far so well; but as I grew wiser, I grew also more wary. Candour no longer seemed to me the finest of virtues. I thought before I spake; and second thoughts sometimes quite changed the nature of the intended speech; in short, gentlemen of the next century, to tell you the exact truth, the little Count Devereux became somewhat of a hypocrite.

At last the evening before we quitted school for good, arrived. Aubrey had just left me for solitary prayers, and I was sitting alone by my fire when Montreuil entered gently. He sat himself down by me, and after giving me the salutation of the evening, sunk into a silence which I was the first to break.

"Pray, abbé," said I, "have one's years any thing to do with one's age?"

The priest was accustomed to the peculiar tone of my sagacious remarks, and answered dryly,

"Mankind in general imagine that they have."

"Faith then," said I, "mankind know very little about the matter. To-day I am at school and a boy, to-morrow I leave school: if I hasten to town I am presented at court—and lo! I am a man; and this change within half a dozen changes of the sun!—therefore, most reverend father, I humbly opine that age is measured by events—not years."

"And are you not happy at the idea of passing the age of thralldom, and seeing arrayed before you the numberless and dazzling pomps and pleasures of the great world?" said Montreuil, abruptly, fixing his dark and keen eye upon me.

"I have not yet fully made up my mind, whether to be happy or not," said I, carelessly.

"It is a strange answer," said the priest; "but," (after a pause) "you are a strange youth—a character that resembles a riddle is at your age uncommon, and, pardon me, unamiable. Age, naturally repulsive, requires a mask; and in every wrinkle you may behold the ambush of a scheme; but the heart of youth should be open as its countenance! However, I will not weary you with homilies—let us change the topic. Tell me, Morton, do you repent having turned your attention of late to those graver and more systematic studies which can alone hereafter obtain you distinction?"

"No, father," said I, with a courtly bow; "for the change has gained me your good opinion."

A smile, of peculiar and undefinable expression, crossed the thin lips of the priest; he rose, walked to the door, and saw that it was carefully closed. I expected some important communication, but in vain; pacing the small room to and fro, as if in a musing mood, the abbé remained silent, till, pausing opposite to some fencing foils, which, among various matters, (books, papers, quoits, &c.,) were thrown idly in one corner of the room, he said—

"They tell me that you are the best fencer in the school—is it so?"

"I hope not, for fencing is an accomplishment in which Gerald is very nearly my equal," I replied.

"You run, ride, leap too, better than any one else, according to the votes of your comrades?"

"It is a noble reputation," said I, "in which I believe I am only excelled by our huntsman's eldest son."

"You are a strange youth," repeated the priest; "no pursuit seems to give you pleasure, and no success to gratify your vanity. Can you not think of any triumph which would elate you?"

I was silent.

"Yea," cried Montreuil, approaching me—"yes," cried he, "I read your heart, and I respect it;—these are petty competitions and worthless honours. You require a nobler goal, and a more glorious reward. He who feels in his soul that

fate has reserved for him a great and exalted part in this world's drama, may reasonably look with indifference on these paltry rehearsals of common characters."

I raised my eye, and as it met that of the priest, I was irresistibly struck with the proud and lighted expression which Montreuil's look had assumed. Perhaps, something kindred to its nature was perceptible in my own; for, after surveying me with an air of more approbation than he had ever honoured me with before, he grasped my arm firmly, and said, "Morton, you know me not—for many years I have not known you—that time is past. No sooner did your talents develop themselves than I was the first to do homage to their power: let us henceforth be more to each other than we have been—let us not be pupil and teacher—let us be friends. Do not think that I invite you to an unequal exchange of good offices—you may be the heir to wealth, and a distinguished name—I may seem to you but an unknown and undignified priest; but the authority of the Almighty can raise up, from the sheepfold and the cotter's shed, a power, which, as the organ of His own, can trample upon sceptres, and dictate to the supremacy of kings. And I—I,"—the priest abruptly paused, checked the warmth of his manner, as if he thought it about to encroach on indiscretion, and sinking into a calmer tone, continued, "Yea, I, Morton, insignificant as I appear to you, can in every path through this intricate labyrinth of life, be more useful to your desires than you can ever be to mine. I offer to you, in my friendship, a fervour of zeal and energy of power, which is none of your equals, in age, and station, you can hope to find. Do you accept my offer?"

"Can you doubt," said I, with eagerness, "that I would not avail myself of the services of any man, however displeasing to me, and worthless in himself? How, then, can I avoid embracing the friendship of one so extraordinary in knowledge and intellect as yourself? I do embrace it, and with rapture."

The priest pressed my hand. "But," continued he, fixing his eyes upon me, "all alliances have their conditions—I require implicit confidence; and, for some years, till time gives you experience, regard for your interests induces me also to require obedience. Name any wish you may form for worldly advancement, opulence, honour, the smile of kings, the gifts of states, and—I—I will pledge myself to carry that wish into effect. Never had eastern prince so faithful a servant among the divs and genii as Morton Devereux shall find in me; but question me not of the sources of my power—be satisfied when their channel wafts you the success you covet. And, more, when I in my turn (and this shall be but rarely) request a favour of you, ask me not for what end, nor hesitate to adopt the means I shall propose. You seem startled; are you content at this understanding between us, or will you retract the bond?"

"My father," said I, "there is enough to startle me in your proposal; it greatly resembles that made by the old man of the mountains to his vassals, and it would not exactly suit my inclinations to be called upon some morning to act the part of a private executioner."

The priest smiled. "My young friend," said he, "those days have passed; neither religion nor friendship requires of her votaries sacrifices of

blood. But make yourself easy; whenever I ask of you what offends your conscience, even in a punctilio, refuse my request. With this exception, what say you?"

"That I think I will agree to the bond; but, father, I am an irresolute person—I must have time to consider."

"Be it so. To-morrow, having surrendered my charge to your uncle, I depart for France."

"For France!" said I; "and how?—surely the war will prevent your passage."

The priest smiled. Nothing ever displeased me more than that priest's smile. "The ecclesiastics," said he, "are the ambassadors of Heaven, and have nothing to do with the wars of earth. I shall find no difficulty in crossing the channel. I shall not return for several months, perhaps not till the expiration of a year: I leave you, till then, to decide upon the terms I have proposed to you. Meanwhile, gratify my vanity, by employing my power; name some commission in France which you wish me to execute."

"I can think of none—yet, stay"—and I felt some curiosity to try the power of which he boasted—"I have read that kings are blest with a most accommodating memory, and perfectly forget their favourites when they can be no longer useful. You will see, perhaps, if my father's name has become a gothic and unknown sound at the court of the great king. I confess myself curious to learn this, though I can have no personal interest in it."

"Enough, the commission shall be done. And now, my child, Heaven bless you! and send you many such friends as the humble priest, who, whatever be his failings, has, at least, the merit of wishing to serve those whom he loves."

So saying, the priest closed the door. Sinking into a revery, as his footsteps died upon my ear, I muttered to myself: "Well, well, my sage ecclesiastic, the game is not over yet; let us see if, at sixteen, we cannot shuffle cards, and play tricks with the gamester of thirty. Yet, he may be in earnest, and faith I believe he is; but I must look well before I leap, or consign my actions into such spiritual keeping. However, if the worst come to the worst, if I do make this compact, and am deceived if, above all, I am ever seduced, or led blindfold into one of those snares which priestcraft sometimes lays to the cost of honour—why I shall have a sword, which I shall never be at a loss to use, and it can find its way through a priest's gown as well as a soldier's corslet."

Confess, that a youth, who could think so promptly of his sword, was well fitted to wear one.

CHAPTER V.

Rural hospitality—An extraordinary guest—A fine gentleman is not necessarily a fool.

We were all three (my brothers and myself) precocious geniuses. Our early instructions, under a man, like the abbé, at once learned and worldly, and the constant company into which we had been admitted from our childhood, made us premature adepts in the manners of the world; and I, in especial, flattered myself that a quick habit of observation rendered me no despicable profiter by

my experience. Our academy, too, had been more like a college than a school; and we had enjoyed a license, that seemed to the superficial more likely to benefit our manners than to strengthen our morals. I do not think, however, that the latter suffered by our freedom from restraint. *Tout au contraire*, we the earlier learnt, that vice, stripped of the piquancy of unlawfulness, is no such captivating goddess; and our errors and crimes, in after life, had certainly not their origin in our wanderings out of academical bounds.

It is right that I should mention our prematurity of intellect, because, otherwise, much of my language and reflection, as detailed in the first book of this history, might seem ill suited to the tender age at which they occurred. However, they approach, as nearly as possible, to my state of mind at that period; and I have, indeed, often mortified my vanity in later life, by thinking how little the march of time has ripened my abilities, and how petty would have been the intellectual acquisitions of manhood, if they had not brought me something like content.

My uncle had always, during his retirement, seen as many people as he could assemble out of the "mob of gentlemen who live with ease." But on our quitting school, and becoming men, he resolved to set no bounds to his hospitality. His doors were literally thrown open; and as he was by far the greatest person in the district, to say nothing of his wines, and his French cook—many of the good people of London did not think it too great an honour to confer upon the wealthy representative of the Devereuxs the distinction of their company and compliments. Heavens! what notable samples of court breeding and furbelows did the crane-neck coaches, which made our own family vehicle look like a gilt tortoise, pour forth by couples and leashes into the great hall—while my gallant uncle in a new periwig, and a pair of silver-clocked stockings (a present from a *ci-devant* fine lady) stood at the far end of the picture gallery, to receive his visitors, with all the graces of the last age.

My mother, who had preserved her beauty wonderfully, sat in a chair of green velvet, and astonished the courtiers by the fashion of a dress only just imported. The worthy countess (she had dropped in England the loftier distinction of *Madame la Maréchale*) was however quite innocent of any intentional affectation of the mode; for the new stomacher, so admired in London, had been the last alteration in female garniture at Paris, a month before my father died. Is not this "Fashion" a noble divinity to possess such zealous adherents?—a pitiful, lackey-like creature, which struts through one country with the east-off finery of another!

As for Aubrey and Gerald, they produced quite an effect; and I should most certainly have been thrown irrevocably into the back ground, had I not been born to the good fortune of an eldest son. This was far more than sufficient to atone for the plainness of my person; and when it was discovered that I was also Sir William's favourite, it is quite astonishing what a beauty I became. Aubrey was declared too effeminate; Gerald too tall. And the Dutchess of Lackland one day, when she had placed a lean, sallow, grim ghost of a daughter on either side of me, whispered my uncle in a voice,

like the *aside* of a player, intended for none but the whole audience, that the young count had the most imposing air and the finest eyes she had ever seen. All this inspired me with courage, as well as contempt; and not liking to be beholden solely to my priority of birth for my priority of distinction, I resolved to become as agreeable as possible. If I had not in the vanity of my heart resolved also to be "myself alone," fate would have furnished me at the happiest age for successful imitation with an admirable model.

Time passed on—two years were flown since I had left school, and Montreuil was not yet returned. I had passed the age of eighteen, when the whole house, which, as it was summer, when none but cats and physicians were supposed gifted by Providence with the power to exist in town, was uncommonly full—the whole house, I say, was thrown into a positive fever of expectation. The visit of a guest, if not of greater consequence, at least of greater interest than any who had hitherto honoured my uncle, was announced. Even the young count, with the most imposing air in the world, and the finest eyes, was forgotten by everybody but the Dutchess of Lackland and her daughters, who had just returned to Devereux Court, to admire how amazingly the count had grown. O! what a prodigy wisdom would be, if it were but blest with a memory as keen and constant as that of interest.

Struck with the universal excitation, I went to my uncle to inquire the name of the expected guest. My uncle was occupied in fanning the Lady Hasselton, a daughter of one of King Charles's beauties. He had only time to answer me literally, and without comment; the guest's name was Mr. St. John.

I had never conned the "Flying Post," and I knew nothing about politics. "Who is Mr. St. John?" said I; my uncle had renewed the office of a zephyr. The daughter of the beauty heard and answered, "The most charming person in England." I bowed and turned away. "How vastly explanatory!" said I. I met a furious politician. "Who is Mr. St. John?" I asked.

"The cleverest man in England," answered the politician, hurrying off with a pamphlet in his hand.

"Nothing can be more satisfactory," thought I. Stopping a coxcomb of the first water, "Who is Mr. St. John?" I asked.

"The finest gentleman in England," answered the coxcomb, settling his cravat.

"Perfectly intelligible!" was my reflection on this reply; and I forthwith arrested a Whig parson—"Who is Mr. St. John?" said I.

"The greatest reprobate in England!" answered the Whig parson, and I was too stunned to inquire more.

Five minutes afterward the sound of carriage wheels was heard in the courtyard, then a slight bustle in the hall, and the door of the anti-room being thrown open, Mr. St. John entered.

He was in the very prime of life, about the middle height, and of a mien and air so strikingly noble, that it was some time before you recovered the general effect of his person sufficiently to examine its peculiar claims to admiration. He lost, however, nothing by a farther survey: he

possessed not only an eminently handsome, but a very extraordinary countenance. Through an air of nonchalance, and even something of lassitude, through an ease of manners sometimes sinking into effeminate softness, sometimes bordering upon licentious effrontery, his eye thoughtful, yet wandering, seemed to announce that the mind partook but little of the whim of the moment, or of those levities of ordinary life, over which the grace of his manner threw so peculiar a charm. His brow was, perhaps, rather too large and thick for the exactness of perfect symmetry; but it had an expression of great mental power and determination. His features were high, yet delicate, and his mouth, which, when closed, assumed a firm and rather severe expression, softened, when speaking, into a smile of almost magical enchantment. Richly, but not extravagantly dressed, he seemed to cultivate, rather than disdain, the ornaments of outward appearance; and whatever can fascinate or attract seemed so inherent in this singular man, that all which in others would have been most artificial, was in him most natural: so that it is no exaggeration to add, that to be well dressed, seemed to the elegance of his person, not so much the result of art, as of a property innate and peculiar to himself.

Such was the outward appearance of Henry St. John; one well suited to the qualities of a mind at once more vigorous and more accomplished than that of any other person with whom the vicissitudes of my life have ever brought me into contact.

I kept my eye on the new guest throughout the whole day; I observed the mingled liveliness and softness which pervaded his attentions to women, the intellectual, yet unpedantic superiority he possessed in his conversations with men; his respectful demeanour to age; his careless, yet not over familiar ease with the young; and what interested me more than all, the occasional cloud which passed over his countenance at moments when he seemed sunk into a reverie, that had for its objects nothing in common with those around him.

Just before dinner St. John was talking to a little group, among whom curiosity seemed to have excited the Whig parson, whom I have before mentioned. He stood at a little distance, shy and uneasy; one of the company took advantage of so favourable a butt for jests, and alluded to the bystander in a witticism which drew laughter from all but St. John, who, turning suddenly toward the parson, addressed an observation to him in the most respectful tone. Nor did he cease talking with him (fatiguing as the conference must have been, for never was there a duller ecclesiastic than the gentleman conversed with) until we descended to dinner. Then, for the first time, I learnt that nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation;—and then, too, as I was leading Lady Barbara Lackland to the great hall, by the tip of her forefinger, I made another observation. Passing the priest, I heard him say to a fellow clerk,

"Certainly, he is the greatest man in England;" and I mentally remarked, "There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get one a good name or to supply the want of it."

CHAPTER VI.

A dialogue, which might be dull if it were longer.

THREE days after the arrival of St. John, I escaped from the crowd of impertinents, seized a volume of Cowley, and, in a fit of mingled poetry and melancholy, strolled idly into the park. I came to the margin of the stream, and to the very spot on which I had stood with my uncle on the evening when he had first excited my emulation to scholastic rather than manual contention with my brother. I seated myself by the water side, and feeling indisposed to read, leant my cheek upon my hand, and surrendered my thoughts as prisoners to the reflections which I could not resist.

I continued I know not how long in my meditation, till I was roused by a gentle touch upon my shoulder; I looked up, and saw St. John.

"Pardon me, count," said he, smiling, "I should not have disturbed your reflections, had not your neglect of an old friend emboldened me to address you upon his behalf." And St. John pointed to the volume of Cowley which he had taken up without my perceiving it.

"Well," added he, seating himself on the turf beside me, "in my younger days, poetry and I were better friends than we are now. And if I had had Cowley as a companion, I should not have parted with him as you have done even for my own reflections."

"You admire him, then?" said I.

"Why, that is too general a question. I admire what is fine in him, as in every one else, but I do not love him the better for his points and his conceits. He reminds me of what Cardinal Pallavicino said of Seneca, viz. that he 'perfumes his conceits with civet and ambergris.' However, count, I have opened upon a beautiful motto for you.

"Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying;
Nor be myself too mute."

What say you to that wish? If you have a grain of poetry in you, such verse ought to bring it into lower."

"Ay," answered I, though not exactly in accordance with the truth; "but I have not the term. I destroyed it four years ago. Reading the dedication of poets cured me of the love for poetry. What a pity that the divine inspiration should have for its oracles such mean souls!"

"Yes, and how industrious the good gentlemen are in debasing themselves. Their ingenuity is never half so much shown in a simile as in a compliment; and I know not which to admire the most in Dryden, his translating the *Æneid*, or his ordering the engravers of his frontispiece (upon the accession of King William) to give poor *Æneas* an enormous nose."

I smiled at the anecdote; and St. John continued in a graver tone.

"I know nothing in nature more melancholy than the discovery of any meanness in a great man. There is so little to redeem the dry mass of follies and errors from which the materials of this life are composed, that any thing to love or to reverence becomes as it were the Sabbath for the mind. It is bitter to feel, as we grow older, how the respite is abridged, and how the few objects left to our

admiration are abased. What a foe not only to life, but to all that dignifies and ennobles it, is time! Our affections and our pleasures resemble those fabulous trees described by St. Omer—the fruits which they bring forth, are no sooner ripened into maturity, than they are transformed into birds, and fly away. But these reflections cannot yet be familiar to you. Let us return to Cowley. Do you feel any sympathy with his prose writings? For some minds they have a great attraction."

"They have for mine," answered I; "but then I am naturally a dreamer; and a contemplative egotist is always to me a mirror in which I behold myself."

"The world," answered St. John, with a melancholy smile, "will soon dissolve, or for ever confirm your humour for dreaming; in either case, Cowley will not be less a favourite. But you must, like me, have long toiled in the heat and travail of business, or of pleasure, which is more wearisome still, in order fully to sympathize with those beautiful panegyrics upon solitude, which make, perhaps, the finest passages in Cowley. I have often thought that he whom God hath gifted with a love of retirement, possesses as it were an extra sense. And among what our poet so eloquently calls, 'the vast and noble scenes of nature,' we find the balm for the wounds we have sustained among the 'pitiful shifts of policy;' for the attachment to solitude is the surest preservative from the ills of life: and I know not if the Romans ever instilled, under allegory, a sublimer truth than when they inculcated the belief, that those inspired by *Feronia*, the goddess of woods and forests, could walk barefoot and uninjured over burning coals."

At this part of our conference, the bell swinging hoarsely through the long avenues, and over the silent water, summoned us to the grand occupation of civilized life; we rose, and walked slowly toward the house.

"Do not," said I, "these regular routines of petty occurrences—this periodical solemnity of trifles, weary and disgust you? For my part, I almost long for the old days of knight errantry, and would rather be knocked on the head by a giant, or carried through the air by a flying griffin, than live in this circle of dull regularities—the brute at the mill."

"You may live even in these days," answered St. John, "without too tame a regularity. Women and politics furnish ample food for adventure, and you must not judge of all life by country life."

"Nor of all conversation," said I, with a look which implied a compliment, "by the insipid idlers who fill our saloons. Behold them now, gathered by the oriel window, yonder; precious distillers of talk—sentinels of society with certain set phrases as watchwords, which they never exceed; sages, who follow *Face's* advice to *Dapper*—

"Hum thrice, and buzz as often."

CHAPTER VII.

A change of prospects—A new insight into the character of the hero—A conference between two brothers.

A DAY or two after the conversation recorded in my last chapter, St. John, to my inexpressible regret, left us for London; however, we had en-

joyed several conferences together during his stay, and when we parted, it was with a pressing invitation on his side to visit him in London, and a most faithful promise on mine to avail myself of the request.

No sooner was he fairly gone, than I went to seek my uncle; I found him reading one of Farquhar's comedies. Despite of my sorrow at interrupting him in so venerable a study, I was too full of my new plot to heed breaking off that in the comedy. In very few words I made the good knight understand that his descriptions had infected me, and that I was dying to ascertain their truth; in a word, that his hopeful nephew was fully bent on going to town. My uncle first stared, then swore, then paused, then looked at his leg, drew up his stocking, frowned, whistled, and told me at last to talk to him about it another time. Now for my part, I think there are only two classes of people in the world authorized to put one off to "another time,"—prime ministers and debtors;—accordingly, I would not take my uncle's dismissal. I had not read plays, studied philosophy, and laid snares for the Abbé Montreuil, without deriving some little wisdom from my experience; so I took to teasing, and a notable plan it is too! Whoever has pursued it may guess the result! My uncle yielded, and that day fortnight was fixed for my departure.

O! with what transport did I look forward to the completion of my wishes, the goal of my ambition. I hastened forth—I hurried into the woods—I sang out in the gladness of my heart, like a bird released—I drank in the air with a rapturous sympathy in its freedom; my step scarcely touched the earth, and my whole frame seemed ethereal—elated—exalted—by the vivifying inspiration of my hopes. I paused by a little streamlet, which, brawling over stones and through unpenetrated thick-nesses of wood, seemed, like confined ambition, not the less restless for its obscurity.

"Wild brooklet," I cried, as my thoughts rushed into words, "fret on, our lot is no longer the same; your wanderings and your murmurs are wasted in solitude and shade; your voice dies and is renewed, but without an echo; your waves spread around their path neither fertility nor terror; their anger is idle, and their freshness is lavished on a sterile soil; the sun shines in vain for you, through these unvarying wastes of silence and gloom; fortune freights not your channel with her hoarded stores, and pleasure ventures not her silken sails upon your tide; not even the solitary idler roves beside you, to consecrate with human fellowship your melancholy course; no shape of beauty bends over your turbid waters, or mirrors in your breast the loveliness that hallows earth. Lonely and sullen, through storm or sunshine, you repine along your desolate way, and only catch, through the matted boughs that darken over you, the beams of the wan stars, which, like human hopes, tremble upon your breast, and are broken, even before they fade, by the very turbulence of the surface on which they fall. Rove—repine—murmur on! Such was my fate, but the resemblance is no more. I shall no longer be a lonely and regretful being; my affections will no longer waste themselves upon barrenness and stone. I go among the living and warm world of mortal energies and desires; my existence shall glide alternately through crested cities, and bowers in which poetry worships love; and the clear depths of my

heart shall reflect whatever its young dreams have shadowed forth—the visioned form—the gentle and fairy spirit—the Eve of my soul's imagined and foreboded paradise."

Venting, in this incoherent strain, the exaltation which filled my thoughts, I wandered on, throughout the whole day, till my spirits had exhausted themselves by indulgence; and, wearied alike by mental excitement and bodily exertion, I turned, with slow steps, toward the house. As I ascended the gentle acclivity on which it stood, I saw a figure approaching toward me; the increasing shades of the evening did not allow me to recognise the shape until it was almost by my side—it was Aubrey.

Of late I had seen very little of him. His devotional studies and habits seemed to draw him from the idle pursuits of myself and my uncle's guests; and Aubrey was one peculiarly susceptible of neglect, and sore to morbidity at the semblance of unkindness; so that he required to be sought, and rarely troubled others with advances: that night, however, his greeting was unusually warm.

"I was uneasy about you, Morton," said he, drawing my arm in his; "you have not been seen since morning; and, O! Morton, my uncle told me, with tears in his eyes, that you were going to leave us. Is it so?"

"Had he tears in his eyes? Kind old man! And you, Aubrey, shall you, too, grieve for my departure?"

"Can you ask it, Morton? But why will you leave us? Are we not all happy here, now? Now that there is no longer any barrier or difference between us—*now* that I may look upon you, and listen to you, and love you, and *own* that I love you? Why will you leave us now? And—(continued Aubrey, as if fearful of giving me time to answer)—and every one praises you so here; and my uncle and all of us are so proud of you. Why should you desert our affections merely because they are not new? Why plunge into that hollow and cold world, which all who have tried it, picture in such fearful hues? Can you find any thing there to repay you for the love you leave behind?"

"My brother," said I, mournfully, and in a tone which startled him, it was so different from that which I usually assumed,—“my brother, hear before you reproach me. Let us sit down upon this bank, and I will suffer you to see more of my restless and secret heart than any hitherto have beheld.”

We sat down upon a little mound—how well I remember the spot! I can see the tree which shadows it from my window at this moment. How many seasons have the sweet herb and the emerald grass been withered there and renewed! Ah, what is this revival of all things fresh and youthful in external nature, but a mockery of the wintry spot which lies perished and *irretrievable* within! We drew near to each other, and as my arm wound around him, I said, “Aubrey, your love has been to me a more precious gift than any who have not, like me, thirsted and longed even for the love of a dog, can conceive. Never let me lose that affection! And do not think of me hereafter as of one whose heart echoed all that his lip uttered. Do not believe that irony, and sarcasm, and bitterness of tongue, flowed from a malignant or evil source. That disposition which seems to you alternately so

ght and gloomy, had, perhaps, its origin in a mind too intense in its affections, and too exacting in having them returned. Till you sought my friendship, three short years ago, none but my uncle, with whom I could have nothing in common but attachment, seemed to care for my very existence. I blame them not, they were deceived in my nature; but blame me not too severely if my temper suffered from their mistake. Your friendship came to me, not too late to save me from a premature misanthropy, but too late to eradicate every morbidity of mind. Something of sternness on the one hand, and of satire on the other, have mingled so long with my better feelings, that the mint and the stream have become inseparable. Do not sigh, Aubrey. To be unamiable is not to be ungrateful; and I shall not love you the less if I have but a few objects to love. You ask me my inducement to leave you. 'The world' will be sufficient answer. I cannot share your contempt of it, nor your fear. I am, and have been of late, consumed with a thirst—eager, and burning, and unquenchable—it is ambition!"

"O, Morton!" said Aubrey, with a second sigh, longer and deeper than the first—"that evil passion! the passion which lost an angel heaven."

"Let us not now dispute, my brother, whether it be sinful, in itself, or whether, if its object be virtuous, it is not a virtue. In baring my soul before you, I only speak of my motives; and seek not to excuse them. Perhaps on this earth, there is no good without a little evil. When my mind was once turned to the acquisition of mental superiority, every petty acquisition I made increased my desire to attain more, and partial emulation soon widened into universal ambition. We three, Gerald and ourselves, are the keepers of a treasure more invaluable than much gold—the treasure of a not ignoble or sullied name. For my part, I confess that I am impatient to increase the store of honour which our father bequeathed to us. Nor is this all: despite of our birth, we are poor in the gifts of fortune. We are all dependants on my uncle's favour; and, however we may deserve it, there would be something better in earning an independence for ourselves."

"That," said Aubrey, "may be an argument for mine and Gerald's exertions; but not for yours. You are the eldest, and my uncle's favourite. Nature and affection both point to you as his heir."

"If so, Aubrey, may many years pass before that inheritance is mine. Why should these years, that might produce so much, lie fallow? But though I would not affect an unreal delicacy, and disown my chance of future fortune, yet you must remember, that it is a matter possible, not certain. My birthright gives me no claim over my uncle, whose estates are in his own gift; and favour, even in the good, is a wind which varies without power on our side to calculate the season or the cause. However this be,—and I love the person on whom fortune depends so much, that I cannot, without pain, speak of the mere chance of its passing from his possession into mine,—you will own at least that I shall not hereafter deserve wealth the less for the advantages of experience."

"Alas!" said Aubrey, raising his eyes, "the worship of our Father in heaven finds us ample cause for occupation even in retirement; and the more we mix with his creatures, the more, I fear,

we may forget the Creator. But if it must be so, I will pray for you, Morton; and you will remember that the powerless and poor Aubrey can still lift up his voice in your behalf."

As Aubrey thus spoke, I looked with mingled envy and admiration upon the countenance beside me, which the beauty of a spirit seemed at once to soften and to exalt.

Since our conference had begun, the dusk of twilight had melted away; and the moon had called into lustre—living, indeed, but unlike the common and unhallowing life of day—the wood and herbage, and silent variations of hill and valley, which slept around us; and, as the still and shadowy light fell over the upward face of my brother, it gave to his features an additional, and not wholly earth-born, solemnity of expression. There was indeed in his face and air, that from which the painter of a seraph might not have disdained to copy; something resembling the vision of an angel in the dark eyes that swam with tears, in which emotion had so little of mortal dross—in the youthful and soft cheeks, which the earnestness of divine thought had refined by a pale but transparent hue—in the high and unclouded forehead, over which the hair, parted in the centre, fell in long and wavelike curls—and in the lips, silent, yet moving with internal prayer, which seemed the more fervent, because unheard.

I did not interrupt him in the prayer, which my soul felt, though my ear caught it not, was for me. But when he had ceased, and turned toward me, I clasped him to my breast. "My brother," I said, "we shall part, it is true, but not till our hearts have annihilated the space that was between them; not till we have felt that the love of brotherhood can pass the love of woman. Whatever await you, your devoted and holy mind will be, if not your shield from affliction, at least your balm for its wounds. Remain here. The quiet which breathes around you well becomes your tranquillity within; and sometimes bless me in your devotions, as you have done now. For me, I shall not regret those harder and harsher qualities which you blame in me; if hereafter their very sternness can afford me an opportunity of protecting your gentleness from evil, or redressing the wrongs from which your nature may be too innocent to preserve you. And now let us return home, in the conviction that we have in our friendship one treasure beyond the reach of fate."

Aubrey did not answer; but he kissed my forehead, and I felt his tears upon my cheek. We rose, and with arms still embracing each other as we walked, bent our steps to the house.

Ah, earth! what hast thou more beautiful than the love of those whose ties are knit by nature, and whose union seems ordained to begin from the very moment of their birth?

CHAPTER VIII.

First love!

We are under very changeful influences in this world! The night on which occurred the interview with Aubrey that I have just narrated, I was burning to leave Devereux Court. Within one little week from that time my eagerness was wonderfully abated. The sagacious reader will readily

discover the cause of this alteration. About eight miles from my uncle's house was a seaport town; there were many and varied rides leading to it, and the town was a favourite place of visitation with all the family. Within a few hundred yards of the town was a small cottage, prettily situated in the midst of a garden, kept with singular neatness, and ornamented with several rare shrubs and exotics. I had more than once observed in the garden of this house a female in the very first blush of youth, and beautiful enough to excite within me a strong curiosity to learn the owner of the cottage. I inquired, and ascertained that its tenant was a Spaniard of high birth, and one who had acquired a melancholy celebrity by his conduct and misfortunes in the part he had taken in a certain feeble but gallant insurrection in his native country. He had only escaped with life and a very small sum of money, and now lived in the obscure seaport of —, a refugee and a recluse. He was a widower, and had only one child—a daughter; and I was therefore at no loss to discover who was the beautiful female I had noted and admired.

On the day after my conversation with Aubrey, detailed in the last chapter, in riding past this cottage alone, I perceived a crowd assembled round the entrance; I paused to inquire the cause.

"Why, your honour," quoth a senior of the village, "I believe the tipstaves be come to take the foreigner for not paying his rent; and he does not understand our English liberty like, and has drawn his sword, and swears, in his outlandish lingo, he will not be made prisoner alive."

I required no farther inducement to make me enter the house. The crowd gave way when they saw me dismount, and suffered me to penetrate into the first apartment. There I found the gallant old Spaniard with his sword drawn, keeping at bay a couple of sturdy looking men, who appeared to be only prevented from using violence by respect for the person, or the safety, of a young woman, who clung to her father's knees, and implored him not to resist, where resistance was so unavailing. Let me cut short this scene—I dismissed the bailiffs, and paid the debt. I then endeavoured to explain to the Spaniard in French, for he scarcely understood three words of our language, the cause of a rudeness toward him, which he persisted in calling a great insult and inhospitality manifested to a stranger and an exile. I succeeded at length in pacifying him. I remained for more than an hour at the cottage, and I left it with a beating heart at the certain persuasion that I had established therein the claim of acquaintance and visitation.

Will the reader pardon me for having curtailed this scene? It is connected with a subject on which I shall better endure to dwell as my narrative proceeds. From that time I paid frequent visits to the cottage; the Spaniard soon grew intimate with me, and I thought the daughter began to blush when I entered, and to sigh when I departed.

One evening I was conversing with Don Diego D'Alvarez, (such was the Spaniard's name,) as he sat without his threshold, inhaling the gentle air, that stole freshness from the rippling sea that spread before us, and fragrance from the earth, over which the summer now reigned in its most mellow glory. Isora (the daughter) sat at a little distance.

"How comes it," said Don Diego, "that you have never met our friend Señor Bar—Bar—these English names are always escaping my memory. How is he called, Isora?"

"Mr.—Mr. Barnard," said Isora, (who, brought early to England, spoke its language like a native,) but with evident confusion, and looking down as she spoke—"Mr. Barnard, I believe you mean."

"Right, my love," rejoined the Spaniard, who was smoking a long pipe with great gravity, and did not notice his daughter's embarrassment—"a fine youth, but somewhat shy and over-modest in manner."

"Youth!" thought I, and I darted a piercing look toward Isora. "How comes it, indeed," I said aloud, "that I have not met him? Is he a friend of long standing?"

"Nay, not very—perhaps of some six weeks earlier date than you, Señor Don Devereux. I pressed him, when he called this morning, to tarry your coming; but, poor youth, he is diffident, and not yet accustomed to mix freely with strangers, especially those of rank; our own presence a little overawes him"—and from Don Diego's gray mustachios issued a yet fuller cloud than was ordinarily wont to emerge from thence.

My eyes were still fixed on Isora; she looked up, met them, blushed deeply, rose, and disappeared within the house. I was already susceptible of jealousy. My lip trembled, as I resumed. "And will Don Diego pardon me for inquiring how commenced his knowledge of this ingenuous youth?"

The question was a little beyond the pale of good breeding; perhaps the Spaniard, who was tolerably punctilious in such matters, thought so, for he did not reply. I was sensible of my error, and apologizing for it, insinuated, nevertheless, the question in a more respectful and covert shape. Still Don Diego, inhaling the fragrant weed with renewed vehemence, only—like Pion's tomb, recorded by Pausanias—replied to the request of his petitioner *by smoke*. I did not venture to renew my interrogatories, and there was a long silence. My eyes fixed their gaze on the door, by which Isora had disappeared. In vain; she returned not—and as the chill of the increasing evening began now to make itself felt by the frame of one accustomed to warmer skies, the Spaniard soon rose to re-enter his house, and I took my farewell for the night.

There were many ways (as I before said) by which I could return home, all nearly equal in picturesque beauty; for the country in which my uncle's estates were placed, was one where stream roved and woodland flourished even to the very strand, or cliff of the sea. The shortest route, though one the least frequented by any except foot-passengers, was along the coast, and it was by this path that I rode slowly homeward. On winding a curve in the road about one mile from Devereux Court, the old building broke slowly, tower by tower, upon me. I have never yet described the house, and perhaps it will not be uninteresting to the reader if I do so now.

It had anciently belonged to Ralph de Bigod. From his possession it had passed into that of the then noblest branch of the stem of Devereux, from whence, without break or flaw in the direct line of heritage, it had ultimately descended to the present owner. It was a pile of vast extent, built around three quadrangular courts, the farthest of which spread to the very verge of the gray, tall

that overhung the sea: in this court was a tower, which, according to tradition, had lined the apartments ordinarily inhabited by ill-fated namesake and distant kinsman Robert deux, the favourite and the victim of Elizabeth. There was nothing, it is true, in the old calculated to flatter the tradition, for it contained only two habitable rooms, communicating each other, and by no means remarkable for splendour; and every one of our household, myself, was wont to discredit the idle rumour which would assign to so distinguished a guest so meanly a lodgement. But, as I looked from the iron lattices of the chambers, over the wide expanse of ocean and of land which they commanded, as I noted, too, that the tower was utterly isolated from the rest of the house, and that the convenience of its site enabled one, on quitting it, to reach the beach at once, and privately, either to the solitary beach, or to the glades and groves of the wide park which stretched behind—I could not help indulging the belief that the unceremonious and not very romantic noble, had himself selected his place of retirement, and that, in so doing, the gallant of the old court was not, perhaps, undesirous of securing at well chosen moments a brief relaxation from the heavy honours of country homage; or that the patron and poetic admirer of the dreaming seer might have preferred to all more gorgeous accommodations, the quiet and unseen egress to the sea and shore, which, if we may believe the accomplished Roman,* are so fertile in the powers of inspiration.

However this be, I had cheated myself into the belief that my conjecture was true, and I had mentioned my uncle, when, on leaving school, he assigned to each of us our several apartments, to grant me the exclusive right to this dilapidated tower. I gained my boon easily enough: and,—so strangely is our future fate compounded from past desires,—I verily believe that the great desire which henceforth seized me to visit courts, and mix with great men—which afterwards hurried me into intrigue, war, the plots of London, the dissipations of Paris, the perilous schemes of Petersburg, nay, the very hardships of a Cossack tent—was first kindled by the imaginary honour of inhabiting the lone chamber as the glittering but ill-fated courtier of my own name. Thus youth imitates, where it could avoid; and thus that which should have been to me a warning, became an example.

In the oaken floor to the outer chamber of this tower, was situated a trap-door, the entrance into a lower room or rather cell, fitted up as a bath; and where a wooden door opened into a long subterranean passage that led out into a cavern by the sea-shore. This cave, partly by nature, partly by art, was allowed into a beautiful Gothic form; and here, on moonlight evenings, when the sea crept gently over the yellow and smooth sands, and the summer tempered the air from too keen a freshness, my uncle had often in his younger days, ere gout and rheum dwelt so ceaselessly as at present on his imagination, assembled his guests. It was a place in which the echoes peculiarly adapted for music; and the scene was certainly not calculated to diminish the effect of "sweet sounds." Even now,

though my uncle rarely joined us, we were often wont to hold our evening revels in this spot; and the high cliffs circling either side in the form of a bay, tolerably well concealed our meetings from the gaze of the vulgar. It is true (for these cliffs were perforated with numerous excavations,) that some roving peasant, mariner, or perchance smuggler, would now and then, at low water, intrude upon us. But our London Nereids and courtly Tritons were always well pleased with the interest of what they graciously termed "an adventure;" and our assemblies were too numerous to think an unbroken secrecy indispensable. Hence, therefore, the cavern was almost considered a part of the house itself; and though there was an iron door at the entrance which it gave to the passage leading to my apartments, yet so great was our confidence in our neighbours or ourselves, that it was rarely secured, save as a defence against the high tides of winter.

The stars were shining quietly over the old gray castle, (for castle it really was,) as I now came within view of it. To the left, and in the rear of the house, the trees of the park, grouped by distance, seemed blent into one thick mass of wood; to the right, as I now (descending the cliff by a gradual path) entered on the level sands, and at about the distance of a league from the main shore, a small islet, notorious as the resort and shelter of contraband adventurers, scarcely relieved the wide and glassy azure of the waves. The tide was out; and passing through one of the arches worn in the bay, I came somewhat suddenly by the cavern. Seated there on a crag of stone I found Aubrey.

My acquaintance with Isora and her father had so immediately succeeded the friendly meeting with Aubrey which I last recorded, and had so utterly engrossed my time and thoughts, that I had not taken of that interview all the brotherly advantage which I might have done. My heart now smote me for my involuntary negligence. I dismounted, and fastening my horse to one of a long line of posts that ran into the sea, approached Aubrey, and accosted him.

"Alone, Aubrey? and at an hour when my uncle always makes the old walls ring with revel! Hark, can you not hear the music even now? it comes from the ball-room, I think, does it not?"

"Yes!" said Aubrey, briefly, and looking down upon a devotional book, which (as was his wont) he had made his companion.

"And we are the only truants?—Well, Gerald will supply our places, with a lighter step, and perhaps, a merrier heart."

Aubrey sighed. I bent over him affectionately, (I loved that boy, with something of a father's as well as a brother's love,) and as I did bend over him, I saw that his eyelids were red with weeping.

"My brother—my dear own brother," said I, "what grieves you?—are we not friends, and more than friends?—what can grieve you that grieves not me?"

Suddenly raising his head, Aubrey gazed at me with a long, searching intentness of eye; his lips moved, but he did not answer.

"Speak to me, Aubrey," said I, passing my arm over his shoulder; "has any one, any thing hurt you? See, now, if I cannot remedy the evil."

"Morton," said Aubrey, speaking very slowly,

* "O mare, O litus, verum secretumque Mæcior quam multa dictatis—quam multa inventis!"—PLINUS.

"do you believe that Heaven preorders as well as foresees our destiny?"

"It is the schoolman's question," said I, smiling, "but I know how those idle subtleties vex the mind; and you, my brother, are ever too occupied with considerations of the future. If Heaven *does* pre-order our destiny, we know that Heaven is merciful, and we should be fearless, as we arm ourselves in that knowledge."

"Morton Devereux," said Aubrey, again repeating my name, and with an evident inward effort that left his lip colourless, and yet lit his dark dilating eye with a strange and unwonted fire—"Morton Devereux, I feel that I am predestined to the power of the evil one!"

I drew back, inexpressibly shocked. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "what can induce you to cherish so terrible a fantasy? what can induce you to wrong so fearfully the goodness and mercy of our Creator?"

Aubrey shrunk from my arm, which had still been round him, and covered his face with his hands. I took up the book he had been reading; it was a Latin treatise on predestination, and seemed fraught with the most gloomy and bewildering subtleties. I sat down beside him, and pointed out the various incoherencies and contradictions of the work, and the doctrine it espoused; so long and so earnestly did I speak, that at length Aubrey looked up, seemingly cheered and relieved.

"I wish," said he timidly, "I wish that you loved me, and that you loved *me only*;—but you love pleasure, and power, and show, and wit, and revelry; and you know not what it is to feel for me, as I feel at times for you—nay, perhaps you really dislike or despise me!"

Aubrey's voice grew bitter in its tone as he concluded these words, and I was instantly impressed with the belief that some one had insinuated an innuendo against my affection for him.

"Why should you think thus?" I said: "has any cause occurred of late to make you deem my affection for you weaker than it was? Has any one hinted a surmise that I do not repay your brotherly regard?"

Aubrey did not answer.

"Has Gerald," I continued, "jealous of our mutual attachment, uttered aught tending to diminish it? Yes, I see that he has!"

Aubrey remained motionless, sullenly gazing downward, and still silent.

"Speak," said I, "in justice to both of us—speak! You know, Aubrey, how I *have* loved and love you: put your arms round me, and say that thing on earth which you wish me to do, and it shall be done!"

Aubrey looked up; he met my eyes, and he threw himself upon my neck, and burst into a violent paroxysm of tears.

I was greatly affected. "I see my fault," said I, soothing him; "you are angry, and with justice, that I have neglected you of late; and, perhaps, while I ask your confidence, you suspect that there is some subject on which I should have granted you mine. You are right, and, at a fitter moment, I will. Now let us turn homeward: our uncle is never merry when we are absent; and when my mother misses your dark locks and fair cheek, I fancy that she sees little beauty in the fall. And yet, Aubrey," I added, as he now rose

from my embrace, and dried his tears, "I will owe to you that I love this scene better than any, however gay, within;" and I turned to the sea, starting as it was, and murmuring with a silver voice, and I became suddenly silent.

There was a long pause. I believe we both felt the influence of the scene around us, softening and tranquillizing our hearts; for, at length, Aubrey put his hand in mine, and said, "You were always more generous and kind than I, Morton, though there are times when you seem different from what you are; and I know you have already forgiven me."

I drew him affectionately toward me, and we went home.

But, although I meant, from that night, to devote myself more to Aubrey than I had done of late, my hourly increasing love for Isora interfered greatly with my resolution. In order, however, to excuse any future neglect, I, the very next morning, bestowed upon him my confidence. Aubrey did not much encourage my passion: he represented to me Isora's situation—my own youth—my own worldly ambition—and, more than all, (reminding me of my uncle's aversion even to the most prosperous and well-suited marriage,) he insisted upon the certainty that Sir William would never yield consent to the lawful consummation of so unequal a love. I was not too well pleased with this reception of my tale, and I did not much trouble my adviser with any farther communication and confidence on the subject. Day after day renewed my visits to the Spaniard's cottage; and yet time passed on, and I had not told Isora a syllable of my love. I was inexpressibly jealous of this Barnard, whom her father often eulogized, and whom I never met. There appeared to be some mystery in his acquaintance with Don Diego, which that personage carefully concealed; and once, when I was expressing my surprise to have so often missed seeing his friend, the Spaniard shook his head gravely, and said that he had never learnt the real reason for it: there were circumstances of state which made men fearful of new acquaintances, even in their own country. I drew back, as if he had said too much, and let me the conjecture that Barnard was connected with him in some intrigue more delightful in itself than agreeable to the government. This belief was strengthened by my noting that Alvarez was frequently absent from home, and this, too, in the evening, when he was generally wont to shun the bleakness of the English air—an atmosphere, by the-by, which I once heard a Frenchman wisely compare to Augustus placed between Horace and Virgil; viz. in the *bon mot* of the emperor himself—*between sighs and tears*.

But Isora herself never heard the name of this Barnard mentioned without a visible confusion, which galled me to the heart; and at length, unable to endure any longer my suspense upon the subject, I resolved to seek from her own lips its termination. I long tarried my opportunity. It was one evening, that, coming rather unexpectedly to the cottage, I was informed by the single servant that Don Diego had gone to the neighbouring town, but that Isora was in the garden. Small as it was, this garden had been cultivated with some care, and was not devoid of variety. A high and very thick fence of living box-wood, closely interlaced with the honeysuckle and the common rose,

screened a few plots of rarer flowers, a small circular fountain, and a rustic arbour, both from the ca-breezes and the eyes of any passer by, to which is open and unsheltered portion of the garden was exposed. When I passed through the opening cut in the fence, I was somewhat surprised at not immediately seeing Isora. Perhaps she was in the arbour. I approached the arbour tremblingly. What was my astonishment and my terror when I beheld her stretched lifeless on the ground!

I uttered a loud cry, and sprung forward. I raised her from the earth, and supported her in my arms; her complexion—through whose pure and transparent white, the wandering blood was sent so gently, yet so glowingly, to blush, undulating while it blushed, as youngest rose-leaves which the air just stirs into trembling—was launched into the hues of death. My kisses changed it with a momentary colour, not its own; and yet as I pressed her to my heart, methought hers, which seemed still before, began, as if by an involuntary sympathy, palpably and suddenly to rebel against my own. My alarm melted away: I held her thus—nay, I would not, if I could, have recalled her yet to life;—I was forgetful—I was unheeding—I was unconscious of all things save;—a few broken and passionate words escaped my lips, but even they ceased when I felt her breath just stirring and mingling with my own. She seemed to me as if all living kind but ourselves had by a spell departed from the earth, and we were left alone with the breathless and inaudible nature from which spring the love and the life of all things.

Isora slowly recovered; her eyes, in opening, welled upon mine—her blood rushed at once to her cheek, and as suddenly left it hueless as before. She rose from my embrace, but I still extended my arms toward her; and words, over which I had no control, and of which now I have no remembrance, rushed from my lips. Still pale, and leaning against the side of the arbour, Isora heard me,—confused, incoherent, impetuous, but still intelligible to her—my released heart poured itself forth. And when I had ceased, she turned her eyes toward me, and my blood seemed at once frozen in its channel. Anguish, deep, ineffable anguish, was depicted upon every feature; and then she strove at last to speak, her lips quivered so violently, that, after a vain effort, she ceased abruptly. I again approached—I seized her hand, which I covered with my kisses.

"Will you not answer me, Isora?" said I, tremblingly. "Be silent then; but give me one look, once glance of hope, of pardon from those tear eyes, and I ask no more."

Isora's whole frame seemed sinking beneath her motions; she raised her head, and looked hurriedly and fearfully round; my eye followed hers, and I then saw upon the damp ground the recent print of a man's footstep, not my own; and close by the spot where I had found Isora lay a man's glove. A pang shot through me—I felt my eyes flash fire, and my brow darken, as I turned to Isora, and said, "I see it—I see all,—I have a rival, who has but just left you—you love me not—your affections are for him!"

Isora sobbed violently, but made no reply. "You love him," said I, but in a milder and more mournful tone—"You love him—it is enough—I will persecute you no more; and yet—" I paused a

moment, for the remembrance of many a sign, which my heart had interpreted flatteringly, flashed upon me, and my voice faltered. "Well, I have no right to murmur—only, Isora—only tell me with your lips that you love another, and I will depart in peace."

Very slowly Isora turned her eyes to me, and even through her tears they dwelt upon me with a tender and a soft reproach.

"You love another?" said I—and from her lips, which scarcely parted, came a single word which thrilled to my heart like fire,—"*No!*"

"No!" I repeated, "No!—say that again, and again;—yet who then is this, that has dared so to agitate and overpower you? Who is he whom you have met, and whom even now while I speak you tremble to hear me recur to? Answer me one word—is it this mysterious stranger whom your father honours with his friendship?—is it Barnard?"

Alarm and fear again wholly engrossed the expression of Isora's countenance.

"Barnard!" she said, "yes—yes—it is Barnard!"

"Who is he?" I cried vehemently—"who or what is he?—and of what nature is his influence upon you? Confide in me"—and I poured forth a long tide of inquiry and solicitation.

By the time I had ended, Isora seemed to have recovered herself. With her softness was mingled something of spirit and of self control, which was rare alike in her country and her sex, but which, when a woman and a daughter of Spain does possess it, invests her with a dignity of which we dream not till we bow before its exertion.

"Listen to me!" said she, and her voice, which faltered a little at first, grew calm and firm as she proceeded. "You profess to love me—I am not worthy your love; and if, Count Devereux, I do not reject nor disclaim it—for I am a woman, and a weak and fond one—I will not at least wrong you by encouraging hopes which I may not and I dare not fulfil. I cannot—" here she spoke with a fearful distinctness,—"*I cannot, I can never be yours; and when you ask me to be so, you know not what you ask or what perils you incur. Enough—I am grateful to you. The poor exiled girl is grateful for your esteem—and—and your affection. She will never forget them—never! But be this our last meeting—our very last—God bless you, Morton!*" and, as she read my heart, pierced and agonized as it was, in my countenance, Isora bent over me, for I knelt beside her, and I felt her tears upon my cheek,—"*God bless you—and farewell.*"

"You insult, you wound me," said I bitterly, "by this cold and taunting kindness; tell me, tell me only, who it is that you love better than me?"

Isora had turned to leave me, for I was too proud to detain her; but when I said this, she came back, after a moment's pause, and laid her hand upon my arm.

"If it make you happy to know my unhappiness," she said, and the tone of her voice made me look full in her face, which was one deep blush, "know that I am not insensible—"

I heard no more—my lips pressed themselves involuntarily to hers—a long, long kiss—burning—intense—concentrating emotion, heart, soul, all the rays of life's light into a single focus; and she tore herself from me—and I was alone.

CHAPTER IX.

A discovery, and a departure.

I HASTENED home after my eventful interview with Isora, and gave myself up to tumultuous and wild conjecture. Aubrey sought me the next morning—I narrated to him all that had occurred; he said little, but that little enraged me, for it was contrary to the dictates of my own wishes. The character of Morose, in the "Silent Woman," is by no means an uncommon one. Many men—certainly many lovers—would say with equal truth, always provided they had equal candour, "All discourses but my own afflict me; they seem harsh, impertinent and irksome." Certainly I felt that amiable sentiment most sincerely, with regard to Aubrey. I left him abruptly—a resolution possessed me—"I will see," said I, "this Barnard; I will lie in wait for him; I will demand and obtain, though it be by force, the secret which evidently subsists between him and this exiled family."

Full of this idea, I drew my cloak round me, and repaired on foot to the neighbourhood of the Spaniard's cottage. There was no place near it very commodious for accommodation both of vigil and concealment. However, I made a little hill in a field opposite the house my warder's station, and lying at full length on the ground, wrapt in my cloak, I trusted to escape notice. The day passed—no visiter appeared. The next morning I went from my own rooms, through the subterranean passage, into the Castle Cave, as the excavation I have before described was generally termed. On the shore I saw Gerald, by one of the small fishing-boats usually kept there. I passed him with a sneer at his amusements, which were always those of conflicts against fish or fowl. He answered me in the same strain, as he threw his nets into the boat, and pushed out to sea. "How is it that you go alone?" said I; "is there so much glory in the capture of mackerel and dogfish, that you will allow no one to share it?"

"There are other sports for men," answered Gerald, colouring indignantly, "than those you imagine—my taste is confined to amusements in which he is but a fool who seeks companionship; and if you could read character better, my wise brother, you would know that the bold rover is ever less idle and more fortunate than the speculative dreamer!"

As Gerald said this, which he did with a significant emphasis, he rowed vigorously across the water, and the little boat was soon halfway to the opposite islet. My eyes followed it musingly as it glided over the waves, and my thoughts painfully revolved the words which Gerald had uttered. "What can he mean?" said I, half aloud,—“yet what matters it?—perhaps some low amour, some village conquest, inspires him with that becoming fulness of pride and vainglory—joy be with so bold a rover!” and I strode away, along the beach, toward my place of watch; once only I turned to look at Gerald—he had then just touched the islet, which was celebrated as much for the fishing it afforded, as the smuggling it protected.

I arrived, at last, at the hillock, and resumed my station. Time passed on, till, at the dusk of evening, the Spaniard came out. He walked slowly toward the town; I followed him at a distance. Just before he reached the town, he turned off by

a path which led to the beach. As the evening was unusually fresh and chill, I felt convinced that some cause, not wholly trivial, drew the Spaniard forth to brave it. My pride a little revolted at the idea of following him; but I persuaded myself that Isora's happiness, and perhaps her father's safety, depended on my obtaining some knowledge of the character and designs of this Barnard, who appeared to possess so dangerous an influence over both daughter and sire; nor did I doubt but that the old man was now gone forth to meet him. The times were those of mystery and of intrigue; the emissaries of the house of Stuart were restlessly at work among all classes; many of them, obscure and mean individuals, made their way the more dangerously from their very (seeming) insignificance. My uncle, a moderate Tory, was opposed, though quietly, and without vehemence, to the claims of the banished house. Like Sedley, who became so staunch a revolutionist, he had seen the court of Charles II. and the character of his brother too closely to feel much respect for either; but he thought it indecorous to express opposition loudly, to a party among whom were many of his early friends; and the good old knight was too much attached to private ties to be very much alive to public feeling. However, at his well-filled board, conversation, generally, though displeasingly to himself, turned upon politics, and I had there often listened, of late, to dark hints of the danger to which we were exposed, and of the restless machinations of the jacobites. I did not, therefore, scruple to suspect this Barnard of some plot against the existing state; and I did it the more from observing, that the Spaniard often spoke bitterly of the English court, which had rejected some claims he imagined himself entitled to make upon it; and that he was naturally of a temper vehemently opposed to quiet, and alive to enterprise. With this impression, I deemed it fair to seize an opportunity of seeing at least, even if I could not question, the man whom the Spaniard himself confessed to have state reasons for concealment; and my anxiety to behold one, whose very name could agitate Isora, and whose presence could occasion the state in which I had found her, sharpened this desire into the very keenness of a passion.

While Alvarez descended to the beach, I kept the upper path which wound along the cliff. There was a spot where the rocks were rude and broken into crags, and afforded me a place where, unseen, I could behold what passed below. The first thing I beheld was a boat, approaching rapidly toward the shore; one man was seated in it; he reached the shore, and I recognised Gerald. That was a dreadful moment. Alvarez now slowly joined him; they remained together for nearly an hour. I saw Gerald give the Spaniard a letter, which appeared to make the chief subject of their conversation. At length they parted, with the signs rather of respect than familiarity. Don Diego returned homeward, and Gerald re-entered the boat. I watched its progress over the waves with feelings of a dark and almost unutterable nature. "My enemy! my rival! ruiner of my hopes!—my brother!—my twin brother!"—I muttered bitterly between my ground teeth.

The boat did not make to the open sea—it skulked along the shore, till distance and shadow scarcely allowed me to trace the outlines of Gerald's figure. It then touched the beach, and I could just

desecry the dim shape of another man enter; and Gerald, instead of returning homewards, pushed out toward the islet. I spent the greater part of the night in the open air. Wearied and exhausted by the furious indulgence of my passions, I gained my room at length. There, however, as elsewhere, thought succeeded to thought, and scheme to scheme. Should I speak to Gerald? Should I confide in Alvarez? Should I renew my suit to Isora? If the first, what could I hope to learn from mine enemy? If the second, what could I gain from the father, while the daughter remained adverse to me? If the third—there my heart pained, and the third scheme I resolved to adopt.

But was I sure that Gerald was this Barnard? Might there not be some hope that he was not? No, I could perceive none. Alvarez had never spoken to me of acquaintance with any other Englishman than Barnard; I had no reason to believe that he ever held converse with any other. Would it not have been natural too, unless some powerful cause, such as love to Isora, induced silence—would it not have been natural that Gerald should have mentioned his acquaintance with the Spaniard?—Unless some dark scheme, such as that which Barnard appeared to have in common with Don Diego, commanded obscurity, would it have been likely that Gerald should have met Alvarez alone—at night—on an unfrequented spot? What that scheme was, I guessed not—I cared not. All my interest in the identity of Barnard with Gerald Devereux, was that derived from the power he seemed to possess over Isora. Here, too, at once, was explained the pretended Barnard's desire of concealment, and the vigilance with which it had been effected. It was so certain, that Gerald, if my rival, would seek to avoid me—it was so easy for him, who could watch all my motions, to secure the power of doing so. Then I remembered Gerald's character through the country, as a gallant and a general lover—and I closed my eyes as if to shut out the vision when I recalled the beauty of his form, contrasted with the comparative plainness of my own.

"There is no hope," I repeated—and an insensibility rather than sleep crept over me. Dreadful and fierce dreams peopled my slumbers; and when I started from them at a late hour the next day, I was unable to rise from my bed—my agitation and my wanderings had terminated in a burning fever. In four days, however, I recovered sufficiently to mount my horse—I rode to the Spaniard's house—I found there only the woman who had been Don Diego's solitary domestic. The morning before, Alvarez and his daughter had departed, none knew for certain whither; but it was supposed their destination was London. The woman gave me a note—it was from Isora—it contained only these lines:

"Forget me—we are now parted for ever. As you value my peace of mind—of happiness I do not speak—seek not to discover our next retreat. I implore you to think no more of what has been; you are young, very young. Life has a thousand paths for you: any one of them will lead you from the remembrance of me. Farewell, again and again!"

"ISORA D'ALVAREZ."

With this note was another, in French, from Don Diego; it was colder and more formal than I could have expected—it thanked me for my attentions toward him—it regretted that he could not take leave of me in person, and it enclosed the sum which I had, in lending to him, made the opening of our after acquaintance.

"It is well!" said I, calmly, to myself, "it is well; I will forget her:" and I rode instantly home. "But," I resumed in my soliloquy, "I will yet strive to obtain confirmation to what perhaps needs it not. I will yet strive to see if Gerald can deny the depth of his injuries toward me—there will be at least some comfort in witnessing either his defiance or his confusion."

Agreeably to this thought, I hastened to seek Gerald. I found him in his apartment—I shut the door, and seating myself, with a smile, thus addressed him;

"Dear Gerald, I have a favour to ask of you."

"What is it?"

"How long have you known a certain Mr. Barnard?" Gerald changed colour—his voice faltered as he repeated the name "Barnard!"

"Yes," said I, with affected composure, "Barnard! a great friend of Don Diego D'Alvarez."

"I perceive," said Gerald, collecting himself, "that you are in some measure acquainted with my secret; how far it is known to you I cannot guess; but I tell you, very fairly, that from me you will not increase the sum of your knowledge."

When one is in a good sound rage, it is astonishing how calm one can be! I was certainly somewhat amazed by Gerald's hardihood and assurance, but I continued, with a smile—

"And Donna Isora, how long, if not very intrusive on your confidence, have you known her?"

"I tell you," answered Gerald, doggedly, "that I will answer no questions."

"You remember the old story," returned I, "of the two brothers, Eteocles and Polynices, whose very ashes refused to mingle! faith, Gerald, our love seems much of the same tone. I know not if our ashes will exhibit so laudable an antipathy; but I think our hearts and hands will do so while a spark of life animates them; yes, though our blood," (I added, in a voice quivering with furious emotion,) "prevents our contest by the sword, it prevents not the hatred and the curses of the heart."

Gerald turned pale. "I do not understand you," he faltered out—"I know you abhor me; but why, why this excess of malice?"

I cast on him a look of bitter scorn, and turned from the room.

It is not pleasing to place before the reader these dark passages of fraternal hatred; but in the record of all passions there is a moral; and it is wise to see to how vast a sum the units of childish animosity swell, when they are once brought into a heap by some violent event, and told over by the nice accuracy of revenge.

But I long to pass from these scenes, and my history is about to glide along others of more glittering and smiling aspect. Thank Heaven, I write a tale, not only of love, but of a life; and that which I cannot avoid I can at least condense.

CHAPTER X.

A very short chapter—containing a valet.

My uncle for several weeks had flattered himself that I had quite forgotten or foregone the desire of leaving Devereux Court for London. Good easy man! he was not a little distressed when I renewed the subject with redoubled firmness, and demanded an early period for that event. He managed, however, still to protract the evil day. At one time it was impossible to part with me because the house was so full; at another time it was cruel to leave him when the house was so empty. Meanwhile, a change, not common to disappointed lovers, but very natural to my haughty and vain character, came over me. I became a prodigious coxcomb, and the idlest pretty fellow imaginable. The fact was, that when the first shock of Isora's departure passed away, I began to suspect the purity of her feelings towards me. Might not Gerald, the beautiful, the stately, the glittering Gerald, have been a successful wooer under that disguised name of Barnard, and hence Isora's confusion when that name was mentioned, and hence the power which its possessor exercised over her?

This idea once admitted soon gained ground. It is true that Isora had testified something of favourable feelings towards me; but this might spring from coquetry or compassion. My love had been a boy's love, founded upon beauty, and coloured by romance. I had not investigated the character of the object; and I had judged of the mind solely by the face. I might easily have been deceived—I persuaded myself that I was! Perhaps Gerald had provided their present retreat for sire and daughter; perhaps they at this moment laughed over my rivalry and my folly. Methought Gerald's lip wore a contemptuous curve when we met. "It shall have no cause," I said, stung to the soul; "I will indeed forget this woman, and yet, though in other ways, eclipse this rival. Pleasure—ambition—the brilliancy of a court—the resources of wealth invite me to a thousand joys. I will not be deaf to the call. Meanwhile I will betray to Gerald—to no one—the trace—the scar of the wound I have received; and I will mortify Gerald, by showing him that, beauty as he is, he shall be forgotten in my presence!"

Agreeably to this exquisite resolution I paid incessant court to the numerous dames by whom my uncle's mansion was thronged; and I resolved to prepare, among them, the reputation for gallantry and for wit which I proposed to establish in town.

"You are greatly altered since your love!" said Aubrey, one day to me, "but not by your love. Own that I did right in dissuading you from its indulgence!"

"Tell me!" said I, sinking my voice to a whisper, "do you think Gerald was my rival?" and I recounted the causes of my suspicion.

Aubrey's countenance testified astonishment as he listened—"It is strange—very strange," said he; "and the evidence of the boat is almost conclusive; still I do not think it quite sufficient to leave no loop-hole of doubt. But what matters it?—you have conquered your love now."

"Ay," I said, with a laugh, "I have conquered it, and I am now about to find some other empress of the heart. What think you of the Lady Hasselton?—a fair dame and a sprightly. I want

nothing but her love to be the most enviable of men, and a French *valet-de-chambre* to be the most irresistible."

"The former is easier of acquirement than the latter, I fear," returned Aubrey; "all places produce light dames, but the war makes a scarcity of French valets."

"True," said I; "but I never thought of instituting a comparison between their relative value. The Lady Hasselton, no disparagement to her merits, is but one woman—but a French valet, who knows his *metier*, arms one for conquest over a thousand"—and I turned to the saloon.

Fate, which had destined to me the valuable affections of the Lady Hasselton, granted me also, at a yet earlier period, the greater boon of a French valet. About two or three weeks after this sapient communication with Aubrey, the most charming person in the world presented himself a candidate *pour le bonheur suprême de soigner Monsieur le Comte*. Intelligence beamed in his eye; a modest assurance reigned upon his brow; respect made his step vigilant as a zephyr's; and his ruffles were the envy of the world!

I took him at a glance; and I presented to the admiring inmates of the house a greater coxcomb than the Count Devereux in the ethereal person of Jean Desmarais.

CHAPTER XI.

The hero acquits himself honourably as a coxcomb—a fine lady of the eighteenth century, and a fashionable dialogue—The substance of fashionable dialogue being in all centuries the same.

"I am thinking, Morton," said my uncle, "that if you are to go to town, you should go in a style suitable to your rank. What say you to flying along the road in my green and gold chariot? 'Sdeath, I'll make you a present of it. Nay, no thanks; and you may have four of my black Flanders mares to draw you."

"Now, my dear Sir William," cried Lady Hasselton, who, it may be remembered, was the daughter of one of King Charles's beauties, and who alone shared the breakfast room with my uncle and myself—"now, my dear Sir William, I think it would be a better plan to suffer the count to accompany us to town. We go next week. He shall have a seat in our coach—help Lovell to pay our post-horses—protect us at inns—scold at the waiter in the pretty oaths of the fashion, which are so innocent that I will teach them to his countship myself, and unless I am much more frightful than my honoured mother, whose beauties you so gallantly laud, I think you will own, Sir William, that this is better for your nephew than doing solitary penance in your chariot of green and gold, with a handkerchief tied over his head to keep away cold, and with no more fanciful occupation than composing sonnets to the four Flanders mares."

"'Sdeath, madam, you inherit your mother's wit as well as beauty," cried my uncle, with an impassioned air.

"And his countship," said I, "will accept your invitation without asking his uncle leave."

"Come, that is bold for a gentleman of—let me see, thirteen—are you not?"

"Really," answered I, "one learns to forget

time so terribly in the presence of Lady Hasselton, that I do not remember even how long it has existed for me."

"Bravo," cried the knight, with a moistening eye: "you see, madam, the boy has not lived with his old uncle for nothing."

"I am lost in astonishment," said the lady, glancing toward the glass; "why, you will eclipse all our beaux on your first appearance; but—but—Sir William—how green those glasses have become! bless me, there is something so contagious in the effects of the country, that the very mirrors grow verdant. But—count—count—where are you, count!—(I was exactly opposite to the fair speaker)—O, there you are—pray—do you carry a little pocket-glass of the true quality about you? But, of course you do—lend it me."

"I have not the glass you want, but I carry with me a mirror that reflects your features much more truthfully."

"How! I protest I do not understand you!"

"The mirror is here!" said I, laying my hand on my heart.

"Gad—I must kiss the boy!" cried my uncle, starting up.

"I have sworn," said I, fixing my eyes upon the lady—"I have sworn never to be kissed even by women. You must pardon me, uncle."

"I declare," cried the Lady Hasselton, flirting her fan, which was somewhat smaller than the green that one puts into a great hall, in order to take off the discomfort of too large a room—"I declare, count, there is a vast deal of originality about you. But tell me, Sir William, where did your nephew acquire, at so early an age—(eleven you say he is)—such a fund of agreeable assurance?"

"Nay, madam, let the boy answer for himself."

"*Imprimis*, then," said I, playing with the riband of my cane—"firstly, early study of the best authors—Congreve and Farquhar, Etherege and Rochester. Secondly, the constant intercourse of company, which gives one the spleen so overpoweringly, that despair inspires one with boldness—to get rid of them. Thirdly, the personal example of Sir William Devereux; and, fourthly, the inspiration of hope."

"Hope, sir!" said the Lady Hasselton, covering her face with her fan, so as only to leave me a glimpse of the farthest patch upon her left cheek,—"hope, sir!"

"Yes—the hope of being pleasing to you. I suffer me to add, that the hope has now become certainty."

"Upon my word, count—"

"Nay, you cannot deny it—if one can once succeed in impudence, one is irresistible."

"Sir William," cried Lady Hasselton, "you may give the count your chariot of green and gold, and your four Flanders mares, and send his mother's maid with him. He shall not go with me."

"Cruel! and why?" said I.

"You are too"—the lady paused, and looked at me over her fan. She was really very handsome—"you are too old, count. You must be more than nine."

"Pardon me," said I, "I am nine—a very mystical number nine is too, and represents the muses, who, you know, were always attendant upon Venus—or you, which is the same thing; so

you can no more dispense with my company than you can with that of the graces."

"Good morning, Sir William!" cried the Lady Hasselton, rising.

I offered to hand her to the door; with great difficulty, for her hoop was of the very newest enormity of circumference, I effected this object.

"Well, count!" said she, "I am glad to see you have brought so much learning from school; make the best use of it while it lasts, for your memory will not furnish you with a single simile out of the mythology by the end of next winter."

"That would be a pity!" said I, "for I intend having as many goddesses as the heathens had, and I should like to worship them in a classical fashion."

"O! the young reprobate!" said the beauty, tapping me with her fan. "And pray what other deities besides Venus am I like?"

"All!" said I—"at least all the celestial ones!"

Though halfway through the door, the beauty extricated her hoop, and drew back; "Bless me, the gods as well as the goddesses?"

"Certainly."

"You jest—tell me how."

"Nothing can be easier; you resemble Mercury, because of your thefts."

"Thefts!"

"Ay; stolen hearts and" (added I, in a whisper) "glances—Jupiter, partly because of your lightning, which you lock up in the said glances—principally because all things are subservient to you—Neptune, because you are as changeable as the seas—Vulcan, because you live among the flames you excite—and Mars, because—"

"You are so destructive," cried my uncle.

"Exactly so; and because," added I—as I shut the door upon the beauty—"because, thanks to your hoop, you cover nine acres of ground."

"Od's-fish, Morton," said my uncle, "you surprise me at times—one while you are so reserved, at another so assured; to-day so brisk, to-morrow so gloomy. Why now, Lady Hasselton (she is very comely, eh! faith, but not comparable to her mother) told me a week ago, that she gave you up in despair, that you were dull, past hoping for; and now, 'gad, you had a life in you that Sid himself could not have surpassed. How comes it, sir, eh?"

"Why, uncle, you have explained the reason; it was exactly because she said I was dull, that I was resolved to convict her in an untruth."

"Well, now, there is some sense in that, boy; always contradict ill report by personal merit. But what think you of her ladyship? 'Gad, you know what old Bellair said of Emilia. 'Make much of her—she's one of the best of your acquaintance. I like her countenance and behaviour. Well, she has a modesty not in this age, a-dad she has.' Applicable enough—eh, boy?"

"I know her value, sir, and esteem her accordingly," answered I, out of the same play, which, by dint of long study, I had got by heart. "But, to confess the truth," added I, "I think you might have left out the passage about her modesty."

"There, now—you young chaps are so censorious—why, 'sdeath, sir, you don't think the worse of her virtue because of her wit?"

"Humph!"

"Ah, boy—when you are my age, you'll know that your demure cats are not the best; and that

reminds me of a little story—shall I tell it you, child?”

“If it so please you, sir.”

“Zauns—where’s my snuff-box?—O, here it is. Well, sir, you shall have the whole thing, from beginning to end. Sedley and I were one day conversing together about women. Sid was a very deep fellow in that game—no passion, you know—no love on his own side—nothing of the sort—all done by rule and compass—knew women as well as dice, and calculated the exact moment when his snares would catch them, according to the principles of geometry. D—d clever fellow, faith—but a confounded rascal:—but let it go no farther—mum’s the word!—must not slander the dead—and it’s only my suspicion, you know, after all. Poor fellow—I don’t think he was such a rascal; he gave a beggar an angel once,—well, boy, have a pinch?—Well, so I said to Sir Charles, ‘I think you will lose the widow, after all—’gad I do.’ ‘Upon what principle of science, Sir William?’ said he. ‘Why, faith, man, she is so modest, you see, and has such a pretty way of blushing.’ ‘Harkye, friend Devereux,’ said Sir Charles, smoothing his collar, and mincing his words musically, as he was wont to do—‘harkye, friend Devereux, I will give you the whole experience of my life in one maxim—I can answer for it’s being new, and I think it’s profound—and that maxim is—’ No faith, Morton—no, I can’t tell it thee—it is villanous, and then it’s so desperately against all the sex.”

“My dear uncle, don’t tantalize me so—pray tell it me—it shall be a secret.”

“No, boy, no—it will corrupt thee—besides, it will do poor Sid’s memory no good. But ’sdeath, it was a most wonderfully shrewd saying—i’faith, it was. But zounds, Morton—I forgot to tell you that I have had a letter from the abbé to-day.”

“Ha! and when does he return?”

“To-morrow, God willing!” said the knight, with a sigh.

“So soon, or rather after so long an absence! Well, I am glad of it. I wish much to see him before I leave you.”

“Indeed!” quoth my uncle, “you have an advantage over me, then?—But, od’s-fish, Morton, how is it that you grew so friendly with the priest before his departure? He used to speak very suspiciously of thee formerly; and when I last saw him, he lauded thee to the skies.”

“Why, the clergy of his faith have a habit of defending the strong, and crushing the weak, I believe—that’s all. He once thought I was dull enough to damn my fortune, and then he had some strange doubts for my soul; now he thinks me wise enough to become prosperous, and it is astonishing what a respect he has conceived for my principles.”

“Ha! ha! ha!—you have a spice of your uncle’s humour in you—and, ’gad you have no small knowledge of the world, considering you have seen so little of it.”

A hit at the popish clergy was, in my good uncle’s eyes, the exact acme of wit and wisdom. We are always clever with those who imagine we think as they do. To be shallow you must differ with people; to be profound you must agree with them. “Why, sir,” answered the sage nephew, “you forget that I have seen more of the world than many of twice my age. Your house has

been full of company ever since I have been in it, and you set me to making observations on what I saw before I was thirteen. And then, too, if one is reading books about real life, at the very time one is mixing in it, it is astonishing how naturally one remarks, and how well one remembers.”

“Especially if one has a genius for it,—eh, boy! And then, too, you have read my play—turned Horace’s Satires into a lampoon upon the boys at school—been regularly to assizes during the vacation—attended the county balls, and been a most premature male coquet with the ladies. Od’s-fish, boy!—it is quite curious to see how the young sparks of the present day get on with their lovmaking.”

“Especially if one has a genius for it—eh, sir?” said I.

“Besides, too,” said my uncle, ironically, “you have had the abbé’s instructions.”

“Ay, and if the priests would communicate to their pupils their experience in frailty, as well as in virtue, how wise they would make us!”

“Od’s-fish! Morton, you are quite oracular. How got you that fancy of priests?—by observation in life already?”

“No, uncle—by observation in plays, which you tell me are the mirrors of life—you remember what Lee says—

“‘Tis thought
That earth is more obliged to priests for bodies
Than heaven for souls.’”

And my uncle laughed, and called me a smart fellow. Confess, *Monsieur le Lecteur*, that when one can obtain the name of a wit upon such easy terms, it would be a pity not to contract for the title!—Whenever you raise a laugh, and are praised for your humour, humble yourself and do penance—you may be sure that you have said something egregiously silly, or, *at best*, superlatively ill-natured!

CHAPTER LXII.

“The abbé’s return—A sword, and a soliloquy.”

THE next evening, when I was sitting alone in my room, the Abbé Montreuil suddenly entered. “Ah, is it you? welcome!” cried I. The priest held out his arms, and embraced me in the most paternal manner.

“It is your friend,” said he, “returned at last to bless and congratulate you. Behold my success in your service,” and the abbé produced a long leather case, richly inlaid with gold.

“Faith, abbé,” said I, “am I to understand that this is a present for your eldest pupil?”

“You are,” said Montreuil, opening the case, and producing a sword; the light fell upon the hilt, and I drew back, dazzled with its lustre; it was covered with stones, apparently of the most costly value. Attached to the hilt was a label of purple velvet, on which, in letters of gold, was inscribed, “To the son of Marshal Devereux, the soldier of France, and the friend of Louis XIV.”

Before I recovered my surprise at this sight, the abbé said—“It was from the king’s own hand that I received this sword, and I have authority to inform you, that if ever you wield it in the service of France, it will be accompanied by a post worthy of your name.”

"The service of France!" I repeated; "why, at present, that is the service of an enemy."

"An enemy only to a *part* of England!" said the abbé, emphatically; "perhaps I have overtures to you from other monarchs, and the friendship of the court of France may be synonymous with the friendship of the true sovereign of England."

There was no mistaking the purport of this speech, and even in the midst of my gratified anxiety, I drew back, alarmed. The abbé noted the changed expression of my countenance, and carefully turned the subject to comments on the word, on which I still gazed with a lover's ardour. From thence he veered to a description of the race and greatness of the royal denor: he dwelt at length upon the flattering terms in which Louis had spoken of my father, and had inquired concerning myself; he enumerated all the hopes that the illustrious house, into which my father had not married, expressed for a speedy introduction of his son; he lingered, with an eloquence moreavouring of the court than of the cloister, on the dazzling circle which surrounded the French throne; and when my vanity, my curiosity, my love of pleasure, my ambition, all that are most acceptable in young minds, were fully aroused, he suddenly ceased, and wished me a good night.

"Stay, *mon père*!" said I; and looking at him more attentively than I had hitherto done, I perceived a change in his external appearance, which somewhat startled and surprised me. Montreuil had always hitherto been remarkably plain in his dress; but he was now richly attired, and by his side hung a rapier, which had never adorned it before. Something in his aspect seemed to suit the alteration in his garb: and whether it was that long absence had effaced enough of the familiarity of his features, to allow me to be more alive than formerly to the real impression they were calculated to produce, or whether a commune with kings and nobles had of late dignified their old expression, as power was said to have clothed the soldier-mien of Cromwell with a monarch's bearing, I do not affect to decide; but I thought that, in his high brow and Roman features, the compression of his lip, and his calm but haughty air, there was a nobleness, which I for the first time acknowledged. "Stay, my father," said I, surveying him, "and tell me, if there is no irreverence in the question, whether brocade and a sword are compatible with the laws of the order of Jesus?"

"Policy, Morton," answered Montreuil, "often dispenses with custom, and the declarations of the Institute provide, with their usual wisdom, for worldly and temporary occasions. Even while the constitution ordains us to discard habits repugnant to our professions of poverty, the following exception is made: '*Si in occurrenti aliquâ occasione, vel necessitate, quis vestibus melioribus, honestis tamen, indueretur.*'"

"There is now, then, some occasion for a more glittering display than ordinary?" said I.

"There is, my pupil," answered Montreuil; "and whenever you embrace the offer of my friendship, made to you more than two years ago, —whenever, too, your ambition points to a lofty and sublime career,—whenever, to make and unmake kings,—and, in the noblest sphere, to execute the will of God,—indemnifies you for a sacrifice of petty wishes and momentary passions, I

will confide to you schemes worthy of your ancestors and yourself."

With this the priest departed. Left to myself, I revolved his hints, and marvelled at the power he seemed to possess. "Closeted with kings," said I, soliloquizing,—“bearing their presents through armed men and military espionage,—speaking of empires and their overthrow, as of ordinary objects of ambition—and he himself a low-born and undignified priest, of a poor though a wise, order—well, there is more in this than I can fathom; but I will hesitate before I embark in his dangerous and concealed intrigues—above all, I will look well ere I hazard my safe heritage of these broad lands in the service of that house, which is reported to be ungrateful, and which is certainly exiled."

After this prudent and notable resolution, I took up the sword—re-examined it—kissed the hilt once and the blade twice—put it under my pillow—sent for my valet—undrest—went to bed—fell asleep—and dreamt that I was teaching the Maréchal de Villars the thrust *en seconde*.

But fate, that arch-gossip, which, like her prototypes on earth, settles all our affairs for us without our knowledge of the matter, had decreed that my friendship with the Abbé Montreuil should be of very short continuance, and that my adventures on earth should flow through a different channel than in all probability they would have done under his spiritual direction.

CHAPTER XIII.

A mysterious letter—A duel—The departure of one of the family.

THE next morning I communicated to the abbé my intention of proceeding to London. He received it with favour. "I myself," said he, "shall soon meet you there;—my office in your family has expired, and your mother, after so long an absence, will perhaps readily dispense with my spiritual advice to her. But time presses—since you depart so soon, give me an audience to-night in your apartment. Perhaps our conversation may be of moment."

I agreed—the hour was fixed, and I left the abbé to join my uncle and his guests. While I was employing, among them, my time and genius with equal dignity and profit, one of the servants informed me, that a man at the gate wished to see me—and alone.

Somewhat surprised, I followed the servant out of the room into the great hall, and desired him to bid the stranger attend me there. In a few minutes, a small, dark man, dressed between gentility and meanness, made his appearance. He greeted me with great respect, and presented a letter, which, he said, he was charged to deliver into my own hands, "with," he added in a low tone, "a special desire, that none should, till I had carefully read it, be made acquainted with its contents." I was not a little startled by this request; and, withdrawing to one of the windows, broke the seal. A letter, enclosed in the envelope, in the abbé's own handwriting, was the first thing that met my eyes. At that instant the abbé himself rushed into the hall. He cast one hasty look at the messenger, whose countenance evinced something of

surprise and consternation at beholding him; and, hastening up to me, grasped my hand vehemently, and, while his eye dwelt upon the letter I held, cried, "Do not read it—not a word—not a word—there is poison in it!" And, so saying, he snatched desperately at the letter. I detained it from him with one hand, and pushing him aside with the other, said,

"Pardon me, father—directly I have read it you shall have that pleasure—not till then;" and, as I said this, my eye falling upon the letter, discovered my own name written in two places—my suspicions were aroused. I raised my eyes to the spot where the messenger had stood, with the view of addressing some question to him respecting his employer, when, to my surprise, I perceived he was already gone. I had no time, however, to follow him.

"Boy," said the abbé, gasping for breath, and still seizing me with his lean bony hand,—“boy, give me that letter instantly. I charge you not to disobey me.”

"You forget yourself, sir," said I, endeavouring to shake him off, "you forget yourself: there is no longer between us the distinction of pupil and teacher; and if you have not yet learnt the respect due to my station, suffer me to tell you that it is time you should."

"Give me the letter, I beseech you," said Montreuil, changing his voice from anger to supplication; "I ask your pardon for my violence; the letter does not concern you, but me; there is a secret in those lines which you see are in my handwriting, that implicates my personal safety. Give it me, my dear, dear, son—your own honour, if not your affection for me, demands that you should."

I was staggered. His violence had confirmed my suspicions, but his gentleness weakened them. "Besides," thought I, "the handwriting is his, and even if my life depended upon reading the letter of another, I do not think my honour would suffer me to do so against his consent. A thought struck me—

"Will you swear," said I, "that this letter does not concern me?"

"Solemnly," answered the abbé, raising his eyes.

"Will you swear, that I am not even mentioned in it?"

"Upon peril of my soul, I will."

"Liar—traitor—perjured blasphemer!" cried I, in an inexpressible rage, "look here, and here!" and I pointed out to the priest various lines in which my name legibly and frequently occurred. A change came over Montreuil's face; he released my arm, and staggered back against the wainscot; but recovering his composure instantaneously, he said, "I forgot, my son, I forgot—your name is mentioned, it is true, but with honourable eulogy, that is all."

"Bravo, honest father!" cried I, losing my fury in admiring surprise at his address—"bravo! However, if that be all, you can have no objection to allow me to read the lines in which my name occurs; your benevolence cannot refuse me such a gratification as the sight of your written panegyric."

"Count Devereux," said the abbé, sternly, while his dark face worked with suppressed passion, "this is trifling with me, and I warn you not to

push my patience too far. I *will* have that letter, or—" he ceased abruptly, and touched the hilt of his sword.

"Dare you threaten me?" I said, and the natural fierceness of my own disposition, deepened by vague but strong suspicions of some treachery designed against me, spoke in the tones of my voice.

"Dare I!" repeated Montreuil, sinking and sharpening his voice into a sort of inward screech. "Dare I!—ay, were your whole tribe arrayed against me. Give me the letter, or you will find me now and for ever your most deadly foe; deadly—ay—deadly, deadly!" and he shook his clenched hand at me, with an expression of countenance so malignant and menacing, that I drew back involuntarily, and laid my hand on my sword.

The action seemed to give Montreuil a signal for which he had hitherto waited. "Draw, then," he said through his teeth, and unsheathed his rapier.

Though surprised at his determination, I was not backward in meeting it. Thrusting the letter in my bosom, I drew my sword in time to parry a rapid and fierce thrust. I had expected easily to master Montreuil, for I had some skill at my weapon; I was deceived; I found him far more adroit than myself in the art of defence; and perhaps it would have fared ill for the hero of this narrative, had Montreuil deemed it wise to direct against my life all the science he possessed. But the moment our swords crossed, the constitutional coolness of the man, which rage or fear had for a brief time banished, returned at once, and he probably saw, that it would be as dangerous to him to take away the life of his pupil, as to forfeit the paper for which he fought. He therefore appeared to bend all his efforts toward disarming me. Whether or not he would have effected this it is hard to say, for my blood was up, and any neglect of my antagonist, in attaining an object very dangerous, when engaged with a skilful and quick swordsman, might have sent him to the place from which the prayers of his brethren have (we are bound to believe) released so many thousands of souls. But, meanwhile, the servants, who at first thought the clashing of swords was the wanton sport of some young gallants as yet new to the honour of wearing them, grew alarmed by the continuance of the sound, and flocked hurriedly to the place of contest. At their intrusion, we mutually drew back. Recovering my presence of mind, it was a possession I very easily lost at that time. I saw the unseemliness of fighting with my preceptor, and a priest. I therefore burst forth awkwardly enough, into a laugh, and affecting to treat the affair as a friendly trial of skill between the abbé and myself, resheathed my sword and dismissed the intruders, who, evidently disbelieving my version of the story, retreated slowly, and exchanging looks. Montreuil, who had scarcely seconded my attempt to gloss over our rencontre, now approached me.

"Count," he said with a collected and cool voice, "suffer me to request you to exchange three words with me, in a spot less liable than this to interruption."

"Follow me, then!" said I—and I led the way to a part of the grounds which lay remote and sequestered from intrusion. I then turned round, and perceived that the abbé had left his sword

behind. "How is this?" I said, pointing to his unarmed side—"have you not come hither to renew our engagement?"

"No!" answered Montreuil. "I repent me of my sudden haste, and I have resolved to deny myself all possibility of indulging it again. That letter, young man, I still demand from you; I demand it from your own sense of honour and of right: it was written by me—it was not intended for your eye—it contains secrets implicating the lives of others besides myself—now—read it if you will."

"You are right, sir!" said I, after a short pause; "there is the letter; never shall it be said of Morton Devereux that he hazarded his honour to secure his safety. But the tie between us is broken now and for ever!"

So saying, I flung down the debated epistle, and strode away. I re-entered the great hall. I saw by one of the windows a sheet of paper—I picked it up, and perceived that it was the envelope in which the letter had been enclosed. It contained only these lines, addressed to me, in French:

"A friend of the late Marshal Devereux encloses to his son a letter, the contents of which it is essential for his safety that he should know."

"C. D. B."

"Umph!" said I—"a very satisfactory intimation, considering that the son of the late Marshal Devereux is so very well assured that he shall not know one line of the contents of the said letter. But let me see after this messenger!" and I immediately hastened to institute inquiry respecting him. I found that he was already gone; immediately on leaving the hall he had remounted his horse, and taken his departure. One servant, however, had seen him, as he passed the front court, address a few words to my valet, Desmarais, who happened to be loitering there. I summoned Desmarais, and questioned him.

"The dirty fellow," said the Frenchman, pointing to his spattered stockings with a lachrymose air, "splashed me, by a prance of his horse, from head to foot, and while I was screaming for very anguish, he stopped and said, 'Tell the Count Devereux that I was unable to tarry, but that the letter requires no answer.'"

I consoled Desmarais for his misfortune, and hastened to my uncle with a determination to reveal to him all that had occurred. Sir William was in his dressing room, and his gentleman was very busy in adorning his wig. I entreated his goodness to dismiss the coiffeur, and then, without much preliminary detail, acquainted him with all that had passed between the abbé and myself.

The knight seemed startled when I came to the story of the sword. "'Gad, Sir Count, what have you been doing?" said he; "know you not that this may be a very ticklish matter? The King of France is a very great man to be sure—a very great man—and a very fine gentleman; but you will please to remember that we are at war with his majesty, and I cannot guess how far the acceptance of such presents may be treasonable."

And Sir William shook his head with a mournful significance. "Ah," cried he, at last, (when I had concluded my whole story,) with a complacent look, "I have not lived at court, and studied human nature, for nothing; and I will wager my best full-

bottom to a nightcap, that the crafty old fox is as much a jacobite as he is a rogue! The letter would have proved it, sir—it would have proved it!"

"But what shall be done now?" said I; "will you suffer him to remain any longer in the house?"

"Why," replied the knight, suddenly recollecting his reverence to the fair sex, "he is your mother's guest, not mine; we must refer the matter to her. But zatna, sir, with all deference to her ladyship, we cannot suffer our house to be a conspiracy-hatch, as well as a popish chapel;—and to attempt your life too—the devil! Od's-fish, boy, I will go to the countess myself, if you will just let Nicholls finish my wig—never attend the ladies *en déshabille*—always, with them, take care of your person most, when you most want to display your mind;" and my uncle, ringing a little silver bell on his dressing table, the sound immediately brought Nicholls to his toilet.

Trusting the cause to the zeal of my uncle, whose hatred to the ecclesiastic would, I knew, be an efficacious adjunct to his diplomatic address, and not unwilling to avoid being myself the person to acquaint my mother with the suspected delinquency of her favourite, I hastened from the knight's apartment in search of Aubrey. He was not in the house. His attendants (for my uncle, with old fashioned grandeur of respect, suitable to his great wealth and aristocratic temper, allotted to each of us a separate suite of servants as well as of apartments) believed he was in the park. Thither I repaired, and found him, at length, seated by an old tree, with a large book of a religious cast before him, on which his eyes were intently bent.

"I rejoice to have found thee, my gentle brother," said I, throwing myself on the green turf by his side; "in truth you have chosen a fitting and fair place for study."

"I have chosen," said Aubrey, "a place meet for the peculiar study I am engrossed in; for where can we better read of the power and benevolence of God, than among the living testimonies of both. Beautiful!—how very beautiful—is this happy world; but I fear," added Aubrey, and the glow of his countenance died away—"I fear that we enjoy it too much."

"We hold different interpretations of our creed, then," said I, "for I esteem enjoyment the best proof of gratitude; nor do I think we can pay a more acceptable duty to the Father of all goodness, than by showing ourselves sensible of the favours he bestows upon us."

Aubrey shook his head gently, but replied not.

"Yes," resumed I, after a pause—"yes, it is indeed a glorious and fair world which we have for our inheritance. Look, how the sunlight sleeps yonder upon fields covered with golden corn, and seems, like the divine benevolence of which you spoke, to smile upon the luxuriance which its power created. This carpet at our feet, covered with flowers that breathe, sweet as good deeds, to heaven—the stream that breaks through that distant copse, laughing in the light of noon, and sending its voice through the hill and woodland, like a messenger of glad tidings—the green boughs over our head, vocal with a thousand songs, all inspirations of a joy too exquisite for silence—the very leaves, which seem to dance and quiver with delight—think you, Aubrey, that these are so sullen as not to return thanks for the happiness they imbibe with being;—what are those thanks but the

incense of their joy! The flowers send it up to heaven in fragrance—the air and the wave in music. Shall the heart of man be the only part of His creation that shall dishonour His worship with lamentation and gloom? When the inspired writers call upon us to praise our Creator, do they not say to us—*Be joyful in your God!*”

“How can we be joyful with the judgment day ever before us?” said Aubrey—“how can we be joyful,” (and here a dark shade crossed his countenance, and his lip trembled with emotion,) “while the deadly passions of this world plead and rankle at the heart. O, none but they who have known the full blessedness of a commune with Heaven, can dream of the whole anguish and agony of the conscience, when it feels itself sullied by the mire and crushed by the load of earth!” Aubrey paused, and his words—his tone—his look—made upon me a powerful impression. I was about to answer, when, interrupting me, he said, “Let us talk not of these matters—speak to me on more worldly topics.”

“I sought you,” said I, “that I might do so;” and I proceeded to detail to Aubrey as much of my private intercourse with the abbé as I deemed necessary to warn him from too close a confidence in the wily ecclesiastic. Aubrey listened to me with earnest attention;—the affair of the letter—the gross falsehood of the priest in denying the mention of my name in the epistle, evidently dismayed him. “But,” said he, after a long silence—“but it is not for us, Morton—weak, ignorant, inexperienced as we are—to judge prematurely of our spiritual pastors. To them also is given a far greater license of conduct than to us; and ways enveloped in what to our eyes are mystery and shade; nay, I know not whether it be much less impious to question the paths of God’s chosen, than to scrutinize those of the Deity himself.”

“Aubrey, Aubrey, this is childish!” said I, somewhat moved to anger. “Mystery is always the trick of imposture: God’s chosen should be distinguished from their flock only by superior virtue, and not by a superior privilege in deceit.”

“But,” said Aubrey, pointing to a passage in the book before him, “see what a preacher of the word has said!”—and Aubrey recited one of the most dangerous maxims in priestcraft, as reverently as if he were quoting from the Scripture itself. “‘The nakedness of truth should never be too openly exposed to the eyes of the vulgar. It was wisely feigned by the ancients, that truth did lie concealed in a well!’”

“Yes,” said I, with enthusiasm, “but that well is like the holy stream of Dodona, which has the gift of enlightening those who seek it, and the power of illumining every torch which touches the surface of its water!”

Whatever answer Aubrey might have made was interrupted by my uncle, who appeared approaching toward us with unusual satisfaction depicted on his comely countenance.

“Well, boys, well,” said he, when he came within hearing—“a holyday for you! Od’s-fish,—and a holier day than my old house has known since its former proprietor, Sir Hugo, of valorous memory, demolished the nunnery, of which some remains yet stand on yonder eminence. Morton, my man of might—the thing is done—the court is purified—the wicked one is departed. Look here, and be as happy as I am at our release;” and he threw me a note in Montreuil’s writing:—

“To Sir William Devereux, Kt.

“MY REVEREND FRIEND,

“In consequence of a dispute between your eldest nephew, Count Morton Devereux, and myself, in which he desired me to remember, not only that our former relationship of tutor and pupil was at an end, but that friendship for his person was incompatible with the respect due to his superior station, I can neither so far degrade the dignity of letters, nor, above all, so meanly debate the sanctity of my divine profession, as any longer to remain beneath your hospitable roof,—a guest not only unwelcome to, but insulted by, your relation and apparent heir. Suffer me to offer you my gratitude for the favours you have hitherto bestowed on me, and to bid you farewell for ever.

“I have the honour to be,

“With the most profound respect, &c.

“JULIAN MONTEUIL.”

“Well, sir, what say you?” cried my uncle, stamping his cane firmly on the ground, when I had finished reading the letter, and had transmitted it to Aubrey.

“That the good abbé has displayed his usual skill in composition. And my mother! Is she imbued with our opinion of his priestship?”

“Not exactly, I fear. However, heaven bless her, she is too soft to say ‘nay.’ But those Jesuits are so smooth-tongued to women. ‘God, they threaten damnation with such an irresistible air, that they are as much William the Conqueror as Edward the Confessor. Ha! master Aubrey, have you become amorous of the old jacobite. Do you sigh over his crabbed writing, as if it were a *billet-doux*?’”

“There seems a great deal of feeling in what he says, sir,” said Aubrey, returning the letter to my uncle.

“Feeling!” cried the knight; “ay, the reverend gentry always have a marvellously tender feeling for their own interest—eh, Morton?”

“Right, dear sir,” said I, wishing to change a subject which I knew might hurt Aubrey; “but should we not join yon party of dames and damsels? I see they are about to make a water excursion.”

“’Sdeath, sir, with all my heart,” cried the good-natured knight: “I love to see the dear creatures amuse themselves; for, to tell you the truth, Morton,” said he, sinking his voice into a knowing whisper, “the best thing to keep them from playing the devil is to encourage them in playing the fool!” and, laughing heartily at the jest he had purloined from one of his favourite writers, Sir William led the way to the water-party.

CHAPTER XIV.

Being a chapter of trifles.

THE abbé disappeared! It is astonishing how well everybody bore his departure. My mother scarcely spoke on the subject; but, along the irrefragable smoothness of her temperament, all things glided without resistance to their course, or track, where they had been. Gerald, who, occupied solely in rural sports or rustic loves, seldom mingled in the festivities of the house, was equally

nt on the subject. Aubrey looked grieved for ay or two; but his countenance soon settled to its customary and grave softness; and, in less than a week, so little was the abbé spoken of as missed, that you would scarcely have imagined that Montreuil had ever passed the threshold of the gate. The forgetfulness of one buried is nothing to the forgetfulness of one disgraced.

Meanwhile, I pressed for my departure; and, at length, the day was finally fixed. Ever since that conversation with the Lady Hasselton, which has been set before the reader, that lady had lingered and lingered—though the house was growing empty, and London, in all seasons, was, according to her, better than the country in any—until the Count Devereux, with that amiable modesty which so especially characterized him, began to suspect that the Lady Hasselton lingered upon his account. This imboldened that bashful page to press in earnest for the fourth seat in the beauty's carriage, which, we have seen in the conversation before-mentioned, had been previously offered to him in jest. After a great affectation of horror of the proposal, the Lady Hasselton yielded. She had always, she said, been doatingly fond of children, and it was certainly very shocking to send such a child as the little count to London by himself.

My uncle was charmed with the arrangement. The beauty was a peculiar favourite of his, and, in fact, he was sometimes pleased to hint that he had private reasons for love toward her mother's laughter. Of the truth of this insinuation I am, however, more than somewhat suspicious, and believe it was only a little *ruse* of the good knight, in order to excuse the vent of those kindly affections with which (while the heartless tone of the company his youth had frequented made him ashamed to own it) his breast overflowed. There was in Lady Hasselton's familiarity—her ease of manner—a certain good nature mingled with her affectation, and a gayety of spirit which never flagged—something greatly calculated to win favour with a man of my uncle's temper.

An old gentleman who filled in her family the office of "the *chevalier*" in a French one; viz. who told stories, not too long, and did not challenge you for interrupting them—who had a good air, and an unexceptionable pedigree—a turn for wit, literature, note-writing, and the management of lap-dogs—who could attend the *dame de la maison* to auctions, plays, court, and the puppet-show—who had a right to the best company, but would, on a signal, give up his seat to any one of the pretty *capricieuse* whom he served might select from the worst—in short, a very useful, charming personage, "vastly" liked by all, and "prodigiously" respected by none;—this gentleman, I say, by name Mr. Lovell, had attended her ladyship in her excursion to Devereux Court. Besides him there came also a widow lady, a distant relation, with one eye and a sharp tongue—the Lady Needleham, whom the beauty carried about with her as a sort of *gouvernante* or duenna. These excellent persons made my *compagnons de voyage*, and filled the remaining complements of the coach. To say truth, and to say nothing of my *tendresse* for the Lady Hasselton, I was very anxious to escape the ridicule of crawling up to town, like a green beetle, in my uncle's verdant chariot, with the four Flanders' mares trained not

to exceed two miles an hour. And my Lady Hasselton's *private* railleries—for she was really well bred, and made no jest of my uncle's antiquities of taste, in his presence, at least—had considerably heightened my intuitive dislike to that mode of transporting myself to the metropolis. The day before my departure, Gerald, for the first time, spoke of it.

Glancing toward the mirror, which gave in full contrast the magnificent beauty of his person, and the smaller proportions and plainer features of my own, he said, with a sneer, "Your appearance must create a wonderful sensation in town."

"No doubt of it," said I, taking his words literally, and arraying my laced cravat with the air of a *petit maitre*.

"What a wit the count has!" whispered the Dutchess of Lackland—who had not yet given up all hope of the elder brother.

"Wit," said the Lady Hasselton; "poor child, he is a perfect simpleton!"

CHAPTER XV.

The mother and son—Virtue should be the sovereign of the feelings, not their destroyer.

I took the first opportunity to escape from the good company, who were so divided in opinion as to my mental accomplishments, and repaired to my mother; for whom, despite of her evenness of disposition, verging toward insensibility, I felt a powerful and ineffaceable affection. Indeed, if purity of life, rectitude of intentions, and fervour of piety, can win love, none ever deserved it more than she. It was a pity that, with such admirable qualities, she had not more diligently cultivated her affections. The seed was not wanting; but it had been neglected. Originally intended for the veil, she had been taught, early in life, that much feeling was synonymous with much sin; and she had so long and so carefully repressed in her heart every attempt of the forbidden fruit to put forth a single blossom, that the soil seemed at last to have become incapable of bearing it. If, in one corner of this barren, but sacred spot, some green and tender verdure of affection did exist, it was, with a partial and petty reserve for my twin-brother, kept exclusive and consecrated to Aubrey. His congenial habits of pious silence and rigid devotion—his softness of temper—his utter freedom from all boyish excesses, joined to his almost angelic beauty—a quality which, in no female heart, is ever without its value—were exactly calculated to attract her sympathy, and work themselves into her love. Gerald was also regular in his habits, attentive to devotion, and had, from an early period, been high in the favour of her spiritual director. Gerald too, if he had not the delicate and dreamlike beauty of Aubrey, possessed attractions of more masculine and decided order; and for Gerald, therefore, the countess gave the little of love that she could spare from Aubrey. To me she manifested the most utter indifference. My difficult and fastidious temper—my sarcastic turn of mind—my violent and headstrong passions—my daring, reckless, and, when roused, almost ferocious nature (there is a vanity in telling as well as in concealing faults)—all, especially revolted the even, and polished, and quiescent character of

my maternal parent. The little extravagances of my childhood seemed, to her pure and inexperienced mind, the crimes of a heart naturally distorted and evil; my jesting vein, which, though it never, even in the wantonness of youth, attacked the substances of good, seldom respected its semblances and its forms, she considered as the effusions of malignancy; and even the bursts of affection, kindness, and benevolence, which were by no means unfrequent in my wild and motley character, were so foreign to her stillness of temperament, that they only revolted her by their violence, instead of conciliating her by their nature.

Nor did she like me the better for the mutual understanding between my uncle and myself. On the contrary, shocked by the idle and gay turn of the knight's conversation, the frivolities of his mind, and his heretical disregard for the forms of the religious sect which she so zealously espoused, she was utterly insensible to the points which redeemed and ennobled his sterling and generous character—utterly obtuse to his warmth of heart—his overflowing kindness of disposition—his charity—his high honour—his justice of principle, that nothing save benevolence could warp—and the shrewd penetrating sense, which, though often clouded by foibles and humorous eccentricity, still made the stratum of his intellectual composition. Nevertheless, despite of her prepossessions against us both, there was in her temper something so gentle, meek, and unupbraiding, that even the sense of injustice lost its sting, and one could not help loving the softness of her character, while one was most chilled by its frigidity. Anger, hope, fear, the faintest breath or sign of passion, never seemed to stir the breathless languor of her feelings: and quiet was so inseparable from her image, that I have almost thought, like that people described by Herodotus, her very sleep could never be disturbed by dreams.

Yes! how fondly, how tenderly I loved her! What tears—secret, but deep—bitter, but unreproaching—have I retired to shed, when I caught her cold and unaffectionate glance. How (unnoticed and uncared for) have I watched, and prayed, and wept, without her door, when a transitory sickness or suffering detained her within; and how, when stretched myself upon the feverish bed, to which my early weakness of frame often condemned me, how eagerly have I counted the moments to her punctilious and brief visit, and started as I caught her footstep, and felt my heart leap within me as she approached; and then, as I heard her cold tone, and looked upon her unmoved face, how bitterly have I turned away with all that repressed and crushed affection which was construed into coldness or disrespect. O mighty and enduring force of early associations, which almost seems, in its unconquerable strength, to partake of an innate prepossession, that binds the son to the mother, who concealed him in her womb, and purchased life for him with the travail of death!—fountain of filial love, which coldness cannot freeze, nor injustice embitter, nor pride divert into fresh channels, nor time and the hot suns of our toiling manhood exhaust—even at this moment, how livingly do you gush upon my heart, and water with your divine waves the memories that yet flourish amid the sterility of years!

I approached the apartments appropriated to my mother—I knocked at her door; one of her

women admitted me. The countess was sitting on a high-backed chair, curiously adorned with tapestry. Her feet, which were remarkable for their beauty, were upon a velvet cushion; three handmaids stood round her, and she herself was busily employed in a piece of delicate embroidery, an art in which she eminently excelled.

"The count—madam!" said the woman, who had admitted me, placing a chair beside my mother, and then retiring to join her sister maids.

"Good day to you, my son," said the countess, lifting her eyes for a moment, and then dropping them again upon her work.

"I have come to seek you, dearest mother, as I know not if, among the crowd of guests and amusements which surround us, I shall enjoy another opportunity of having a private conversation with you. Will it please you to dismiss your women?"

My mother again lifted up her eyes—"And why, my son?—surely there *can* be nothing between us which requires their absence; what is your reason?"

"I leave you to-morrow, madam; is it strange that a son should wish to see his mother alone before his departure?"

"By no means, Morton; but your absence will not be very long, will it?—dear, how unfortunate—I have dropt a stitch."

"Forgive my importunity, dear mother—but *will* you dismiss your attendants?"

"If you wish it, certainly; but I dislike feeling alone, especially in these large rooms; nor do I think our being unattended quite consistent with our rank; however, I never contradict you, my son," and the countess directed her women to wait in the ante-room.

"Well, Morton, what is your wish?"

"Only to bid you farewell, and to ask if London contains nothing which you will commission me to obtain for you!"

The countess again raised her eyes from her work. "I am greatly obliged to you, my dear son, this is a very delicate attention on your part. I am informed that stomachers are worn a thought less pointed than they were. I care not, you well know, for such vanities; but respect to the memory of your illustrious father renders me desirous to wear a seemly appearance to the world, and my women shall give you written instructions thereon to Madame Tourville: she lives in St. James' street, and is the only person to be employed in these matters. She is a woman who has known misfortune, and appreciates the sorrowful and subdued tastes of those whom an exalted station has not preserved from like afflictions. So you go to-morrow—will you get me the scissors? they are on the ivory table, yonder. When do you return?"

"Perhaps, never!" said I, abruptly.

"Never, Morton; how singular—why?"

"I may join the army—and be killed."

"I hope not. Dear, how cold it is—will you shut the window?—pray forgive my troubling you, but you *would* send away the women. Join the army, you say?—it is a very dangerous profession!—your poor father might be alive now but for having embraced it; nevertheless, in a righteous cause, under the Lord of Hosts, there is great glory to be obtained beneath its banners. Alas, however, for its private evils!—alas, for the orphan and the widow!—You will be sure, my dear son, to

give the note to Madame Tourville herself; her assistants have not her knowledge of my misfortunes, nor indeed of my exact proportions; and at my age, and in my desolate state, I would fain be decorous in these things; and that reminds me of dinner. Have you aught else to say, Moron?"

"Yes!" said I, suppressing my emotions—yes, mother! do bestow on me one warm wish, one kind word, before we part—see—I kneel for your blessing—will you not give it me?"

"Bless you, my child—bless you!—look you now—I have dropt my needle."

I rose hastily—bowed profoundly—(my mother returned the courtesy with the grace peculiar to herself)—and withdrew. I hurried into the great drawing room—found Lady Needleham alone—

rushed out in despair—encountered the Lady Hasselton, and coquetted with her the rest of the evening. Vain hope! to forget one's real feelings by pretending those one never felt.

The next morning, then, after suitable adieux to all (Gerald excepted) whom I left behind—after some tears too from my uncle, which, had it not been for the presence of the Lady Hasselton, I could have returned with interest—and after a long caress to his dog Ponto, which now, in parting with that dear old man, seemed to me as dog never seemed before, I hurried into the beauty's carriage, bade farewell for ever to the Rubicon of life, and commenced my career of manhood and citizenship by learning, under the tuition of the prettiest coquet of her time, the dignified duties of a court gallant, and a town beau.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

The hero in London—Pleasure is often the shortest, as it is the earliest road to wisdom, and we may say of the world what Zeal-of-the-Land-Busy says of the pig booth, "We scape so much of the other vanities by our early entering."

It had, when I first went to town, just become the fashion for young men of fortune to keep house, and to give their bachelor establishments the importance hitherto reserved for the household of a Benedict.

Let the reader figure to himself a suite of apartments, magnificently furnished, in the vicinity of the court. An ante-room is crowded with divers persons, all messengers in the various negotiations of pleasure. There a French valet—that inestimable valet Jean Desmarais—sitting over a small fire, was watching the operations of a coffee-pot, and conversing, in a mutilated attempt at the language of our nation, though with the enviable fluency of his own, with the various loiterers who were beguiling the hours they were obliged to wait for an audience with the master himself, by laughing with true English courtesy at the master's Gallic representative. There stood a tailor with his books of patterns just imported from Paris—that modern Prometheus, who makes man what he is! Next to him a tall gaunt fellow, in a coat covered with tarnished lace, a nightcap wig, and a large whip in his hand, came to vouch for the pedigree and excellence of the three horses he intends to dispose of, out of pure love and amity for the buyer. By the window stood a thin starveling poet, who, like the grammarian of Coa, might have put lead in his pockets to prevent being blown away, had he not, with a more paternal precaution, put so much in his works that he had left none to spare. Excellent trick of the times, when ten guineas can purchase every virtue under the sun, and when an author thinks to vindicate the sins of his book, by proving the admirable qualities of the paragon to whom it is dedicated.*

* Thank heaven, for the honour of literature, *tout cela est changé*.—ED.

There, with an air of supercilious contempt upon his smooth cheeks, a page, in purple and silver, sat upon the table swinging his legs to and fro, and big with all the reflected importance of a *billet-doux*. There stood the pert haberdasher, with his box of silver-fringed gloves, and lace which Diana might have worn. At that time there was indeed no enemy to female chastity like the former article of man-millinery—the delicate whiteness of the glove, the starry splendour of the fringe, were irresistible, and the fair Adorna in poor Lee's tragedy of *Cæsar Borgia*, is far from the only lady who has been killed by a pair of gloves.

Next to the haberdasher, dingy and dull of aspect, a book-hunter bent beneath the load of old works, gathered from stall and shed, and about to be resold according to the price exacted from all literary gallants, who affect to unite the fine gentleman with the profound scholar. A little girl, whose brazen face and voluble tongue betrayed the growth of her intellectual faculties, leant against the wainscot, and repeated, in the ante-room, the tart repartees which her mistress (the most celebrated actress of the day) uttered on the stage; while a stout, sturdy, bull-headed gentleman, in a gray surtout and a black wig, mingled with the various voices of the motley group, the gentle phrases of Hockley in the Hole, from which place of polite merriment he came charged with a message of invitation. While such were the inmates of the ante-room, what picture shall we draw of the *salon* and its occupant?

A table was covered with books, a couple of fencing foils, a woman's mask, and a profusion of letters; a scarlet cloak, richly laced, hung over, trailing on the ground. Upon a slab of marble lay a hat, looped with the costliest diamonds, a sword, and a lady's lute. Extended upon a sofa, loosely robed in a dressing gown of black velvet, his shirt collar unbuttoned, his stockings ungartered, his own hair (undressed and released for a brief interval from the false locks universally worn) waving from his forehead in short yet dishevelled curls, his whole appearance stamped with the morning negligence which usually follows

midnight dissipation, lay a young man of about nineteen years. His features were neither handsome nor unfavourable; and his stature was small, slight, and somewhat insignificant, but not, perhaps, ill formed either for active enterprise or for muscular effort. Such, reader, is the picture of the young prodigal who occupied the apartments I have described, and such (though somewhat flattered by partiality) is a portrait of Morton Devereux, six months after his arrival in town.

The door was suddenly thrown open with that unhesitating rudeness by which our friends think it necessary to signify the extent of their familiarity; and a young man of about eight and twenty, richly dressed, and of a countenance in which a dissipated nonchalance and an aristocratic hauteur seemed to struggle for mastery, abruptly entered.

"What! ho, my noble royster," cried he, flinging himself upon a chair—"still suffering from St. John's Burgundy? Fie, fie, upon your apprenticeship!—why, before I had served half your time, I could take my three bottles as easily as the sea took the good ship 'Revolution,'—swallow them down with a gulp, and never show the least sign of them the next morning."

"I readily believe you, most magnanimous Tarleton. Providence gives to each of its creatures different favours—to one wit—to the other a capacity for drinking. A thousand pities that they are never united!"

"So bitter, count!—ah, what will ever cure you of sarcasm?"

"A wise man by conversion, or fools by satiety."

"Well, I dare say that is witty enough, but I never admire fine things of a morning. I like letting my faculties live till night in a deshabille—let us talk easily and idly of the affairs of the day. *Imprimis*, will you stroll to the New Exchange?—there is a black eye there, that measures out ribanda, and my green ones long to flirt with it."

"With all my heart—and in return you shall accompany me to Master Powell's puppet-show."

"You speak as wisely as Solomon himself in the puppet-show. I own that I love that sight; 'tis a pleasure to the littleness of human nature to see great things abased by mimicry—kings moved by bobbins, and the pomps of the earth personated by Punch."

"But how do you like sharing the mirth of the groundlings, the filthy plebeians, and letting them see how petty are those distinctions which you value so highly, by showing them how heartily you can laugh at such distinctions yourself. Allow, my superb Coriolanus, that one purchases pride by the loss of consistency."

"Ah, Devereux, you poison my enjoyment by the mere word plebeian! O, what a beastly thing is a common person!—a shape of the trodden clay without any alloy—a compound of dirty clothes—bacon breaths, villanous smells, beggarly cowardice, and cattish ferocity.—Pah, Devereux! rub civet on the very thought!"

"Yet they will laugh to-day at the same things you will, and consequently there will be a most flattering congeniality between you. Emotion, whether of ridicule, anger, or sorrow—whether

raised at a puppet-show, a funeral, or a battle—is your grandest of levellers. The man who would be always superior should be always apathetic."

"Oracular, as usual, count,—but, hark!—the clock gives tongue. One, by the Lord!—will you not dress?"

And I rose and dressed. We passed through the ante-room, my attendant adjutores in the art of wasting money, drew up in a row.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said I, ("Gentlemen, indeed!" cried Tarleton,) "for keeping you so long. Mr. Snivelanip, your waistcoats are exquisite—favour me by conversing with my valet on the width of the lace for my liveries—he has my instructions. Mr. Jockelton, your horses shall be tried to-morrow at one. Ah, Mr. Rymer, I beg you a thousand pardons—I beseech you to forgive the ignorance of my rascals in suffering a gentleman of your merit to remain for a moment untended to. I have read your ode—it is splendid—the case of Horace, with the fire of Pindar—your Pegasus never touches the earth, and yet in his wildest excesses you curb him with equal grace and facility. I object, sir, only to your dedication—it is too flattering."

"By no means, my lord count, it fits you to a hair."

"Pardon me," interrupted I, "and allow me to transfer the honour to Lord Halifax—he loves men of merit—he loves also their dedications. I will mention it to him to-morrow—every thing you say of me will suit him exactly. You will oblige me with a copy of your poem—directly it is printed, and suffer me to pay your bookseller for it now, and through your friendly mediation: adieu!"

"O, count, this is too generous."

"A letter for me, my pretty page. Ah! till her ladyship I shall wait upon her commands at Powell's—time will move with a tortoise speed till I kiss her hands. Mr. Fribbledon, your gloves would fit the giants at Guildhall—my valet will furnish you with my exact size—you will see to the legitimate breadth of the fringe. My little beauty, you are from Mrs. Bracegirdle—the play *shall* succeed—I have taken seven boxes—Mr. St. John promises his influence. Say, therefore, my Hebe, that the thing is certain, and let me kiss thee, *ma mignonne*—thou hast dew on thy lip already. Mr. Thumpem, you are a fine fellow, and deserve to be encouraged; I will see that the next time your head is broken it shall be broken fairly;—but I will not patronise the bear—consider that peremptory. What, Mr. Bookworm, again! I hope you have succeeded better this time—the old songs had an autumn fit upon them, and had lost the best part of their leaves; and Plato had mortgaged one half his republic, to pay, I suppose, the exorbitant sum you thought proper to set upon the other. As for Diogenes Laertius, and his philosophers—"

"Pish!" interrupted Tarleton;—"are you relying, by your theoretical treatises on philosophy, to make me learn the practical part of it, and prate upon learning while I am supporting myself with patience?"

"Pardon me! Mr. Bookworm—you will deposit your load, and visit me to-morrow at an earlier hour.—And now, Tarleton, I am at your service."

CHAPTER II.

day scenes and conversations—The new exchange and the puppet-show—The actor, the sexton, and the beauty.

"WELL, Tarleton," said I, looking round that part of millinery and love-making, which, so celebrated in the reign of Charles II., still preserved the shadow of its old renown in that of Anne—well, here we are upon the classical ground so often commemorated in the comedies which our haste grandmothers thronged to see. Here we can make appointments, while we profess to buy loves, and should our mistress tarry too long, beguile our impatience by a flirtation with her milliner. Is there not a breathing air of gayety about the place?—does it not still smack of the *Etherages* and *Sedleys*?"

"Right," said Tarleton, leaning over a counter, and amorously eyeing the pretty coquet to whom I belonged—while, with the coxcombry then in fashion, he sprinkled the long curls that touched his shoulders with a fragrant shower from a bottle of jessamine water upon the counter—"right; saw you ever such an eye! Have you snuff of the true scent, my beauty—foh!—this is for the nostril of a Welsh parson—choleric and hot, my beauty—pulverized horse-radish—why, it would make a nose of the coldest constitution imaginable sneeze like a washed schoolboy on a Saturday night. Ah, this is better, my princess—there is some courtesy in this snuff—it flatters the brain, like a poet's dedication. Right, *Devereux*, right, here is something infectious in the atmosphere; we catch good humour, as easily as if it were cold. Shall we stroll on?—my *Clelia* is on the other side of the exchange. You were speaking of the daywriters—what a pity that our *Etherages* and *Wycherleys* should be so frank in their gallantry, that the prudish public already begins to look shy on them. They have a world of wit!"

"Ay," said I; "and, as my good uncle would say, a world of knowledge of human nature, viz. of the worst part of it. But they are worse than merely licentious—they are positively villanous—regnant with the most redemptionless *scoundrelism*,—cheating, lying, thieving, and fraud; their humour debauches the whole moral system—they are like the Sardinian herb—they make you laugh, it is true—but *they poison you in the act*. But who comes here?"

"O, honest Coll!—Ah, *Cibber*, how goes it with you?"

The person thus addressed was a man of about the middle age—very grotesquely attired, and with a perriwig preposterously long. His countenance (which, in its features, was rather comely) was stamped with an odd mixture of liveliness, impudence, and a coarse yet not unjoyous spirit of reckless debauchery. He approached us with a saunter, and saluted Tarleton with an air servile enough, in spite of an affected familiarity.

"What think you," resumed my companion, "we were conversing upon?"

"Why, indeed, Mr. Tarleton," answered *Cibber*, bowing very low, "unless it were the exquisite fashion of your waistcoat, or your success with my lady dutchess, I know not what to guess."

"Pooh, man," said Tarleton haughtily, "none of your compliments;" and then added, in a milder

tone, "no, Colly, we were abusing the immoralities that existed on the stage, until thou, by the light of thy virtuous example, didst undertake to reform it."

"Why," rejoined *Cibber*, with an air of mock sanctity, "heaven be praised, I have pulled out some of the weeds from our theatrical *parterre*—"

"Hear you that, count? Does he not look a pretty fellow for a censor?"

"Surely," said *Cibber*, "ever since *Dickey Steele* has set up for a saint, and assumed the methodistical twang, some hopes of conversion may be left even for such reprobates as myself. Where, may I ask, will Mr. Tarleton drink to-night?"

"Not with thee, Coll. The *Saturnalia* don't happen every day. Rid us now of thy company; but stop, I will do thee a pleasure—know you this gentleman?"

"I have not that extreme honour."

"Know a count then. Count *Devereux*, demean yourself by sometimes acknowledging *Colley Cibber*, a rare fellow at a song, a bottle, and a message to an actress; a lively rascal enough, but without the goodness to be loved, or the independence to be respected."

"Mr. *Cibber*," said I, rather hurt at Tarleton's speech, though the object of it seemed to hear this description with the most unruffled composure, "Mr. *Cibber*, I am happy, and proud of an introduction to the author of the '*Careless Husband*.' Here is my address; oblige me with a visit at your leisure."

"How could you be so galling to the poor devil?" said I, when *Cibber*, with a profusion of bows and compliments, had left us to ourselves.

"Ah, hang him—a low fellow, who pins all his happiness to the skirts of the quality, is proud of being despised, and that which would excruciate the vanity of others, only flatters *his*. And now for my *Clelia*."

After my companion had amused himself with a brief flirtation with a young lady who affected a most edifying demureness, we left the exchange, and repaired to the puppet-show.

As we entered the piazza, in which, as I am writing for the next century, it may be necessary to say that *Punch* held his court, we saw a tall, thin fellow, loitering under the columns, and exhibiting a countenance of the most ludicrous discontent. There was an insolent arrogance about Tarleton's good nature, which always led him to consult the whim of the moment at the expense of every other consideration, especially if the whim referred to a member of the *canaille*, whom my aristocratic friend esteemed as a base part of the exclusive and despotic property of gentlemen.

"Egad, *Devereux*," said he, "do you see that fellow? he has the audacity to affect spleen. Faith, I thought melancholy was the distinguishing patent of nobility—we will smoke him." And advancing toward the man of gloom, Tarleton touched him with the end of his cane. The man started and turned round. "Pray, sirrah," said Tarleton coldly, "pray who the devil are you, that you presume to look discontented?"

"Why, sir," said the man, good humouredly enough, "I have some right to be angry."

"I doubt it, my friend," said Tarleton. "What

is your complaint? a rise in the price of tripe, or a drinking wife? those, I take it, are the sole misfortunes incidental to your condition."

"If that be the case," said I, observing a cloud on our new friend's brow, "shall we heal thy sufferings? Tell us thy complaints, and we will prescribe thee a silver specific; there is a sample of our skill."

"Thank you, humbly, gentlemen," said the man, pocketing the money and clearing his countenance; "and, seriously, mine is an uncommonly hard case. I was, till within the last few weeks, the under-sexton of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and my duty was that of ringing the bells for daily prayers: but a man of Belial came hitherward, set up a puppet-show, and timing the hours of his exhibition with a wicked sagacity, made the bell I rang for church serve as a summons to Punch; so, gentlemen, that whenever your humble servant began to pull for the Lord, his perverted congregation began to flock to the devil; and instead of being an instrument for saving souls, I was made the innocent means of destroying them. O, gentlemen, it was a shocking thing, to tug away at the rope till the sweat ran down one, for four shillings a week; and to feel all the time that one was thinning one's own congregation, and emptying one's own pockets."

"It was indeed a lamentable dilemma; and what did you, Mr. Sexton?"

"Do, sir! why, I could not stifle my conscience, and I left my place. Ever since then, sir, I have stationed myself in the piazza, to warn my poor, deluded fellow creatures of their error, and to assure them that when the bell of St. Paul's rings, it rings for prayers, and not for puppet-shows; and, Lord help us, there it goes at this very moment; and look, look, gentlemen, how the wigs and hoods are crowding to the motion* instead of the minister."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Tarleton, "Mr. Powell is not the first man who has wrested things holy to serve a carnal purpose, and made use of church bells in order to ring in money to the wide pouch of the church's enemies. Harkye, my friend, follow my advice, and turn preacher yourself; mount a cart opposite to the motion, and I'll wager a trifle that the crowd forsake the theatrical mountebank in favour of the religious one; for the more sacred the thing played upon, the more certain is the gain."

"Body of me, gentlemen," cried the ex-sexton, "I'll follow your advice."

"Do so, man, and never presume to look doleful again; leave dulness to your superiors."†

And with this advice, and an additional compensation for his confidence, we left the innocent assistant of Mr. Powell, and marched into the puppet-show, by the sound of the very bells the perversion of which the good sexton had so pathetically lamented.

The first person I saw at the show, and indeed the express person I came to see, was the Lady Hasselton. Tarleton and myself separated for the present, and I repaired to the coquet: "Angels of grace!" said I, approaching; "and by-the-by, before I proceed another word, observe, Lady Has-

selton, how appropriate the exclamation is to you! Angels of grace! why you have moved all your patches!—one—two—three—six—eight—as I am a gentleman, from the left side of your cheek to the right! What is the reason of so sudden an emigration?"

"I have changed my politics,* count, that is all, and have resolved to lose no time in proclaiming the change. But is it true that you are going to be married?"

"Married! Heaven forbid! which of my enemies spread so cruel a report?"

"O, the report is universal!" and the Lady Hasselton flirted her fan with a most flattering violence.

"It is false, nevertheless! I cannot afford to buy a wife at present, for, thanks to jointures and pin-money, these things are all matter of commerce; and (see how closely civilized life resembles the savage!) the English, like the Tartar gentleman, obtains his wife only by purchase! But who is the bride?"

"The Duke of Newcastle's rich daughter, Lady Henrietta Pelham."

"What, Harley's object of ambition!† Faith, madam, the report is not so cruel as I thought for!"

"O, you fop!—but it is not true!"

"By my honour, I fear not; my rivals are too numerous and too powerful. Look now, yonder! how they already flock around the illustrious heiress,—note those smiles and simpers. Is it not pretty to see those very fine gentlemen imitating bumpkins at a fair, and grinning their best for a gold ring! But you need not fear me, Lady Hasselton, my love cannot wander if it would. In the quaint thought of Sidney,‡ love having once flown to my heart, burnt its wings there, and cannot fly away."

"La, you know!" said the beauty; "I do not comprehend you exactly—your master of the grace does not teach you your compliments properly."

"Yes, he does, but in your presence I forget them; and now," I added, lowering my voice into the lowest of whispers, "now that you are assured of my fidelity, will you not learn at last to discredit rumours and trust to me?"

"I love you too well!" answered the Lady Hasselton, in the same tone, and that answer gives an admirable idea of the affection of every coquet!—love and confidence with them are qualities that have a natural antipathy, and can never be united. Our tête-à-tête was at an end, the people round us became social, and conversation general.

"Betterton acts to-morrow night," cried the Lady Pratterly, "we must go!"

"We must go!" cried the Lady Hasselton.

"We must go!" cried all.

And so passed the time till the puppet-show was over, and my attendance dispensed with.

It is a charming thing to be the lover of a lady of the mode! One so honoured does with his hours as a miser with his guineas, viz. nothing but count them.

* Whig ladies patched on one side of the cheek,—tories on the other.—Ed.

† Lord Bolingbroke tells us, that it was the main end of Harley's administration to marry his son to this lady. Thus is the fate of nations a bundle made up of a thousand little private schemes.—Ed.

‡ In the Arcadia, that museum of oddities and beauties.

* An antiquated word in use for puppet-shows.

† See Spectator, No. 14, for a letter from this unfortunate under-sexton.

CHAPTER III.

More lions.

THE next night, after the theatre, Tarleton and strolled into Wills's. Half a dozen wits were assembled. Heavens! how they talked!—actors, actresses, poets, statesmen, philosophers, critics, divines, were all pulled to pieces with the most satisfying malice imaginable. We sat ourselves down, and while Tarleton amused himself with a dish of coffee and the "Flying Post," I listened very attentively to the conversation. Certainly if we would take every opportunity of getting a grain or two of knowledge, we should soon have a basket-full; a man earned an excellent subsistence by asking every one who came out of a tobacconist's shop for a pinch of snuff, and retailing the mixture as soon as he had filled his box.*

While I was listening to a tall lusty gentleman, who was abusing Dogget the actor, a well-dressed man entered, and immediately attracted the general observation. He was of a very flat, ill-favoured countenance, but of a quick eye, and a genteel air; there was, however, something constrained and artificial in his address, and he appeared to be endeavouring to clothe a natural good humour with certain primness which could never be made to fit it.

"Ha, Steele!" cried a gentleman in an orange-coloured coat, who seemed, by a fashionable swagger of importance, desirous of giving the tone to the company—"Ha, Steele! whence come you? from the chapel or the tavern?" and the speaker winked round the room as if he wished us to participate in the pleasures of a good thing.

Mr. Steele drew up, seemingly a little affronted; but his good nature conquering the affectation of personal sanctity, which, at the time I refer to, that excellent writer was pleased to assume, he contented himself with nodding to the speaker, and saying:—

"All the world knows, Colonel Cleland, that you are a wit, and therefore we take your fine sayings, as we take change from an honest tradesman,—rest perfectly satisfied with the coin we get, without paying any attention to it."

"Zounds, Cleland, you got the worst of it here," cried a gentleman in a flaxen wig. And Steele slid into a seat near my own.

Tarleton, who was sufficiently well educated to pretend to the character of a man of letters, hereupon thought it necessary to lay aside the "Flying Post," and to introduce me to my literary neighbour.

"Pray," said Colonel Cleland, taking snuff, and winging himself to and fro with an air of fashionable grace, "has any one seen the new paper?"

"What!" cried the gentleman in the flaxen wig, "what! the Tattler's successor—the 'Spectator'?"

"The same," quoth the colonel.

"To be sure—who has not?" returned he of the flaxen ornament. "People say Congreve writes it."

"They are very much mistaken, then," cried a little square man with spectacles; "to my certain knowledge Swift is the author."

"Pooh!" said Cleland, imperiously—"pooh! it is neither one nor the other; I, gentlemen, am in the secret—but—you take me, eh? One must not speak well of one's self—*mum* is the word."

"Then," asked Steele, quietly, "we are to suppose that you, colonel, are the writer?"

"I never said so, Dicky; but the women will have it that I am," and the colonel smoothed down his cravat.

"Pray, Mr. Addison, what say you?" cried the gentleman in the flaxen wig, "are you for Congreve, Swift, or Colonel Cleland?" This was addressed to a gentleman of a grave, but rather prepossessing mien; who, with eyes fixed upon the ground, was very quietly, and, to all appearance, very inattentively solacing himself with a pipe; without lifting his eyes, this personage, then eminent, afterward rendered immortal, replied,—

"Colonel Cleland must produce other witnesses to prove his claim to the authorship of the 'Spectator'; the women, we well know, are prejudiced in his favour."

"That's true enough, old friend," cried the colonel, looking askant at his orange-coloured coat, "but faith, Addison, I wish you would set up a paper of the same sort, d'ye see; you're a nice judge of merit, and your sketches of character would do justice to your friends."

"If ever I do, colonel, I, or my coadjutors, will study at least to do justice to you."

"Prithee, Steele," cried the stranger in spectacles, "prithee, tell us thy thoughts on the subject: dost thou know the author of this droll periodical?"

"I saw him this morning," replied Steele, carelessly.

"Aha! and what said you to him?"

"I asked him his name."

"And what did he answer?" cried he of the flaxen wig, while all of us crowded round the speaker, with the curiosity every one felt in the authorship of a work then exciting the most universal and eager interest.

"He answered me solemnly," said Steele, "in the following words,

"*Græci carent ablativo—Itali dativo—Ego nominativo.*"

"Famous—capital!" cried the gentleman in spectacles; and then, touching Colonel Cleland, added, "what does it exactly mean?"

"Ignoramus!" said Cleland, disdainfully, "every school-boy knows Virgil."

"Devereux," said Tarleton, yawning, "what a d—d delightful thing it is to hear so much wit—pity that the atmosphere is so fine that no lungs unaccustomed to it can endure it long. Let us recover ourselves by a walk."

"Willingly," said I; and we sauntered forth into the streets.

"Wills's is not what it was," said Tarleton; "'tis a pitiful ghost of its former self, and if they had not introduced cards, one would die of the vapours there."

"I know nothing so *fade*," said I, "as that mock literary air which it is so much the fashion to assume. 'Tis but a wearisome relief to conversation to have interludes of songs about Strephon and Sylvia, recited with a lisp by a gentleman with fringed gloves and a languishing look."

"Fie on it," cried Tarleton, "let us seek for a fresher topic. Are you asked to Abigail Masham's to-night, or will you come to Dame de la Riviere Manley's?"

* This seems to corroborate the suspicion entertained of the identity of Colonel Cleland with the Will Honeycomb of the Spectator.—ED.

"Dame de la what!—in the name of long words who is she?"

"O! learning made libidinous: one who reads Catullus and profits by it."

"Bah! no, we will not leave the gentle Abigail for her. I have promised to meet St. John, too, at the Mashams'."

"As you like. We shall get some wine at Abigail's, which we should never do at the house of her cousin of Marlborough."

And comforting himself with this belief, Tarleton peaceably accompanied me to that celebrated woman, who did the Tories such notable service, at the expense of being termed by the Whigs, "one great want divided into two parts," viz.—a great want of every shilling belonging to other people, and a great want of every virtue that should have belonged to herself. As we mounted the staircase, a door to the left (a private apartment) was opened, and I saw the favourite dismiss, with the most flattering air of respect, my old preceptor, the Abbé Montreuil. He received her attentions as his due, and descending the stairs came full upon me. He drew back—changed neither hue nor muscle—bowed civilly enough, and disappeared. I had not much opportunity to muse over this circumstance, for St. John and Mr. Domville—excellent companions both—joined us, and the party being small, we had the unwonted felicity of talking as well as bowing to each other. It was impossible to think of any one else when St. John chose to exert himself; and so even the Abbé Montreuil glided out of my brain as St. John's wit glided into it. We were all of the same way of thinking on politics, and therefore were witty without being quarrelsome—a rare thing. The trusty Abigail told us stories of the good queen, and we added *bon mots* by way of corollary. Wine too—wine that even Tarleton approved, lit up our intellects, and we spent altogether an evening such as gentlemen and Tories very seldom have the sense to enjoy.

Dieu de l'esprit! I wonder whether Tories of the next century will be such clever, charming, well-informed fellows as we were.

CHAPTER IV.

An intellectual adventure.

A LITTLE affected by the vinous potations which had been so much an object of anticipation with my companion, Tarleton and I were strolling homeward when we perceived a remarkably tall man engaged in a contest with a couple of watchmen. Watchmen were in all cases the especial and natural enemies of the gallants in my young days; and no sooner did we see the unequal contest, than drawing our swords with that true English valour which makes all the quarrels of other people its own, we hastened to the relief of the weaker party.

"Gentlemen," said the elder watchman, drawing back, "this is no common brawl; we have been shamefully beaten by *this here* madman, and for no earthly cause."

"Who ever did beat a watchman for any earthly cause, you rascal?" cried the accused party, swinging his walking cane over the complainant's head with a menacing air.

"Very true," cried Tarleton, coolly. "Seignors of the watch, you are both made and paid to be beaten; ergo, you have no right to complain. Release this worthy cavalier, and depart elsewhere to make night hideous with your voices."

"Come, come," quoth the younger Dogberry, who perceived a reinforcement approaching, "move on, good people, and let us do our duty."

"Which," interrupted the elder watchman, "consists in taking this hulking swaggerer to the watch-house."

"Thou speakest wisely, man of peace," said Tarleton; "defend thyself;" and without adding another word, he ran the watchman through—not the body, but the coat; avoiding with great dexterity the corporeal substance of the attacked party, and yet approaching it so closely as to give the guardian of the streets very reasonable ground for apprehension. No sooner did the watchman feel the hilt strike against his breast, than he uttered a dismal cry, and fell upon the pavement as if he had been shot.

"Now for thee, varlet," cried Tarleton, brandishing his rapier before the eyes of the other watchman, "tremble at the sword of Gideon."

"O Lord, O Lord!" ejaculated the terrified comrade of the fallen man, dropping on his knees, "for heaven's sake, sir, have a care."

"What argument canst thou allege, thou screech owl of the metropolis, that thou shouldst not share the same fate as thy brother owl?"

"O, sir!" cried the craven night-bird, (a bit of a humorist in its way,) "because I have a nest and seven little owlets at home, and t'other owl is only a bachelor."

"Thou art an impudent thing to jest at us," said Tarleton; "but thy wit has saved thee: *rise*."

At this moment two other watchmen came up.

"Gentlemen," said the tall stranger whom we had rescued, "we had better fly."

Tarleton cast at him a contemptuous look, and placed himself in a posture of offence.

"Hark ye," said I, "let us effect an honourable peace. Messieurs the watch, be it lawful for you to carry off the slain, and us to claim the prisoners."

But our new foes understood not a jest, and advanced upon us with a ferocity which might really have terminated in a serious engagement, had not the tall stranger thrust his bulky form in front of the approaching battalion, and cried out with a loud voice—"Zounds, my good fellows, what's all this for? If you take us up, you will get broken heads to-night, and a few shillings perhaps to-morrow. If you leave us alone you will have whole heads, and a guinea between you. Now what say you?"

Well spoke Phædra against the dangers of eloquence, (*παλις αὐτὸ λεγέει*.) The watchmen looked at each other. "Why, really, sir," said one, "what you say alters the case very much; and if Dick here is not much hurt, I don't know what we may say to the offer."

So saying, they raised the fallen watchman, who, after three or four grunts, began slowly to recover himself.

"Are you dead, Dick?" said the owl with seven owlets.

"I think I am," answered the other, groaning.

"Are you able to drink a pot of ale, Dick?" cried the tall stranger.

* See the Hippolytus of Euripides.

"I think I am," reiterated the dead man, very *ack-a-daisically*. And this answer satisfying his comrades, the articles of peace were subscribed to. Now, then, the tall stranger began searching his pockets with a most consequential air.

"Gad, so!" said he at last; "not in my breeches pocket!—well, it must be in my waistcoat. No! Well, 'tis a strange thing—demme it! Gentlemen, I have had the misfortune to leave my purse behind me—add to your other favours by lending me wherewithal to satisfy these honest men."

And Tarleton lent him the guinea. The watchmen now retired, and we were left alone with our worthy ally.

Placing his hand to his heart, he made us half a dozen profound bows, returned us thanks for our assistance in some very courtly phrases, and requested us to allow him to make our acquaintance. We exchanged cards, and departed on our several ways.

"I have met that gentleman before," said Tarleton. "Let us see what name he pretends to.—'Fielding—Fielding'—ah, by the Lord, it is no less a person!—it is the great Fielding himself!"

"Is Mr. Fielding, then, as elevated in fame as stature?"

"What, is it possible that you have not yet heard of Beau Fielding, who bared his bosom at the theatre in order to attract the admiring compassion of the female part of the audience?"

"What!" I cried, "the Dutchess of Cleveland's fielding?"

"The same—the best looking fellow of his day! A sketch of his history is in the 'Tattler,' under the name of 'Orlando the Fair.' He is terribly shewn as to fortune since the day when he drove about in a car like a sea-shell, with a dozen tall fellows, in the Austrian livery, black and yellow, running before and behind him. You know he claims relationship to the house of Hapsburg. As for the present, he writes poems—makes love—is still good-natured, humorous, and odd—is rather unhappily addicted to wine and borrowing, and rigidly keeps that oath of the Carthusians, which never suffers them to carry any money about them."

"An acquaintance more likely to yield amusement than profit."

"Exactly so. He will favour you with a visit to-morrow, perhaps, and you will remember his propensities."

"Ah! who ever forgets a warning that relates to his purse?"

"True!" said Tarleton, sighing. "Alas! my guinea: thou and I have parted company for ever! *Adieu, vale, inquit Iolas!*"

CHAPTER V.

The beau in his den, and a philosopher discovered.

MR. FIELDING having twice favoured me with visits, which found me from home, I thought it right to pay my respects to him; accordingly one morning I repaired to his abode. It was situated in a street which had been excessively the mode some thirty years back; and the house still exhibited a stately and somewhat ostentatious exterior.

I observed a considerable cluster of infantine rag gamuffins collected round the door, and no sooner did the portal open to my summons, than they pressed forward in a manner infinitely more zealous than respectful. A servant in the Austrian livery, with a broad belt round his middle, officiated as porter. "Look, look!" cried one of the youthful gazers, "look at the beau's keeper!" This imputation on his own respectability, and that of his master, the domestic seemed by no means to relish, for muttering some maledictory menace, which I at first took to be German, but which I afterward found to be Irish, he banged the door on the faces of the intrusive impertinents, and said, in an accent which suited very ill with his continental attire,

"And is it my master you're wanting, sir?"

"It is."

"And you would be after seeing him immediately?"

"Rightly conjectured, my sagacious friend."

"Fait then, your honour, my master's in bed with a terrible fit of the influensha, and can't see any one at all—at all!"

"Then, you will favour me by giving this card to your master, and expressing my sorrow at his indisposition."

Upon this the orange-coloured lackey, very quietly reading the address on the card, and spelling letter by letter in an audible mutter, rejoined—

"C—o—u (cou) n—t (unt) Count, D—e—v. Oeh, by my shoul, and it's Count Devereux after all, I'm thinking!"

"You think, sir, with equal profundity and truth."

"You may well say that, your honour. Stip in a bit—I'll tell my master—it is himself that will see you in a twinkling!"

"But you forget, Mr. Carroll, that your master is ill!" said I.

"Sorrow a bit for the matter o' that—my master is never ill to a *jauntleman*."

And with this assurance "the beau's keeper" ushered me up a splendid staircase into a large, dreary, faded apartment, and left me to amuse myself with the curiosities within, while he went to perform a cure upon his master's "influensha." The chamber, suiting with the house and the owner, looked like a place in the other world, set apart for the reception of the ghosts of departed furniture. The hangings were wan and colourless, the chairs and sofas were most spiritually unsubstantial,—the mirrors reflected all things in a sepulchral sea-green; even a huge picture of Mr. Fielding himself, placed over the chimney-piece, seemed like the apparition of a portrait, so dim, watery, and indistinct had it been rendered by neglect and damp. On a huge, tomb-like table, in the middle of the room, lay two pencilled profiles of Mr. Fielding, a pawnbroker's ticket, a pair of ruffles, a very little muff, an immense broadsword, a Wycherly comb, a jackboot, and an old plumed hat;—to these were added a cracked pomatum-pot, containing ink, and a scrap of paper, ornamented with sundry paintings of hearts and torches, on which were scrawled several lines in a hand so large and round, that I could not avoid seeing the first verse, though I turned away my eyes as quickly as possible—that verse, to the best of my memory, ran thus: "Say, lovely Lesbia, when thy swain,"

Upon the ground lay a box of patches, a perriwig, and two or three well thumbed books of songs. Such was the reception-room of Beau Fielding, one indifferently well calculated to exhibit the propensities of a man, half bully, half fribble; a poet, a fop, a fighter, a beauty, a walking museum of all odd humours, and a living shadow of a past renown. "There are changes in wit as in fashion," said Sir William Temple, and he proceeds to instance a nobleman, who was the greatest wit of the court of Charles I., and the greatest dullard in that of Charles II.* But *ciel*, how awful are the revolutions of coxcombry! what a change from Beau Fielding the Beauty, to Beau Fielding the Oddity!

After I had remained in this apartment about ten minutes, the great man made his appearance. He was attired in a dressing-gown of the most gorgeous material and colour, but so old that it is difficult to conceive any period of past time which it might not have been supposed to have witnessed; a little velvet cap, with a tarnished gold tassel, surmounted his head, and his nether limbs were sheathed in a pair of military boots. In person, he still retained the trace of that extraordinary symmetry he had once possessed, and his features were yet handsome, though the complexion had grown coarse and florid, and the expression had settled into a broad, hardy, farcical mixture of effrontery, humour, and conceit.

But how different his costume from that of old! Where was the long wig with its myriad curls? the coat stiff with golden lace? the diamond buttons—"the pomp, pride, and circumstances of glorious war?" the glorious war Beau Fielding had carried on throughout the female world—finding in every saloon a Blenheim—in every playhouse a Ramilies! Alas! to what abyss of fate will not the love of notoriety bring men! To what but the lust of show do we owe the misanthropy of Timon, or the ruin of Beau Fielding!

"By the Lord!" cried Mr. Fielding, approaching, and shaking me familiarly by the hand, "by the Lord, I am delighted to see thee! As I am a soldier, I thought thou wert a spirit, invisible and incorporeal; and as long as I was in that belief I trembled for thy salvation, for I knew at least that thou wert not a spirit of heaven; since thy door is the very reverse of the doors above, which we are assured shall be opened unto our knocking. But thou art early, count: like the ghost, in Hamlet, thou snuffest the morning air.—Wilt thou not keep out the rank atmosphere by a pint of wine and a toast?"

"Many thanks to you, Mr. Fielding; but I have at least one property of a ghost, and don't drink after daybreak."

"Nay, now, 'tis a bad rule! a villanous bad rule, fit *only* for ghosts and gray beards. We youngsters, count, should have a more generous policy. Come now, where didst thou drink last night? has the bottle bequeathed thee a qualm or a headach, which preaches repentance and abstinence this morning?"

"No, but I visit my mistress this morning; would you have me smell of strong potations, and seem a worshipper of the '*glass* of fashion,' rather than of the '*mould* of form?' Confess, Mr. Fielding, that the women love not an early tippler,

and that they expect sober and sweet kisses from a pair of 'youngsters,' like us."

"By the Lord," cried Mr. Fielding, stroking down his comely stomach, "there is a great show of reason in thy excuses, but only the show, not substance, my noble count. You know me, you know my experience with the women—I would not boast, as I'm a soldier—but 'tis something! nine hundred and fifty locks of hair have I got in my strong box, under padlock and key; fifty within the last week—true—on my soul; so that I may pretend to know a little of the dear creatures; well, I give thee my honour, count, that they like a royster; they love a fellow who can carry his six bottles under a silken doublet; there's vigour and manhood in it—and then, too, what a power of toasts can a six-bottle man drink to his mistress! O, 'tis your only chivalry now—your modern substitute for tilt and tournament; true, count, as I'm a soldier."

"I fear my dulcinea differs from the herd, then; for she quarrelled with me for supping with St. John three nights ago, and—"

"St. John," interrupted Fielding, cutting me off in the beginning of a witticism, "St. John, famous fellow, is he not? By the Lord, we will drink to his administration, you in chocolate, I in Madam O'Carroll, you dog—O'Carroll—rogue—rascal—dolt!"

"The same, your honour," said the orange-coloured lackey, thrusting in his lean visage.

"Ay, the same indeed—thou anatomized son of St. Patrick; why dost thou not get fat! thou shamest my good living, and thy belly is a rascally minister to thee, devouring all things for itself, without fattening a single member of the body corporate. Look at me, you dog, am I thin? Go and get fat, or I will discharge thee—by the Lord, I will! the sun shines through thee like an empty wine glass."

"And is it upon your honour's lavings you would have me get fat?" rejoined Mr. O'Carroll with an air of deferential inquiry.

"Now, as I live, thou art the impudentest valet!" cried Mr. Fielding, stamping his foot on the floor, with an angry frown.

"And is it for talking of your honour's lavings! an' sure that's *nothing* at all, at all," said the valet, twirling his thumbs with expostulating innocence.

"Begone, rascal!" said Mr. Fielding, "begone; go to the Salop, and bring us a pint of Madam, a toast, and a dish of chocolate."

"Yes, your honour, in a twinkling," said the valet, disappearing.

"A sorry fellow," said Mr. Fielding, "but honest and faithful, and loves me as well as a saint loves gold; 'tis his love makes him faithful."

Here the door was again opened, and the sharp face of Mr. O'Carroll again intruded.

"How now, sirrah!" exclaimed his master.

Mr. O'Carroll, without answering by voice, gave a grotesque sort of signal between a wink and a beckon. Mr. Fielding rose, muttering an oath, and underwent a whisper. "By the Lord," cried he, seemingly in a furious passion, "and thou hast not got the bill cashed yet, though I told thee twice to have it done last evening! Have I not my debts of honour to discharge, and did I not give the last guinea I had about me for a walking

* The Earl of Norwich.

ne yesterday? Go down to the city immediately, sirrah, and bring me the change."

The valet again whispered.

"Ah," resumed Fielding, "ah—so far you say, true; 'tis a great way, and perhaps the count n't wait till you return. Prithee, (turning to,) prithee now, is it not vexatious—no change out me, and my fool not cashed a trifling bill I've for a thousand or so, on Messrs. Child? and cursed Salop puts not its trust even in princes; 'tis their way—'Gad now—you have not ainea about you?"

What could I say? my guinea joined Tarle's, in a visit to that bourne whence no such traveller ever returned.

Mr. O'Carroll now vanished in earnest, the wine and the chocolate soon appeared. Mr. Fielding lightened up, recited his poetry, blest his good fortune, promised to call on me in a day or two; and assured me, with a round oath, that the next time he had the honour of seeing me, he would treat me with another pint of Madeira, exactly of the same sort.

I remember well, that it was the evening of the same day in which I had paid this visit to the reputed Mr. Fielding, that, on returning from a rum at Lady Hasselton's, where I had been enacting the part of a *papillon*, to the great displeasure of the old gentlemen, and the great edification of the young ladies, I entered my ante-room with so lent a step, that I did not arouse even the keen senses of Monsieur Desmarais. He was seated by the fire, with his head supported by his hands, and intently poring over a huge folio. I had often observed that he possessed a literary turn, and all the hours in which he was unemployed by me, he was wont to occupy with books. I felt now, as I stood still and contemplated his absorbed attention to the contents of the book before him, a strong curiosity to know the nature of his studies; and a little did my taste second the routine of trifles which I had been lately engaged, that in looking upon the earnest features of the man, on which the solitary light streamed calm and full, and impressed with the deep quiet and solitude of the chamber, together with the undisturbed sanctity of comfort presiding over the small, bright hearth, and contrasting what I saw with the brilliant scene—brilliant with gaudy, wearing, wearisome frivolities—which I had just quitted, a sensation of envy, the enjoyments of my dependant, entered my breast, accompanied with a sentiment resembling humiliation at the nature of my own pursuits. I had generally thought a proud man, but I am never proud to my inferiors; nor can I imagine pride where there is not competition. I approached Desmarais, and said, in French,

"How is this? why did you not, like your fellows, take advantage of my absence, to pursue your own amusements? They must be dull, indeed, if they do not hold out to you more tempting inducements than that colossal offspring of the reas."

"Pardon me, sir," said Desmarais, very respectfully, and closing the book, "pardon me, I was not aware of your return. Will monsieur doff his look?"

"No; shut the door—wheel round that chair, and favour me with a sight of your book."

"Monsieur will be angry, I fear," said the valet, obeying my first two orders, but hesitating about

the third,) "with my course of reading: I confess it is not very compatible with my station."

"Ah, some long romance, the *Clelia*—I suppose—nay, bring it hither—that is to say, if it be moveable by single strength."

Thus urged, Desmarais modestly brought me the book. Judge of my surprise, when I found it was a volume of Leibnitz—a philosopher then very much the rage, because one might talk of him very safely without having read him.* Despite of my surprise, I could not help smiling when my eye turned from the book to the student. It is impossible to conceive an appearance less like a philosopher's than that of Jean Desmarais. His wig was of a nicety that would not have brooked the irregularity of a single hair; his dress was not preposterous, for I do not remember, among gentles or valets, a more really exquisite taste than that of Desmarais; but it evinced, in every particular, the arts of the toilet. A perpetual smile sat upon his lips—sometimes it deepened into a sneer; but that was the only change it ever experienced; an irresistible air of self-conceit gave piquancy to his long, marked features, small glittering eye, and withered cheeks, on which a delicate and soft bloom excited suspicion of artificial embellishment. A very fit frame of body this for a valet; but, I humbly opine, a very unseemly one for a student of Leibnitz.

"And what," said I, after a short pause, "is your opinion of this philosopher? I understand that he has just written a work,† above all praise and all comprehension."

"It is true, monsieur, that it is above his own understanding. He knows not what sly conclusions may be drawn from his premises; but I beg monsieur's pardon, I shall be tedious and intrusive."

"Not a whit; speak out, and at length. So you conceive that Leibnitz makes ropes, which others will make into ladders?"

"Exactly so," said Desmarais; "all his arguments go to swell the sails of the great philosophical truth—'Necessity!' We are the things and toys of fate; and its everlasting chain compels even the power that creates, as well as the things created."

"Ha!" said I, who, though little versed at that time in these metaphysical subtleties, had heard St. John often speak of the strange doctrine to which Desmarais referred, "you are, then, a believer in the fatalism of Spinoza?"

"No, monsieur," said Desmarais, with a complacent smile, "my system is my own; it is composed of the thoughts of others; but my thoughts are the cords which bind the various sticks into a fagot."

"Well," said I, smiling at the man's conceited air, "and what is your main dogma?"

"Our utter impotence."

"Pleasing! Mean you that we have no free will?"

"None."

"Why, then, you take away the very existence of vice and virtue; and according to you, we sin or act well, not from our own accord, but because we are compelled and preordered to it."

Desmarais's smile withered into the grim sneer

* Which is possibly the reason why there are so many disciples of Kant at the present moment.—ED.

† The Theodicea.

with which, as I have said, it was sometimes varied.

"Monsieur's penetration is extreme; but shall I not prepare his nightly draught?"

"No; answer me at length; and tell me the difference between good and ill, if we are compelled by necessity to either."

Desmarais hemmed, and began. Despite of his caution, the coxcomb loved to hear himself talk, and he talked, therefore, to the following purpose:—

"Liberty is a thing impossible! Can you *will* a single action, however simple, independent of your organization—independent of the organization of others—independent of the order of things past—independent of the order of things to come? You cannot. But if not independent, you are dependent; if dependent, where is your liberty? where your freedom of will? Education disposes our characters—can you control your own education, begun at the hour of birth? You cannot. Our character, joined to the conduct of others, disposes of our happiness, our sorrow, our crime, our virtue. Can you control your character? We have already seen that you cannot. Can you control the conduct of others—others perhaps whom you have never seen, but who may ruin you at a word—a despot, for instance, or a warrior? You cannot. What remains?—that if we cannot choose our characters, nor our fates, we cannot be accountable for either. If you are a good man, you are a lucky man: but you are not to be praised for what you could not help. If you are a bad man, you are an unfortunate one; but you are not to be execrated for what you could not prevent."

"Then, most wise Desmarais, if you steal this diamond loop from my hat, you are only an unlucky man, not a guilty one, and worthy of my sympathy, not anger?"

"Exactly so; but you must hang me for it. You cannot control events, but you can modify man. Education, law, adversity, prosperity, correction, praise, modify him—without his choice, and sometimes without his perception. But once acknowledge necessity, and evil passions cease; you may punish, you may destroy others, if for the safety and good of the commonwealth; but motives for doing so cease to be private: you can have no personal hatred to men for committing actions which they were irresistibly compelled to do."

I felt, that however I might listen to and dislike these sentiments, it would not do for the master to argue with the domestic, especially when there was a chance that he might have the worst of it. And so I was suddenly seized with a fit of sleepiness, which broke off our conversation. Meanwhile I inly resolved in my own mind, to take the first opportunity of discharging a valet, who saw no difference between good and evil, but that of luck; and who, by the irresistible compulsion of necessity, might some day or other have the involuntary misfortune to cut the throat of his master.

I did not, however, carry this unphilosophical resolution into effect. Indeed, the rogue doubting, perhaps, the nature of the impression he had made on me, redoubled so zealously his efforts to please

me in the science of his profession, that I could not determine upon relinquishing such a treasure for a speculative opinion, and I was too much accustomed to laugh at my Sosia, to believe there could be any reason to fear him.

CHAPTER VI.

A universal genius—Pericles turned barber—Names of beauties in 171—the toasts of the Kit-Cat Club.

As I was riding with Tarleton toward Chelsea one day, he asked me if I had ever seen the celebrated Mr. Salter. "No," said I, "but I heard Steele talk of him the other night at Wills's. He is an antiquary, and a barber, is he not?"

"Yes, a shaving virtuoso; really a comical and strange character, and has oddities enough to compensate one for the debasement of talking with a man in his rank."

"Let us go to him forthwith," said I, spurring my horse into a canter.

"*Quod petis hic est,*" cried Tarleton; "there is his house." And my companion pointed to a coffee-house.

"What," said I, "does he draw wine as well as teeth?"

"To be sure: Don Saltero is a universal genius. Let us dismount."

Consigning our horses to the care of our grooms we marched into the strangest looking place I ever had the good fortune to behold. A long, narrow coffee-room was furnished with all manner of things that, belonging neither to heaven, earth, nor the water under the earth, the redoubted Saltero might well worship without incurring the crime of idolatry. The first thing that greeted my eye was a bull's head, with a most ferocious pair of vulture's wings on its neck. While I was surveying this, I felt something touch my hat. I looked up and discovered an immense alligator swinging from the ceiling, and fixing a monstrous pair of glass eyes upon me. A thing which seemed to me like an immense shoe, upon a nearer approach, expanded itself into an Indian canoe; and a most hideous spectre, with mummy skin, and glittering teeth, that made my blood run cold, was labelled, "Beautiful Specimen of a Calmuc Tartar."

While, lost in wonder, I stood in the middle of the apartment, up walks a little man, as lean as a miser, and says to me, rubbing his hands—

"Wonderful, sir, is it not?"

"Wonderful, indeed, don!" said Tarleton. "you look like a Chinese Adam, surrounded by a Japanese creation."

"He, he, he, sir, you have so pleasant a ven." said the little don, in a sharp, shrill voice. "But it has been all done, sir, by one man; all of it collected by me, simple as I stand."

"Simple, indeed," quoth Tarleton; "and how gets on the fiddle?"

"Bravely, sir, bravely; shall I play you a tune?"

"No, no, my good don; another time."

"Nay, sir, nay," cried the antiquary, "suffer me to welcome your arrival properly."

And forthwith disappearing, he returned in an instant with a marvellously ill-favoured old fiddle. Throwing a penseroso air into his thin cheeks, our

* Whatever pretensions Monsieur Desmarais may have made to originality, this tissue of opinions is as old as philosophy itself.—Ed.

then began a few preliminary thrummings, which set my teeth on edge, and made Tarleton both hands to his ears. Three sober-looking men, who had just set themselves down to pipes and the journal, started to their feet like so many pieces of clockwork; but no sooner had Don Salter, with a *degagée* air of graceful melancholy, really launched into what he was pleased to call a tune, than a universal irritation of nerves seized the whole company. At the first overture three citizens swore and cursed, at the second division of the tune they seized their hats, at the third they vanished. As for me, I found all my limbs twitching as if they were dancing to St. John's music; the very drawers disappeared; the fiddler himself twirled round, as if revived by so much an experiment on the nervous system; and I can truly believe the whole museum, bull, wings, Indian canoe, and Calmuc Tartar, would have been set into motion by this new Orpheus, had not Tarleton, in a paroxysm of rage, seized him by the collar of the coat, and whirled him round, fiddle and all, with such velocity, that the poor musician lost his equilibrium, and falling against a row of Chinese monsters, brought the whole set to the ground, where he lay covered by the wrecks that accompanied his overthrow, screaming, and struggling, and grasping his fiddle, which every now and then, touched involuntarily by his fingers, uttered a dismal squeak, as if sympathizing in the disaster it had caused, until the waiter ran in, and placing the unhappy antiquary, placed him on a seat chair.

"O Lord!" groaned Don Saltero, "O Lord—my monsters—my monsters—the pagoda—the mandarin, and the idol—where are they?—broken—ruined—annihilated!"

"No, sir—all safe, sir," said the waiter, a smart, tall, smug, pert man; "put 'em down in the hall, nevertheless, sir. Is it Alderman Atkins, sir, or Mr. Higgins?"

"Pooh," said Tarleton, "bring me some lemonade—send the pagoda to the bricklayer—the mandarin to the surgeon—and the idol to the Bishop of London! There's a guinea to pay for their carriage. How are you, don?"

"O, Mr. Tarleton, Mr. Tarleton! how could you be so cruel?"

"The nature of things demanded it, my good man. Did I not call you a Chinese Adam? and how could you bear that name without undergoing the fall?"

"O, sir, this is no jesting matter—broke the fiddle on my pagoda, bruised my arm, cracked my fiddle, and cut me off in the middle of that beautiful air—no jesting matter."

"Come, Mr. Salter," said I, "'tis very true! but cheer up. 'The gods,' says Seneca, 'look with pleasure on a great man falling with the statesmen, the temples, and the divinities of his country;' all of which, mandarin, pagoda, and idol, accompanied your fall. Let us have a bottle of your best wine, and the honour of your company to drink it."

"No, count, no," said Tarleton, haughtily; "we can drink not with the don; but we'll have the wine, and he shall drink it. Meanwhile, don, tell us what possible combination of circumstances made thee fiddler, barber, anatomist, and virtuoso?"

Don Salterno loved fiddling better than any thing

in the world, but next to fiddling he loved talking. So being satisfied that he should be reimbursed for his pagoda, and fortifying himself with a glass or two of his own wine, he yielded to Tarleton's desire, and told us his history. I believe it was very entertaining to the good barber, but Tarleton and I saw nothing extraordinary in it; and long before it was over, we wished him an excellent good day, and a new race of Chinese monsters.

That evening we were engaged at the Kit-Cat Club; for though I was opposed to the politics of its members, they admitted me on account of my literary pretensions. Halifax was there, and I commended the poet to his protection. We were very gay, and Halifax favoured us with three new toasts by himself. O Venus! what beauties we made, and what characters we murdered! Never was there so important a synod to the female world, as the gods of the Kit-Cat Club. Alas! I am writing for the children of an after age, to whom the very names of those who made the blood of their ancestors leap within their veins, will be unknown. What cheek will colour at the name of Carlisle? What hand will tremble as it touches the paper inscribed by that of Brudenel? The graceful Godolphin, the sparkling enchantment of Harper, the divine voice of Claverine, the gentle and bashful Bridgewater, the damask cheek and ruby lips of the Hebe Manchester—what will these be to the race for whom alone these pages are penned? This history is a union of strange contrasts! like the tree of the sun, described by Marco Polo, which was green when approached on one side, but white when perceived on the other—to me it is clothed in the verdure and spring of the existing time; to the reader it comes, covered with the hoariness and wanness of the past.

CHAPTER VII.

A dialogue of sentiment succeeded by the sketch of a character, in whose eyes sentiment was to wise men, what religion is to fools, viz.—a subject of ridicule.

ST. JOHN was now in power, and in the full flush of his many ambitious and restless schemes. I saw as much of him as the high rank he held in the state and the consequent business with which he was oppressed, would suffer me—me who was prevented by religion from actively embracing any political party, and who therefore, though inclined to Toryism, associated pretty equally with all. St. John and myself formed a great friendship for each other, a friendship which no after change or chance could efface, but which exists, strengthened and mellowed by time, at the very hour in which I now write.

One evening he sent to tell me he should be alone, if I would sup with him; accordingly I repaired to his house. He was walking up and down the room with uneven and rapid steps, and his countenance was flushed with an expression of joy and triumph, very rare to the thoughtful and earnest calm which it usually wore. "Congratulate me, Devereux," said he, seizing me eagerly by the hand, "congratulate me!"

"For what?"

"Ay, true—you are not yet a politician—you cannot yet tell how dear—how inexpressibly dear to one who is, is a momentary and petty victory:

but—if I were prime minister of this country, what would you say?"

"That you could bear the duty better than any man living; but remember, Harley is in the way."

"Ah, there's the rub," said St. John, slowly, and the expression of his face again changed from triumph to thoughtfulness; "but this is a subject not to your taste—let us choose another." And flinging himself into a chair, this singular man, who prided himself on suiting his conversation to every one, began conversing with me upon the lighter topics of the day; these we soon exhausted, and at last we settled upon that of love and women.

"I own," said I, "that in this respect, pleasure has disappointed as well as wearied me. I have longed for some better object of worship than the capriciousness of fashion, or the yet more ignoble minion of the senses. I ask a vent for enthusiasm—for devotion—for romance—for a thousand subtle and secret streams of unuttered and unutterable feeling. I often think that I bear within me the desire and the sentiment of poetry, though I enjoy not its faculty of expression; and that that desire and that sentiment denied legitimate egress, centre and shrink into one absorbing passion, which is the want of love.—Where am I to satisfy this want? I look round these great circles of gayety which we term the world—I send forth my heart as a wanderer over their regions and recesses, and it returns sated, and pallid, and languid to myself again."

"You express a common want in every less worldly or more morbid nature," said St. John, "a want which I myself have experienced, and which, if I had never felt, I should never, perhaps, have turned to ambition, to console or to engross me. But do not flatter yourself that the want will ever be fulfilled. Nature places us alone in this inhospitable world, and no heart is cast in a similar mould to that which we bear within us. We pine for sympathy; we make to ourselves a creation of ideal beauties, in which we expect to find it; but the creation has no reality; it is the mind's phantasma which the mind adores; and it is because the phantasma can have no actual being that the mind despairs. Throughout life, from the cradle to the grave, it is no real or living thing which we demand, it is the realization of the idea we have formed within us, and which, as we are not gods, we can never call into existence. We are enamoured of the statue ourselves have graven; but unlike the statue of the Cyprian, it kindles not to our homage, nor melts to our embraces."

"I believe you," said I; "but it is hard to undeceive ourselves. The heart is the most credulous of all fanatics, and its ruling passion the most enduring of all superstitions. O! what can tear from us to the last, the hope, the desire, the yearning for some bosom which, while it mirrors our own, parts not with the reflection. I have read, that in the very hour and instant of our birth, one exactly similar to ourselves, in spirit and form, is born also, and that a secret and unintelligible sympathy preserves that likeness, even through the vicissitudes of fortune and circumstance, until, in the same point of time, the two beings are resolved once more into the elements of earth. I Confess that there is something welcome, though unfounded, in the fancy, and that there are few of the substances of worldly honour which one would not

renounce, to possess, in the closest and fondest of all relations, this shadow of ourselves."

"Alas!" said St. John, "the possession, like all earthly blessings, carries within it its own principle of corruption. The deadliest foe to love is not change, nor misfortune, nor jealousy, nor wrath, nor any thing that flows from passion, or emanates from fortune; *the deadliest foe to it is custom!* With custom die away the delusions and the mysteries which encircle it; leaf after leaf, in the green poetry on which its beauty depends, droops, and withers, till nothing but the bare and rude trunk is left. With all passion the soul demands something unexpressed, some vague recess to explore or to marvel upon, some veil upon the mental as well as the corporeal day. Custom leaves nothing to romance, and often but little to respect. The whole character is bared before us like a plain, and the heart's eye grows wearied with the sameness of the survey. And to weariness succeeds distaste, and to distaste one of the myriad shapes of the Proteus Aversion; so that the passion we would make the rarest of treasures, fritters down to a very instance of the commonest of proverbs—and out of familiarity comes indeed contempt!"

"And are we then," said I, "for ever to forego the most delicious of our dreams? Are we to consider love as an entire delusion, and to reconcile ourselves to an eternal loneliness and solitude of heart? What then shall fill the crying and unappeasable void of our souls? What shall become of those mighty sources of tenderness which, refused all channel in the rocky soil of the world, must have an outlet elsewhere, or stagnate into torpor?"

"Our passions," said St. John, "are restless, and will make each experiment in their power, though vanity be the result of all. Disappointed in love, they yearn toward ambition; *and the object of ambition, unlike that of love, never being wholly possessed, ambition is the more durable passion of the two.* But sooner or later even that, and all passions, are sated at last; and when wearied of too wide a flight, we limit our excursions, and looking round us, discover the narrow bounds of our proper end, we grow satisfied with the loss of rapture, if we can partake of enjoyment; and the experience which seemed at first so bitterly to betray us, becomes our most real benefactor, and ultimately leads us to content. For it is the excess and not the nature of our passions which is perishable. Like the trees which grew by the tomb of Protesilaus, the passions flourish till they reach a certain height, but no sooner is that height attained than they wither away."

Before I could reply, our conversation received an abrupt and complete interruption for the night. The door was thrown open, and a man, pushing aside the servant with a rude and yet a dignified air, entered the room unannounced, and with the most perfect disregard to ceremony.

"How d'ye do, Mr. St. John?" said he—"how d'ye do? Pretty sort of a day we've had. Lucky to find you at home; that is to say, if you will give me some boiled oysters and Champagne for supper."

"With all my heart, doctor," said St. John, changing his manner at once from the pensive to an easy and somewhat brusque familiarity—"with all my heart; but I am glad to hear you are a con-

vert to Champagne: you spent a whole evening last week in endeavouring to dissuade me from the parkling sin."

"Pish! I had suffered the day before from it, o, like a true Old Bailey penitent, I preached up conversion to others, not from a desire of their welfare, but a plaguy sore feeling for my own misfortune. Where did you dine to-day? At home! O! the devil! I starved on three courses at the Duke of Ormond's."

"Aha! honest Matt was there?"

"Yes, to my cost. He borrowed a shilling of me for a chair. Hang this weather, it costs me even shillings a day for coach-fare, besides my paying the fares of all my poor brother parsons who come over from Ireland to solicit my patronage for a bishopric, and end by borrowing half a crown in the mean while. But Matt Prior will pay me again, I suppose, out of the public money."

"To be sure, if Chloe does not ruin him first."

"Hang the slut: don't talk of her. How Prior rails against his place.* He says the excise spoils his wit, and that the only rhymes he ever dreams of now-a-days are 'docket' and 'cocket.'"

"Ha, ha! we must do something better for Matt—make him a bishop or an ambassador. But pardon me, count, I have not yet made known to you the most courted, authoritative, impertinent, clever, independent, haughty, delightful, troublesome parson of the age: do homage to Dr. Swift, doctor, be merciful to my particular friend Count Devereux."

Drawing himself up with a manner which contrasted his previous one strongly enough, Dr. Swift saluted me with a dignity which might even be called polished, and which certainly showed, that however he might prefer, as his usual demeanour, an air of negligence and semi-rudeness, he had profited sufficiently by his acquaintance with the great, to equal them in the external graces, supposed to be peculiar to their order, whenever it suited his inclination. In person, Swift is about the middle height, strongly built, and with a remarkably fine outline of throat and chest; his front face is certainly displeasing, though far from uncomely; but the clear chiselling of the nose, the curved upper lip, the full round Roman chin, the hanging brow, and the resolute decision, stamped upon the whole expression of the large forehead, and the clear blue eye, make his profile one of the most striking I ever saw. He honoured me, to my great surprise, with a fine speech and a compliment; and then, with a look, which menaced to St. John he retort that ensued, he added: "And I shall always be glad to think that I owe your acquaintance to Mr. Secretary St. John, who, if he talked less about operas and singers—thought less about Alcibiades and Pericles; if he never complained of the load of business not being suited to his temper, at the very moment he had been working, like Gumdragon, to get the said load upon his shoulders; and if he persuaded one of his sincerity being as great as his genius, would appear to all time as adorned with the choicest gifts that God has yet thought fit to bestow on the children of men. Prithes now, Mr. Sec. when shall we have the oysters! Will you be merry to-night, count?"

"Certainly; if one may find absolution for the Champagne."

"I'll absolve you, with a vengeance, on condition that you'll walk home with me, and protect the poor parson from the Mohawks. Faith, they ran young Davenant's chair through with a sword, t'other night. I hear they have sworn to make daylight through my Tory cassock—all Whigs, you know, Count Devereux, nasty, dangerous animals—how I hate them; they cost me five and sixpence a week in chairs to avoid them."

"Never mind, doctor, I'll send my servants home with you," said St. John.

"Ay, a nice way of mending the matter; that's curing the itch by scratching the skin off. I could not give your tall fellows less than a crown apiece, and I could buy off the bloodiest Mohawk in the kingdom, if he's a Whig, for half that sum. But, thank heaven, the supper is ready."

And to supper we went. The oysters and Champagne seemed to exhilarate, if it did not refine, the doctor's wit. St. John was unusually brilliant. I myself caught the infection of their humour, and contributed my quota to the common stock of jest and repartee; and that evening, spent with the two soundest and most extraordinary men of the age, had in it more of broad and familiar mirth than any I have ever wasted in the company of the youngest and noisiest disciples of the bowl and its concomitants. Even amid all the coarse ore of Swift's conversation, the diamond perpetually broke out; his vulgarity was never that of a vulgar mind. Pity that while he condemned St. John's over affectation of the graces of life, he never perceived that his own affectation of the *grossièretés* of manner was to the full as unworthy of the simplicity of intellect;* and that the aversion to cant, which was the strongest characteristic of his mind, led him into the very faults he despised, only through a more displeasing and offensive road. That same aversion to cant is, by-the-way, the greatest and most prevalent enemy to the reputation of high and of strong minds; and in judging Swift's character in especial we should always bear it in recollection. This aversion—the very antipodes to hypocrisy—leads men not only to disclaim the virtues they have, but to pretend to the vices they have not. Foolish trick of disguised vanity! the world readily believes them. Like Justice

* It has been said, that Swift was only coarse in his later years, and with a curious ignorance both of fact and of character, that Pope was the cause of the dean's grossness of taste. There is no doubt that he grew coarser with age; but there is also no doubt that, graceful and dignified as that great genius could be when he pleased, he affected, at a period earlier than the one in which he is now introduced, to be coarse both in speech and manner. I seize upon this opportunity, *mal à propos* as it is, to observe that Swift's preference of Harley to St. John, is by no means so certain as writers have been pleased generally to assert. Warton has already noted a passage in one of Swift's letters to Bolingbroke, to which I will beg to call the reader's attention:

"It is you were my hero, but the other (Lord Oxford) never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive; and his whole scene was fifty times more a what-d'ye-call-it than yours; for I declare yours was *unie*, and I wish you would an order it that the world may be as wise as I upon that article."

I have to apologize for introducing this quotation, which I have done because (and I entreat the reader to remember this) I observe that Count Devereux always speaks of Lord Bolingbroke as he was spoken of by the great men of that day—not by the little historians of this.—Ed.

* In the Customs.

Overdo—in the garb of poor Arthur of Bradley, they may deem it a virtue to have assumed the disguise; but they must not wonder if the sham Arthur is taken for the real, beaten as a vagabond, and set in the stocks as a rogue.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lightly won, lightly lost—A dialogue of equal instruction and amusement—A visit to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

ONE morning, Tarleton breakfasted with me. "I don't see the little page," said he, "who was always in attendance in your ante-room—what the deuce has become of him?"

"You must ask his mistress; she has quarrelled with me, and withdrawn both her favour and her messenger."

"What, the Lady Hasselton quarrelled with you! Diable! Wherefore?"

"Because I am not enough of the 'pretty fellow,'—am tired of carrying hood and scarf, and sitting behind her chair through five long acts of a dull play; because I disappointed her in not searching for her at every drum and quadrille party; because I admired not her monkey, and because I broke a tea-pot, with a toad for a cover."

"And is not that enough?" cried Tarleton. "Heavens! what a black beadroll of offences; Mrs. Merton would have discarded me for one of them. However, thy account has removed my surprise; I heard her praise thee the other day—now as long as she loved thee, she always abused thee like a pickpocket."

"Ha!—ha!—ha!—and what said she in my favour?"

"Why, that you were certainly very handsome, though you were small; that you were certainly a great genius, though every one would not discover it; and that you certainly had quite the air of high birth, though you were not near so well dressed as Beau Tippetly. But *entre nous*, Devereux, I think she hates you, and would play you a trick of spite—revenge is too strong a word—if she could find an opportunity."

"Likely enough, Tarleton; but a coquette's lover is always on his guard: so she will not take me unawares."

"So be it. But tell me, Devereux, who is to be your next mistress—Mrs. Denton, or Lady Clancathcart? the world gives them both to you."

"The world is always as generous with what is worthless, as a bishop with his blessing. However, I promise thee, Tarleton, that I will not interfere with thy claims either upon Mrs. Denton or Lady Clancathcart."

"Nay," said Tarleton, "I will own that you are a very Scipio; but it must be confessed, even by you, satirist as you are, that Lady Clancathcart has a beautiful set of features."

"A handsome face, but so vilely made. She would make a splendid picture if, like the goddess Laverna, she could be painted as a head without a body."

"Ha!—ha!—ha!—you have a bitter tongue, count; but Mrs. Denton, what have you to say against her?"

"Nothing; she has no pretensions for me to contradict. She has a green eye, and a sharp voice, a mincing gait, and a broad foot. What

friend of Mrs. Denton's would not, therefore, counsel her to a prudent obscurity?"

"She never had but one lover in the world," said Tarleton, "who was old, blind, lame, and poor; she accepted him, and became Mrs. Denton."

"Yes," said I, "she was like the magnet, and received *her name* from the very first person sensible of her attraction."

"Well, you have a shrewd way of saying sweet things," said Tarleton; "but I must own that you rarely or never direct it toward women individually. What makes you break through your ordinary custom?"

"Because, in the first place, I am angry with women collectively; and must pour my spleen through whatever channel presents itself. And, in the second place, both the Denton and the Clancathcart have been personally rude to me; so that my ill-humour receives from spite a more acrid venom."

"I allow the latter reason," said Tarleton, "but the first astonishes me. I despise women myself I always did; but you were their most enthusiastic and chivalrous defender a month or two ago. What makes thee change, my Sir Amadis?"

"Disappointment!—they weary, vex, disgust me—selfish, frivolous, mean, heartless—out on them—'tis a disgrace to have their love."

"O, ciel! What a sensation the news of thy misogyny will cause—the young, gay, rich, Count Devereux, whose wit, vivacity, splendour of appearance in equipage and dress, have thrown, in the course of one season, all the most established beaux and pretty fellows into the shade; to whom dedications, and odes, and billet-doux are so much waste paper—who has carried off the most general envy and dislike that any man ever was blest with since St. John turned politician—what! thou of a sudden to become a railer against the divine sex that made thee what thou art! Fly—fly—unhappy apostate, or expect the fate of Orpheus at least!"

"None of your raileries, Tarleton, or I shall speak to you of plebeians, and the canaille."

"*Sacre!* my teeth are on edge already! O, the base—base canaille, how I loathe it! Nay, Devereux, joking apart, I love you twice as well for your new humour. I despise the sex heartily. Indeed, *sub rosa* be it spoken, there are few things that breathe which I do not despise. Human nature seems to me a most pitiful bundle of rags and scraps, which the gods threw out of heaven, as the dust and rubbish there."

"A pleasant prospect of thy species," said I.

"By my soul it is. Contempt is to me a luxury. I would not lose the privilege of loathing for all the objects which fools ever admired. What does old Persius say on the subject?"

"*'Hoc ridere meum tam nil, nulla tibi vendo Iliade.'*"

"And yet, Tarleton," said I, "the littlest feeling of all, is a delight in contemplating the littleness of other people. Nothing is more contemptible than habitual contempt."

"Prithee, now," answered the haughty aristocrat, "let us not talk of these matters so subtly; leave me my enjoyment without refining upon it. What is your first pursuit for the morning?"

"Why, I have promised my uncle a picture of that invaluable countenance which Lady Hasselton finds so handsome; and I am going to give Kneller my last sitting."

"So so, I will accompany you; I like the old vain dog, 'tis a pleasure to hear him admire himself so wittily."

"Come, then!" said I, taking up my hat and sword; and entering Tarleton's carriage, we drove to the painter's abode.

We found him employed in finishing a portrait of Lady Godolphin.

"He—he!" cried he, when he beheld me approach. "By Got, I am glad to see you, Count Tevereux, dis painting is tanned poor work by one's-self, widout any one to make *des grands eux*, and cry, 'O, Sir Godfrey Kneller, how fine dis is!'"

"Very true, indeed," said I, "no great man can be expected to waste his talents without his proper reward of praise. But, heavens, Tarleton, did you ever see any thing so wonderful?—that hand—that arm—how exquisite! If Apollo turned painter, and borrowed colours from the rainbow, and models from the goddesses, he would not be fit to hold the pallet to Sir Godfrey Kneller."

"By Got, Count Tevereux, you are von grand judge of painting," cried the artist, with sparkling eyes, "and I vill paint you as von tanned handsome man."

"Nay, my Apelles, you might as well preserve some likeness."

"Likeness, by Got! I vill make you like, and handsome both. By Got, if you make me von Apelles, I vill make you von Alexander!"

"People in general," said Tarleton, gravely, "believe that Alexander had a wry neck, and was a very plain fellow; but no one can know about Alexander like Sir Godfrey Kneller, who has studied military tactics so accurately, and who, if he had taken up the sword instead of the pencil, would have been at least an Alexander himself."

"By Got, Meester Tarleton, you are as goot a judge of de talents for de war as Count Tevereux of de *génie* for de painting! By Got, Meester Tarleton, I vill paint your picture, and I vill make your eyes von goot inch bigger than dey are!"

"Large or small," said I, (for Tarleton, who had a haughty custom of contracting his orbs till they were scarce perceptible, was so much offended, that I thought it prudent to cut off his reply,) "large or small, Sir Godfrey, Mr. Tarleton's eyes are capable of admiring your genius; why, your painting is like lightning, and one flash of your brush would be sufficient to restore even a blind man to sight."

"It is tanned true," said Sir Godfrey, earnestly; "and it did restore von man to sight once. By my shoul, it did! But sit yourself town, Count Tevereux, and look over your left shoulder—ah, dat is it—and now, praise on, Count Tevereux; de thought of my genius gives you—vat you call it?—von animation—von fire, look you—by Got, it does!"

And by dint of such moderate panegyric, the worthy Sir Godfrey completed my picture,* with

equal satisfaction to himself and the original. See what a beautifier is flattery—a few sweet words will send the Count Devereux down to posterity, with at least three times as much beauty as he could justly lay claim to.

CHAPTER IX.

A developement of character, and a long letter—A chapter, on the whole, more important than it seems.

THE scenes through which, of late, I have conducted my reader, are by no means episodic; they illustrate far more than mere narration, the career to which I was so honourably devoted. Dissipation—women—wine—Tarleton for a friend, Lady Hasselton for a mistress. *O terque quaterque beatus!* Let me now throw aside the mask.

To people who have naturally very intense and very acute feelings, nothing is so fretting, so wearing to the heart, as the commonplace *liaisons* or curtailed affections, which are the properties and offspring of the world. We have seen the birds which, with wings unclipt, children fasten to a stake. The birds seek to fly, and are pulled back before their wings are well spread; till, at last, they either perpetually strain at the end of their short tether, exciting only ridicule by their anguish, and their impotent impatience; or sullen and despondent, they remain on the ground, without an attempt to fly, nor creep, even to the full limit which their fetters would allow. Thus is it with feelings of the keen, wild nature I speak of; they are either striving for ever to pass the little circle of slavery to which they are condemned, and so move laughter by an excess of action, and a want of adequate power; or they rest motionless and moody, disdaining the petty indulgence they *might* enjoy, till sullenness is construed into resignation, and despair seems the apathy of content. Time, however, cures what it does not kill: and both bird and beast, if they pine not to the death at first, grow tame and acquiescent at last.

What to me was the companionship of Tarleton, or the attachment of Lady Hasselton? I had yielded to the one, and I had half eagerly, half scornfully, sought the other. These, and the avocations they brought with them, consumed my

forehead, which is by far the finest feature in the countenance, is peculiarly high, broad, and massive. The mouth has but little beauty: it is severe, caustic, and rather displeasing, from the extreme compression of the lips. The great and prevalent expression of the face is energy. The eye, the brow, the turn of the head, the erect, penetrating aspect, are all strikingly bold, animated, and even daring. And this expression makes a singular contrast to that in another likeness of the count, also in my possession, which was taken at a much later period of life. The latter portrait represents him in a foreign uniform, decorated with orders. The peculiar sarcasm of the mouth is hidden beneath a very long and thick mustachio, of a much darker colour than the hair, (for in both portraits, as in Jervas's picture of Lord Bellingbroke, the hair is left undisguised by the odious fashion of the day.) Across one cheek there is a slight scar, as of a sabre cut. The whole character of this portrait is widely different from that in the earlier one. Not a trace of the fire, the animation, which were so striking in the physiognomy of the youth of twenty, are discoverable in the calm, sedate, stately, yet somewhat stern expression which seems immovably spread over the paler hue and the more prominent features of the man of about four or five and thirty. Yet, upon the whole, the face in the latter portrait is handsomer; and, from its air of dignity and reflection, even more impressive than that in the one I have first described.—ED.

* This picture, at present in my possession, represents the count in an undress. The face is decidedly, though by no means remarkably, handsome; the nose is aquiline, the upper lip short and chiselled, the eyes gray, and the

time, and of time murdered, there is a ghost, which we term *ennui*. The hauntings of this spectre are the especial curse of the higher orders; and hence springs a certain consequence to the passions: persons in these ranks of society so exposed to *ennui*, are either rendered totally incapable of real love, or they love far more intensely than those in a lower station; for the affections in them are either utterly frittered away on a thousand petty objects, (poor shifts to escape the persecuting spectre,) or else, early disgusted with the worthlessness of these objects, the heart turns within and languishes for something not found in the daily routine of life. When this is the case, and when the pining of the heart is once satisfied, and the object of love is found, there are two mighty reasons why the love should be most passionately cherished. The first is the utter indolence in which aristocratic life oozes away, and which allows full good for that meditation which can nurse by sure degrees the weakest desire into the strongest passion; and the second reason is, that the insipidity and hollowness of all patrician pursuits and pleasures, render the excitation of love more delicious and more necessary to the "*ignavi terrarum domini*," than it is to those orders of society more usefully, more constantly, and more engrossingly engaged.

Wearied and sated with the pursuit of what was worthless, my heart, at last, exhausted itself in pining for what was pure. I recurred with a tenderness which I struggled with at first, and which, in yielding to, I blushed to acknowledge, to the memory of Isora. And in the world, surrounded by all which might be supposed to cause me to forget her, my heart clung to her far more endearingly than it had done in the rural solitudes in which she had first allured it. The truth was this: at the time I first loved her, other passions—passions almost equally powerful—shared her empire. Ambition and pleasure—vast whirlpools of thought—had just opened themselves a channel in my mind, and thither the tides of my desires were hurried and lost. Now those whirlpools had lost their power, and the channels, being dammed up, flowed back upon my breast. Pleasure had disgusted me, and the only ambition I had yet courted and pursued had palled upon me still more. I say, the only ambition—for as yet that which is of the loftier and more lasting kind had not afforded me a temptation; and the hope which had borne the name and rank of ambition had been the hope rather to glitter than to rise.

These passions, not yet experienced when I lost Isora, had afforded me at that period a ready comfort and a sure engrossment. And in satisfying the hasty jealousies of my temper, in deeming Isora unworthy, and Gerald my rival, I naturally aroused in my pride a dexterous orator as well as a firm ally. Pride not only strengthened my passions, it also persuaded them by its voice; and it was not till the languid, yet deep stillness of sated wishes and palled desires fell upon me, that the low accent of a love still surviving at my heart made itself heard in answer.

I now began to take a different view of Isora's conduct. I now began to doubt, where I had formerly believed; and the doubt, first allied to fear, gradually brightened into hope. Of Gerald's rivalry, at least of his identity with Barnard, and, consequently, of his power over Isora, there was, and

there could be, no feeling short of certainty. But of what nature was that power? Had not Isora assured me that it was not love? Why should I disbelieve her? Nay, did she not love myself? Had not her cheek blushed and her hand trembled when I addressed her? Were these signs the counterfeits of love? Were they not rather of that heart's dye which no skill *can* counterfeit? She had declared that she could not, that she could never be mine: she had declared so with a fearful earnestness which seemed to annihilate hope; but had she not also, in the same meeting, confessed that I was dear to her? Had not her lip given me a sweeter and a more eloquent assurance of that confession than words?—and could hope perish while love existed? She had left me—she had bid me farewell for ever; but that was no proof of a want of love, or of her unworthiness. Gerald, or Barnard, evidently possessed an influence over father as well as child. Their departure from — might have been occasioned by him, and she might have deplored, while she could not resist it: or she might *not* even have deplored. nay, she might have desired, she might have advised it, for my sake as well as hers, were she thoroughly convinced that the union of our love was impossible.

But, then, of what nature could be this mysterious authority which Gerald possessed over her? The which he possessed over the sire, political schemes might account for; but these, surely, could not have much weight for the daughter. This, indeed, must still remain doubtful and unaccounted for. Or presumption, that Gerald was either no favoured lover, or that he was unacquainted with her retreat, might be drawn from the continuance of his residence at Devereux Court. If he loved Isora, and knew her present abode, would he not have sought her? Could he, I thought, live away from that bright face, if once allowed to behold it?—unless, indeed, (terrible thought!) there hung over it the dimness of guilty familiarity, and indifference had been the offspring of possession. But was the delicate and virgin face, where changes, with every moment, coursed each other, harmonious with the changes of the mind, as shadows in a valley reflect the clouds of heaven;—was that face so ingenuous, so girlishly relevant of all—even of the slightest, the most transitory emotion, the face of one hardened in deceit and inured to shame? The countenance is, it is true, but a faithless mirror: but what man that has studied women will not own that there is, at least while the dawn of first youth is not brushed away, in the eye and cheek of a zoned and untainted innocence, that which survives not even the fruition of a lawful love, and has no (nay, not even a shadowed and imperfect) likeness in the face of guilt? Then, too, had any worldly or mercenary sentiment entered her breast respecting me, would Isora have flown from the suit of the eldest scion of the rich house of Devereux?—and would she, poor and destitute, the daughter of an alien and an exile, would she have spontaneously relinquished any hope of obtaining that alliance which maidens of the loftiest houses of England had not disdained to desire? Thus confused and incoherent, but thus yearning fondly toward her image and its imagined purity, did my thoughts daily and hourly array themselves; and, in proportion as I suffered common ties to drop from me one by one, those thoughts

ing the more tenderly to that tie which, though severed from the rich argosy of former love, was still indissolubly attached to the anchor of its hope. It was during this period of revived affection that I received the following letter from my uncle:—

"I thank thee for thy long letter, my dear boy; read it over three times with great delight. Od's-b, Morton, you are a sad Pickle, I fear, and seem to know all the ways of the town as well as your uncle did some thirty years ago! 'Tis a very pretty acquaintance with human nature that your letters display. You put me in mind of little Sid, who was just about your height, and who had just such a pretty, shrewd way of expressing himself in simile and point. Ah, it is easy to see that you have profited by your old uncle's conversation, and that Farquhar and Etherege were not studied for nothing.

"But I have sad news for thee, my child, or rather, it is sad for me to tell thee my tidings. It is sad for the old birds to linger in their nest when the young ones take wing and leave them; but it is merry for the young birds to get away from the old tree, and frisk it in the sunshine—merry for them to get mates, and have young themselves. Now, do not think, Morton, that by speaking of mates and young, I am going to tell thee thy brothers are already married; nay, there is time enough for those things, and I am not friendly to early weddings, nor, to speak truly, a marvellous great admirer of that holy ceremony at thy age; for the which there may be private reasons, too long to relate to thee now. Moreover, I fear my young day was a wicked time—a heinous wicked time—and we were wont to laugh at the added state, until, body of me, some of us found no laughing matter.

"But to return, Morton—to return to thy others—they have both left me; and the house seems to me not the good old house it did when we were all about me; and somehow or other, I look now oftener at the churchyard than I was wont to do. You are all gone now—all shot up, and become men; and when your old uncle sees no more, and recollects that all his own contemporaries are out of the world, he cannot help saying, as William Temple, poor fellow, once jestily enough said, 'Methinks it seems an incontinence in me to be still alive.' You went first, Morton: and I missed you more than I cared to say; but you were always a kind boy to those you loved, and you wrote the old knight merry letters, that made him laugh, and think he was grown young again—(faith, boy, that was a jolly story of the three squires at Button's!)—and, once a week comes your packet, well filled, as if you did not think it a task to make me happy, which your handwriting always does; nor a shame to my gray hairs that I take pleasure in the same things that please thee! So, thou seest, my child, that I have not through thy absence pretty well, save that I have had no one to read thy letters to; for Gerald and thou are still jealous of each other—a great sin in thee, Morton, which I prithee to reform. And Aubrey, poor lad, is a little too rigid, considering his years, and it looks not well in the dear boy to shake his head at the follies of his uncle. And to thy mother, Morton, I read her one of thy letters, and she said thou wert a graceless reprobate

to think so much of this wicked world, and to write so familiarly to thine aged relative. Now, I am not a young man, Morton; but the word aged has a sharp sound with it when it comes from a lady's mouth.

"Well, after thou hadst been gone a month, Aubrey and Gerald, as I wrote thee word long since, in the last letter I wrote thee with my own hand, made a tour together for a little while, and that was a hard stroke on me. But after a week or two Gerald returned; and I went out in my chair to see the dear boy shoot—'sdeath, Morton, he handles the gun well. And then Aubrey returned alone: but he looked pined, and moping, and shut himself up, and as thou dost love him so, I did not like to tell thee, till now when he is quite well, that he alarmed me much for him; he is too much addicted to his devotions, poor child, and seems to forget that the hope of the next world, ought to make us happy in this. Well, Morton, at last, two months ago, Aubrey left us again, and Gerald last week set off on a tour through the sister kingdom, as it is called. Faith, boy, if Scotland and England are sister kingdoms, 'tis a thousand pities for Scotland that they are not co-heiresses.

"I should have told thee of this news before, but I have had, as thou knowest, the gout so villanously in my hand, that till t'other day, I have not held a pen—and old Nicholls, my amanuensis, is but a poor scribe; and I did not love to let the dog write to thee on all our family affairs—especially as I have a secret to tell thee, which makes me plaguy uneasy. Thou must know, Morton, that after thy departure, Gerald asked me for thy rooms; and though I did not like that any one else should have what belonged to thee, yet I have always had a foolish antipathy to say 'No!' so thy brother had them, on condition to leave them exactly as they were, and to yield them to thee whenever thou shouldst return to claim them. Well, Morton, when Gerald went on his tour with thy youngest brother, old Nicholls—you know 'tis a garrulous fellow—told me one night, that his son Hugh—you remember Hugh, a thin youth, and a tall—lingering by the beach one evening, saw a man, wrapped in a cloak, come out of the castle cave, unmoor one of the boats, and push off to the little island opposite. Hugh swears by more than yea and nay, that the man was Father Montreuil. Now, Morton, this made me very uneasy, and I saw why thy brother Gerald wanted thy rooms, which communicate so snugly with the sea. So I told Nicholls slyly, to have the great iron gate at the mouth of the passage carefully locked; and when it was locked, I had an iron plate put over the whole lock, that the lean Jesuit might not creep even through that. Thy brother returned, and I told him a tale of the smugglers, who have really been too daring of late, and insisted on the door being left as I had ordered; and I told him moreover, though not as if I had suspected his communication with the priest, that I interdicted all further converse with that limb of the church. Thy brother heard me with an indifferently bad grace: but I was peremptory, and the thing was agreed on.

"Well, child, the day before Gerald last left us, I went to take leave of him in his own room—to tell thee the truth, I had forgotten his travelling expenses;—when I was on the stairs of the tower, I

heard—by the Lord I did—Montreuil's voice in the outer-room, as plainly as I ever heard it at prayers. Od's-fish, Morton, I was an angered, and I made so much haste to the door, that my foot slipped by the way; thy brother heard me fall, and came out—but I looked at him, as I never looked at thee, Morton, and entered the room. Lo the priest was not there; I searched both chambers in vain; so I made thy brother lift up the trap-door, and kindle a lamp, and I searched the room below, and the passage. The priest was invisible. Thou knowest, Morton, that there is only one egress in the passage, and that was locked, as I said before; so where the devil—the devil indeed—could thy tutor have escaped? He could not have passed me on the stairs without my seeing him; he could not have leapt the window without breaking his neck; he could not have got out of the passage without making himself a current of air! Od's-fish, Morton, this thing might puzzle a wiser man than thine uncle. Gerald affected to be mighty indignant at my suspicions; but God forgive him, I saw he was playing a part. A man does not write plays, my child, without being keen-sighted in these little intrigues, and moreover, it is impossible I could have mistaken thy tutor's voice, which, to do it justice, is musical enough, and is the most singular voice I ever heard—unless little Sid's be excepted.

"A propos of little Sid. I remember that in the Mall, when I was walking there alone, three weeks after my marriage, De Grammont and Sid joined me. I was in a melancholic mood—('sdeath, Morton, marriage tames a man, as water tames mice)—'Aha, Sir William,' cried Sedley, 'thou hast a cloud on thee—prithee now brighten it away: see, thy wife shines on thee from the other end of the Mall.' 'Ah, talk not to a dying man of his physic!' said Grammont—[that Grammont was a shocking rogue, Morton.] 'Prithee, Sir William, what is the chief characteristic of wedlock? is it a state of war or of peace?' 'O, peace to be sure!' cried Sedley, 'and Sir William and his lady carry with them the emblem.' 'How?' cried I—for I do assure thee, Morton, I was of a different turn of mind. 'How!' said Sid, gravely, 'why the emblem of peace is the *cornucopia*, which your lady and you equitably divide—she carries the *copia*, and you the *cor*—' Nay, Morton, nay, I cannot finish the jest, for after all, it was a sorry thing in little Sid, whom I had befriended like a brother, with heart and purse, to wound me so cuttingly—but 'tis the way with your jesters.

"Od's-fish, now how I have got out of my story! Well, I did not go back to my room, Morton, till I had looked to the outside of the iron door, and seen that the plate was as firm as ever: so now you have the whole of the matter. Gerald went the next day, and I fear me much lest he should already be caught in some jacobite trap. Write me thy advice on the subject. Meanwhile, I have taken the precaution to have the trap-door removed, and the aperture strongly boarded over.

"But 'tis time for me to give over. I have been four days on this letter, for the gout comes now to me oftener than it did, and I do not know when I may again write to thee with my own hand: so I resolved I would e'en empty my whole budget at once. Thy mother is well and blooming; she is, at the present, abstractedly employed in a prodigious

piece of tapestry, which, old Nicholls informs me, is the wonder of all the women.

"Heaven bless thee, my child! Take care of thyself, and drink moderately. It is hurtful, at thy age, to drink above a gallon or so at a sitting. Heave bless thee again, and when the weather gets warmer, thou must come with thy kind looks, to make me feel at home again. At present the country wears a cheerless face, and every thing about us is harsh and frosty, except the blunt, good-for-nothing heart of thine uncle, and that, winter or summer, is always warm to thee.

"WILLIAM DEVEREUX."

"P. S. I thank thee heartily for the little spaniel of the new breed thou gottest me from the Dutchess of Marlborough. It has the prettiest red and white, and the blackest eyes possible. But poor Ponto is as jealous as a wife three years married, and I cannot bear the old hound to be vexed, so I shall transfer the little creature, its rival, to thy mother."

This letter, tolerably characteristic of the blended simplicity, penetration, and overflowing kindness of the writer, occasioned me much cogitation. There was no doubt in my mind but that Gerald and Montreuil were engaged in some intrigue for the exiled family. The disguised name which the former assumed, the state reasons which D'Alvarez confessed that Barnard, or rather Gerald, had for concealment, and which proved, at least, that some state plot in which Gerald was engaged was known to the Spaniard, joined to those expressions of Montreuil, which did all but own a design for the restoration of the deposed line, and the power which I knew he possessed over Gerald, whose mind, at once bold and facile, would love the adventure of the intrigue, and yield to Montreuil's suggestions on its nature,—these combined circumstances left me in no doubt upon a subject deeply interesting to the honour of our house, and the very life of one of its members. Nothing, however, for me to do, calculated to prevent or impede the designs of Montreuil and the danger of Gerald occurred to me. Eager alike in my hatred and my love, I said, inly, "What matters it whether one whom the ties of blood never softened toward me, with whom from my childhood upward I have wrestled as with an enemy, what matters whether he win fame or death in the perilous game he has engaged in?" And turning from this narrow and most brotherly view of the subject, I began only to think whether the search or the society of Isora also influenced Gerald in his absence from home. After a fruitless and inconclusive meditation on that head, my thoughts took a less selfish turn, and dwelt with all the softness of pity and the anxiety of love upon the morbid temperament and ascetic devotions of Aubrey. What, for one already so abstracted from the enjoyments of earth, so darkened by superstitious misconceptions of the true nature of God and the true objects of his creatures—what could be anticipated, but wasted powers and a perverted life? Alas! when will men perceive the difference between religion and priestcraft? when will they perceive that reason, so far from extinguishing religion by a more gaudy light, sheds on it all its lustre? when will they perceive that nothing contrary to sense is pleasing to virtue, and that virtue itself is only valuable because it is the road to happiness? It is fabled,

at the first legislator of the Peruvians received from the Deity a golden rod, with which in his wanderings he was to strike the earth, until in the destined spot the earth entirely absorbed it, and there—and there alone—was he to erect a temple to the Divinity. What is this fable but the cloak of an inestimable moral? Our reason is the rod of gold; the vast world of truth gives the soil, which it is perpetually to sound; and only here without resistance the soil receives the rod which guided and supported us, will our altar be revered and our worship be accepted.

CHAPTER X.

Being a short chapter, containing a most important event.

SIR WILLIAM'S letter was still fresh in my mind, when for want of some less noble quarter herein to bestow my tediousness, I repaired to St. John. As I crossed the hall to his apartment, two men, just dismissed from his presence, passed me rapidly; one was unknown to me, but there was no mistaking the other—it was Montreuil. I was greatly startled: the priest not appearing to notice me, and conversing in a whispered, yet seemingly vehement tone, with his companion, hurried on, and vanished through the street door. I entered St. John's room: he was alone, and received me with his usual gayety.

"Pardon me, Mr. Secretary," said I; "but if it is a question of state, do inform me what you now respecting the taller one of those two gentlemen who have just quitted you?"

"It is a question of state, my dear Devereux, my answer must be brief—very little."

"You know who he is?"

"Yes, a Jesuit, and a marvellously shrewd one: the Abbé Montreuil."

"He was my tutor."

"Ah, so I have heard."

"And your acquaintance with him is positively and *bonâ fide* of a state nature?"

"Positively and *bonâ fide*."

"I could tell you something of him; he is certainly in the service of the court at St. Germain's, and a terrible plotter on this side the channel."

"Possibly; but I wish to have no information respecting him."

One great virtue of business did St. John possess, and I have never known any statesman who possessed it so eminently: it was the discretionary distinction between friends of the statesman and friends of the man. Much and intimately as I knew St. John, I could never glean from him a single secret of a state nature, until, indeed, at a later period, I leagued myself to a portion of his public schemes. Accordingly I found him, at the present moment, perfectly impregnable to my inquiries; and it was not till I knew Montreuil's companion was that celebrated intriguer, the Abbé Gaultier, that I ascertained the exact nature of the priest's business with St. John, and the exact motive of the civilities he had received from Abigail Masham.* Being at last forced, despair-

ingly, to give over the attempt on his discretion, I suffered St. John to turn the conversation upon other topics, and as these were not much to the existent humour of my mind, I soon rose to depart.

"Stay, count," said St. John; "shall you ride to-day?"

"If you will bear me company."

"*Volontiers*—to say the truth I was about to ask you to canter your bay horse first with me to Spring Gardens,* where I have a promise to make to the director; and secondly, on a mission of charity to a poor foreigner of rank and birth, who, in his profound ignorance of this country, thought it right to enter into a plot with some wise heads, and to reveal it to some foolish tongues, who brought it to us with as much clatter as if it were a second gunpowder project. I easily brought him off that scrape, and I am now going to give him a caution for the future. Poor gentleman, I hear that he is grievously distressed in pecuniary matters, and I always had a kindness for exiles. Who knows but that a state of exile may be our own fate! and this alien is sprung from a race as haughty as that of St. John, or of Devereux. The *res angusta domi* must gall him sorely!"

"True," said I, slowly. "What may be the name of the foreigner?"

"Why—complain not hereafter that I do not trust you in state matters—I will divulge—D'Alvarcz—Don Diego—an hidalgo of the best blood of Andalusia; and not unworthy of it, I fancy, in the virtues of fighting, though he may be in those of council. But—heavens! Devereux—you seem ill!"

"No, no! Have you ever seen this man?"

"Never."

At this word a thrill of joy shot across me, for I knew St. John's fame for gallantry, and I was suspicious of the motives of his visit.

"St. John, I know this Spaniard—I know him well, and intimately. Could you not commission me to do your errand, and deliver your caution? Relief from me he might accept; from you, as a stranger, pride might forbid it; and you would really confer on me a personal and an essential kindness, if you would give me so fair an opportunity to confer kindness upon him."

"*Eh bien!* I am delighted to oblige you in any way. Take his direction: you see his abode is in a very pitiful suburb. Tell him from me that he is quite safe at present; but tell him also to avoid, henceforward, all imprudence, all connexion with priests, plotters, *et tous ces gens-là*, as he values his personal safety, or at least his continuance in this most hospitable country. It is not from every wood that we make a Mercury, nor from every brain that we can carve a Mercury's genius of intrigue."

"Nobody ought to be better skilled in the ma-

on, both by Harley and by St. John, very largely, and very closely, I need not say that there is no doubt. Whether there was any guilt in the correspondence—viz. whether sound policy and the good of the nation did not require as well as justify it—is a matter to be left to the sound casuistry, and enlightened, unbiassed, and profound penetration of historians, like Galliculus, to decide;—Galliculus, that defender of Whiggism and libeller of freedom, whose writings would so admirably fulfil the true end of party—traduce the great and exalt the little—were not the rancour of the advocate rendered venomless by the imbecility of the man.—Ed.

* Vauxhall.

* Viz.—That Count Devereux ascertained the priest's communications and overtures from the chevalier. The precise extent of Bolingbroke's secret negotiations with the exiled prince is still one of the darkest portions of the history of that time. That negotiations were carried

terials requisite for such productions than Mr. Secretary St. John!" said I: "and now, adieu."

"Adieu, if you won't ride with me. We meet at Sir William Wyndham's to-morrow."

Masking my agitation till I was alone, I rejoiced when I found myself in the open streets. I summoned a hackney coach, and drove as rapidly as the vehicle would permit to the petty and obscure suburb to which St. John had directed me. The coach stopped at the door of a very humble, but not absolutely wretched, abode. I knocked at the door. A woman opened it, and in answer to my inquiries, told me that the poor foreign gentleman was very ill—very ill indeed—had suffered a paralytic stroke—not expected to live. His daughter was with him now—would see no one—even Mr. Barnard had been denied admission.

At that name my feelings, shocked and stunned at first by the unexpected intelligence of the poor Spaniard's danger, felt a sudden and fierce revulsion—I combatted it. This is no time, I thought, for any jealous, for any selfish emotion. If I can serve her, if I can relieve her father, let me be contented. "She will see me," I said aloud; and I slipped some money in the woman's hand. "I am an old friend of the family, and I shall not be an unwelcome intruder on the sick room of the sufferer."

"Intruder, sir—bless you, the poor gentleman is quite speechless and insensible."

At hearing this, I could refrain no longer. Isora's disconsolate, solitary, destitute condition, broke irresistibly upon me, and all scruple of more delicate and formal nature vanished at once. I ascended the stairs, followed by the old woman; she stopped me by the threshold of a room on the second floor, and whispered "*There.*" I paused an instant—collected breath and courage, and entered. The room was partially darkened. The curtains were drawn closely around the bed. By a table, on which stood two or three phials of medicine, I beheld Isora, listening with an eager, a most eager and intent face, to a man whose garb betrayed his healing profession, and who, laying a finger on the outstretched palm of his other hand, appeared giving his precise instructions, and uttering that oracular breath which—mere human words to him—was a message of fate itself—a fiat on which hung all that makes life—life, to his trembling and devout listener. Monarchs of earth, ye have not so supreme a power over wo and happiness as one village leech. As he turned to leave her, she drew from a most slender purse a few petty coins, and I saw that she muttered some words indicative of the shame of poverty, as she tremblingly tendered them to the outstretched palm. Twice did that palm close and open on the paltry sum; and the third time the native instinct of the heart overcame the later instinct of the profession. The limb of Galen drew back, and shaking with a gentle oscillation his capitalian honour, he laid the money softly on the table, and buttoning up the pouch of his nether garment, as if to resist temptation, he pressed the poor hand still extended toward him, and bowing over it with a kind respect for which I did long to approach and kiss his most withered and undainty cheek, he turned quickly round, and almost fell against me in the abstracted hurry of his exit.

"Hush!" said I, softly. "What hope of your patient?"

The leech glanced at me meaningly, and I whispered to him to wait for me below. Isora had not yet seen me. It is a notable distinction in the feelings, that all but the solitary one of grief quicken to a nerve-like quickness the keenness of the senses, but grief blunts them to a most dull obtuseness. I hesitated now to come forward; and so I stood hat in hand by the door, and not knowing that the tears streamed down my cheeks, as I fixed my gaze upon Isora. She, too, stood still, just where the leech had left her, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her head drooping. The right hand which the man had pressed had sunk slowly and heavily by her side, with the small snowy fingers half closed over the palm. There is no describing the despondency which the listless position of that hand spoke, and the left hand lay with a like indolence of sorrow on the table, with one finger outstretched and pointing toward the phials, just as it had, some moments before, seconded the injunctions of the prim physician. Well, for my part, if I were a painter I would come now and then to a sick chamber for a study.

At last Isora, with a very quiet gesture of self-recovery, moved toward the bed, and the next moment I was by her side. If my life depended on it, I could not write one, no, not one syllable more of this scene.

CHAPTER XI.

Containing more than any other chapter in the second book of this history.

My first proposal was to remove the patient, with all due care and gentleness, to a better lodging, and a district more convenient for the visits of the most eminent physicians. When I expressed this wish to Isora, she looked at me long and wistfully, and then burst into tears. "You will not deceive us," said she, "and I accept your kindness at once—from him I rejected the same offer."

"Him?—of whom speak you?—this Barnard, or rather—but I know him!" A startling expression passed over Isora's speaking face.

"Know him!" she cried, interrupting me. "You do not—you cannot!"

"Take courage, dearest Isora—if I may so dare to call you—take courage; it is fearful to have a rival in that quarter—but I am prepared for it. This Barnard, tell me again, do you love him?"

"Love—O God, no!"

"What then: do you still fear him?—fear him, too, protected by the unsleeping eye and the vigilant hand of a love like mine?"

"Yes!" she said falteringly, "I fear for *you*."

"Me!" I cried, laughing scornfully, "me! nay, dearest, there breathes not that man whom you need fear on *my* account. But, answer me, is not—"

"For heaven's sake—for mercy's sake!" cried Isora eagerly, "do not question me—I may not tell you who, or what this man is—I am bound by a most solemn oath, never to divulge that secret."

"I care not," said I, calmly, "I want no confirmation of my knowledge—this masked rival is my own brother!"

I fixed my eyes full on Isora while I said this, and she quailed beneath my gaze: her cheek—her lips—were utterly without colour, and an expres-

on of sickening and keen anguish was graven upon her face. She made no answer.

"Yes!" resumed I, bitterly, "it is my brother—be it so—I am prepared; but if you can, Isora, if you can, say one word to deny it."

Isora's tongue seemed literally to cleave to her mouth; at last, with a violent effort, she muttered, "I have told you, Morton, that I am bound by oath not to divulge this secret; nor may I breathe a single syllable calculated to do so: if I deny one word, you may question me on more; and, therefore, to deny one is a breach of my oath. But beware!" she added, vehemently, "O! beware of your suspicions—mere vague, baseless suspicions—criminate a brother; and above all, whom ever you believe to be the real being under this disguised name—as you value your life, and therefore mine—breathe not to him a syllable of your life."

I was so struck with the energy with which this was said, that after a short pause, I rejoined in an altered tone,

"I cannot believe that I have aught against life or fear from a brother's hand—but I will promise you to guard against latent danger. But is your oath so peremptory, that you cannot deny even one word?—if not, and you can deny this, I swear to you that I will never question you upon another."

Again a fierce convulsion wrung the lip and distorted the perfect features of Isora. She remained silent for some moments, and then murmured, "My oath forbids me even that single answer—tempt me no more—now and for ever I am mute upon this subject."

Perhaps some slight and momentary anxiety, or doubt, or suspicion, betrayed itself upon my countenance, for Isora, after looking upon me long and mournfully, said in a quiet but melancholy tone, "I see your thoughts, and I do not reproach you for them: it is natural that you should think ill of one whom this mystery surrounds—one too placed under such circumstances of humiliation and distrust. I have lived long in your country; I have seen, for the last few months, much of its inhabitants; I have studied too the works which promise to unfold its national and peculiar character; I know that you have a mistrust of the people of other climates; I know that you are cautious and full of suspicious vigilance, even in your commerce with each other; I know, too, (and Isora's heart welled visibly as she spoke,) that poverty itself, in the eyes of your commercial countrymen, is a crime, and that they rarely feel confidence or place in those who are unhappy;—why, Count Devereux, why should I require more of you than of the rest of your nation? Why should you think better of the penniless and friendless girl—the degraded exile—the victim of doubt, which is so often the disguise of guilt, than any other—any one even among my own people—would think of one so mercilessly deprived of all the decent and appropriate barriers by which a maiden should be surrounded? No—no—leave me as you found me—leave my poor father where you see him—anywhere will do for us to die in."

"Isora!" I said, clasping her in my arms, "you do not know me yet; had I found you in prosperity, and in the world's honour—had I wooed you in your father's halls, and girt around with his friends and kinsmen of your race—I might have pressed for more than you will now tell me;

I might have indulged suspicion where I perceived mystery, and I might not have loved as I love you now! Now, Isora, in misfortune, in destitution, I place without reserve my whole heart—its trust, its zeal, its devotion—in your keeping; come evil or good, storm or sunshine, I am yours, wholly, and for ever. Reject me if you will, I will return to you again; and never—never—save from my own eyes or your own lips—will I receive a single evidence detracting from your purity, or, Isora—mine own, own Isora—may I not add also—from your love?"

"Too, too generous!" murmured Isora, struggling passionately with her tears, "may God forsake me if ever I am ungrateful to thee; and believe—believe, that if love, more fond, more true, more devoted than woman ever felt before, can repay you, you shall be repaid!"

Why, at that moment, did my heart leap so joyously within me?—why did I say inly, "The treasure I have so long yearned for is found at last: we have met, and through the waste of years, we will walk together, and never part again?" Why, at that moment of bliss, did I *not* rather feel a foretaste of the coming woe! O, blind and capricious fate, that gives us a presentiment at one while, and withholds it at another! Knowledge, and prudence, and calculating foresight, what are ye?—warnings unto others, not ourselves. Reason is a lamp which sheddeth afar a glorious and general light, but leaveth all that is around it in darkness and in gloom! We foresee and foretell the destiny of others—we march credulous and benighted to our own; and like Laocoon, from the very altars by which we stand as the soothsayer and the priest, creep forth, unsuspected and undreamt of, the serpents which are fated to destroy us!

That very day then, Alvarez was removed to a lodging more worthy of his birth, and more calculated to afford hope of his recovery. He bore the removal without any evident sign of fatigue; but his dreadful malady had taken away both speech and sense, and he was already more than half the property of the grave. I sent, however, for the best medical advice which London could afford. They met, prescribed, and left the patient just as they found him. I know not, in the progress of science, what physicians may be to posterity, but in my time they are false witnesses subpoenaed against death, whose testimony always tells less in favour of the plaintiff than the defendant.

Before we left the poor Spaniard's present lodging, and when I was on the point of giving some instructions to the landlady respecting the place to which the few articles of property belonging to Don Diego and Isora were to be removed Isora made me a sign to be silent, which I obeyed, "Pardon me," said she afterward; "but I confess that I am anxious our next residence should not be known—should not be subject to the intrusion of—of this—"

"Barnard, as you call him. I understand you; be it so!" and accordingly I enjoined the goods to be sent to my own house, from whence they were removed to Don Diego's new abode; and I took especial care to leave with the good lady no clue to discover Alvarez and his daughter, otherwise than *through me*. The pleasure afforded me of directing Gerald's attention to myself, I could not

resist. "Tell Mr. Barnard, when he calls," said I, "that only through Count Morton Devereux, will he hear of Don Diego D'Alvarez, and the lady his daughter."

"I will, your honour," said the landlady; and then looking at me more attentively, she added: "Bless me! now when you speak, there is a very strong likeness between yourself and Mr. Barnard."

I recoiled as if an adder had stung me, and hurried into the coach to support the patient, who was already placed there.

Now then my daily post was by the bed of disease and suffering: in the chamber of death was my vow of love ratified; and in sadness and in sorrow was it returned. But it is in such scenes that the deepest, the most endearing, and the most holy species of the passion is engendered. As I heard Isora's low voice tremble with the suspense of one who watches over the hourly severing of the affection of nature and of early years: as I saw her light step flit by the pillow which she smoothed, and her cheek alternately flush and fade, in watching the wants which she relieved; as I marked her mute, her unwearying tenderness, breaking into a thousand nameless but mighty cares, and pervading like an angel's vigilance every—yea, the minutest—course into which it flowed—did I not behold her in that sphere in which woman is most lovely, and in which love itself consecrates its admiration, and purifies its most ardent desires? That was not a time for our hearts to speak audibly to each other; but we felt that they grew closer and closer, and we asked not for the poor eloquence of words. But over this scene let me not linger.

One morning, as I was proceeding on foot to Isora's, I perceived on the opposite side of the way Montreuil and Gerald; they were conversing eagerly: they both saw me. Montreuil made a slight, quiet, and dignified inclination of the head: Gerald coloured, and hesitated. I thought he was about to leave his companion and address me; but with a haughty and severe air, I passed on, and Gerald, as if stung by my demeanour, bit his lip vehemently, and followed my example. A few minutes afterward I felt an inclination to regret that I had not afforded him an opportunity of addressing me. "I might," thought I, "have then taunted him with his persecution of Isora, and defied him to execute those threats against me, in which it was evident, from her apprehensions for my safety, that he indulged."

I had not, however, much leisure for these thoughts. When I arrived at the lodgings of Alvarez, I found that a great change had taken place in his condition; he had recovered speech, though imperfectly, and testified a return to sense. I flew up stairs with a light step to congratulate Isora: she met me at the door. "Hush!" she whispered: "my father sleeps!" But she did not speak with the animation I had anticipated.

"What is the matter, dearest?" said I, following her into another apartment: "you seem sad, and your eyes are red with tears, which are not, methinks, entirely the tears of joy at this happy change in your father?"

"I am marked out for suffering," returned Isora, more keenly than she was wont to speak. I pressed her to explain her meaning: she hesitated at first, but at length confessed that her

father had always been anxious for her marriage with this *soi-disant* Barnard, and that his first words on his recovery had been to press her to consent to his wishes.

"My poor father," said she, weepingly, "speaks and thinks only for my fancied good; but his senses as yet are only recovered in part, and he cannot even understand me when I speak of you. 'I shall die,' he said, 'I shall die, and you will be left on the wide world!' I in vain endeavoured to explain to him that I should have a protector; he fell asleep muttering those words, and with tears in his eyes."

"Does he know as much of this Barnard as you do?" said I.

"Heavens, no!—or he would never have pressed me to marry one so wicked."

"Does he know even who he is?"

"Yes!" said Isora, after a pause, "but he has not known it long."

Here the physician joined us, and taking us aside, informed me that, as he had foreboded, sleep had been the harbinger of death, and that Don Diego was no more. I broke the news as gently as I could to Isora; but her grief was far more violent than I could have anticipated: and nothing seemed to cut her so deeply to the heart as the thought that his last wish had been one with which she had not complied, and could never comply.

I pass over the first days of mourning—I come to the one after Don Diego's funeral. I had been with Isora in the morning: I left her for a few hours, and returned at the first dusk of evening with some books and music, which I vainly hoped she might recur to for a momentary abstraction from her grief. I dismissed my carriage, with the intention of walking home, and addressing the woman-servant who admitted me, inquired, as was my wont, after Isora. "She has been very ill," replied the woman, "ever since the strange gentleman left her."

"The strange gentleman?"

Yes, he had forced his way up stairs, despite of the denial the servant had been ordered to give to all strangers. He had entered Isora's room; and the woman, in answer to my urgent inquiries added that she had heard his voice raised to a loud and harsh key in the apartment; he had stayed there about a quarter of an hour, and had then hurried out, seemingly in great disorder and agitation.

"What description of man was he?" I asked.

The woman answered that he was mantled from head to foot in his cloak, which was richly lined, and his hat was looped with diamonds, but she could not describe him than as one of a haughty and abrupt bearing, and evidently belonging to the higher ranks.

Convinced that Gerald had been the intruder, I hastened up the stairs to Isora. She received me with a sickly and faint smile, and endeavoured to conceal the traces of her tears.

"So!" said I, "this insolent persecutor of yours has discovered your abode, and again insulted or intimidated you. He shall do so no more! I will seek him to-morrow—and no affinity of blood shall prevent—"

"Morton, dear Morton!" cried Isora, in great

alarm, and yet with a certain determination stamped upon her features, "hear me!—it is true this man has been here—it is true that fearful and terrible as he is, he has agitated and alarmed me; but it was only for you, Morton—by the holy virgin, it was only for you! 'The moment,' said he, and his voice ran shivering through my heart like a dagger, 'the moment Morton Devereux discovers who is his rival, that moment his death-warrant is irrevocably sealed!'"

"Arrogant boaster!" I cried, and my blood burnt with the intense rage which a much slighter cause would have kindled from the natural fierceness of my temper. "Does he think my life is at his bidding, to allow or to withhold? Unhand me, Isora, unhand me! I tell you I will seek him this moment, and dare him to do his worst!"

"Do so," said Isora, calmly, and releasing her hold; "do so; but hear me first: the moment you breathe to him your suspicions, you place an eternal barrier betwixt yourself and me! Pledge me your faith that you will never, while I live at least, reveal to him—to any one—whom you suspect—your reproach, your defiance, your knowledge—nay, not even your slightest suspicion of his identity with my persecutor—promise me this, Morton Devereux, or, I, in my turn, before that crucifix, whose sanctity we both acknowledge and adore—that crucifix which has descended to my race for three unbroken centuries—which, for my departed fathers in the solemn vow, and in the death agony, has still been a witness, a consolation, and a pledge, between the soul and its Creator—by that crucifix which my dying mother clasped to her bosom, when she committed me, an infant, to the care of that Heaven which hears and records for ever our lightest word—I swear that I will never be yours!"

"Isora!" said I, awed and startled, yet struggling against the impression her energy made upon me, "you know not to what you pledge yourself, or what you require of me. If I do not seek out this man—if I do not expose to him my knowledge of his pursuit, and unhallowed persecution of you—if I do not effectually prohibit and prevent their continuance—think well, what security have I for your future peace of mind—nay, even for the safety of your honour or your life. A man thus bold, daring, and unbaffled in his pursuit, thus vigilant and skilful in his selection of time and occasion—so that, despite my constant and anxious endeavour to meet him in your presence, I have never been able to do so: from a man, I say, thus pertinacious in resolution, thus crafty in disguise, what may you not dread when you have made him utterly fearless by the license of impunity? Think too, again, Isora, that the mystery dishonours as much as the danger menaces. Is it meet that my betrothed and my future bride should be subjected to these secret and terrible visitations—visitations of a man professing himself her lover, and evincing the vehemence of his passion by that of his pursuit? Isora—Isora—you have weighed not these things—you know not what you demand of me."

"I do!" answered Isora, "I do know all that I demand of you—I demand of you only to preserve your life."

"How," said I, impatiently, "cannot my hand preserve my life? and is it for you, the daughter of a line of warriors, to ask your lover and your husband to shrink from a single foe?"

"No, Morton," answered Isora. "Were you going to battle, I would gird on your sword myself—were, too, this man other than he is, and you were about to meet him in open contest, I would not wrong you, nor degrade your betrothed, by a fear. But I know my persecutor well—fierce, unrelenting—dreadful in his dark and ungovernable passions as he is, he has not the courage to confront you: I fear not the open foe, but the lurking and sure assassin. His very earnestness to avoid you; the precautions he has taken—nay, from me, the certainty he has obtained to that effect—are alone sufficient to convince you that he dreads personally to oppose your claim, or to vindicate himself."

"Then what have I to fear?"

"Every thing! Do you not know that from men, at once fierce, crafty, and shrinking from bold violence, the stuff for assassins is always made? And if I wanted surer proof of his designs than inference, his oath—it rings in my ears now—is sufficient: 'The moment Morton Devereux discovers who is his rival, that moment his death-warrant is irrevocably sealed.' Morton, I demand your promise; or, though my heart break, I will record my own vow."

"Stay—stay," I said, in anger and in sorrow: "were I to promise this, and for my own safety hazard yours, what could you deem me?"

"Fear not for me, Morton," answered Isora; "you have no cause. I tell you that this man, villain as he is, ever leaves me, humbled and abased. Do not think that in all times, and all scenes, I am the foolish and weak creature you behold me now. Remember, that you said rightly I was the daughter of a line of warriors; and I have that within me which will not shame my descent."

"But, dearest, your resolution may avail you for a time; but it cannot for ever baffle the hardened nature of a man. I know my own sex, and I know my own ferocity were it once aroused."

"But, Morton, you do not know me," said Isora, proudly, and her face, as she spoke, was set, and even stern, "I am only the coward when I think of you; a word—a look of mine—can abash this man; or, if it could not, I am never without a weapon to defend myself, or—or—" Isora's voice, before firm and collected, now faltered, and a deep blush flowed over the marble paleness of her face.

"Or what?" said I, anxiously.

"Or thee, Morton!" murmured Isora, tenderly, and withdrawing her eyes from mine.

The tone, the look that accompanied these words, melted me at once. I rose—I clasped Isora to my heart—and pouring my kisses upon her soft lips, I said,—

"You are a strange compound, my own fairy queen; but these lips—this cheek—those eyes—are not fit features for a heroine."

"Morton, if I had less determination in my heart, I could not love you so well."

"But tell me," I whispered, with a smile, "where is this weapon on which you rely so strongly?"

"Here!" answered Isora, blushing; and, extricating herself from me, she showed me a small two-edged dagger, which she wore carefully concealed within the folds of her dress. I looked over the bright, keen blade with surprise, and yet

with pleasure at the latent resolution of a character seemingly so soft. I say with pleasure, for it suited well with my own fierce and wild temper. I returned the weapon to her, with a smile and a jest.

"Ah!" said Isora, shrinking from my kiss, "I should not have been so bold, if I only feared danger for myself."

But if, for a moment, we forgot, in the gushings of our affection, the object of our converse and dispute, we soon returned to it again. Isora was the first to recur to it. She reminded me of the promise she required; and she spoke with a seriousness and a solemnity which I found myself scarcely able to resist.

"But," I said, "if he ever molests you hereafter; if again I find that bright cheek blanched, and those dear eyes dimmed with tears, and I know that, in my own house, some one has dared thus to insult its queen, am I to be still torpid and inactive, lest a dastard and craven hand should avenge my assertion of your honour and mine?"

"No, Morton: after our marriage, whenever that be, you will have nothing to apprehend from him on the same ground as before; my fear for you, too, will not be what it is now; your honour will be bound in mine, and nothing shall induce me to hazard it—no, not even your safety. I have every reason to believe that, after that event, he will subject me no longer to his insults—how, indeed, can he, under your perpetual protection? or, for what cause should he attempt it, if he could? I shall be then yours—only and ever yours—what hope could, therefore, then nerve his hardihood, or instigate his intrusions? Trust to me at that time, and suffer me to—nay, I repeat, promise me that I may—trust in you now!"

What could I do? I still combated her wish, and her request; but her steadiness and rigidity of purpose made me, though reluctantly, yield to them at last. So sincere, and so stern, indeed, appeared her resolution, that I feared, by refusal, that she would take the rash oath that would separate us for ever. Added to this, I felt in her that confidence which, I am apt to believe, is far more akin to the latter stages of a real love, than jealousy and mistrust; and I could not believe that either now, or still less after our nuptials, she would risk aught of honour, or the seemings of honour, from a visionary and superstitious fear. Despite, therefore, of my keen and deep interest in the thorough discovery of this mysterious persecutor; and, still more, in the prevention of all future designs from his audacity, I constrained myself to promise her, that I would on no account seek out the person I suspected, or wilfully betray to him, by word or deed, my belief of his identity with Barnard.

Though greatly dissatisfied with my self-compulsion, I strove to reconcile myself to its idea. Indeed, there was much in the peculiar circumstances of Isora—much in the freshness of her present affliction—much in the unfriended and utter destitution of her situation—that while, on the one hand, it called forth her pride, and made stubborn that temper, which was naturally so gentle and so soft; on the other hand, made me yield even to wishes that I thought unreasonable, and consider rather the delicacy and deference due to her condition, than insist upon the sacrifices which, in more fortunate circumstances, I might have ima-

gined due to myself. Still more indisposed to resist her wish and expose myself to its penalty was I, when I considered her desire was the mere excess and caution of her love, and when I felt that she spoke sincerely, when she declared that it was only for me that she was the coward. Nevertheless, and despite of all these considerations, it was with a secret discontent that I took my leave of her, and departed homeward.

I had just reached the end of the street where the house was situated, when I saw there, very imperfectly—for the night was extremely dark—the figure of a man entirely enveloped in a long cloak, such as was commonly worn by gallants, in affairs of secrecy or intrigue; and in the pale light of a single lamp near which he stood, something like the brilliance of gems glittered on the large Spanish hat which overhung his brow. I immediately recalled the description the woman had given me of Barnard's dress, and the thought flashed across me that it was he whom I beheld. "At all events," thought I, "I may confirm my doubts, if I may not communicate them, and I may watch over her safety, if I may not avenge her injuries." I therefore took advantage of my knowledge of the surrounding *quartier*, passed the stranger with a quick step, and then, running rapidly, returned by a circuitous route to the mouth of a narrow and dark street, which was exactly opposite to Isora's house. Here I concealed myself by a projecting porch, and I had not waited long before I saw the dim form of the stranger walk slowly by the house. He passed it three or four times, and each time I thought—though the darkness might well deceive me—that he looked up to the windows. He made, however, no attempt at admission, and appeared as if he had no other object than that of watching by the house. Wearied and impatient at last, I came from my concealment. "I may confirm my suspicions," I repeated, recurring to my oath, and I walked straight toward the stranger.

"Sir!" I said, very calmly, "I am the last person in the world to interfere with the amusements of any other gentleman; but I humbly opine, that no man can parade by this house upon so very cold a night, without giving just ground for suspicion to the friends of its inhabitants. I happen to be among that happy number: and I therefore, with all due humility and respect, venture to request you to seek some other spot for your nocturnal perambulations."

I made this speech purposely prolix, in order to have time fully to reconnoitre the person of the one I addressed. The dusk of the night, and the loose garb of the stranger, certainly forbade any decided success to this scrutiny; but methought the figure seemed, despite of my prepossessions, to want the stately height and grand proportions of Gerald Devereux. I must own, however, that the necessary inexactitude of my survey rendered this idea without just foundation, and did not by any means diminish my firm impression that it was Gerald whom I beheld. While I spoke, he retreated with a quick step, but made no answer: I pressed upon him—he backed with a still quicker step; and when I had ended, he fairly turned round, and made at full speed along the dark street in which I had fixed my previous post of watch. I fled after him, with a step as fleet as his own—his cloak encumbered his flight—I gained

upon him sensibly—he turned a sharp corner—blew me out, and entered into a broad thoroughfare. As I sped after him, bacchanalian voices burst upon my ear, and presently a large band of those young men, who, under the name of Mo-awks, were wont to scour the town nightly, and, sword in hand, to exercise their love of riot, under the disguise of party zeal, became visible in the middle of the street. Through them my fugitive dashed headlong, and, profiting by their surprise, escaped unmolested. I attempted to follow with equal speed, but was less successful. “Halloo!” cried the foremost of the group, placing himself in my way. “No such haste! Art Whig or Tory? Under which king—Bezonian, speak or die!”

“Have a care, sir,” said I, fiercely, drawing my sword.

“Treason, treason!” cried the speaker, confronting me with equal readiness. “Have a care, indeed—have *at thee*.”

“Ha!” cried another, “’tis a Tory; ’tis the secretary’s popish friend, Devereux—pike him, like him.”

I had already ran my opponent through the sword arm, and was in hopes that this act would intimidate the rest, and allow my escape; but at the sound of my name and political bias, coupled with the drawn blood of their confederate, the patriots rushed upon me with that amiable fury generally characteristic of all true lovers of their country. Two swords passed through my body simultaneously, and I fell bleeding and insensible to the ground. When I recovered I was in my own apartments, whither two of the gentler Mo-awks had conveyed me; the surgeons were by my bedside; I groaned audibly when I saw them. If there is a thing in the world I hate, it is in any shape the disciples of Hermes; they always remind me of that Indian people (the Padmi, I think) mentioned by Herodotus, who sustained themselves by devouring the sick. “All is well,” said one, when my groan was heard. “He will not die,” said another. “At least not till we have had more fees,” said a third, more candid than the rest. And thereupon they seized me, and began torturing my wounds anew, till I fainted away with the pain. However, the next day I was declared out of immediate danger; and the first proof I gave of my convalescence was to make Desmarais discharge four surgeons out of five: the remaining one I thought my youth and constitution might enable me to endure.

That very evening, as I was turning restlessly in my bed, and muttering, with parched lips, the name of “Isora,” I saw by my side a figure covered from head to foot in a long veil, and a voice low, soft, but thrilling through my heart like a new existence, murmured, “She is here.”

I forgot my wounds, I forgot my pain and my debility—I sprung upward—the stranger drew aside the veil from her countenance, and I beheld Isora!

“Yes!” said she, in her own liquid and honeyed accents, which fell like balm upon my wound, and my spirit, “yes, she whom *you* have hitherto tended, is come, in her turn, to render some slight woman’s services to you. She has come to nurse, and to soothe, and to pray for you, and to be, till you yourself discard her, your handmaid and your slave.”

I would have answered, but raising her finger to her lips, she rose and vanished; but from that hour my wound healed, my fever slaked, and whenever I beheld her flitting round my bed, or watching over me, or felt her cool fingers wiping the dew from my brow, or took from her hand my medicine, or my food, in those moments the blood seemed to make a new struggle through my veins, and I felt palpably within me a fresh and delicious life—a life full of youth, and passion, and hope, replace the vaguer and duller being which I had hitherto borne.

There are some extraordinary incongruities in that very mysterious thing *sympathy*. One would imagine that in a description of things most generally interesting to all men, the most general interest would be found; nevertheless, I believe few persons would hang breathless over the progressive history of a sick bed. Yet those gradual stages from danger to recovery, how delightfully interesting they are to all who have crawled from one to the other! and who, at some time or other, in his journey through that land of diseases—civilized life—has not taken that gentle excursion? “I would be ill any day for the pleasure of getting well,” said Fontenelle to me one morning with his usual *naïveté*; but who would not be ill for the mere pleasure of being ill, if he could be tended by her whom he most loves?

I shall not therefore dwell upon that most delicious period of my life—my sick bed, and my recovery from it. I pass on to a certain evening in which I heard from Isora’s lips the whole of her history, save what related to her knowledge of the real name of one whose persecution constituted the little of romance which had yet mingled with her innocent and pure life. That evening—how well I remember it! we were alone—still weak and reduced, I lay upon the sofa beside the window, which was partially open, and the still air of an evening in the first infancy of spring, came fresh, and fraught, as it were, with a prediction of the glowing woods, and the reviving verdure, to my cheek. The stars one by one kindled, as if born of heaven and twilight, into their nightly being; and through the vapour and thick ether of the dense city, streamed their most silent light, holy and pure, and resembling that which the Divine mercy sheds upon the gross nature of mankind. But shadowy and calm, their rays fell full upon the face of Isora, as she lay on the ground beside my couch, and with one hand surrendered to my clasp, looked upward till, as she felt my gaze, she turned her cheek blushing away. There was quiet around and above us; but beneath the window we heard at times the sounds of the common earth, and then insensibly our hands knit into a closer clasp, and we felt them thrill more palpably to our hearts; for those sounds reminded us both of our existence, and of our separation from the great herd of our race.

What is love but a division from the world, and a blending of two souls, two immortalities divested of clay and ashes, into one? it is a severing of a thousand ties from whatever is harsh and selfish, in order to knit them into a single and sacred bond! Who loves hath attained the anchorite’s secret; and the hermitage has become dearer than the world. O respite from the toil and the curse of our social and banded state, a little interval art thou, suspended between two eternities—the past and

the future—a star that hovers between the morning and the night, sending through the vast abyss one solitary ray from heaven, but too far and faint to illumine while it hallows the earth.

There was nothing in Isora's tale which the reader has not already learnt, or conjectured. She had left her Andalusian home in her early childhood, but she remembered it well, and lingeringly dwelt over it, in description. It was evident that little, in our colder and less genial isle, had attracted her sympathy, or wound itself into her affection. Nevertheless, I conceive that her naturally dreamy and abstracted character had received from her residence and her trials here, much of the vigour and the heroism which it now possessed. Brought up alone, music and books—few, though not ill-chosen, for Shakspeare was one, and the one which had made upon her the most permanent impression, and perhaps had coloured her temperament with its latent but rich hues of poetry—constituted her amusement and her studies.

But who knows not that a woman's heart finds its fullest occupation within itself? There lies its real study, and within that narrow orbit, the mirror of enchanted thought reflects the whole range of earth. There was it, that loneliness and meditation nursed the mood which afterward, with Isora, became love itself. But I do not wish now so much to describe her character, as to abridge her brief history. The first English stranger, of the male sex, whom her father admitted to her acquaintance, was Barnard. This man was, as I had surmised, connected with him in certain political intrigues, the exact nature of which she did not know. I continue to call him by a name which Isora acknowledged was fictitious. He had never, by actual declaration, betrayed to her his affections: though, accompanied by a sort of fierceness which early revolted her, they soon became visible. On the evening in which I had found her stretched insensible in the garden, and had myself made my first confession of love, I learnt that he had divulged to her his passion and real name; that her rejection had thrown him into a fierce despair; that he had accompanied his disclosure with the most terrible threats against me, for whom he supposed himself rejected, and against the safety of her father, whom he said a word of his could betray; that her knowledge of his power to injure us—us—yes, Isora then loved me, and then trembled for my safety—had terrified and overcome her; and that in the very moment in which my horse's hoofs were heard, and as the alternative of her non-compliance, the rude suitor swore deadly and sure vengeance against Alvarez and myself, she yielded to the oath he prescribed to her—an oath that she would never reveal the secret he had betrayed to her, or suffer me to know who was my real rival.

This was all that I could gather from her guarded confidence; he heard the oath, and vanished, and she felt no more till she was in my arms; then it was that she saw, in the love and vengeance of my rival, a barrier against our union; and then it was that her generous fear for me conquered her attachment, and she renounced me. Their departure from the cottage so shortly afterward, was at her father's choice and at the instigation of Barnard, for the furtherance of their political projects; and it was from Barnard that the money came which repaid my loan to Alvarez. The same person, no doubt, poisoned her father

against me, for henceforth Alvarez never spoke of me with that partiality he had done before. The repaired to London; her father was often absent and often engaged with men whom she had never seen before; he was absorbed and uncommunicative, and she was still ignorant of the nature of his schemings and designs.

At length, after an absence of several weeks Barnard reappeared, and his visits became constant; he renewed his suit to her father as well as herself. Then commenced that domestic persecution, so common in this very tyrannical world which makes us sicken to hear, and which, had Isora been wholly a Spanish girl, she, in all probability, would never have resisted: so much a custom is there in the very air of a climate. But she did resist it, partly because she loved me—she loved me more and more for our separation—partly because she dreaded and abhorred the ferocious and malignant passions of my rival, far beyond any other misery with which fortune could threaten her. "Your father then shall hang or starve!" said Barnard, one day in uncontrollable frenzy, and left her. He did not appear again in the house. The Spaniard's resources, fed, probably, alone by Barnard, failed. From house to house they removed, till they were reduced to that humble one in which I had found them. There Barnard again sought them; there, backed by the powerful advocate of want, he again pressed his suit, and at that exact moment, her father was struck with the numbing curse of his disease. "There and then," said Isora candidly, "I might have yielded at last, for my poor father's sake. You had not saved me."

Once only, (I have before recorded the time,) did Barnard visit her in the new abode I had provided for her, and the day after our conversation on that event, Isora watched and watched for me, and I did not come. From the woman of the house she at last learned the cause. "I forgot," she said timidly, and in conclusion, "I forgot womanhood and modesty, and reserve; I forgot the customs of your country, the decencies of my own; I forgot every thing in this world, but you—you suffering and in danger; my very sense of existence seemed to pass from me, and to be supplied by a breathless, confused, and overwhelming sense of impatient agony, which ceased not, till I was in your chamber, and by your side! And—and now, Mortimer, do not despise me for not having considered more and loved you less."

"Despise you!" I murmured, and I threw my arms around her, and drew her to my breast. In her heart beat against my own: those hearts spoke though our lips were silent, and their language seemed to say, "We are united now, and we will not part."

The starlight, shining with a mellow and deep stillness, was the only light by which we beheld each other; it shone, the witness and the sanction of that internal voice, which we owned but heeded not. Our lips drew closer and closer together, till they met! and in that kiss, was the type and promise of the after ritual which knit two spirits into one. Silence fell around us like a curtain, and the eternal night, with her fresh dews and unclouded stars, looked alone upon the compact of our hearts—an emblem of the eternity, the freshness, and the unearthly, though awful brightness of the love which it hallowed and beheld.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein the history makes great progress, and is marked by one important event in human life.

SPINOSA is said to have loved, above all other amusements, to put flies into a spider's web; and the struggles of the imprisoned insects were wont to bear, in the eyes of this grave philosopher, so facetious and hilarious an appearance, that he would stand and laugh thereat until the tears "coursed one another down his innocent nose." Now it so happeneth, that Spinoza, despite the general (and, in my most meek opinion, the just) condemnation of his theoretical tenets,* was, in character and in nature, according to the voices of all who knew him, an exceedingly kind, humane, and benevolent biped; and it doth, therefore, seem a little strange unto us grave, sober members of the unphilosophical *α π ο λ λ α*, that the struggles and terrors of these little winged creatures should strike the good subtleist in a point of view so irresistibly ludicrous and delightful. But, for my part, I believe that that most imaginative and wild speculator beheld in the entangled flies nothing more than a living simile—an animated illustration—of his own beloved vision of necessity; and that he is no more to be considered cruel for the complacency with which he gazed upon these agonized types of his system, than is Lucan for dwelling, with a poet's pleasure, upon the many ingenious ways with which that grand inquisitor of verse has contrived to vary the simple operation of dying. To the bard, the butchered soldier was only an epic ornament; to the philosopher, the murdered fly was only a metaphysical illustration. For, without being a fatalist, or a disciple of Baruch de Spinoza, I must confess that I cannot conceive a greater resemblance to our human and earthly state, than the penible predicament of the devoted flies. Suddenly do we find ourselves plunged into that vast web—the world; and even as the insect, when he first undergoeth a similar accident of necessity, standeth amazed and still, and only, by little and little, awakeneth to a full sense of his situation; so also at the first, abashed and confounded, we remain on the mesh we are urged upon, ignorant, as yet, of the toils around us, and the sly, dark, immitigable foe, that lieth in yonder nook, already feasting her imagination upon our destruction. Presently we revive—we stir—we flutter—and fate, that foe—the old arch-spider, that hath no moderation in her maw—now fixeth one of her many eyes upon us, and giveth us a partial glimpse of her laidly and grim aspect. We pause in mute terror—we gaze upon the ugly spectre, so imperfectly beheld—the net ceases to tremble, and the wily enemy draws gently back into her nook.

Now we begin to breathe again—we sound the strange footing on which we tread—we move tenderly along it, and again the grisly monster advances on us; again we pause—the foe retires not, but remains still, and surveyeth us;—we see every step is accompanied with danger—we look round and above in despair—suddenly we feel within us a new impulse and a new power!—we feel a vague sympathy with *that* unknown region which spreads *beyond* this great net;—*that limitless beyond* hath a mystic affinity with a part of our own frame—we unconsciously extend our wings (for the soul to us is as the wings to the fly)—we attempt to rise—to soar above this perilous snare, from which we are unable to crawl. The old spider watcheth us in self-hugging quiet, and, looking up to our native air, we think—now shall we escape thee.—Out on it! We rise not a hair's breadth—we have the *wings*, it is true, but the *feet* are fettered. We strive desperately again—the whole web vibrates with the effort—it will break beneath our strength. Not a jot of it!—we cease—we are more entangled than ever! wings—feet—frame—the foul slime is over all!—where shall we turn? every line of the web leads to the one den,—we know not—we care not—we grow blind—confused—lost. The eyes of our hideous foe gloat upon us—she whetteth her insatiate maw—she leapeth towards us—she fixeth her fangs upon us—and so endeth my parallel!

But what has this to do with my tale? Ay, reader, that is thy question; and I will answer it by one of mine. When thou hearest a man moralize and preach of fate, art thou not sure that he is going to tell thee of some one of his peculiar misfortunes? Sorrow loves a parable as much as mirth loves a jest. And thus, already and from afar, I prepare thee, at the commencement of this, the third of those portions into which the history of my various and wild life will be divided, for that event with which I purpose that the said portion shall be concluded.

It is now three months after my entire recovery from my wounds, and I am married to Isora!—married—yes, but *privately* married, and the ceremony is as yet closely concealed. I will explain.

The moment Isora's anxiety for me led her across the threshold of my house, it became necessary for her honour that our wedding should take place immediately on my recovery: so far I was decided on the measure—now for the method. During my illness, I received a long and most affectionate letter from Aubrey, who was then at Devereux Court,—so affectionate was the heart-breathing spirit of that letter—so steeped in all our old household remembrances and boyish feelings, that, coupled as it was with a certain gloom when he spoke of himself and of worldly sins and trials, it brought tears to my eyes whenever I recurred to it;—and many and many a time afterward, when I thought his affections seemed estranged from me, I did recur to it to convince myself that I was mistaken. Shortly afterward I received also a brief epistle from my uncle; it

* One ought, however, to be very cautious before one condemns a philosopher. The master's opinions are generally pure; it is the conclusions and corollaries of his disciples that "draw the honey forth that drives men mad." Schlegel seems to have studied Spinoza *de fonte*, and vindicates him very earnestly from the charges brought against him—atheism, &c.—Ed.

was as kind as usual, and it mentioned Aubrey's return to Devereux Court: "That unhappy boy," said Sir William, "is more than ever devoted to his religious duties; nor do I believe that any priest-ridden poor devil, in the dark ages, ever made such use of the scourge and the penance."

Now, I have before stated that my uncle would, I knew, be averse to my intended marriage; and on hearing that Aubrey was then with him, I resolved, in replying to his letter, to entreat the former to sound Sir William on the subject I had most at heart, and ascertain the exact nature and extent of the opposition I should have to encounter in the step that I was resolved to take. By the same post I wrote to the good old knight in as artful a strain as I was able, dwelling at some length upon my passion, upon the high birth, as well as the numerous good qualities of the object, but mentioning not her name; and I added every thing that I thought likely to enlist my uncle's kind and warm feelings on my behalf. These letters produced the following ones:

FROM SIR WILLIAM DEVEREUX.

"**'SDEATH!** nephew Morton—but I won't scold thee, though thou deservest it. Let me see, thou art now scarce twenty, and thou talkest of marriage, which is the exclusive business of middle age, as familiarly as 'girls of thirteen do of puppy dogs.' Marry!—go hang thyself rather. Marriage, my dear boy, is at the best a treacherous proceeding; and a friend—a true friend, will never counsel another to adopt it rashly. Look you—I have had experience in these matters: and I think the moment a woman is wedded, some terrible revolution happens in her system; all her former good qualities vanish, *hey presto*, like eggs out of a conjuror's box,—'tis true they appear on t'other side of the box, the side turned to other people, but for the poor husband they are gone for ever. Od's-fish, Morton, go to! I tell thee again that I have had experience in these matters, which thou never hast had, clever as thou thinkest thyself. If now it were a good marriage thou wast about to make—if thou wert going to wed power, and money, and places at court, why, something might be said for thee. As it is, there is no excuse—none. And I am astonished how a boy of thy sense could think of such nonsense. Birth, Morton, what the devil does that signify, so long as it is birth in another country? A foreign damsel, and a Spanish girl, too, above all others! 'Sdeath, man, as if there was not quicksilver enough in the English women for you, you must make a mercurial exportation from Spain, must you! Why, Morton—Morton, the ladies in that country are proverbial. I tremble at the very thought of it. But as for my consent I never will give it—never; and though I threaten thee not with disinheritance and such like, yet I do ask something in return for the great affection I have always borne thee; and I make no doubt that thou wilt readily oblige me in such a trifle as giving up a mere Spanish donna. So think of her no more. If thou wantest to make love, there are ladies in plenty whom thou needest not to marry. And for my part, I thought that thou wast all in all with the Lady Hasselton—Heaven bless her pretty face! Now don't think I want to scold thee—and don't think thine old uncle harsh—God knows he is not; but, my dear, dear boy, this is quite out of

the question, and thou must let me hear no more about it. The gout cripples me so, that I must leave off. Ever thine own old uncle,

"WILLIAM DEVEREUX.

"P.S. Upon consideration, I think, my dear boy, that thou must want money, and thou art ever too sparing. Messrs. Child, or my goldsmiths in Aldersgate, have my orders to pay to thy hand's writing whatever thou mayest desire; and I do hope that thou wilt now want nothing to make thee merry withal. Why dost thou not write a comedy? is it not the mode still?"

LETTER FROM AUBREY DEVEREUX.

"I HAVE sounded my uncle, dearest Morton, according to your wishes; and I grieve to say that I have found him inexorable. He was very much hurt by your letter to him, and declared he should write to you forthwith upon the subject. I represented to him all that you have said upon the virtues of your intended bride; and I also insisted upon your clear judgment and strong sense upon most points, being a sufficient surety for your prudence upon this. But you know the libertine opinions, and the depreciating judgment of women, entertained by my poor uncle; and he would, I believe, have been less displeased with the heinous crime of an illicit connexion, than the amiable weakness of an imprudent marriage; I might say, of any marriage, until it was time to provide him to the estate."

Here Aubrey, in the most affectionate and earnest manner, broke off to point out to me the extreme danger to my interests that it would be to disoblige my uncle; who, despite his general kindness, would, upon a disagreement on so tender a matter as his sore point, and his most cherished hobby, consider my disobedience as a personal affront. He also recalled to me all that my uncle had felt and done for me; and insisted, at all events, upon the absolute duty of my delaying, even though I would not break off, the intended measure. Upon these points he enlarged much and eloquently; and this part of his letter certainly left no cheering or comfortable impression upon my mind.

Now my good uncle knew as much of love as L. Mummius did of the fine arts,* and it was impossible to persuade him, that if one wanted to indulge the tender passion, one woman would not do exactly as well as another, provided she were equally pretty. I knew, therefore, that he was incapable, on the one hand, of understanding my love for Isora, or, on the other, of acknowledging her claims upon me. I had not, of course, mentioned to him the generous imprudence which, on the news of my wound, had brought Isora to my house: for if I had done so, my uncle, with the eye of a courtier of Charles II., would only have seen the advantage to be derived from the impropriety, not the gratitude due to the devotion; neither had I mentioned this circumstance to Aubrey; it seemed to me too delicate for any written communication; and therefore, in his advice to delay my marriage, he was unaware of that necessity which rendered the advice unavailing. Now, then,

* A Roman consul, who, removing the most celebrated remains of Grecian antiquity to Rome, assured the persons charged with conveying them that if they injured any, they should make others to replace them.

was I in this dilemma, either to marry, and that instantly, and so, seemingly, with the most haste and the most insolent indecorum, incense, wound, and in his interpretation of the act, condemn one whom I loved as I loved my uncle, or, to delay the marriage, to separate from Isora, and to leave my future wife to the malignant consequences that would necessarily be drawn from a sojourn of weeks in my house. This fact, there was no chance of concealing; servants—the rascals, how I loathe them!—have more tongues than Argus had eyes, and my youthful extravagance had filled my whole house with those pests of society. The latter measure was impossible, the former was most painful. Was there no third way?—there was that of a private marriage. This obviated not every evil; but it removed many: it satisfied my impatient love, it placed Isora under a sure protection, it secured and established her honour the moment the ceremony should be declared, and it avoided the seeming ingratitude and indelicacy of disobeying my uncle, without an effort of patience to appease him. I should have time and occasion then, I thought, for soothing and persuading him, and ultimately winning that consent which I firmly trusted I should sooner or later extract from his hardness of heart.

That some objections existed to this mediatory plan, was true enough: those objections related to Isora rather than to myself, and she was the first, in my hinting at the proposal, to overcome its difficulties. The leading feature in Isora's character was generosity; and, in truth, I know not a more dangerous quality, either to man or woman. Herself was invariably the last human being whom she seemed to consider: and no sooner did she ascertain what measure was the most prudent for me to adopt, than it immediately became that upon which she insisted. Would it have been possible for me—man of pleasure and of the world as I was thought to be—no, my good uncle, though it went to my heart to wound thee so secretly, it would not have been possible for me, even if I had not coined my whole nature into love; even if Isora had not been to me, what one smile of Isora's really was, it would not have been possible to have sacrificed so noble and so divine a heart, and made myself, in that sacrifice, a wretch for ever. No, my good uncle, I could not have made that surrender to thy reason, much less to thy prejudices. But if I have not done great injustice to the knight's character; I doubt whether even the youngest reader will not forgive him for a want of sympathy with the feeling, when they consider how susceptible that charming old man was to all others.

And herewith I could discourse most excellent wisdom upon that most mysterious passion of love. I could show, by tracing its causes, and its inseparable connexion with the imagination, that it is only in certain states of society, as well as in certain periods of life, that love—real, pure, high love—can be born. Yea, I could prove to the nicety of every problem, that in the court of Charles II., it would have been as impossible for such a feeling to find root, as it would be for myrtle trees to flourish from a Duvillier periwig. And we are not to expect a man, however tender and affectionate he may be, to sympathize with that sentiment in another, which, from the accidents of birth and position, nothing short of a miracle could ever have produced in himself.

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We were married then in private by a Catholic priest. St. John, and one old lady who had been my father's godmother—for I wished for a female assistant in the ceremony; and this old lady could tell no secrets, for being excessively deaf, nobody ever talked to her, and indeed she scarcely ever went abroad—were the sole witnesses. I took a small house in the immediate neighbourhood of London; it was surrounded on all sides with a high wall which defied alike curiosity and attack. This was, indeed, the sole reason which had induced me to prefer it to many more gaudy or more graceful dwellings. But within, I had furnished it with every luxury that wealth, the most lavish and unsparing, could procure. Thither, under an assumed name, I brought my bride, and there was the greater part of my time spent. The people I had placed in the house believed I was a rich merchant, and this accounted for my frequent absences, (absences which prudence rendered necessary,) for the wealth which I lavished, and for the precautions of bolt, bar, and wall, which they imagined the result of commercial caution.

O! the intoxication of that sweet Elysium, that Tadmor in life's desert—the possession of the one whom we have first loved! It is as if poetry, and music, and light, and the fresh breath of flowers, were all blent into one being, and from that being rose our existence! *It is content made rapture*—nothing to wish for, yet every thing to feel! Was that air—the air which I had breathed hitherto? that earth—the earth which I had hitherto beheld? No, my heart dwelt in a new world, and all those motley and restless senses were melted into one sense—deep, silent, fathomless delight!

Well, too much of this species of love is not fit for a worldly tale, and I will turn, for the reader's relief, to worldly affections. From my first reunion with Isora, I had avoided all the former objects and acquaintances in which my time had been so charmingly employed. Tarleton was the first to suffer by my new pursuit; "What has altered you?" said he; "you drink not, neither do you play. The women say you are grown duller than a Norfolk parson, and neither the Puppet Show, nor the Water Theatre, the Spring Gardens, nor the Ring, Wills's, nor the Kit-Cat, the Mulberry Garden, nor the New Exchange, witness any longer your homage and devotion. What has come over you?—speak!"

"Apathy!"

"Ah!—I understand;—you are tired of these things—pish, man!—go down into the country, the green fields will revive thee, and send thee back to London a new man! One would indeed find the town intolerably dull, if the country were not, happily, a thousand times duller,—go to the country, count, or I shall drop your friendship."

"Drop it!" said I, yawning, and Tarleton took pet, and did as I desired him. Now had I got rid of my friend as easily as I had found him,—a matter that would not have been so readily accomplished, had not Mr. Tarleton owed me certain moneys, concerning which, from the moment he had "dropped my friendship," good breeding effectually prevented his saying a single syllable to me ever after. There is no knowing the blessings of money until one has learnt to manage it properly.

So much, then, for the friend; now for the mis-

treas. Lady Hasselton had, as Tarleton hinted before, resolved to play me a trick of spite; the reasons of our rupture really were, as I had stated to Tarleton, the mighty effects of little things. She lived in a sea of trifles, and she was desperately angry if her lover was not always sailing a pleasure boat in the same ocean. Now this was expecting too much from me, and after twisting our silken strings of attachment into all manner of fantastic forms, we fell fairly out one evening and broke the little ligatures in two. No sooner had I quarrelled with Tarleton, than Lady Hasselton received him in my place, and a week afterward I was favoured with an anonymous letter, informing me of the violent passion which a certain *dame de la cour* had conceived for me, and requesting me to meet her at an appointed place. I looked twice over the letter, and discovered, in one corner of it, two *g's* peculiar to the calligraphy of Lady Hasselton, though the rest of the letter (bad spelling excepted) was pretty decently disguised. Mr. Fielding was with me at the time; "What disturbs you?" said he, adjusting his knee buckles.

"Read it!" said I, handing him the letter.

"Body of me, you are a lucky dog!" cried the beau. "You will hasten thither on the wings of love."

"Not a whit of it," said I; "I suspect that it comes from a rich old widow, whom I hate mortally."

"A rich old widow!" repeated Mr. Fielding, to whose eyes there was something very piquant in a jointure, and who thought consequently that they were few virginal equal to a widow's flower's weeds. "A rich old widow—you are right, count, you are right. Don't go, don't think of it. I cannot abide those depraved creatures. Widow, indeed, quite an affront to your gallantry."

"Very true," said I. "Suppose you supply my place?"

"I'd sooner be shot first," said Mr. Fielding, taking his departure, and begging me for the letter to wrap some sugar plums in.

Need I add, that Mr. Fielding repaired to the place of assignation, where he received, in the shape of a hearty drubbing, the kind favours intended for me? The story was now left for me to tell, not for the Lady Hasselton—and that makes all the difference in the manner a story is told—*me narrante*, it is *de te fabula narratur*—*te narrante*, and it is *de me fabula*, &c. Poor Lady Hasselton! to be laughed at, and have Tarleton for a lover. *Quelle miserable!*

I have gone back somewhat in the progress of my history, in order to make the above honourable mention of my friend and my mistress, thinking it due to their own merits, and thinking it may also be instructive to young gentlemen who have not yet seen the world, to testify the exact nature and the probable duration of all the loves and friendships they are likely to find in that Great Monmouth Street of glittering and of damaged affections! I now resume the order of narration.

I wrote to Aubrey, thanking him for his intercession, but concealing, till we met, the measure I had adopted. I wrote also to my uncle, assuring him that I would take an early opportunity of hastening to Devereux Court, and conversing with him on the subject of his letter. And, after an interval of some weeks, I received the two follow-

ing answers from my correspondents; the latter arrived several days after the former.

FROM AUBREY DEVEREUX.

"I am glad to understand from your letter, un-explanatory as it is, that you have followed my advice. I will shortly write to you more at large; at present I am on the eve of my departure for the north of England, and have merely time to assure you of my affection.

"AUBREY DEVEREUX.

P.S. "Gerald is in London—have you seen him? O this world! this world! how it clings to us, despite our education, our wishes, our conscience, our knowledge of the dread hereafter!"

LETTER FROM SIR WILLIAM DEVEREUX.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—Thank thee for thy letter, and the new play thou sentest me down, and that droll new paper, the Spectator; it is a pretty shallow thing enough,—though it is not so racy as Rochester, or little Sid would have made it; but I thank thee for it, because it shows thou wast not angry with thine old uncle for opposing thee on thy love whimsies, (on which most young men are dreadfully obstinate,) since thou didst provide so kindly for his amusement. Well, but, Morton, I hope thou hast got that crotchet clear out of thy mind, and prithee now *don't* talk of it when thou comest down to see me. I hate conversations on marriage more than a boy does flogging—od's-fish, I do. So you must humour me on that point.

"Aubrey has left me again, and I am quite alone—not that I was much better off when he was here, for he was wont, of late, to shun my poor room like a 'lazar house,' and when I spoke to his mother about it, she muttered something about 'example,' and 'corrupting.' 'Sdeath, Morton, is your old uncle, who loves all living things, down to poor Ponto the dog, the sort of man whose example corrupts youth? As for thy mother, she grows more solitary every day; and I don't know how it is, but I am not so fond of strange faces as I used to be. 'Tis a new thing for me to be avoided and alone. Why, I remember even little Sid, who had as much venom as most men, once said it was impossible to—Fie now—see if I was not going to preach a sermon from a text in favour of myself. But come, Morton, come, I long for your face again; it is not so soft as Aubrey's, nor so regular as Gerald's, but it is twice as kind as either. Come, before it is too late; I feel myself going; and, to tell thee a secret, the doctors tell me I may not last many months longer. Come, and laugh once more at the old knight's stories. Come, and show him that there is still some one not too good to love him. Come, and I will tell thee a famous thing of old Rowley, which I am too ill and too sad to tell thee now.

"WM. DEVEREUX."

Need I say, that, upon receiving this letter, I resolved, without any delay, to set out for Devereux Court? I summoned Desmarais to me; he answered not my call; he was from home—an unfrequent occurrence with the necessitarian valet. I waited his return, which was not for some hours, in order to give him sundry orders for my departure. The exquisite Desmarais hemmed thirco-

"Will monsieur be so very kind as to excuse my accompanying him?" said he, with his usual air and tone of obsequious respect.

"And why?" The valet explained. A relation of his was in England only for a few days—the philosopher was most anxious to enjoy his society—a pleasure which fate might not again allow him.

Though I had grown accustomed to the man's services, and did not like to lose him even for a time, yet I could not refuse his request; and I therefore ordered my groom of the chambers to supply his place. This change, however, determined me on a plan which I had before meditated, viz. the conveying of my own person to Devereux Court on horseback, and sending my servant with my luggage in my post-chaise. The equestrian mode of travelling is, indeed, to this day, the one most pleasing to me; and the reader will find me pursuing it many years afterward, and to the same spot.

I might as well observe here, that I had never intrusted Desmarais, no, nor one of my own servants, with the secret of my marriage with, or my visits to, Isora. I am a very fastidious person on those matters, and of all confidants, even in the most trifling affairs, I do most eschew those base, lie-coining, grasping, selfish, alley-souled animals, by whom we have the miserable honour to be served. Even Desmarais, whose air was that of a nobleman, and whose intellect was that of a scholar, was ruined in my eyes by his profession. There is altogether something so debasing, so demoralizing in that same profession, that if I wanted any thing to convince me of the necessity there is for a reform in the various constitutions of society, it would be the relation between master and servant.

In order, then, to avoid having my horse brought me to Isora's house by any of these menial spies, I took the steed which I had selected for my journey, and rode to Isora's, with the intention of spending the evening there, and commencing my excursion from thence with the morning light.

CHAPTER II.

Love—Parting—A death-bed—After all, human nature is a beautiful fabric; and even its imperfections are not odious to him who has studied the science of its architecture, and formed a reverent estimate of its Creator.

It is a noticeable thing how much fear increases love. I mean—for the aphorism requires explanation—how much we love, in proportion to our fear of losing (or even to our fear of injury done to) the beloved object. 'Tis an instance of the reaction of the feelings—the love produces the fear, and the fear reproduces the love. This is one reason, among many, why women love so much more tenderly and anxiously than we do; and it is also one reason among many, why frequent absences are, in all stages of love, the most keen excitors of the passion. I never breathed, away from Isora, without trembling for her safety. I trembled lest this Barnard, if so I should still continue to call her persecutor, should again discover and again molest her. Whenever (and that was almost daily) I rode to the quiet and remote dwelling I had procured her, my heart beat so vehe-

mently, and my agitation was so intense, that on arriving at the gate I have frequently been unable for several minutes to demand admittance. There was, therefore, in the mysterious danger which ever seemed to hang over Isora, a perpetual irritation to a love otherwise but little inclined to slumber; and this constant excitement took away from the torpor into which domestic affection generally languishes, and increased my passion even while it diminished my happiness.

On my arrival now at Isora's I found her already stationed at the window, watching for my coming. How her dark eyes lit into lustre when they saw me! How the rich blood mantled up under the soft cheek which feeling had refined of late into a paler hue, than it was wont, when I first gazed upon it, to wear! Then how fled her light step to meet me! How trembled her low voice to welcome me! How spake, from every gesture of her graceful and modelled form, the anxious, joyful, all-animating gladness of her heart! It is a melancholy pleasure to the dry, harsh, after-thoughts of later life, to think one has been thus loved; and one marvels, when one considers what one is now, how it could have ever been! That love of *ours* was never made for after years! It could never have flowed into the common and cold channel of ordinary affairs! It could never have been mingled with the petty cares and the low objects with which the loves of all who live long together in this sordid and most earthly earth, are sooner or later blended! We could not have spared to others an atom of the great wealth of our affection. We were misers of every coin in that exhaustless treasury. It would have pierced me to the soul to have seen Isora smile upon another. I know not, even, had we had children, if I should not have been jealous of my child! Was this selfish love? yes, it was intensely, wholly selfish; but it was a love made so only by its excess; nothing selfish on a smaller scale polluted it. There was not on earth that which the one would not have forfeited at the lightest desire of the other. So utterly were happiness and Isora entwined together, that I could form no momentary idea of the former, with which the latter was not connected. Was this love made for the many and miry roads through which man must travel? Was it made for age, or worse than age, for that middle, cool, ambitious, scheming period of life, in which all the luxuriance and verdure of things are pared into tame shapes that mimic life, but a life that is estranged from nature, in which art is the only beauty, and regularity the only grace? No, in my heart of hearts, I feel that our love was not meant for the stages of life through which I have already passed; it would have made us miserable to see it fritter itself away, and to remember what it once was. Better as it is! better to mourn over the green bough than to look upon the sapless stem. You who now glance over these pages, are you a mother? if so, answer me one question—Would you not rather that the child whom you have cherished with your soul's care, whom you have nurtured at your bosom, whose young joys your eyes have sparkled to behold, whose lightest grief you have wept to witness, as you would have wept not for your own; over whose pure and unvexed sleep you have watched and prayed, and as it lay before you thus still and unconscious of your vigil, have shaped out, O such bright hopes for its future lot,

would you not rather that, while thus young and innocent, not a care tasted, not a crime incurred, it went down at once into the dark grave? Would you not rather suffer this grief, bitter though it be, than watch the predestined victim grow and ripen, and wind itself more and more around your heart, and when it is of full and mature age, and you yourself are stricken by years, and can form no new ties to replace the old that are severed, when woes have already bowed the darling of your hope, whom no one was to touch, when sins have already darkened the bright, seraph, unclouded heart which sin never was to dim, behold it sink day by day altered, diseased, decayed, into the tomb which its childhood had in vain escaped? Answer me: would not the earlier fate be far gentler than the last? And if you have known and wept over that early tomb—if you have seen the infant flower fade away from the green soil of your affections—if you have missed the bounding step, and the laughing eye, and the winning mirth which made this sterile world a perpetual holyday—Mother of the lost, if you have known, and you still pine for those, answer me yet again—Is it not a comfort, even while you mourn, to think of all that that breast, now so silent, has escaped? The cream, the sparkle, the elixir of life, it had already quaffed; is it not sweet to think it shunned the wormwood and the dregs? Answer me, even though the answer be in tears! Mourner, your child was to you what my early and only love was to me; and could you pierce down, down through a thousand fathom of ebbing thought, to the far depths of my heart, you would there behold a sorrow and a consolation, that have something in unison with your own.

When the light of the next morning broke into our room, Isora was still sleeping. Have you ever observed, that the young, seen asleep and by the morning light, seem much younger even than they are? partly because the air and the light sleep of dawn bring a fresher bloom to the cheek, and partly because the careless negligence and the graceful postures exclusively appropriated to youth, are forbidden by custom and formality through the day, and developing themselves unconsciously in sleep, they strike the eye like the ease and freedom of childhood itself. The last of the above reasons is not clear,—I do not seek to clothe it in better words, for it is not fully bodied forth to myself. But as I looked upon Isora's tranquil and most youthful beauty, over which there circled and breathed an ineffable innocence—even as the finer and subtler air,* which was imagined by those dreamy bards who kindled the soft creations of naiad and of nymph, to float around a goddess—I could not believe that aught evil awaited one for whom infancy itself seemed to linger,—linger as if no elder shape and less delicate hue were meet to be the garment of so much guilelessness and tenderness of heart. I felt, indeed, while I bent over her, and her regular and quiet breath came upon my cheek, that feeling which is exactly the reverse to a presentiment of ill. I felt as if, secure in her own purity, she had nothing to dread, so that even the pang of parting was lost in the confidence which stole over me as I then gazed.

I rose gently, went to the next room, and dressed myself. I heard my horse neighing beneath, as the servant walked him lazily to and fro. I re-entered the bed-chamber, in order to take leave of Isora;

she was already up. "What!" said I, "it is but three minutes since I left you asleep, and I stole away as gently as time does when with you."

"Ah!" said Isora, smiling and blushing so, "but for my part, I think there is an instinct to know, even if all the senses were shut up, whether the one we love is with us or not. The moment you left me, I felt it at once, even in sleep, and I woke. But you will not, no, you will not leave me yet!"

I think I see Isora now, as she stood by the window which she had opened, with a woman's minute anxiety, to survey even the aspect of the clouds, and beseech caution against the treachery of the skies. I think I see her now, as she stood the moment after I had torn myself from her embrace, and had looked back, as I reached the door, for one parting glance—her eyes all tenderness, her lips parted, and quivering with the attempt to smile—the long, glossy ringlets (through whose raven hue, the *purpureum lumen* broke like an imprisoned sunbeam) straying in dishevelled beauty over her transparent neck; the throat bent in mute despondency; the head drooping; the arms half extended, and dropping gradually as my steps departed; the sunken, absorbed expression of face, form, and gesture, so steeped in the very bitterness of dejection—all are before me now, sorrowful, and lovely in sorrow, as they were beheld years ago, by the gray, cold, comfortless light of morning.

"God bless you—my own, own love," I said; and as my look lingered, I added, with a full but an assured heart; "and he will!" I tarried no more—I flung myself on my horse, and rode on as if I were speeding to, and not from my bride."

The noon was far advanced, as the day after I left Isora, I found myself entering the park in which Devereux Court is situated. I did not enter by one of the lodges, but through a private gate. My horse was thoroughly jaded; for the distance I had come was great, and I had ridden rapidly; and as I entered the park, I dismounted, and throwing the rein over my arm, proceeded slowly on foot. I was passing through a thick, long plantation, which belted the park, and in which several walks and rides had been cut, when a man crossed the same road which I took, at a little distance before me. He was looking on the ground, and appeared wrapt in such earnest meditation, that he neither saw nor heard me. But I had seen enough of him in that brief space of time, to feel convinced that it was Montreuil whom I beheld. What brought him hither, him, whom I believed in London, immersed with Gerald in political schemes, and for whom these woods were not only interdicted ground, but must also have been but a tame field of interest, after his audiences with ministers and nobles! I did not, however, pause to consider on his apparition; I rather quickened my pace toward the house, in the expectation of there ascertaining the cause of his visit.

The great gates of the outer court were open as usual: I rode unheeding through them, and was soon at the door of the hall. The porter, who unfolded to my summons the ponderous door, uttered, when he saw me, an exclamation that seemed to my ear to have in it more of sorrow than welcome.

"How is your master?" I asked.

The man shook his head, but did not hasten to

answer: and impressed with a vague alarm, I hurried on without repeating the question. On the staircase I met old Nicholls, my uncle's valet: I stopped and questioned him. My uncle had been seized on the preceding day with the gout in his stomach, medical aid had been procured, but it was of no avail, and the physicians had declared, about an hour before I arrived, that he could not, in human probability, outlive the night. Kissing the ring at my heart, I waited to hear no more—I flew up the stairs—I was at the door of my uncle's chamber—I stopped there, and listened; it was still—I opened the door gently—I stole in, and creeping to the bedside, knelt down and covered my face with my hands; for I required a pause for self-possession, before I had courage to look up. When I raised my eyes, I saw my mother on the opposite side; she sat on a chair with a draught of medicine in one hand, and a watch in the other. She caught my eye, but did not speak; she gave me a sign of recognition, and looked down again upon the watch. My uncle's back was turned to me, and he lay so still, that for some moments I thought he was asleep; at last, however, he moved restlessly.

"It is past noon!" said he to my mother, "is it not?"

"It is three minutes and six seconds after four," replied my mother, looking closer at the watch.

My uncle sighed. "They have sent an express for the dear boy, madam?" said he.

"Exactly at half-past nine last evening," answered my mother, glancing at me.

"He could scarce be here by this time," said my uncle, and he moved again in the bed. "Pish—how the pillow frets one."

"Is it too high?" said my mother.

"No," said my uncle, faintly, "no—no—the discomfort is not in the pillow, after all—'tis a fine day—is it not?"

"Very!" said my mother; "I wish you could go out."

My uncle did not answer: there was a pause. "Od's-fish, madam, are those carriage wheels?"

"No, Sir William—but—"

"There are sounds in my ear—my senses grow dim," said my uncle, unheeding her,—“would that I might live another day—I should not like to die without seeing him. 'Sdeath, madam, I do hear something behind!—Sobz, as I live!—Who looks for the old knight?" and my uncle turned round, and saw me.

"My dear—dear uncle!" I said, and could say no more.

"Ah, Morton," cried the kind old man, putting his hand affectionately upon mine. "Beshrew me, but I think I have conquered the grim enemy now that you are come. But what's this, my boy?—tears—tears,—why little Sid—no, nor Rochester either, would ever have believed this if I had sworn it! Cheer up—cheer up."

But seeing that I wept and sobbed the more, my uncle, after a pause, continued in the somewhat figurative strain which the reader has observed he sometimes adopted, and which perhaps his dramatic studies had taught him.

"Nay, Morton, what do you grieve for?—that age should throw off its fardel of aches and pains, and no longer groan along its weary road, meeting cold looks and unwilling welcomes, as both host and comrade grow weary of the same face, and the

spendthrift heart has no longer quip or smile wherewith to pay the reckoning? No—no—let the poor pedlar shuffle off his dull pack, and fall asleep. But I am glad you are come: I would sooner have one of your kind looks at your uncle's stale saws or jests, than all the long faces about me, saving only the presence of your mother;" and with his characteristic gallantry, my uncle turned courteously to her.

"Dear Sir William!" said she, "it is time you should take your draught; and then would it not be better that you should see the chaplain—he waits without."

"Od's-fish," said my uncle, turning again to me, "'tis the way with them all—when the body is past hope, comes the physician, and when the soul is past mending, comes the priest. No, madam, no, 'tis too late for either.—Thank ye, Morton, thank ye," (as I started up—took the draught from my mother's hand, and besought him to drink it,) "'tis of no use; but if it pleases thee, I must,"—and he drank the medicine.

My mother rose, and walked toward the door—it was ajar, and, as my eye followed her figure, I perceived, through the opening, the black garb of the chaplain.

"Not yet," said she, quietly; "wait." And then gliding away, she seated herself by the window in silence, and told her beads.

My uncle continued:—"They have been at me, Morton, as if I had been a pagan; and I believe, in their hearts, they are not a little scandalized that I don't try to win the next world, by trembling like an ague. Faith, now, I never could believe that heaven was so partial to cowards; nor can I think, Morton, that salvation is like a soldier's muster roll, and that we may play the devil between hours, so that at the last moment, we whip in, and answer to our names. Od's-fish, Morton, I could tell thee a tale of that; but 'tis a long one, and we have not time now. Well, well, for my part, I believe reverently and gratefully of God, and do not think He will be very wrath with our past enjoyment of life, if we have taken care that others should enjoy it too; nor do I think, with thy good mother, and Aubrey dear child, that an idle word has the same weight in the Almighty's scales as a wicked deed."

"Blessed, blessed are they," I cried, through my tears, "on whose souls there is as little stain as there is on yours!"

"Faith, Morton, that's kindly said; and thou knowest not how strangely it sounds, after their exhortations to repentance. I know I have had my faults, and walked on to our common goal in a very irregular line; but I never wronged the living nor slandered the dead, nor ever shut my heart to the poor—'twere a burning sin if I had; and I have loved all men and all things, and I never bore ill-will to a creature. Poor Ponto, Morton, thou wilt take care of poor Ponto, when I'm dead—nay, nay, don't take on so. Go, my child, go—compose thyself while I see the priest, for 'twill please thy poor mother; and though she thinks harshly of me now, I should not like her to do so to-morrow. Go, my dear boy, go."

I went from the room, and waited by the door, till the office of the priest was over. My mother then came out, and said Sir William had composed himself to sleep. While she was yet speaking, Gerald surprised me by his appearance. I

learned that he had been in the house for the last three days, and when I heard this, I involuntarily accounted for the appearance of Montreuil. I saluted him distantly, and he returned my greeting with the like pride. He seemed, however, though in a less degree, to share in my emotions; and my heart softened to him for it. Nevertheless we stood apart, and met not as brothers should have met by the death-bed of a mutual benefactor.

"Will you wait without?" said my mother.

"No," answered I, "I will watch over him." So I stole in, with a light step, and seated myself by my uncle's bedside. He was asleep, and his sleep was as hushed and quiet as an infant's. I looked upon his face, and saw a change had come over it, and was increasing sensibly; but there was neither harshness nor darkness in the change, awful as it was. The soul, so long nurtured on benevolence, could not, in parting, leave a rude stamp on the kindly clay which had seconded its impulses so well.

The evening had just set in, when my uncle woke; he turned very gently, and smiled when he saw me.

"It is late?" said he, and I observed, with a wrung heart, that his voice was fainter.

"No, sir, not very," said I.

"Late enough, my child: the warm sun has gone down; and 'tis a good time to close one's eyes, when all without looks gray and chill: methinks it is easier to wish thee farewell, Morton, when I see thy face indistinctly. I am glad I shall not die in the daytime. Give me thy hand, my child, and tell me that thou art not angry with thine old uncle for thwarting thee in that love business. I have heard tales of the girl, too, which make me glad, for thy sake, that it is all off, though I might not tell thee of them before. 'Tis very dark, Morton. I have had a pleasant sleep.—Od's-fish, I do not think a bad man would have slept so well.—The fire burns dim, Morton,—it is very cold. Cover me up—double the counterpane over the legs, Morton. I remember once walking in the Mall—little Sid said 'Devereux.'—It is colder and colder, Morton—raise the blankets more over the back.—'Devereux,' said little Sid—faith, Morton, 'tis ice now—where art thou?—is the fire out, that I can't see thee? Remember thine old uncle, Morton—and—and—don't forget poor—Ponto!—Bless thee, my child—bless you all!"

And my uncle died!

CHAPTER III.

A great change of prospects.

I shut myself up in the apartments prepared for me, (they were not those I had formerly occupied,) and refused all participation in my solitude, till, after an interval of some days, my mother came to summon me to the opening of the will. She was more moved than I had expected. "It is a pity," said she, as we descended the stairs, "that Aubrey is not here, and that we should be so unacquainted with the exact place where he is likely to be, that I fear the letter I sent him may be long delayed, or, indeed, altogether miscarry."

"Is not the abbé here?" said I, listlessly.

"No!" answered my mother, "to be sure not."

"He has been here," said I, greatly surprised. "I certainly saw him on the day of my arrival."

"Impossible," said my mother, in evident astonishment; and seeing that, at all events, she was unacquainted with the circumstance, I said no more.

The will was to be read in the little room, where my uncle had been accustomed to sit. I felt it a sacrilege to his memory to choose that spot for such an office, but I said nothing. Gerald and my mother, the lawyer, (a neighbouring attorney named Oswald,) and myself, were the only persons present;—Mr. Oswald hemmed thrice, and broke the seal. After a preliminary, strongly characteristic of the testator, he came to the disposition of the estates. I had never once, since my poor uncle's death, thought upon the chances of his will—indeed, knowing myself so entirely his favourite, I could not, if I had thought upon them, have entertained a doubt as to their result. What then was my astonishment, when couched in terms of the strongest affection, the whole bulk of the property was bequeathed to Gerald;—to Aubrey the sum of forty, to myself that of twenty thousand pounds (a capital considerably less than the yearly income of my uncle's princely estates,) was allotted. Then followed a list of minor bequests,—to my mother an annuity of three thousand a year, with the privilege of apartments in the house during her life, to each of the servants legacies sufficient to render them independent; to a few friends, and distant connexions of the family, tokens of the testator's remembrance,—even the horses to his carriage, and the dogs that fed from his menials' table, were not forgotten, but were to be set apart from work, and maintained in indolence during their remaining span of life. The will was concluded—I could not believe my senses: not a word was said as a reason for giving Gerald the priority.

I rose calmly enough. "Suffer me, sir," said I to the lawyer, "to satisfy my own eyes." Mr. Oswald bowed, and placed the will in my hand. I glanced at Gerald as I took it: his countenance betrayed, or feigned, an astonishment equal to my own. With a jealous, searching, scrutinizing eye, I examined the words of the bequest; I examined especially (for I suspected that the names must have been exchanged) the place in which my name and Gerald's occurred. In vain: all was smooth and fair to the eye, not a vestige of possible error or alteration was visible. I looked next at the wording of the will: it was evidently my uncle's—no one could have feigned or imitated the peculiar turn of his expressions; and above all, many parts of the will, (the affectionate and personal parts) were in his own handwriting.

"The date," said I, "is, I perceive, of very recent period; the will is witnessed by two witnesses besides yourself. Who, and where are they?"

"Robert Lister, the first signature, my clerk he is since dead, sir."

"Dead!" said I; "and the other witness, George Davis?"

"Is one of Sir William's tenants, and is below, sir, in waiting."

"Let him come up," and a middle sized, stout man, with a blunt, bold, open countenance, was admitted.

"Did you witness this will?" said I.

"I did, sir."

"And this is your handwriting?" pointing to the scarcely legible scrawl.

"Yees, sir," said the man, scratching his head. "I think it be, they are my *e's*, and *G*, and *D*, sure enough."

"And do you know the purport of the will you signed?"

"Sir?"

"I mean, do you know to whom Sir William—top, Mr. Oswald—suffer the man to answer me—to whom Sir William left his property?"

"Noa, to be sure, sir; the will was a woundy long one, and Maister Oswald there told me it was no use to read it over to me, but merely to sign, as a witness to Sir William's handwriting."

"Enough: you may retire;" and George Davis vanished.

"Mr. Oswald," said I, approaching the attorney, "I may wrong you, and, if so, I am sorry for it, but I suspect there has been foul practice in his deed. I have reason to be convinced that Sir William Devereux could never have made this devise. I give you warning, sir, that I shall bring the business immediately before a court of law, and that if guilty of what—ay, tremble, sir—I suspect, you will answer for this deed at the foot of the gallows."

I turned to Gerald, who rose while I was yet speaking. Before I could address him, he exclaimed, with evident and extreme agitation,

"You cannot, Morton—you cannot—you dare not insinuate that I, your brother, have been base enough to forge, or to instigate the forgery of, this will!"

Gerald's agitation made me still less doubtful of his guilt.

"The case, sir," I answered coldly, "stands thus; my uncle could not have made this will; it is a devise that will seem incredible to all who knew aught of our domestic circumstances. Fraud has been practised, how I know not! by whom I do know!"

"Morton, Morton—this is insufferable—I cannot bear such charges, even from a brother."

"Charges!—your conscience speaks, sir—not I; no one benefits by this fraud but you: pardon me if I draw an inference from a fact."

So saying, I turned on my heel, and abruptly left the apartment. I ascended the stairs which led to my own: there I found my servant preparing the paraphernalia in which that very evening I was to attend my uncle's funeral. I gave him, with a calm and collected voice, the necessary instructions for following me to town immediately after that event, and then I passed on to the room where the deceased lay in state. The room was hung with black—the gorgeous pall, wrought with the proud heraldry of our line, lay over the coffin, and by the lights which made that old chamber more brilliant, yet more ghastly day, as the hired watchers of the dead.

I bade them leave me, and kneeling down beside the coffin, I poured out the last expressions of my grief. I rose, and was retiring once more to my room, when I encountered Gerald.

"Morton," said he, "I own to you, I myself am astounded by my uncle's will. I do not come to make you offers—you would not accept them; I do not come to vindicate myself—it is beneath me: and we have never been as brothers, and we know

not their language: but I *do* come to demand you to retract the dark and causeless suspicions you have vented against me, and also to assure you that if you have doubts of the authenticity of the will, so far from throwing obstacles in your way, I myself will join in the inquiries you institute, and the expenses of the law."

I felt some difficulty in curbing my indignation while Gerald thus spoke. I saw before me the persecutor of Isora—the fraudulent robber of my rights, and I heard this enemy speak to me of aiding in the inquiries which were to convict himself of the basest, if not the blackest, of human crimes; there was something too in the reserved and yet insolent tone of his voice, which reminding me as it did of our long aversion to each other, made my very blood creep with abhorrence. I turned away, that I might not break my oath to Isora, for I felt strongly tempted to do so; and said in as calm an accent as I could command, "The case will, I trust, require no king's evidence; and, at least, I will not be beholden to the man whom my reason condemns, for any assistance in bringing upon himself the ultimate condemnation of the law."

Gerald looked at me sternly: "Were you not my brother," said he, in a low tone, "I would, for a charge so dishonouring my fair name, strike you dead at my feet."

"It is a wonderful exertion of fraternal love," I rejoined, with a scornful laugh, but an eye flashing with passions a thousand times more fierce than scorn, "that prevents your adding that last favour to those you have already bestowed on me."

Gerald placed, with a muttered curse, his hand upon his sword; my own rapier was instantly half drawn, when, to save us from the great guilt of mortal contest against each other, steps were heard, and a number of the domestics charged with melancholy duties at the approaching rite, were seen lowly sweeping in black robes along the opposite gallery. Perhaps that interruption restored both of us to our senses, for we said, almost in the same breath, and nearly in the same phrase, "This way of terminating strife is not for us;" and as Gerald spoke, he turned slowly away, descended the staircase, and disappeared.

The funeral took place at night: a numerous procession of the tenants and peasantry attended. My poor uncle! there was not a dry eye for thee, but those of thine own kindred. Tall, stately, erect in the power and majesty of his unrivalled form, stood Gerald, already assuming the dignity and lordship, which, to speak frankly, so well became him; my mother's face was turned from me, but her attitude proclaimed her utterly absorbed in prayer. As for myself, my heart seemed hardened: I could not enfeoff to the gaze of a hundred strangers, the emotions which I would have hidden from those whom I loved the most; wrapped in my cloak, with arms folded on my breast, and eyes bent to the ground, I leaned against one of the pillars of the chapel, apart, and apparently unmoved.

But when they were about to lower the body into the vault, a momentary weakness came over me. I made an involuntary step forward, a single but deep groan of anguish broke from me, and then covering my face with my mantle, I resumed my former attitude, and all was still. The rite was over; in many and broken groups the spectators

passed from the chapel: some to speculate on the future lord, some to mourn over the late, and all to return the next morning to their wonted business, and let the glad sun teach them to forget the past, until for themselves the sun should be no more, and the forgetfulness eternal.

The hour was so late that I relinquished my intention of leaving the house that night: I ordered my horse to be in readiness at daybreak, and before I retired to rest, I went to my mother's apartments: she received me with more feeling than she had ever testified before.

"Believe me, Morton," said she, and she kissed my forehead; "believe me, I can fully enter into the feelings which you must naturally experience, on an event so contrary to your expectations. I cannot conceal from you how much I am surprised. Certainly Sir William never gave any of us cause to suppose that he liked either of your brothers—Gerald less than Aubrey—so much as yourself; nor, poor man, was he in other things at all addicted to conceal his opinions."

"It is true, my mother," said I; "it is true. Have you not therefore some suspicions of the authenticity of the will?"

"Suspicions!" cried my mother. "No—impossible!—suspicions of whom? You could not think Gerald so base, and who else had an interest in deception? Besides, the signature is undoubtedly Sir William's handwriting, and the will was regularly witnessed; suspicions, Morton—no, impossible! Reflect too, how eccentric and humorous your uncle always was: suspicions!—no, impossible!"

"Such things have been, my mother, nor are they uncommon: men will hazard their souls, ay, and what to some is more precious still, their lives too—for the vile clay we call money. But enough of this now: the law—that great arbiter—that eater of the oyster, and divider of its shells—the law will decide between us, and if against me, as I suppose and fear the decision will be—why I must be a suitor to fortune, instead of her commander. Give me your blessing, my dearest mother; I cannot stay longer in this house: to-morrow I leave you."

And my mother did bless me, and I fell upon her neck and clung to it. "Ah!" thought I, "this blessing is almost worth my uncle's fortune."

I returned to my room—there I saw on the table the case of the sword sent me by the French king. I had left it with my uncle, on my departure to town, and it had been found among his effects and reclaimed by me. I took out the sword, and drew it from the scabbard.

"Come," said I, and I kindled with a melancholy, yet a deep enthusiasm, as I looked along the blade, "come, my bright friend, with thee, through this labyrinth which we call the world, will I carve my way! Fairest and speediest of earth's levellers, thou makest the path from the low valley to the steep hill, and shapest the soldier's axe into the monarch's sceptre! The laurel, and the fasces, and the curule car, and the emperor's purple—what are these but thy playthings, alternately thy scorn and thy reward? Founder of all empires, propagator of all creeds, thou leddest the Gaul and the Goth, and the gods of Rome and Greece crumbled upon their altars! Beneath thee, the fires of the Gheber waxed pale, and on thy point the badge of the camel-driver blazed like a

sun over the startled east! Eternal arbiter, and unconquerable despot, while the passions of mankind exist! Most solemn of hypocrites—circling blood with glory as with a halo, and consecrating homicide and massacre with a hollow name, which the parched throat of thy votary, in the battle, and the agony, shouteth out with its last breath! Star of all human destinies! I kneel before thee, and invoke from thy bright astrology an omen and a smile."

CHAPTER IV.

An episode—The son of the greatest man who (one only excepted) ever rose to a throne, but by no means of the greatest man (save one) who ever existed.

BEFORE sunrise the next morning, I had commenced my return to London. I had previously intrusted to the *locum tenens* of the sage Desmarais, the royal gift, and (singular conjunction!) poor Ponto, my uncle's dog. Here let me pause, as I shall have no other opportunity to mention him, to record the fate of the canine bequest. He accompanied me some years afterward to France, and he died there in extreme age. I shed tears, as I saw the last relic of my poor uncle expire, and I was not consoled even though he was buried in the garden of the gallant Villars, and immortalized by an epitaph from the pen of the courtly Chaulieu.

Leaving my horse to select his own pace, I surrendered myself to reflection upon the strange alteration that had taken place in my fortune. There did not, in my own mind, rest a doubt that some villany had been practised with respect to the will. My uncle's constant and unvarying favour toward me; the unequivocal expressions he himself from time to time had dropped indicative of his future intentions on my behalf; the easy and natural manner in which he had seemed to consider, as a thing of course, my heritage and succession to his estates; all, coupled with the frank and kindly character of my uncle, so little disposed to raise hopes which he meant to disappoint, might alone have been sufficient to arouse my suspicions at a devise so contrary to all past experience of the testator. But when to these were linked the bold temper and the daring intellect of my brother, joined to his personal hatred to myself; his close intimacy with Montreuil, whom I believed capable of the darkest designs; the sudden and evidently concealed appearance of the latter on the day my uncle died; the agitation and paleness of the attorney; the enormous advantages accruing to Gerald, and to no one else, from the terms of the devise; when these were all united into one focus of evidence, they appeared to me to leave no doubt of the forgery of the testament and the crime of Gerald. Nor was there any thing in my brother's bearing and manner calculated to abate my suspicions. His agitation was real; his surprise might have been feigned; his offer of assistance in investigation was an unmeaning bravado; his conduct to myself testified his continued ill will toward me—an ill will which might possibly have instigated him in the fraud, scarcely less than the whispers of interest and cupidity.

But while this was the natural and indelible impression on my mind, I could not disguise from myself the extreme difficulty I should experience

in resisting my brother's claim. As far as my utter want of all legal knowledge would allow me to decide, I could perceive nothing in the will itself which would admit of a lawyer's successful avail: my reasons for suspicion, so conclusive to myself, would seem nugatory to a judge. My uncle was known as a humorist; and prove that a man differs from others in one thing, and the world will believe that he differs from them in a thousand. His favour to me would be, in the popular eye, only an eccentricity, and the unlooked-for disposition of his will only a caprice. Possession, too, gave Gerald a proverbial vantage ground, which my whole life might be wasted in contesting; and his command of an immense wealth might, more than probably, exhaust my spirit by delay, and my fortune by expenses. Precious prerogative of law to reverse the attribute of the Almighty! to fill the *rich* with good things, but to send the *poor* empty away! *In corruptissimâ republicâ plurimæ leges.* Legislation perplexed, synonymous with crime unpunished. A reflection, by-the-way, I should never have made, if I had never had a lawsuit—sufferers are ever reformers.

Revolving, then, these anxious and unpleasing thoughts, interrupted, at times, by regrets of a truer and less selfish nature for the friend I had lost, and wandering, at others, to the brighter anticipations of rejoining Isora, and drinking from her eyes my comfort for the past, and my hope for the future, I continued, and concluded my day's travel.

The next day, on resuming my journey, and on feeling the time approach that would bring me to Isora, something like joy became the most prevalent feeling on my mind. So true it is, that misfortunes little affect us, so long as we have some ulterior object which, by arousing hope, steals us from affliction. Alas! the pang of a moment becomes intolerable, when we know of nothing beyond the moment which it soothes us to anticipate. Happiness lives in the light of the future:—attack the present—she defies you! Darken the future, and you destroy her.

It was a beautiful morning: through the vapours, which rolled slowly away beneath his beams, the sun broke gloriously forth; and over wood and hill, and the low plains, which, covered with golden corn, stretched immediately before me, his smile lay in stillness, but in joy. And ever and anon out the brake and the scattered copse, which at frequent intervals beset the road, the merry birds sent a fitful and glad music to mingle with the sweets and freshness of the air.

I had accomplished the greater part of my journey, and had entered into a more wooded and garden-like description of country, when I perceived an old man, in a kind of low chaise, vainly endeavouring to hold in a little but spirited horse, which had taken alarm at some object on the road, and was running away with its driver. The age of the gentleman, and the lightness of the chaise, gave me some alarm for the safety of the driver: so tying my own horse to a gate, lest the sound of his hoofs might only increase the speed and fear of the fugitive, I ran with a swift and noiseless step along the other side of the hedge, and coming out into the road, just before the pony's head, I succeeded in arresting him, at rather a critical spot and moment. The old gentleman very soon reco-

vered his alarm; and returning me many thanks for my interference, requested me to accompany him to his house, which he said was two or three miles distant.

Though I had no desire to be delayed in my journey for the mere sake of seeing an old gentleman's house, I thought my new acquaintance's safety required me, at least, to offer to act as his charioteer till we reached his house. To my secret vexation at that time, though I afterward thought the petty inconvenience was amply repaid by a conference with a very singular and once noted character, the offer was accepted. Surrendering my own steed to the care of a ragged boy, who promised to lead it with equal judgment and zeal, I entered the little car, and, keeping a firm hand and constant eye on the reins, brought the offending quadruped into a very equable and sedate pace.

"Poor Pob," said the old gentleman, apostrophizing his horse; "poor Pob, like thy betters, thou knowest the weak hand from the strong; and when thou art not held in by power, thou wilt chafe against love; so that thou renewest in my mind the remembrance of its favourite maxim, viz. 'The only preventive to rebellion is restraint!'"

"Your observation, sir," said I, rather struck by this address, "makes very little in favour of the more generous feelings by which we ought to be actuated. It is a base mind which always requires the bit and bridle."

"It is, sir," answered the old gentleman, "I allow it; but though I have some love for human nature, I have no respect for it; and while I pity its infirmities, I cannot but confess them."

"Methinks, sir," replied I, "that you have uttered in that short speech more sound philosophy than I have heard for months. There is wisdom in not thinking too loftily of human clay, and benevolence in not judging it too harshly, and something, too, of magnanimity in this moderation; for we seldom condemn mankind till they have hurt us, and when they have hurt us, we seldom do any thing but detest them for the injury."

"You speak shrewdly, sir, for one so young," returned the old man, looking hard at me; "and I will be sworn you have suffered some cares; for we never begin to think, till we are a little afraid to hope."

I sighed as I answered, "There are some men, I fancy, to whom constitution supplies the office of care; who, naturally melancholy, become easily addicted to reflection, and reflection is a soil which soon repays us for whatever trouble we bestow upon its culture."

"True, sir!" said my companion—and there was a pause. The old gentleman resumed. "We are not far from my home now, (or rather my temporary residence, for my proper and general home is at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire,) and, as the day is scarcely half spent, I trust you will not object to partake of a hermit's fare. Nay, nay, no excuse: I assure you that I am not a gossip in general or a liberal dispenser of invitations; and I think, if you refuse me now, you will hereafter regret it."

My curiosity was rather excited by this threat: and reflecting that my horse required a short rest, I subdued my impatience to return to town, and accepted the invitation. We came presently to a house of moderate size, and rather antique fashion. This, the old man informed me, was his present

abode. A servant, almost as old as his master, came to the door, and giving his arm to my host, led him, for he was rather lame and otherwise infirm, across a small hall into a long, low apartment. I followed.

A miniature, over the chimney-piece, of Oliver Cromwell, forcibly arrested my attention.

"It is the only portrait I ever saw," said I, "of the protector, which impresses on me the certainty of a likeness; that resolute, gloomy brow—that stubborn lip—that heavy, yet not stolid expression—all seem to warrant resemblance to that singular and fortunate man, to whom folly appears to have been as great an instrument of success as wisdom, and who rose to the supreme power, perhaps, no less from a pitiable fanaticism than an admirable genius. So true is it that great men often soar to their height, by qualities the least obvious to the spectator, and, (to stoop to a low comparison,) resemble that animal* in which a common ligament supplies the place and possesses the property of wings."

The old man smiled very slightly, as I made this remark. "If this be true," said he, with an impressive tone, "though we may wonder less at the talents of the protector, we must be more indulgent to his character, nor condemn him for insincerity, when at heart he himself was deceived."

"It is in that light," said I, "that I have always viewed his conduct. And though myself, by prejudice, a cavalier and a Tory, I own that Cromwell (hypocrite as he is esteemed) appears to me as much to have exceeded his royal antagonist and victim, in the virtue of sincerity, as he did in the grandeur of his genius, and the profound consistency of his ambition."

"Sir," said my host, with a warmth that astonished me, "you seem to have known that man, so justly do you judge him. Yes," said he, after a pause, "yes, perhaps no one ever so varnished to his own breast his designs—no one so covetous of glory was ever so duped by conscience—no one ever rose to such a height, through so few acts that seemed to himself worthy of remorse."

At this part of our conversation, the servant entering, announced dinner. We adjourned to another room, and partook of a homely yet not uninviting repast. When men are pleased with each other, conversation soon gets beyond the ordinary surfaces of talk; and an exchange of deeper opinions is speedily effected by what old Barnest quaintly enough terms, "The Gentleman Usher of all Knowledge—Sermocination!"

It was a pretty, though small room, where we dined; and I observed that in this apartment, as in the other into which I had been first ushered, there were several books scattered about, in that confusion and number, which show that they have become to their owner both the choicest luxury and the least dispensable necessary. So during dinner time, we talked principally upon books, and I observed that those which my host seemed to know the best were of the elegant and poetical order of philosophers, who, more fascinating than deep, preach up the blessings of a solitude which is useless, and a content, which, deprived of passion, excitement, and energy, would, if it could ever exist, only be a dignified name for vegetation.

"So," said he, when the dinner being removed,

we were left alone with that substitute for all society—wine! "so you are going to town: in four hours more you will be in that great focus of noise, falsehood, hollow joy, and real sorrow. Do you know that I have become so wedded to the country, that I cannot but consider all those who leave it for the turbulent city, in the same light, half wondering, half compassionating, as that in which the ancients regarded the hardy adventurers who left the safe land and their happy homes, voluntarily to expose themselves in a frail vessel to the dangers of an uncertain sea. Here, when I look out on the green fields, and the blue sky, the quiet herds, basking in the sunshine, or scattered over the unpolluted plains, I cannot but exclaim with Pliny, 'This is the true *Macroun*!' this is the source from whence flow inspiration to the mind and tranquillity to the heart! And in my love of nature—more confiding and constant than ever is the love we bear to women—I cry with the tender and sweet Tibullus—

"*Ego composito securus acervo
Despiciam ditēs—despiciamque iāmen.*"

"These," said I, "are the sentiments we all (perhaps the most restless of us the most passionately) at times experience. But there is in our hearts some secret but irresistible principle, that impels us, as a rolling circle, onward, onward, in the great orbit of our destiny; nor do we find a respite, until the wheels on which we move are broken—at the tomb."

"Yet," said my host, "the internal principle you speak of can be arrested before the grave: it is least stilled and impeded. You will smile incredulously, perhaps, (for I see you do not know who I am,) when I tell you that I might once have been a monarch, and that obscurity seemed to me more enviable than empire; I resigned the occasion: the tide of fortune rolled onward, and left me safe, but solitary and forsaken, upon the dry land. If you wonder at my choice, you will wonder still more when I tell you that I have never repented it."

Greatly surprised, and even startled, I heard my host make this strange avowal. "Forgive me," said I, "but you have powerfully excited my interest; dare I inquire from whose experience I am now deriving a lesson?"

"Not yet," said my host, smiling, "not till our conversation is over, and you have bid the old anchorite adieu, in all probability, for ever: you will then know that you have conversed with a man, perhaps more universally neglected and contemned than any of his contemporaries. Yes," he continued, "yes, I resigned power and I get not praise for my moderation, but contempt for my folly; no human being would believe that I could have relinquished that treasure through a disregard for its possession, which others would only have relinquished through an incapacity to retain it; and that which, had they seen it recorded in an ancient history, men would have regarded as the height of philosophy, they despised when acted under their eyes, as the extreme abasement of imbecility. Yet I compare my lot with that of the great man whom I was expected to equal in ambition, and to whose grandeur I might have succeeded: and am convinced, that in this retreat I am more to be envied, than he in the plenitude of his power and the height

* The flying squirrel.

† In the *Gerania*.

his renown; yet is not happiness the aim of wisdom? and if my choice is happier than his, is not wiser?"

"Alas," thought I, "the wisest men seldom have the loftiest genius, and perhaps happiness is wanted rather to mediocrity of mind than to that circumstances;" but I did not give so uncourteous a reply to my host an audible utterance; on the contrary, "I do not doubt," said I, as I rose to part, "the wisdom of a choice which has brought you self gratulation. And it has been said by a man both great and good, a man to whose mind was open the lore of the closet and the experience of courts—that in wisdom or folly, the only difference between one man and another, is whether a man governs his passions or is governed by them." According to this rule, which indeed is a classic and a golden aphorism, Alexander on the throne of Persia might have been an idiot to Diogenes in his tub. And now, sir, wishing you farewell, let me again crave your indulgence to my curiosity."

"Not yet, not yet," answered my host; and he led me once more into the other room. While they were preparing my horse we renewed our conversation. To the best of my recollection we talked about Plato; but I had now become so impatient to rejoin Isora, that I did not accord to my worthy host the patient attention I had hitherto given him. When I took leave of him he blessed me, and placed a piece of paper in my hand; "Do not open this," said he, "till you are at least two miles from hence, your curiosity will then be satisfied. If ever you travel this road again, or if ever you pass by Cheshunt, pause and see if the old philosopher is dead. Adieu!"

And so we parted.

You may be sure that I had not passed the appointed distance of two miles very far, when I opened the paper and read the following words:—

"Perhaps, young stranger, at some future period of a life, which I venture to foretell will be adventurous and eventful, it may afford you a matter for reflection, perhaps a resting-spot for a moral, to remember that you have seen, in old age and obscurity, the son of him who shook an empire, avenged a people, and obtained a throne, only to be the victim of his own passions and the dupe of his own reason. I repeat now, the question I before put to you—was the fate of the great protector, fairer than that of the despised and forgotten

"RICHARD CROMWELL."

"So," thought I, "it is indeed with the son of the greatest ruler England, or perhaps in modern times, Europe has ever produced, that I have held this conversation upon content. Yes, perhaps your fate is more to be envied than that of your illustrious father; but who *would* envy it more? Strange that while we pretend that happiness is the object of all desire, happiness is the last thing which we covet. Love, and wealth, and pleasure, and honour,—these are the roads which we take, so long, that, accustomed to the mere travel, we forget that it was first undertaken, not for the course, but the goal; and in the common insatiation which pervades all our race, we make the toil the meed, and in following the means forsake the end."

I never saw my host again; very shortly after-

ward he died:* and fate, which had marked with so strong a separation the lives of the father and the son, united in that death—as its greatest, so its only universal, blessing—the philosopher and the recluse with the warrior and the chief!

CHAPTER V

In which the hero shows decision on more points than one—More of Isora's character is developed.

To use the fine image in the *Arcadia*, it was "when the sun, like a noble heart, began to show his greatest countenance in his lowest estate," that I arrived at Isora's door. I had written to her once, to announce my uncle's death, and the day of my return; but I had not mentioned, in my letter my reverse of fortunes: I reserved that communication till it could be softened by our meeting. I saw by the countenance of the servant who admitted me, that all was well; so I asked no question—I flew up the stairs—I broke into Isora's chamber, and in an instant she was in my arms. Ah, love, love! wherefore art thou so transitory a pilgrim on the earth—an evening cloud which hovers on our horizon, drinking the hues of the sun, that grows ominously brighter as it verges to the shadow and the night, and which, the moment that sun is set, wanders on in darkness or descends in tears!

"And now, my bird of paradise," said I, as we sat alone in the apartment I had fitted up as the banqueting room, and on which, though small in its proportions, I had lavished all the love of luxury and of show which made one of my most prevailing weaknesses, "and, now, how has time passed with you since we parted?"

"Need you ask, Morton? Ah, have you ever noted a poor dog deserted by its master, or rather not deserted, for that, you know, is not my case yet," added Isora, playfully, "but left at home while the master went abroad? have you noted how restless the poor animal is—how it refuses all company and all comfort—how it goes a hundred times a day into the room which its master is wont mostly to inhabit—how it creeps into the sofa or the chair which the same absent idler was accustomed to press—how it selects some article of his very clothing, and curls jealously around it, and hides and watches over it, as I have hid and watched over this glove, Morton? Have you ever noted that humble creature whose whole happiness is the smile of one being, when the smile was away?—then, Morton, you can tell how my time has passed during your absence."

I answered Isora by endearments and by compliments. She turned away from the latter.

"Never call me those fine names, I implore you," she whispered; "call me only by those pretty pet words by which I know you will never call any one else. Bee and bird are my names, and mine only; but beauty and angel are names you have given, or may give, to a hundred others! Promise me, then, to address me only in our own language."

"I promise, and lo, the seal to the promise. But tell me, Isora, do you not love these rare scents that make an Araby of this unmellowed

* Richard Cromwell died in 1712.—Ed.

clime! Do you not love the profusion of light which reflects so dazzling a lustre on that soft cheek—and those eyes which the ancient romancer* must have dreamt of when he wrote so prettily of 'eyes that seemed a temple where love and beauty were married?' Does not yon fruit take a more tempting hue, bedded as it is in those golden leaves? Does not sleep seem to hover with a downier wing over those sofas on which the limbs of a princess have been laid? In a word, is there not in luxury and in pomp a spell which no gentler or wiser mind would disdain?"

"It may be so!" said Isora, sighing; "but the splendour which surrounds us chills and almost terrifies me. I think every proof of your wealth and rank puts me farther from you; then, too, I have some remembrance of the green sod, and the silver rill, and the trees upon which the young winds sing and play; and I own that it is with the country and not the town that all my ideas of luxury are wed."

"But the numerous attendants, the long row of liveried hirelings, through which you may pass, as through a lane, the caparisoned steeds, the stately equipage, the jewelled tiara, the costly robe which matrons imitate and envy, the music which lulls you to sleep, the lighted show, the gorgeous stage; all these, the attributes or gifts of wealth, all these that you have the right to hope you will one day or other command, you will own are what you could very reluctantly forego?"

"Do you think so, Morton? Ah, I wish you were of my humble temper: the more we limit and concentrate happiness, the more certain, I think, we are of securing it: they who widen the circle, encroach upon the boundaries of danger; and they who freight their wealth upon a hundred vessels are more liable, Morton, are they not, to the peril of the winds and waves, than they who venture it only upon one?"

"Admirably reasoned, my little sophist; but if the one ship sink?"

"Why, I would embark myself in it as well as my wealth, and should sink with it."

"Well, well, Isora, your philosophy will, perhaps, soon be put to the test. I will talk to you to-morrow of business."

"And why not to-night?"

"To-night, when I have just returned! No, to-night I will only talk to you of love!"

As may be supposed, Isora was readily reconciled to my change of circumstances, and indeed that sum which seemed poverty to me appeared positive wealth to her. But perhaps few men are, by nature and inclination, more luxurious and costly than myself; always accustomed to a profuse expenditure at my uncle's, I fell insensibly, and *con amore* on my *début* in London, into all the extravagancies of the age. Sir William, pleased, rather than discontented with my habits, especially as they were attended by some *éclat*, pressed upon me proofs of his generosity, which, since I knew his wealth, and considered myself his heir, I did not scruple to accept; and, at the time of my return to London after his death, I had not only spent to the full the princely allowance I had received from him, but was above half my whole

fortune in debt. However, I had horses and equipages, jewels and plate, and I did not long wrestle with my pride before I obtained the victory, and sent all my valuables to the hammer. They sold pretty well, all things considered, for I had a certain reputation in the world for taste and munificence; and when I had received the product and paid my debts, I found that the whole balance in my favour, including, of course, my uncle's legacy, was 15,000*l*.

It was no bad younger brother's portion, perhaps, but I was in no humour to be made a younger brother without a struggle. So I went to the lawyers; they looked at the will, considered the case, and took their fees. Then the honestest of them with the coolest air in the world, told me to content myself with my legacy, for the cause was hopeless; the will was sufficient to exclude the elder sons. I need not add that I left this lawyer with a very contemptible opinion of his understanding. I went to another,—he told me the same thing, only in a different manner, and I thought him as great a fool as his fellow practitioner. At last I chanced upon a little brisk gentleman, with a quick eye and a sharp voice, who wore a wig that carried conviction in every curl: had an independent, upright mien, and such a logical, emphatic way of expressing himself that I was quite charmed with him. This gentleman scarce heard me out, before he assured me that I had a famous case of it, that he liked making quick work, and proceeding with vigour, that he hated rogues, and delay, which was the sign of a rogue, but not the necessary sign of law, that I was the most fortunate man imaginable in coming to him, and, in short, that I had nothing to do but to commence proceedings, and leave all the rest to him. I was very soon talked into this proposal, and very soon embarked in the luxuriant ocean of litigation.

Having settled this business so satisfactorily, I went to receive the condolence and sympathy of St. John. Notwithstanding the arduous occupations, both of pleasure and of power, in which he was constantly engaged, he had found time to call upon me very often, and to express by letter great disappointment that I had neither received nor returned his visits. Touched by the phenomenon of so much kindness in a statesman, I paid him in return, the only compliment in my power, viz. I asked his advice *with a view of taking it*.

"Politics—politics, my dear count," said he in answer to that request.—"nothing like it; I will get you a seat in the House by next week,—we are just of age, I think. Heavens! a man like you, who has learning enough for a German professor—assurance that would almost abash a Missionary—a very pretty choice of words, and a pointed way of consummating a jest—why, with you by my side, my dear count, I will soon—"

"St. John," said I, interrupting him, "you forget I am a Catholic!"

"Ah, I did forget that," replied St. John slowly. "Heaven help me, count, but I am sorry your ancestors were not converted; it was a pity they should bequeath you their religion without the estate to support it, for papacy has become a terrible tax to its followers."

"I wonder," said I, "whether the earth will ever be governed by Christians, not cavillers; by followers of our Saviour, not by co-operators of

* Sir Philip Sydney, who, if we may judge by the number of quotations from his works scattered in this book, seems to have been an especial favourite with Count Devereux.—Ed.

the devil; by men who obey the former, and 'love one another,' not by men who walk about with the latter, (that roaring lion,) 'seeking whom they may devour.' Intolerance makes us acquainted with strange nonsense, and folly is never so ludicrous as when associated with something sacred—it is then like Punch and his Wife in Powell's puppet-show, *dancing in the ark*. *Par exemple*, to tell those who differ from us that they are in a delusion, and yet to persecute them for that delusion, is to equal the wisdom of our forefathers, who, we are told, in the *Dæmonologie* of the Scottish Solomon, 'burnt a whole monast'rie of nunn' for being misled, not by men, but *dreames*.' "

And, being somewhat moved, I ran on for a long time in a very eloquent strain, upon the disadvantages of intolerance; which, I would have it, was a policy as familiar to Protestantism now as it had been to Popery in the dark ages: quite forgetting that it is not the vice of a peculiar sect, but of a ruling party.

St. John, who thought, or affected to think very differently from me on these subjects, shook his head gently, but, with his usual good breeding, deemed it rather too sore a subject for discussion.

"I will tell you a discovery I have made," said I.

"And what is it?"

"Listen: that man is wisest, who is happiest—granted. What does happiness consist in? Power, wealth, popularity, and, above all, content! Well then, no man ever obtains so much power, so much money, so much popularity, and, above all, such thorough self-content as a fool; a fool, therefore, (this is no paradox,) is the wisest of men. Fools govern the world in purple—the wise laugh at them—but they laugh in rags. Fools thrive at court—fools thrive in state chambers—fools thrive in boudoirs—fools thrive in rich men's legacies. Who is so beloved as a fool? Every man seeks him, laughs at him, and hugs him. Who is so secure in his own opinion—so high in complacency—as a fool? *sua vertute involvit*. Harkye, St. John, let us turn fools—they are the only potentates—the only philosophers of earth. O, motley, 'motley's your only wear!'"

"Ha! ha!" laughed St. John; and rising, he insisted upon carrying me with him to the rehearsal of a new play, in order, as he said, to dispel my spleen, and prepare me for ripe decision upon the plans to be adopted for bettering my fortune.

But, in good truth, nothing calculated to advance so comfortable and praiseworthy an end seemed to present itself. My religion was an effectual bar to any hope of rising in the state. Europe now began to wear an aspect that promised universal peace, and the sword which I had so poetically apostrophized was not likely to be drawn upon any more glorious engagement than a brawl with the Mohawks, any incautious noses appertaining to which fraternity I was fully resolved to slit whenever they came conveniently in my way. To add to the unpromising state of my worldly circumstances, my uncle's death had removed the only legitimate barrier to the acknowledgment of my marriage with Isora, and it became due to her to proclaim and publish that event. Now, if there be any time in the world, when a man's friends look upon him most coldly, when they speak of his capacities of rising the most despondingly, when they are most inclined, in short, to set him down as a silly sort of fellow, whom it is no use incon-

veniencing one's-self to assist, it is at that moment when he has made what the said friends are pleased to term an imprudent marriage! It was, therefore, no remarkable instance of good luck, that the express time for announcing that I had contracted that species of marriage, was the express time for my wanting the assistance of those kind-hearted friends. Then too, by the pleasing sympathies in worldly opinion, the neglect of one's friends is always so damnably neighboured by the exultation of one's foes. Never was there a man who, without being very handsome, very rude, or very much in public life, had made unto himself more enemies than it had been my lot to make. How the rascals would all sneer and coin dull jests when they saw me so down in the world! The very old maids, who, so long as they thought me single, would have declared that the will was a fraud, would, directly they heard I was married, ask if Gerald was handsome, and assert, with a wise look, that my uncle knew well what he was about. Then the joy of the Lady Hasselton, and the curled lip of the haughty Tarleton! It is a very odd circumstance, but it is very true, that the people we most despise have the most influence over our actions: a man never ruins himself by giving dinners to his father, or turning his house into a palace in order to feast his bosom friend:—on the contrary, 'tis the poor devil of a friend who fares the worst, and starves on the family joint, while mine host beggars himself to banquet "that disagreeable Mr. A., who is such an insufferable ass," and mine hostess sends her husband to the Fleet, by vieing with "that odious Mrs. B., who was always her aversion."

Just in the same manner, no thought disturbed me in the step I was about to take, half so sorely as the recollection of Lady Hasselton the coquet, and Mr. Tarleton the gambler. However, I have said somewhere or other that nothing selfish on a small scale polluted my love for Isora—nor did there. I had resolved to render her speedy and full justice; and if I sometimes recurred to the disadvantages to myself, I always had pleasure in thinking that they were *sacrifices* to her. But to my great surprise, when I first announced to Isora my intention of revealing our marriage, I perceived in her countenance, always such a traitor to her emotions, a very different expression from that which I had anticipated. A deadly paleness spread over her whole face, and a shudder seemed to creep through her frame. She attempted, however, to smile away the alarm she had created in me; nor was I able to penetrate the cause of an emotion so unlooked for. But I continued to speak of the public announcement of our union as of a thing decided; and at length she listened to me while I arranged the method of making it, and sympathized in the future projects I chalked out for us to adopt. Still, however, when I proposed a definite time for the re-celebration of our nuptials, she ever drew back, and hinted the wish for a longer delay.

"Not so soon, dear Morton," she would say tearfully, "not so soon; we are happy now, and perhaps when you are with me always, you will not love me so well!"

I reasoned against this notion, and this reluctance, but in vain; and day passed on day, and even week on week, and our marriage was still undeclared. I now lived, however, almost wholly

with Isora, for busy tongues could no longer carry my secret to my uncle; and indeed, since I had lost the fortune which I was expected to inherit, it is astonishing how little people troubled their heads about my movements or myself. I lived then almost wholly with Isora—and did familiarity abate my love? Strange to say, it did not abate even the romance of it. The reader may possibly remember a conversation with St. John recorded in the second book of this history. "The deadliest foe to love," said he, (he who had known all love—that of the senses, and that also of the soul) "is not change, nor misfortune, nor jealousy, nor wrath, nor any thing that flows from passion, or emanates from fortune. The deadliest foe to it is custom!"

Was St. John right?—I believe that in most instances he was; and perhaps the custom was not continued in my case long enough for me to refute the maxim. But as yet, the very gloss upon the god's wings was fresh as on the first day when I had acknowledged his power. Still was Isora to me the light and the music of existence!—still did my heart thrill and leap within me, when her silver and fond voice made the air a blessing. Still would I hang over her, when her beautiful features lay hushed in sleep, and watch the varying hues of her cheek; and fancy, while she slept, that in each low, sweet breath that my lips drew from hers, was a whisper of tenderness and endearment! Still when I was absent from her, my soul seemed to mourn a separation from its better and dearer part, and the joyous senses of existence saddened and shrunk into a single want! Still was her presence to my heart as a breathing atmosphere of poesy which circled and tinted all human things; still was my being filled with that delicious and vague melancholy which the very excess of rapture alone produces—the knowledge we dare not breathe to ourselves that the treasure in which our heart is stored is not above the casualties of fate. The sigh that mingles with the kiss, the tear that glistens in the impassioned and yearning gaze, the deep tide in our spirit, over which the moon and the stars have power; the chain of harmony within the thought, which has a mysterious link with all that is fair, and pure, and bright in nature, knitting as it were loveliness with love!—all this, all that I cannot express—all that to the young for whom the real world has had few spells, and the world of vision has been a home, who love at last and for the first time, all that to them are known, were still mine.

In truth, Isora was one well calculated to sustain and to rivet romance. The cast of her beauty was so dreamlike, and yet so varying—her temper was so little mingled with the common characteristics of woman; it had so little of caprice, so little of vanity, so utter an absence of all jealous and all angry feeling; it was so made up of tenderness and devotion, and yet so imaginative and fairylike in its fondness, that it was difficult to bear only the sentiments of earth, for one who had so little of earth's clay. She was more like the women whom one imagines are the creations of poetry, and yet of whom no poetry, save that of Shakspeare's, reminds us; and to this day, when I go into the world, I never see aught of our own kind which recalls her, or even one of her features, to my memory. But when I am alone with nature, methinks a sweet sound, or a new-born flower, has

something of familiar power over those stored and deep impressions which do make her image, and it brings her more vividly before my eyes, than my shape or face of her own sex, however beautiful it may be.

There was also another trait in her character, which, though arising in her weakness, not her virtues, yet perpetuated the more dreamlike and imaginary qualities of our passion: this was a melancholy superstition, developing itself in forebodings and omens which interested, because they were steeped at once in the poetry and in the deep sincerity of her nature. She was impressed with a strong and uncontrollable feeling, that her fate was predestined to a dark course and an early end; and she drew from all things around her, something to feed the pensive character of her thoughts. The stillness of noon—the holy and eloquent repose of twilight, its rosy sky, and its soft air, its shadows and its dew, had equally for her heart a whisper and a spell. The wan stars, where, from the earliest time, man has shaped out a chart of the undiscoverable future; the mysterious moon, to which the great ocean ministers from its untrodden shrines; the winds, which traverse the vast air, pilgrims from an eternal home to an unpenetrated bourn; the illimitable heavens, where none ever gazed without a vague craving for something that the earth cannot give, and a vague sense of a former existence, in which that something was enjoyed; the holy night—that solemn and circling sleep, which seems in its repose to image our death, and in its living worlds to shadow forth the immortal realms which only through that death we can survey;—all had, for the deep heart of Isora, a language of omen and of doom. Often would we wander alone, and for hours together, by the quiet and wild woods and streams that surrounded her retreat, and which we both loved so well; and often, when the night closed over us, with my arm around her, and our lips so near, that our atmosphere was our mutual breath, would she utter, in that voice which "made the soul plant itself in the ear,"—the predictions which had nursed themselves at her heart.

I remember one evening, in especial! the rich twilight had gathered over us, and we sat by a slender and soft rivulet, overshadowed by some stunted yet aged trees. We had both, before she spoke, been silent for several minutes; and only when, at rare intervals, the birds sent from the copse that backed us a solitary and vesper note of music, was the stillness around us broken. Before us, on the opposite bank of the stream, lay a valley, in which shadow and wood concealed all trace of man's dwellings, save at one far spot, where from a single hut rose a curling and thin vapour,—like a spirit released from earth, and losing gradually its earthier particles, as it blends itself with the loftier atmosphere of heaven.

It was then that Isora, clinging closer to me, whispered her forebodings of death. "You will remember," said she, smiling faintly, "you will remember me, in the lofty and bright career which yet awaits you; and I scarcely know whether I would not sooner have that memory—free as it will be from all recollection of my failings and faults, and all that I have cost you, than incur the chance of your future coldness or decrease of love."

And when Isora turned, and saw that the tears

stood in my eyes, she kissed them away, and said, after a pause,

"It matters not, my own guardian angel, what becomes of me: and now that I am near you, it is wicked to let my folly cost you a single pang. But why should you grieve at my forebodings? There is nothing painful or harsh in them to me, and I interpret them thus: 'If my life passes away before the common date, perhaps it will be a sacrifice to yours. And it will, Morton—it will. The love I bear to you I can but feebly express now; all of us wish to prove our feelings, and I would give one proof of mine for you. It seems to me that I was made only for one purpose—to love you; and I would fain hope, that my death may be some sort of sacrifice to you—some token of the ruling passion and the whole object of my life.'"

As Isora said this, the light of the moon, which had just risen, shone full upon her cheek, flushed as it was with a deeper tint than it usually wore; and in her eye—her features—her forehead—the lofty nature of her love seemed to have stamped the divine expression of itself.

Have I lingered too long on these passages of life!—they draw near to a close—and a more adventurous and stirring period of manhood will succeed. Ah, little could they, who in after years beheld in me but the careless yet stern soldier—the wily and callous diplomatist—the companion alternately so light and so moodily reserved—little could they tell how soft, and weak, and doting my heart was once!

CHAPTER VI.

An unexpected meeting—Conjecture and anticipation.

THE day for the public solemnization of our marriage was at length appointed. In fact, the plan for the future that appeared to me most promising, was to proffer my services to some foreign court, and that of Russia held out to me the greatest temptation. I was therefore anxious, as soon as possible, to have an affair of such importance over, and I purposed leaving the country within a week afterward. My little lawyer assured me that my suit would go on quite as well in my absence, and whenever my presence was necessary, he would be sure to inform me of it. I did not doubt him in the least—it is a charming thing to have confidence in one's man of business.

Of Montreuil I now saw nothing; but I accidentally heard that he was on a visit to Gerald, and that the latter had already made the old walls ring with premature hospitality. As for Aubrey, I was in perfect ignorance of his movements: and the unsatisfactory shortness of his last letter, and the wild expressions so breathing of fanaticism in the postscript, had given me frequent sensations of anxiety and alarm on his account. I longed above all to see him,—to talk with him over old times and our future plans, and to learn whether no new bias could be given to a temperament which seemed to lean so strongly toward a self-punishing superstition. It was about a week before the day fixed for my public nuptials, that I received at last from him the following letter:

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,

"I HAVE been long absent from home—absent on affairs on which we will talk hereafter. I have not

forgotten you, though I have been silent, and the news of my poor uncle's death has shocked me greatly. On my arrival here I learnt your disappointment and your recourse to law. I am not so much surprised, though I am as much grieved as yourself, for I will tell you now what seemed to me unimportant before. On receiving your letter, requesting consent to your designed marriage, my uncle seemed greatly displeased as well as vexed, and afterward he heard much that displeased him more; from what quarter came his news I know not, and he only spoke of it in innuendoes and angry insinuations. As far as I was able, I endeavoured to learn his meaning, but could not, and to my praises of you I thought latterly he seemed to lend but a cold ear; he told me at last, when I was about to leave him, that you had acted ungratefully to him, and that he should alter his will. I scarcely thought of this speech at the time, or rather I considered it as the threat of a momentary anger. Possibly, however, it was the prelude to that disposition of property which has so wounded you,—I observe too that the will bears date about that period. I mention this fact to you—you can draw from it what inference you will; but I do solemnly believe that Gerald is innocent of any fraud toward you.

"I am all anxiety to hear whether your love continues. I beseech you to write to me instantly, and inform me on that head as on all others. We shall meet soon.

"Your ever affectionate brother,

"AUBREY DEVEREUX."

There was something in this letter that vexed and displeased me: I thought it breathed a tone of unkindness and indifference, which my present circumstances rendered peculiarly inexcusable. So far, therefore, from answering it immediately, I resolved not to reply to it till after the solemnization of my marriage. The anecdote of my uncle startled me a little when I coupled it with the words my uncle had used toward myself on his deathbed; viz., in hinting that he had heard some things unfavourable to Isora, unnecessary then to repeat; but still if my uncle had altered his intentions toward me, would he not have mentioned the change and its reasons? Would he have written to me with such kindness, or received me with such affection? I could not believe that he would: and my opinions of the fraud and the perpetrator, were not a whit changed by Aubrey's epistle. It was clear, however, that he had joined the party against me: and as my love for him was exceedingly great, I was much wounded by the idea.

"All leave me," said I, "upon this reverse,—all but Isora!" and I thought with renewed satisfaction on the step which was about to ensure to her a secure home and an honourable station. My fears lest Isora should again be molested by her persecutor were now pretty well at rest: having no doubt in my own mind as to that persecutor's identity, I imagined that in his new acquisition of wealth and pomp, a boyish and unreturned love would easily be relinquished; and that, perhaps, he would scarcely regret my obtaining the prize himself had sought for, when in my altered fortunes it would be followed by such worldly depreciation. In short, I looked upon him as possessing a characteristic common to most bad men, who are

never so influenced by love as they are by hatred; and imagined therefore, that if he had lost the object of the former, he could console himself by exulting over any decline of prosperity in the object of the latter.

As the appointed day drew near, Isora's despondency seemed to vanish, and she listened with her usual eagerness in whatever interested me to my continental schemes of enterprise. I resolved that our second wedding, though public, should be modest and unostentatious, suitable rather to our fortunes than our birth. St. John, and a few old friends of the family, constituted the party I invited, and I requested them to keep my marriage secret until the very day for celebrating it arrived. I did this from a desire of avoiding compliments intended as sarcasms, and visits rather of curiosity than friendship. On flew the days, and it was now the one preceding my wedding. I was dressing to go out upon a matter of business connected with the ceremony, and I then, as I received my hat from Desmarais, for the first time thought it requisite to acquaint that accomplished gentleman with the rite of the morrow. Too well bred was Monsieur Desmarais to testify any other sentiment than pleasure at the news; and he received my orders and directions for the next day with more than the graceful urbanity which made one always feel quite honoured by his attentions.

"And how goes on the philosophy?" said I,—"faith, since I am about to be married, I shall be likely to require its consolations."

"Indeed, monsieur," answered Desmarais, with that expression of self-conceit which was so curiously interwoven with the obsequiousness of his address, "indeed, monsieur, I have been so occupied of late in preparing a little powder very essential to dress, that I have not had time for any graver, though not perhaps more important, avocations."

"Powder—and what is it?"

"Will monsieur condescend to notice its effect?" answered Desmarais, producing a pair of gloves which were tinted of the most delicate flesh-colour; the colouring was so nice, that when the gloves were on, it would have been scarcely possible, at any distance, to distinguish them from the naked flesh.

"Tis a rare invention," said I.

"Monsieur is very good, but I flatter myself it is so," rejoined Desmarais; and he forthwith ran on far more earnestly on the merits of his powder, than I had ever heard him descant on the beauties of fatalism. I cut him short in the midst of his harangue; too much eloquence in any line is displeasing in one's dependant.

I had just concluded my business abroad, and was returning homeward with downcast eyes, and in a very abstracted mood, when I was suddenly startled by a loud voice that exclaimed in a tone of surprise: "What!—Count Devereux—how fortunate!"

I looked up, and saw a little dark man, shabbily dressed; his face did not seem unfamiliar to me, but I could not at first remember where I had seen it; my look, I suppose, testified my want of memory, for he said, with a low bow,—

"You have forgotten me, count, and I don't wonder at it; so please you, I am the person who once brought you a letter from France to Devereux Court."

At this, I recognised the bearer of that epistle,

which had embroiled me with the Abbé Montreuil. I was too glad of the meeting to show any coyness in my reception of the gentleman, and to speak candidly, I never saw a gentleman less troubled with *mauvaise honte*.

"Sir!" said he, lowering his voice to a whisper, "it is most fortunate, that I should thus have met you; I only came to town this morning, and for the sole purpose of seeking you out. I am charged with a packet, which I believe will be of the greatest importance to your interests. But," he added, looking round, "the streets are no proper place for my communication,—*parbleu* and *morbleu*, there are those about, who hear whispers through stone walls—suffer me to call upon you to-morrow."

"To-morrow! it is a day of great business with me, but I can possibly spare you a few moments, if that will suffice; or, on the day after, your own pleasure may be the sole limit of our interview."

"*Parbleu*, monsieur, you are very obliging—very; but I will tell you in one word who I am, and what is my business. My name is Marie Oswald: I was born in France, and I am the half-brother of that Oswald who drew up your uncle's will."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "is it possible that you know any thing of that affair?"

"Hush—yes, all! my poor brother is just dead; and, in a word, I am charged with a packet given me by him on his death-bed. Now, will you see me if I bring it to-morrow?"

"Certainly; can I not see you to-night?"

"To-night?—No, not well—*parbleu* and *morbleu*! I want a little consideration as to the reward due to me for my eminent services to your lordship. No: let it be to-morrow."

"Well! at what hour? I fear it must be in the evening."

"Seven, *s'il vous plait*, monsieur."

"Enough! be it so,"

And Mr. Marie Oswald, who seemed, during the whole of this short conference, to have lain under some great apprehension of being seen or overheard, bowed, and vanished in an instant, leaving my mind in a most motley state of incoherent, unsatisfactory, yet sanguine conjecture.

CHAPTER VII.

The events of a single night—Moments make the hours which years are coloured.

MAN of the old age! what wonder that in the fondness of a dim faith, and in the vague guesses, which, from the frail ark of reason, we send to hover over a dark and unfathomable abyss, what wonder that ye should have wasted hope and life in striving to penetrate the future? What wonder that ye should have given a language to the stars and to the night a spell, and gleaned from the incomprehended earth an answer to the enigmas of fate! We are like the sleepers, who, walking under the influence of a dream, wander by the verge of a precipice, while in their own deluded vision they perchance believe themselves surrounded by bowers of roses, and accompanied by those they love; or, rather like the blind man, who can retrace every step of the path he has once trodden, but who can guess not a single inch of

that which he has not yet travelled, our reason can re-guide us over the roads of past experience with a sure and unerring wisdom, even while it recoils, baffled and bewildered, before the blackness of the very moment whose boundaries we are about to enter.

The few friends I had invited to my wedding were still with me, when one of my servants, not Desmarais, informed me that Mr. Oswald waited for me. I went out to him.

"*Parbleu!*" said he, rubbing his hands, "I perceive it is a joyous time with you, and I don't wonder you can only spare me a few moments."

The estates of Devereux were not to be risked for a trifle, but I thought Mr. *Marie Oswald* exceedingly impertinent. "Sir," said I, very gravely, "pray be seated: and now to business. In the first place, may I ask to whom I am beholden for sending you with that letter you gave me at Devereux Court? and secondly what that letter contained?—for I never read it."

"Sir," answered the man, "the history of the letter is perfectly distinct from that of the will, and the former (to discuss the least important first) is briefly this. You have heard, sir, of the quarrels between Jesuit and Jansenist?"

"I have."

"Well—but first, count, let me speak of myself. There were three young men of the same age, born in the same village in France, of obscure birth each, and each desirous of getting on in the world. Two were deused clever fellows: the third nothing particular. One of the two at present shall be nameless; the third, 'who was nothing particular,' (in his own opinion, at least, though his friends may think differently,) was *Marie Oswald*. We soon separated: I went to Paris, was employed in different occupations, and at last became secretary, and (why should I disavow it?) valet to a lady of quality, and a violent politician. She was a furious Jansenist; of course I adopted her opinions. About this time, there was much talk among the Jesuits of the great genius and deep learning of a young member of the order—*Julian Montreuil*. Though not residing in the country, he had sent one or two books to France, which had been published and had created a great sensation. Well, sir, my mistress was the greatest intriguante of her party: she was very rich, and tolerably liberal; and among other packets of which a messenger from England was *carefully* robbed, between Calais and Abbeville, (you understand me, sir, *carefully* robbed: *parbleu!* I wish I were robbed in the same manner every day in my life,) was one from the said *Julian Montreuil*, to a political friend of his. Among other letters in this packet—all of importance—was one descriptive of the English family with whom he resided. It hit them all, I am told, off to a hair; and it described in particular, one, the supposed inheritor of the estates, a certain *Morton Count Devereux*. Since you say you did not read the latter, I spare your blushes, sir, and I don't dwell upon what he said of your talent, energy, ambition, &c. I will only tell you that he dilated far more upon your prospects than your powers; and that he expressly stated what was his object in staying in your family and cultivating your friendship—he expressly stated that 30,000*l.* a year would be particularly serviceable to a certain political cause which he had strongly at heart."

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"I understand you," said I; "the chevalier's?"

"Exactly. 'This sponge,' said *Montreuil*, I remember the very phrase—'this sponge will be well filled, and I am handling it softly now, in order to squeeze its juices hereafter according to the uses of the party we have so strongly at heart.'"

"It was not a metaphor very flattering to my understanding," said I.

"True, sir. Well, as soon as my mistress learnt this, she remembered that your father, the marshal, had been one of her *plus chers amis*—in a word, if scandal says true, he had been the *cher ami*. However, she was instantly resolved to open your eyes, and ruin the *maudit Jesuite*: she enclosed the letter in an envelope, and sent me to England with it. I came—I gave it you—and I discovered in that moment, when the abbé entered, that this *Julian Montreuil* was an old acquaintance of my own—was one of the two young men who I told you were such deused clever fellows. Like many other adventurers, he had changed his name on entering the world, and I had never till now suspected that *Julian Montreuil* was *Bertrand Collinot*. Well, when I saw what I had done, I was exceedingly sorry, for I had liked my companion well enough not to wish to hurt him; besides, I was a little afraid of him. I took horse, and went about some other business I had to execute, nor did I visit that part of the country again till a week ago, (now I come to the other business,) when I was summoned to the death-bed of my half-brother, the attorney, peace be with him! He suffered much from hypochondria in his dying moments—I believe it is the way with people of his profession—and he gave me a sealed packet, with a last injunction to place it in your hands, and your hands only. Scarce was he dead—(do not think I am unfeeling, sir, I had seen very little of him, and he was only my half-brother, my father having married, for a second wife, a foreign lady, who kept an inn, by whom he was blessed with myself)—scarce, I say, was he dead, when I hurried up to town; Providence threw you in my way, and you shall have the document upon two conditions."

"Which are, first, to reward you; secondly, to—"

"To promise you will not open the packet for seven days."

"The devil! and why?"

"I will tell you candidly:—one of the papers in the packet, I believe to be my brother's written confession—nay, I know it is; and it will criminate one I have a love for, and who, I am resolved, shall have a chance of escape."

"Who is that one? *Montreuil!*"

"No—I do not refer to him; but I cannot tell you more. I require the promise, count—it is indispensable. If you don't give it me, *parbleu* and *marbleu*, you shall not have the packet."

There was something so cool, so confident, and so impudent about this man, that I did not well know whether to give way to laughter or to indignation. Neither, however, would have been politic in my situation; and, as I said before, the estates of Devereux were not to be risked for a trifle.

"Pray," said I, however, with a shrewdness which I think did me credit—"pray, Mr. *Marie Oswald*, do you expect the reward before the packet is opened?"

"By no means," answered the gentleman, who in his own opinion was nothing particular; "by no means; nor until you or your lawyers are satisfied that the papers enclosed in the packet are sufficient fully to restore you to the heritage of Devereux Court and its demesnes."

There was something fair in this; and as the only penalty, to me, incurred by the stipulated condition, seemed to be the granting escape to the criminals, I did not think it incumbent upon me to lose my cause from the desire of a prosecution. Besides, at that time I felt too happy to be revengeful; and so, after a moment's consideration, I conceded to the proposal, and gave my honour as a gentleman—Mr. Oswald obligingly dispensed with an oath—that I would not open the packet till the end of the seventh day. Mr. Oswald then drew forth a piece of paper, on which sundry characters were inscribed, the purport of which was, that if through the papers given me by Marie Oswald, my lawyers were convinced that I could become master of my uncle's property now enjoyed by Gerald Devereux, I should bestow on the said Marie, 5000*l.*: half at obtaining this legal opinion, half at obtaining possession of the property. I could not resist a smile, when I observed that the word of a gentleman was enough surety for the safety of the man he had a love for, but that Mr. Oswald required a written bond for the safety of his reward. One is ready enough to trust one's friends to the conscience of another, but as long as a law can be had instead, one is rarely so credulous in respect to one's money.

"The reward shall be doubled, if I succeed," said I, signing the paper; and Oswald then produced a packet, on which was writ, in a trembling hand—"For Count Morton Devereux—private—and with haste." As soon as he had given me this precious charge, and reminded me again of my promise, Oswald withdrew. I placed the packet in my bosom, and returned to my guests.

Never had my spirit been so light as it was that evening. The good people I had assembled thought matrimony never made a man so little serious before. They did not, however, stay long, and the moment they were gone, I hastened to my own sleeping apartment, to secure the treasure I had acquired. A small escritoire stood in this room, and in it I was accustomed to keep whatever I considered most precious. With many a wistful look and murmur at my promise, I consigned the packet to one of the drawers of this escritoire. As I was locking the drawer, the sweet voice of Desmarais accosted me. "Would monsieur," he said, "suffer him to visit a friend that evening, in order to celebrate so joyful an event in monsieur's destiny? It was not often that he was addicted to vulgar merriment, but on such an occasion he owned that he was tempted to transgress his customary habits, and he felt that monsieur, with his usual good taste, would feel offended, if his servant, within monsieur's own house, suffered joy to pass the limits of discretion, and enter the confines of noise and inebriety, especially as monsieur had so positively interdicted all outward sign of extra hilarity. He implored *mille pardones* for the presumption of his request."

"It is made with your usual discretion—there are five guineas for you: go and get drunk with your friend, and be merry instead of wise. But tell me, is it not beneath a philosopher to be moved

by any thing, especially any thing that occurs to another—much less to get drunk upon it?"

"Pardon me, monsieur," answered Desmarais, bowing to the ground; "one ought to get drunk sometimes, because the next morning one is sure to be thoughtful; and moreover, the practical philosopher ought to indulge every emotion, in order to judge how that emotion would affect another; at least, this is my opinion."

"Well, go."

"My most grateful thanks be with monsieur; monsieur's nightly toilet is entirely prepared."

And away went Desmarais, with the light, yet slow step with which he was accustomed to combine elegance with dignity.

I now passed into the room I had prepared for Isora's *boudoir*. I found her leaning by the window, and I perceived that she had been in tears. As I paused to contemplate her figure, so touchingly, yet so unconsciously mournful in its beautiful and still posture, a more joyous sensation than was wont to mingle with my tenderness for her swelled at my heart. "Yes," thought I, "you are no longer the solitary exile, or the persecuted daughter of a noble but ruined race; you are not even the bride of a man who must seek in foreign climes, through danger and through hardship, to repair a broken fortune and establish an adventurer's name! At last the clouds have rolled from the bright star of your fate—wealth, and pomp, and all that awaits the haughtiest of England's matrons shall be yours." And at these thoughts, fortune seemed to me a gift a thousand times more precious than—such as my luxuries prized it—it had ever seemed to me before.

I drew near and laid my hand upon Isora's shoulder, and kissed her cheek. She did not turn round, but strove, by bending over my hand and pressing it to her lips, to conceal that she had been weeping. I thought it kinder to favour the artifice, than to complain of it. I remained silent for some moments, and I then gave vent to the sanguine expectations for the future, which my new treasure entitled me to form. I had already narrated to her the adventure of the day before—I now repeated the purport of my last interview with Oswald: and growing more and more elated as I proceeded, I dwelt at last upon the description of my inheritance, as glowingly as if I had already recovered it. I painted to her imagination its rich woods and its glassy lake, and the fitful and wandering brook, that through brake and shade was bounding on its wild way; I told her of my early roamings, and dilated with a boy's rapture upon my favourite haunts. I brought visibly before her glistening and eager eyes, the thick copse where, hour after hour, in vague verse, and still vague dreams, I had so often whiled away the day; the old tree which I had climbed to watch the birds in their glad mirth, or to listen unseen to the melancholy sound of the forest deer; the antique gallery and the vast hall, which by the dim twilight I had paced with a religious awe, and looked upon the pictured forms of my bold fathers, and mused high and ardently upon my destiny to be; the old gray tower which I had consecrated to myself, and the unwitnessed path which led to the yellow beach, and the wild gladness of the solitary sea; the little harbour which my earliest ambition had reared, that looked out upon the joyous flowers and the merry fountain, and through the ivy and

the jasmine wooed the voice of the bird, and the murmur of the summer bee; and when I had exhausted my description, I turned to Isora, and said in a lower tone, "And I shall visit these once more, and with you."

Isora sighed faintly, and it was not till I had pressed her to speak, that she said:

"I wish I could deceive myself, Morton, but I cannot—I cannot root from my heart an impression that I shall never again quit this dull city, with its gloomy walls and its heavy air. A voice within me seems to say—'Behold from this very window the boundaries of your living wanderings.'"

Isora's words froze all my previous exultation. It is in vain," said I, after chiding her for her despondency, "it is in vain to tell me that you have for this gloomy notion no other reason than that of a vague presentiment. It is time now that you should press you to a greater confidence upon all points consistent with your oath to our mutual enemy than you have hitherto given me. Speak, earnest, have you not some yet unrevealed causes for alarm?"

It was but for a moment that Isora hesitated before she answered with that quick tone which indicates that we force words against the will.

"Yes, Morton, I *will* tell you now, though I could not before the event of this day. On the last day that I saw that fearful man, he said, 'I warn you, Isora D'Alvarez, that my love is far fiercer than hatred; I warn you that your bridal with Morton Devereux shall be stained with blood. become his wife, and you perish! Yea, though I offer hell's tortures for ever and for ever from that hour, my own hand shall strike you to the heart!' Morton, these words have thrilled through me again and again, as if again they were breathed in my very ear; and I have often started at night and thought the very knife glittered at my breast. So long as our wedding was concealed, and concealed so closely, I was enabled to quiet my fears till they scarcely seemed to exist. But when our nuptials were to be made public, when I knew that they were to reach the ears of that fierce and unaccountable being, I thought I heard my doom pronounced. This, mine own love, must excuse our Isora, if she seemed ungrateful for your generous eagerness to announce our union. And perhaps she would not have acceded to it so easily as she has done, were it not that, in the first place, she felt it was beneath your wife to suffer any terror so purely selfish to make her shrink from the proud happiness of being yours in the light of day; and if she had not felt (here Isora hid her blushing face in my bosom) that she was fated to give birth to another, and that the announcement of our wedded love had become necessary to your honour as to mine!"

Though I was in reality awed even to terror by warning from Isora's lip so just a cause for her rebodings; though I shuddered with a horror surpassing even my wrath, when I heard a threat breathing of deadly and determined passions; yet I concealed my emotions, and only thought of cheering and comforting Isora. I represented to her how guarded and vigilant should ever henceforth be the protection of her husband; that nothing should again separate him from her side; that the extreme malice and fierce persecution of his man were sufficient even to absolve her con-

science from the oath of concealment she had taken; that I would procure from the sacred head of our church his own absolution of that vow; that the moment concealment was over, I could take steps to prevent the execution of my rival's threats; that however near to me he might be in blood, no consequences arising from a dispute between us could be so dreadful as the least evil to Isora; and moreover, to appease her fears, that I would solemnly promise he should never sustain personal assault or harm from my hand;—in short, I said all that my anxiety could dictate, and at last I succeeded in quieting her fears, and she smiled as brightly as the first time I had seen her in the little cottage of her father. She seemed, however, averse to an absolution from her oath, for she was especially scrupulous as to the sanctity of those religious obligations; but I secretly resolved that her safety absolutely required it, and that at all events I would procure the papal absolution from my own promise to her.

At last Isora, turning from that topic, so darkly interesting, pointed to the heavens, which, with their thousand eyes of light, looked down upon us. "Tell me, love," said she, playfully, as her arm embraced me yet more closely, "if, among yonder stars we could choose a home, which should we select?"

I pointed to one which lay to the left of the moon, and which, though not larger, seemed to burn with an intenser lustre than the rest. Since that night it has ever been to me a fountain of deep and passionate thought, a well wherein fears and hopes are buried, a mirror in which, in stormy times, I have fancied to read my destiny, and to find some mysterious omen of my intended deeds, a haven which I believe others have reached before me, and a home immortal and unchanging, where, when my wearied and fettered soul is escaped, as a bird, it shall flee away, and have its rest at last.

"What think you of my choice?" said I. Isora looked upward, but did not answer; and as I gazed upon her (while the pale light of heaven streamed quietly upon her face) with her dark eyes, where the tear yet lingered, though rather to soften than to dim, with her noble yet tender features, over which hung a melancholy calm, with her lips apart, and her rich locks wreathing over her marble brow, and contrasted by a single white rose—that rose I have now—I would not lose one withered leaf of it for a kingdom—her beauty never seemed to me of so rare an order, nor did my soul ever yearn toward her with so deep a love.

It was past midnight. All was hushed in our bridal chamber. The single lamp, which hung above, burnt still and clear; and through the half-closed curtains of the window, the moonlight looked in upon our couch, quiet, and pure, and holy, as if it were charged with blessings.

"Hush!" said Isora, gently; "do you not hear a noise below?"

I listened—my sense of hearing is naturally duller than my other senses. "Not a breath," said I. "I hear not a breath, save yours."

"It was my fancy then!" said Isora, "and it has ceased now;" and she clung closer to my breast and fell asleep. I looked on her peaceful and childish countenance, with that concentrated and full delight, with which we clasp all that the

universe holds dear to us, and feel as if the universe held naught beside; and thus sleep also crept upon me.

I awoke suddenly; I felt Isora trembling palpably by my side. Before I could speak to her, I saw, standing at a little distance from the bed, a man wrapped in a long dark cloak and masked; but his eyes shone through the mask, and they glared full upon me. He stood with his arms folded, and perfectly motionless; but at the other end of the room, before the escritoire in which I had locked the important packet, stood another man, also masked, and wrapped in a disguising cloak of similar hue and fashion. This man, as if alarmed, turned suddenly, and I perceived then that the escritoire was already opened, and that the packet was in his hand. I tore myself from Isora's clasp—I stretched my hand to the table by my bedside, upon which my sword was always left: it was gone! No matter!—I was young, strong, fierce, and the stake at hazard was great. I sprang from the bed, I precipitated myself upon the man who held the packet. With one hand I grasped at the important document, with the other I strove to tear the mask from the robber's face. He endeavoured rather to shake me off, than to attack me; and it was not till I had nearly succeeded in unmasking him, that he drew forth a short poniard, and stabbed me in the side. The blow, which seemed purposely aimed to avoid a mortal part, staggered me, but only for an instant. I renewed my gripe at the packet—I tore it from the robber's hand, and collecting my strength, now fast ebbing away, for one effort, I bore my assailant to the ground, and fell struggling with him.

But my blood flowed fast from my wound, and my antagonist, if less sinewy than myself, had greatly the advantage in weight and size. Now, for one moment, I was uppermost, but in the next his knee was upon my chest, and his blade gleamed on high in the pale light of the lamp and moon. I thought I beheld my death—would to God that I had! With a piercing cry, Isora sprang from the bed, flung herself before the lifted blade of the robber, and arrested his arm. This man had, in the whole contest, acted with a singular forbearance—he did so now—he paused for a moment

and dropped his hand. Hitherto, the other man had not stirred from his mute position: he now moved one step toward us, brandishing a poniard like his comrade's. Isora raised her hand supplicatingly toward him, and cried out—"Spare him, spare him!—O, mercy, mercy!"—With one stride the ruffian was by my side: he muttered some words which passion seemed to render inarticulate, and half pushing aside his comrade, his raised weapon flashed before my eyes, now dim and reeling—I made a vain effort to rise—the blade descended—Isora, unable to arrest it, threw herself before it—her blood, her heart's blood, gushed over me—I saw and felt no more.

When I recovered my senses, my servants were round me—a deep red, wet stain upon the sofa on which I was laid, brought the whole scene I had witnessed again before me—terrible and distinct. I sprang to my feet, and asked for Isora; a low murmur caught my ear—I turned and beheld a dark form stretched on the bed, and surrounded like myself by gazers and menials—I tottered toward that bed, my bridal bed—I motioned, with a fierce gesture, the crowd away—I heard my name breathed audibly—the next moment I was by Isora's side. All pain—all weakness—all consciousness of my wound—of my very self, were gone—life seemed curdled into a single agonizing and fearful thought. I fixed my eyes upon her; and though *there* the film was gathering dark and rapidly, I saw yet visible and unconquered, the deep love of that faithful and warm heart which had lavished its life for mine.

I threw my arms round her—I pressed my lips wildly to hers. "Speak—speak!" I cried, and my blood gushed over her with the effort; "in mercy, speak!"

Even in death and agony, the gentle being who had been as wax unto my lightest wish, struggled to obey me. "Do not grieve for me," she said, in a tremulous and broken voice: "it is dearer to die for you than to live!"

Those were her last words. I felt her breath abruptly cease. The heart pressed to mine, was still! I started up in dismay—the light shone full upon her face. O God! that I should live to write that Isora was—no more!

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

A re-entrance into life through the ebon gate, affliction.

Months passed away before my senses returned to me. I rose from the bed of suffering and of madness, calm, collected, immovable—altered, but tranquil. All the vigilance of justice had been employed to discover the murderers, but in vain. The packet was gone; and directly I, who alone was able to do so, recovered enough to state the loss of that document, suspicion naturally rested on Gerald, as on one whom that loss essentially benefited. He came publicly forward to anticipate inquiry. He proved that he had not stirred from home during the whole week in which the event

had occurred. That seemed likely enough to others; it is the tools that work, not the instigator; the bravo, not the employer; but I, who saw in him, not only the robber, but that fearful man, who had long threatened Isora that my bride should be stained with blood, was somewhat staggered by the undeniable proofs of his absence from the scene of that night; and I was still more bewildered in conjecture, by remembering that so far as their disguises and my own hurried and confused observation could allow me to judge, the person of neither villain, still less that of Isora's murderer, corresponded with the proportions and height of Gerald. Still, however, whether mediately or immediately—whether as the executor or the de-

signer—not a doubt remained on my mind, that on his head was justice due. I directed inquiry toward Montreuil—he was abroad at the time of my recovery; but, immediately on his return, he came forward boldly and at once, to meet and even to court the inquiry I had instituted: he did more, he demanded on what ground, besides my own word, it rested, that this packet had ever been in my possession; and, to my surprise and perplexity, it was utterly impossible to produce the smallest trace of Mr. Marie Oswald. His half brother, the attorney, had died, it is true, just before the event of that night, and it was also true that he had seen Marie on his death-bed; but no other corroboration of my story could be substantiated, and no other information of the man obtained; and the partisans of Gerald were not slow in hinting at the great interest I had in forging a tale, respecting a will, about the authenticity of which I was at law.

The robbers had entered the house by a back-door, which was found open. No one had perceived their entrance or exit, except Desmarais, who stated, that he heard a cry—that he, having spent the greater part of the night abroad, had not been in bed above an hour before he heard it—that he rose and hurried toward my room, whence the cry came—that he met two men masked on the stairs—that he seized one, who struck him in the breast with a poniard, dashed him to the ground, and escaped—that he then immediately alarmed the house, and the servants accompanying him, he proceeded, despite his wound, to my apartment, where he found Isora and myself bleeding and lifeless, with the *escritoire* broken open.

The only contradiction to this tale was, that the officers of justice found the *escritoire* not broken open, but unlocked, but no key in it; and the key which belonged to it was found in a pocket-book in my clothes, where Desmarais said, rightly, I always kept it. How, then, had the *escritoire* been unlocked? it was supposed by the master-keys peculiar to experienced burglars; this diverted suspicion into a new channel, and it was suggested, that the robbery and the murder had really been committed by common housebreakers. It was then discovered, that a large purse of gold, and a diamond cross, which the *escritoire* contained, were gone. And a few articles of ornamental *bijouterie*, which I had retained from the wreck of my former profusion in such baubles, and which were kept in a room below stairs, were also missing. These circumstances immediately confirmed the opinion of those who threw the guilt upon vulgar and mercenary villains, and a very probable and plausible supposition was built on this hypothesis. Might not this Oswald, at best an adventurer with an indifferent reputation, have forged this story of the packet, in order to obtain admission into the house, and reconnoitre, during the confusion of a wedding, in what places the most portable articles of value were stowed? a thousand opportunities in the opening and shutting of the house-doors would have allowed an ingenious villain to glide in; nay, he might have secreted himself in my own room, and seen the place where I had put the packet—certain would he then be that I had selected, for the repository of a document I believed so important, that place where all that I most valued was secured: and hence he would naturally resolve to break open the *escritoire*, above all other places which, to an uninformed robber, might have seem-

ed not only less exposed to danger, but equally likely to contain articles of value. The same confusion which enabled him to enter and conceal himself, would have also enabled him to withdraw and introduce his accomplice. This notion was rendered probable, by his insisting so strongly on my not opening the packet within a certain time; had I opened it immediately, I might have perceived that a deceit had been practised, and not have hoarded it in that place of security which it was the villain's object to discover. Hence, too, in opening the *escritoire*, he would naturally retake the packet, (which other plunderers might not have cared to steal,) as well as things of more real price—naturally retake it, in order that his previous imposition might not be detected, and that suspicion might be cast upon those who would appear to have an interest in stealing a packet which I believed to be so inestimably important.

What gave a still greater colour to this supposition, was, the fact that none of the servants had seen Oswald leave the house, though many had seen him enter. And what put his guilt beyond a doubt in the opinion of many, was his sudden and mysterious disappearance. To my mind, all these circumstances were not conclusive. Both the men seemed taller than Oswald; and I knew that that confusion, which was so much insisted upon, had not—thanks to my singular fastidiousness in those matters—existed. I was also perfectly convinced that Oswald could not have been hid in my room while I locked up the packet; and there was something in the behaviour of the murderer utterly unlike that of a common robber, actuated by common motives.

All these opposing arguments were, however, of a nature to be deemed nugatory by the world, and on the only one of any importance, in their estimation, viz. the height of Oswald being different from that of the robbers, it was certainly very probable, that in a scene so dreadful, so brief, so confused, I should easily be mistaken. Having therefore once flowed into this direction, public opinion soon settled into the full conviction that Oswald was the real criminal, and against Oswald was the whole strength of inquiry ultimately, but still vainly, bent. Some few, it is true, of that kind class, who love family mysteries, and will not easily forego the notion of a brother's guilt, for that of a mere vulgar housebreaker, still shook their heads, and talked of Gerald; but the suspicion was vague and partial, and it was only in the close gossip of private circles, that it was audibly vented.

I had formed an opinion by no means favourable to the innocence of Mr. Jean Desmarais; and I took especial care that the Necessitarian, who would only have thought robbery and murder pieces of ill luck, should undergo a most rigorous examination. I remembered that he had seen me put the packet into the *escritoire*; and this circumstance was alone sufficient to arouse my suspicion. Desmarais bared his breast gracefully to the magistrate. "Would a man, sir," he said, "a man of my youth, suffer such a scar as that, if he could help it?" The magistrate laughed: frivolity is often a rogue's best policy, if he did but know it. One finds it very difficult to think a coxcomb can commit robbery and murder. Howbeit Desmarais came off triumphantly; and immediately after this examination, which had been his second one,

and instigated solely at my desire, he came to me with a blush of virtuous indignation on his thin cheeks. "He did not presume," he said, with a bow profounder than ever, "to find fault with Monsieur le Comte; it was his fate to be the victim of ungrateful suspicion; but philosophical truths could not always conquer the feelings of the man, and he came to request his dismissal." I gave it him with pleasure.

I must now state my own feelings on the matter: but I shall do so briefly. In my own mind, I repeat, I was fully impressed with the conviction that Gerald was the real and the head criminal; and thrice did I resolve to repair to Devereux Court, where he still resided, to lie in wait for him, to reproach him with his guilt, and at the sword's point in deadly combat to seek its earthly expiation. I spare the reader a narration of the terrible struggles, which nature, conscience, all scruples and prepossessions of education and of blood, held with this fierce resolution, the unholiness of which I endeavoured to clothe with the name of justice to Isora. Suffice it to say, that this resolution I forewent at last; and I did so more from a feeling that, despite my own conviction of Gerald's guilt, one rational doubt rested upon the circumstance that the murderer seemed to my eyes of an inferior height to Gerald, and that the person whom I had pursued on the night I had received that wound which brought Isora to my bedside, and who, it was natural to believe, was my rival, appeared to me not only also slighter and shorter than Gerald, but of a size that seemed to tally with the murderer's.

This solitary circumstance, which contradicted my other impressions, was, I say, more effectual in making me dismiss the thought of personal revenge on Gerald, than the motives which virtue and religion should have dictated. The deep desire of vengeance is the calmest of all the passions, and it is the one which most demands certainty to the reason, before it releases its emotions, and obeys their dictates. The blow which was to do justice to Isora, I had resolved should not be dealt till I had obtained the most utter certainty that it fell upon the true criminal. And thus, though I cherished through all time, and through all change, the burning wish for retribution, I was doomed to cherish it in secret, and not for years and years to behold a hope of attaining it. Once only I vented my feelings upon Gerald. I could not rest, or sleep, or execute the world's objects, till I had done so; but when they were thus once vented, methought I could wait the will of time with a more settled patience, and I re-entered upon the common career of life more externally fitted to fulfil its duties and its aims.

That single indulgence of emotion followed immediately after my resolution of not forcing Gerald into bodily contest. I left my sword, lest I might be tempted to forget my determination. I rode to Devereux Court—I entered Gerald's chamber, while my horse stood unstalled at the gate. I said but few words, but each word was a volume. I told him to enjoy the fortune he had acquired by fraud, and the conscience he had stained with murder.—"Enjoy them while you may," I said, "but know that sooner or later shall come a day, when the blood that cries from earth shall be heard in Heaven, and your blood shall appease it. Know if I seem to disobey the voice at my heart, I hear

it night and day, and I only live to fulfil at one time its commands."

I left him stunned and horror-stricken. I flung myself on my horse, and cast not a look behind as I rode from the towers and domains of which I had been despoiled. Never from that time would I trust myself to meet or see the despoiler. Once, directly after I had thus braved him in his usurped hall, he wrote to me. I returned the letter unopened. Enough of this; the reader will not perceive what was the real nature of my feelings of revenge; and will appreciate the reasons which, throughout this history, will cause me never or rarely to recur to those feelings again, until at least he will perceive a just hope of their consummation.

I went with a quiet air and a set brow into the world. It was a time of great political excitement. Though my creed forbade me the open arena, it could not deprive me of the veiled intrigue. St. John found ample employment for my ambition, and I entered into the toils and objects of my race with a seeming avidity, more eager and engrossing than their own. In what ensues, you will perceive a great change in the character of my memoir. Hitherto, I chiefly portrayed to you myself. I bared open to you my heart and temper, my passions, and the thoughts which belong to our passions. I shall now rather bring before you the natures and the minds of others. The lover and the dreamer are no more! The satirist and the observer—the derider of human follies, participating while he derides—the worldly and keen actor in the human drama,—these are what the district of my history on which you enter will portray me. From whatever pangs to me the change may have been wrought, you will be the gainer by the change. The gaudy dissipation of courts; the vicissitudes and the vanities of those who busy them; the glittering jest, and the light strain; the passing irony, or the close reflection; the characters of the great; the colloquies of wit;—these are what delight the temper, and amuse the leisure more than the hues of passion and the doom of love. As the monster of the Nile is found beneath the sunniest banks, and in the most freshening wave, the stream may seem to wander on in melody and mirth—the ripple and the beam; but who shall tell, what lurks, dark, and fearful, and ever vigilant, below!

CHAPTER II.

Ambitious projects.

It is not my intention to write a political history, instead of a private biography. No doubt, in the next century, there will be volumes enough written in celebration of that era, which my contemporaries are pleased to term the greatest that in modern times has ever existed. Besides, in the private and more concealed intrigues with which I was engaged with St. John, there was something which regard for others would compel me to preserve in silence. I shall therefore briefly state, that in 1712, St. John dignified the peerage by that title which his exile and his genius have rendered so illustrious.

I was with him on the day this honour was publicly issued out. I found him walking to and fro in his room, with his arms folded, and with a very peculiar compression of his nether lip, which was a custom he had when any thing greatly irritated or disturbed him.

"Well," said he, stopping abruptly as he saw me, "well, considering the peacock Harley brought so bright a plume to his own nest, we must admire the generosity which spared this gay dunghill feather to mine!"

"How!" said I, though I knew the cause of his angry metaphor. St. John used metaphors in speech scarcely less than in writing.

"How!" cried the new peer, eagerly, and with one of those flashing looks, which made his expression of indignation the most powerful I ever saw. "How! Was the sacred promise granted to me of my own collateral earldom, to be violated; and while the weight—the toil—the difficulty—the odium of affairs, from which Harley, the despotic dullard, shrunk alike in imbecility and fear, had been left exclusively to my share, an insult in the shape of an honour, to be left exclusively to my reward? You know my disposition is not to overrate the mere baubles of ambition; you know I care little for titles and for orders in themselves; but the most worthless thing becomes of consequence, if made a symbol of what is of value, or designed as the token of an affront. Listen: a collateral earldom falls vacant—it is partly promised me. Suddenly I am dragged from the House of Commons, where I am all powerful; I am given—not this earldom, which, as belonging to my house, would alone have induced me to consent to a removal from a sphere where my enemies allow I had greater influence than any single commoner in the kingdom—I am given not this, but a miserable compromise of distinction—a new and an inferior rank—given it against my will—thrust into the Upper House, to defend what this pompous driveller, Oxford, is forced to forsake; and not only exposed to all the obloquy of a most infuriate party, opposed to me, but mortified by an intentional affront from the party which, heart and soul, I have supported. You know that my birth is to the full as noble as Harley's—you know that my influence in the Lower House is far greater—you know that my name in the country, nay, throughout Europe, is far more popular—you know that the labour allotted to me has been far more weighty—you know that the late peace of Utrecht is entirely my framing—that the foes to the measure direct all their venom against me—that the friends of the measure heap upon me all the honour:—when, therefore, this exact time is chosen for breaking a promise formerly made to me—when a pretended honour, known to be most unpalatable to me, is thrust upon me—when, at this very time, too, six vacant ribands of the garter flaunt by me; one resting on the knee of this Harley, who was able to obtain an earldom for himself—the others given to men of far inferior pretensions, though not inferior rank, to my own—myself markedly, glaringly passed by,—how can I avoid feeling that things despicable in themselves are become of a vital power, from the evident intention that they should be insults to me! The insects we despise as they buzz around us, become dangerous when they settle on ourselves and we feel their sting!

But," added Bolingbroke, suddenly relapsing into a smile, "I have long wanted a nickname, I have now found one for myself. You know Oxford is called 'The Dragon;' well, henceforth call me 'St. George;' for, as sure as I live, will I overthrow the Dragon. I say this in jest, but I mean it in earnest. And now that I have discharged my bile, let us talk of this wonderful poem, which, though I have read it a hundred times, I am never wearied of admiring."

"Ah—the Rape of the Lock! It is indeed beautiful, but I am not fond of poetry now. By-the-way, how is it that all our modern poets speak to the taste, the mind, the judgment, and never to the feelings? Are they right in doing so?"

"My friend, we are now in a polished age. What have feelings to do with civilization?"

"Why, more than you will allow. Perhaps the greater our civilization, the more numerous our feelings. Our animal passions lose in excess, but our mental gain; and it is to the mental that poetry should speak. Our English muse, even in this wonderful poem, seems to me to be growing, like our English beauties, too glitteringly artificial—it wears rouge and a hoop!"

"Ha! ha!—yes, they ornament now rather than create—cut drapery rather than marble. Our poems remind me of the ancient statues. Phidias made them, and Bubo and Bombax dressed them in purple. But this does not apply to young Pope, who has shown in this very poem that he can work the quarry as well as choose the gems. But, see the carriage awaits us. I have worlds to do,—first there is Swift to see—next, there is some exquisite Bourgogne to taste—you taste well, and must assist;—then, too, there is the new actress; and, by-the-by, you must tell me what you think of Bentley's Horace: we will drive first to my bookseller's to see it—Swift shall wait—Heavens! how he would rage if he heard me. I was going to say what a pity it is that that man should have so much littleness of vanity; but I should have uttered a very foolish sentiment if I had?"

"And why?"

"Because, if he had not so much littleness, perhaps he would not be so great: what, but vanity, makes a man write and speak, and slave, and become famous? Alas!" and here St. John's countenance changed from gayety to thought; "'tis a melancholy thing in human nature, that so little is good and noble, both in itself and in its source! Our very worst passions will often produce sublimer effects than our best. Phidias (we will apply to him for another illustration) made the wonderful statue of Minerva for his country; but, in order to avenge himself on that country, he eclipsed it in the far more wonderful statue of the Jupiter Olympian. Thus, from a vicious feeling emanated a greater glory than from an exalted principle; and the artist was less celebrated for the monument of his patriotism than for that of his revenge! But, *allons mon cher*, we grow wise and dull. Let us go to choose our Burgundy, and our comrades to share it."

However, with his characteristic affectation of bounding ambition, and consequently hope, to no one object in particular, and of mingling affairs of light importance with those of the most weighty Lord Bolingbroke might pretend not to recur to, or to dwell upon, his causes of resentment—from

that time they never ceased to influence him to a great and, for a statesman, an unpardonable degree. We cannot, however, blame politicians for their hatred until, without hating anybody, we have for a long time been politicians ourselves; strong minds have strong passions, and men of strong passions must hate as well as love.

The next two years passed, on my part, in perpetual intrigues of diplomacy, combined with an unceasing, though secret, endeavour to penetrate the mystery which hung over the events of that dreadful night. All, however, was in vain. I know not what the English police may be hereafter, but, in my time, its officers seem to be chosen, like honest Dogberry's companions, among "the most senseless and fit men." They are, however, to the full, as much knaves as fools; and perhaps a wiser posterity will scarcely believe, that when things of the greatest value are stolen, the owners, on applying to the chief magistrate, will often be told that no redress can be given there, while one of the officers will engage to get back the goods, upon paying the thieves a certain sum in exchange; if this is refused, *adieu pour jamais. à vos effets!* A pretty state of internal government!

It was about a year after the murder, that my mother informed me of an event which tore from my heart its last private tie, viz. the death of Aubrey. The last letter I had received from him has been placed before the reader; it was written at Devereux Court, just before he left it for ever. Montreuil had been with him during the illness which proved fatal, and which occurred in Ireland. He died of consumption; and when I heard from my mother that Montreuil dwelt most glowingly upon the devotion he had manifested during the last months of his life, I could not help fearing that the morbidity of his superstition had done the work of physical disease. On this fatal news, my mother retired from Devereux Court, to a company of ladies of our faith, who resided together, and practised the most ascetic rules of a nunnery, though they gave not to their house that ecclesiastical name. My mother had long meditated this project, and it was now a melancholy pleasure to put it into execution. From that period I rarely heard from her, and, by little and little, she so shrunk from all worldly objects, that my visits, and, I believe, even those of Gerald, became unwelcome and distasteful.

As to my lawsuit, it went on gloriously, according to the assertions of my brisk little lawyer, who had declared so emphatically that he liked making quick work of a suit. And, at last, what with bribery, and seeing, and pushing, a day was fixed for the final adjustment of my claim—it came—the cause was heard and lost. I should have been ruined, but for one circumstance; the old lady, my father's godmother, who had witnessed my first and concealed marriage, left me a pretty estate near Epsom. I turned it into gold, and it was fortunate that I did so soon, as the reader is about to see.

The queen died, and a cloud already began to look menacing to the eyes of the Viscount Bolingbroke, and therefore to those of the Count Devereux. "We will weather out the shower," said Bolingbroke.

"Could not you," said I, "make our friend

Oxford the talapat!"* and Bolingbroke laughed. All men find wit in the jests broken on their enemies!

One morning, however, I received a laconic note from him, which, notwithstanding its shortness and seeming gayety, I knew well signified that something, not calculated for laughter, had occurred. I went, and found that his new majesty had deprived him of the seals and secured his papers. We looked very blank at each other. At last, Bolingbroke smiled. I must say, that culpable as he was in some points as a politician—culpable, not from being ambitious, (for I would not give much for the statesman who is otherwise,) but from not having inseparably linked his ambition to the welfare of his country, rather than to that of a party—for, despite of what has been said of him, his ambition was never selfish—culpable as he was when glory allured him, he was most admirable when danger assailed him!† and, by the shade of the Tully whom he so idolized, his philosophy was the most conveniently worn of any person's I ever met. When it would have been in the way—the supper of an actress—in the levées of a court—in the *boudoir* of a beauty—in the arena of the senate—in the intrigue of the cabinet, you would not have seen, no! not a seam of the good garment. But directly it was wanted—in the hour of pain—in the day of peril—in the suspense of exile—in (worst of all) the torpor of tranquil-

* A thing used by the Siamese for the same purpose as we now use the umbrella. A work descriptive of Siam by M. de la Loubere, in which the talapat is somewhat minutely described, having been translated into English, and having excited some curiosity, a few years before Count Devereux now uses the word, the allusion was probably familiar.—Ed.

† I know well that it has been said otherwise, and that Bolingbroke has been accused of timidity for not staying in England, and making Mr. Robert Walpole a present of his head. The elegant author of "De Vere," who, indeed, appears to me to have taken a view of Lord Bolingbroke's character more consistent with the cast of a pseudo-philosophy than a deep consideration of human nature, or a diligent comparison of historical facts, has fallen into a very great, though a very hackneyed error, in lauding Oxford's political character, and condemning Bolingbroke's, because the former awaited a trial, and the latter shunned it. A very little reflection might, perhaps, have taught the accomplished novelist, that there could be no comparison between the two cases, because there was no comparison between the relative danger of Oxford and Bolingbroke. Oxford, as their subsequent impeachment proved, was far more numerous and powerfully supported than his illustrious enemy; and there is really no earthly cause for doubting the truth of Bolingbroke's assertion, viz. that, "He had received repeated and certain information that a resolution was taken, by those who had power to execute it, to pursue him to the scaffold." There are certain situations in which a brave and a good man should willingly surrender life; but I humbly opine that there may sometimes exist a situation in which he should preserve it: and if ever man was placed in that latter situation, it was Lord Bolingbroke. To choose unnecessarily to put one's head under the axe, without benefiting any but one's enemies by the act, is, in my eyes, the proof of a fool, not a hero; and to attack a man for not placing his head in that agreeable and most useful predicament—for preferring, in short, to live for a while, rather than to perish by a faction, appears to be a mode of arguing that has a wonderful resemblance to nonsense. When Lord Bolingbroke was impeached, two men only out of those numerous retainers in the Lower House who had been wont so loudly to applaud the secretary of state, in his prosecution of those very measures for which he was now to be condemned—two men only (General Boscawen and Mr. Hugerford) uttered a single syllable in defence of the minister disgraced. This, by-the-way, is that same generous, courageous, unswerving body of men whom Lord John Russell has been pleased, in his late work, to call an "admirable assembly." It is quite astonishing what a vast quantity of unexpected intelligence may be packed up in the elastic valise of one little epithet.—Ed.

lity, my extraordinary friend unfolded it piece by piece—wrapped himself up in it—sat down—defied the world, and uttered the most beautiful sentiments upon the comfort and luxury of his raiment, that can possibly be imagined. It used to remind me, that same philosophy of his, of the enchanted tent in the Arabian tale, which, one moment, lay wrapped in a nut-shell, and the next covered an army.

Bolingbroke smiled, and quoted Cicero, and after an hour's conversation, which, on his part, was by no means like that of a person whose very head was in no enviable state of safety, he slid at once from a sarcasm upon Steele into a discussion as to the best measures to be adopted. Let me be brief on this point! Throughout the whole of that short session, he behaved in a manner more delicately and profoundly wise than, I think, the whole of his previous administration can equal. He sustained, with the most unflagging, the most unwearied, dexterity, the sinking spirits of his associates. Without an act, or the shadow of an act, that could be called time-serving, he laid himself out to conciliate the king, and to propitiate parliament;—with a dignified prudence, which, while it seemed above petty pique, was well calculated to remove the appearance of that disaffection with which he was charged, and discriminated justly between the king and the new administration, he lent his talents to the assistance of the monarch, by whom his impeachment was already resolved on, and aided in the settlement of the civil list, while he was in full expectation of a criminal accusation.

The new parliament met, and all doubt was over. An impeachment of the late administration was decided upon. I was settling bills with my little lawyer one morning, when Bolingbroke entered my room. He took a chair, nodded to me not to dismiss my assistant, joined our conversation, and when conversation was merged in accounts, he took up a book of songs, and amused himself with it till my business was over and my disciple of Coke retired. He then said, very slowly, and with a slight yawn—"You have never been at Paris, I think?"

"Never—you are enchanted with that gay city."

"Yes, but when I was last there, the good people flattered my vanity enough to bribe my taste. I shall be able to form a more unbiassed and impartial judgment in a few days."

"A few days?"

"Ay, my dear count: does it startle you? I wonder whether the pretty *De Tencin* will be as kind to me as she was, and whether *tout le monde* (that most exquisite phrase for five hundred people) will rise now at the opera on my entrance. Do you think that a banished minister can leave any, the smallest, resemblance, to what he was when in power? By gumdragon, as our friend Swift so euphoniously and elegantly says, or swears, by gumdragon, I think not! What altered Satan so after his fall? what gave him horns and a tail? nothing but his disgrace. O! years, and disease, plague, penitence, and famine never alter a man so much as the loss of power."

"You say wisely; but what am I to gather from your words? Is it all over with us in real earnest?"

"Us! with me it is indeed all over—you may stay here for ever. I must fly—a packet boat to

Calais, or a room in the Tower: I must choose between the two. I had some thoughts of remaining, and confronting my trial, but it would be folly; there is a difference between Oxford and me. He has friends, though out of power: I have none. If they impeach him, he will escape; if they impeach me, they will either shut me up like a rat in a cage, for twenty years, till, old and forgotten, I tear my heart out with my confinement, or they will bring me at once to the block. No, no—I must keep myself for another day; and while they banish me, I will leave the seeds of the true cause to grow up till my return. Wise and exquisite policy of my foes—*Frustra Cassium amovisti, si gliscere et vigere Brutorum emulos passurus es.* But I have no time to lose—farewell, my friend—God bless you—you are saved from these storms; and even intolerance, which prevented the exercise of your genius, preserves you now from the danger of having applied that genius to the welfare of your country: God knows, whatever my faults, I sacrificed what I loved better than all things—study and pleasure—to her cause. In her wars I served even my enemy Marlborough, in order to serve her; her peace I effected, and I suffer for it. Be it so, I am

"*Fidens animi atque in utrumque paratus.*"

Once more I embrace you—farewell."

"Nay," said I, "listen to me, you shall not go alone. France is already, in reality, my native country; there did I receive my birth, it is no hardship to return to my *natale solum*; it is an honour to return in the company of Henry St. John. I will have no refusal; my law case is over, my papers are few, my money I will manage to transfer. Remember the anecdote you told me (yesterday) of Anaxagoras, who, when asked where his country was, pointed with his finger to heaven. It is applicable, I hope, as well to me as to you. If; to me uncelebrated and obscure, to you the senator and the statesman."

In vain Bolingbroke endeavoured to dissuade me from this resolution; he was the only friend fate had left me, and I was resolved that misfortune should not part us. At last he embraced me tenderly, and consented to what he could not resist. "But you cannot," he said, "quit England to-morrow night, as I must."

"Pardon me," I answered, "the briefer the preparation, the greater the excitement: and what in life is equal to *that*?"

"True," answered Bolingbroke: "to some natures, too restless to be happy, excitement can compensate for all; compensate for years wasted, and hopes scattered; compensate for bitter regret at talents perverted, and passions unrestrained. But we will talk philosophically when we have more leisure. You will dine with me to-morrow; we will go to the play together; I promised poor Lucy that I would see her at the theatre, and I cannot break my word; and an hour afterward we will commence our excursion to Paris. And now I will explain to you the plan I have arranged for our escape."

CHAPTER III.

The real actors spectators of the false ones.

It was a brilliant night at the theatre! The boxes were crowded to excess. Every eye was

directed toward Lord Bolingbroke, who, with his usual dignified and consummate grace of manner, conversed with the various letterers with whom, from time to time, his box was filled.

"Look yonder," said a very young man, of singular personal beauty, "look yonder, my lord, what a panoply of smiles the dutchess wears to-night, and how triumphantly she directs those eyes, which they say were once so beautiful, to your box."

"Ah," said Bolingbroke, "her grace does me too much honour; I must not neglect to acknowledge her courtesy;" and, leaning over the box, Bolingbroke watched his opportunity till the Dutchess of Marlborough, who sat opposite to him, and who was talking with great and evidently joyous vivacity to a tall, thin man beside her, directed her attention, and that of her whole party, in a fixed and concentrated stare, to the imperilled minister. With a dignified smile Lord Bolingbroke then put his hand to his heart, and bowed profoundly; the dutchess looked a little abashed, but returned the courtesy quickly and slightly, and renewed her conversation.

"Faith, my lord," cried the young gentleman who had before spoken, "you managed that well! No reproach is like that which we clothe in a smile, and present with a bow."

"I am happy," said Lord Bolingbroke, "that my conduct receives the grave support of a son of my political opponent."

"Grave support, my lord! you are mistaken: never apply the epithet grave to any thing belonging to Philip Wharton. But, in sober earnest, I have sat long enough with you to terrify all my friends, and must now show my worshipful face in another part of the house. Count Devereux, will you come with me to the dutchess's?"

"What! the dutchess's, immediately after Lord Bolingbroke's!—the Whig after the Tory; it would be as trying to one's assurance, as a change from the cold bath to the hot to one's constitution."

"Well, and what so delightful as a trial in which one triumphs? and a change in which one does not lose even one's countenance?"

"Take care, my lord," said Bolingbroke, laughing; "those are dangerous sentiments for a man like you, to whom the hopes of two great parties are directed, to express so openly—even on a trifle, and in a jest."

"'Tis for that reason I utter them. I like being the object of hope and fear to men, since my miserable fortune made me marry at fourteen, and cease to be aught but a wedded thing to the women. But, sup with me at the Bedford—you my lord, and the count."

"And you will ask Walpole, Addison, and Steele,* to join us; eh?" said Bolingbroke. "No we have other engagements for to-night; but we shall meet again soon."

And the eccentric youth nodded his adieu, disappeared, and a minute afterward was seated by the side of the Dutchess of Marlborough.

"There goes a boy," said Bolingbroke, "who at the age of fifteen has in him the power to be the greatest man of his day, and in all probability will only be the most singular. An obstinate man is sure of doing well; a wavering or a whimsical

one (which is the same thing) is as uncertain, even in his elevation, as a shuttlecock. But look to the box at the right—do you see the beautiful Lady Mary?"

"Yes," said Mr. Trefusis, who was with us, "she has only just come to town. 'Tis said she and Ned Montague live like doves."

"How?" said Lord Bolingbroke, "that quick, restless eye seems to have very little of the dove in it."

"But how beautiful she is!" said Trefusis, admiringly. "What a pity that those exquisite hands should be so dirty! It reminds me" (Trefusis loved a coarse anecdote) "of her answer to old Madame de Noailles, who made exactly the same remark to her. 'Do you call my hands dirty?' cried Lady Mary, holding them up with the most innocent *naïveté*,—'ah, madame, si vous voyez mes pieds!'"

"*Fi donc!*" said I, turning away; "but who is that very small, deformed man behind her—with the bright black eye?"

"Know you not?" said Bolingbroke: "tell it not in Gath!—'tis a rising sun whom I have already learnt to worship—the young author of the 'Essay on Criticism,' and the 'Rape of the Lock.' Egad, the *petit poète* seems to eclipse us with the women as much as with the men. Do you mark how eagerly Lady Mary listens to him—even though the tall gentleman in black, who in vain endeavours to win her attentions, is thought the handsomest gallant in London! Ah, genius is paid by smiles from all females but fortune—little, methinks, does that young poet, in his first intoxication of flattery and fame, guess what a lot of contest and strife is in store for him. The very breath which a literary man respires is hot with hatred, and the youthful proselyte enters that career which seems to him so glittering, even as Dame Pliant's brother in the Alchemist entered town—not to be fed with luxury, and diet on pleasure, but 'to learn to quarrel and live by his wits.'"

The play was now nearly over. With great gravity Lord Bolingbroke summoned one of the principal actors to his box, and bespoke a play for the next week: leaning then on my arm, he left the theatre. We hastened to his home, put on our disguises, and without any adventure worth recounting, effected our escape, and landed safely at Calais.

CHAPTER IV.

Paris—A senate politician, and an ecclesiastical one—Sundry other matters.

THE ex-minister was received both at Calais and at Paris with the most gratifying honours. He was then entirely the man to captivate the French. The beauty of his person, the grace of his manner, his consummate taste in all things, the exceeding variety and sparkling vivacity of his conversation, enchanted them. In later life he has grown more reserved and profound, even in habitual intercourse, and attention is now fixed to the solidity of the diamond, as at that time one was too dazzled to think of any thing but its brilliancy.

While Bolingbroke was receiving visits of state,

* All political opponents of Lord Bolingbroke.

busied myself in inquiring after a certain Madame de Balzac. The reader will remember that the envelope of that letter which Oswald had brought to me at Devereux Court, was signed by the letters C. de B. Now, when Oswald disappeared after that dreadful night to which even now I can scarcely bring myself to allude, these initials occurred to my remembrance, and Oswald having said they belonged to a lady formerly intimate with my father, I inquired of my mother if she could guess to what French lady such initials would apply. She, with an evident pang of jealousy, mentioned a Madame de Balzac; and to this lady I now resolved to address myself, with the faint hope of learning from her some intelligence respecting Oswald. It was not difficult to find out the abode of one who in her day had played no inconsiderable rôle in that comedy of errors,—the great world. She was still living at Paris: what Frenchwoman would, if she could help it, live anywhere else? "There are a hundred gates," said the witty Madame de Choisi to me, "which lead into Paris, but only two roads out of it—the convent, or (odious word!) the grave."

I hastened to Madame Balzac's hotel. I was ushered through three magnificent apartments into one, which to my eyes seemed to contain a throne: upon a nearer inspection I discovered it was a bed. Upon a large chair, by a very bad fire—it was in the month of March—sat a tall, handsome woman, excessively painted, and dressed in a manner, which to my taste, accustomed to English finery, seemed singularly plain. I had sent in the morning to request permission to wait on her, so that she was prepared for my visit. She rose, offered me her cheek, kissed mine, shed several tears, and in short testified a great deal of kindness toward me. Old ladies who have flirted with our fathers, always seem to claim a sort of property in the sons!

Before she resumed her seat she held me out at arm's length. "You have a family likeness to your brave father," said she, with a little disappointment; "but—"

"Madame de Balzac would add," interrupted I, filling up the sentence which I saw her *bienveillance* had made her break off, "Madame de Balzac would add, that I am not so good looking. It is true: the likeness is transmitted to me within rather than without; and if I have not my father's privilege to be admired, I have at least his capacities to admire," and I bowed.

Madame de Balzac took three large pinches of snuff. "That is very well said," said she, gravely: "very well, indeed! not at all like your father though, who never paid a compliment in his life. Your clothes, by-the-by, are in exquisite taste: I had no idea that English people had arrived to such perfection in the fine arts. Your face is a little too long! You admire Racine, of course? How do you like Paris?"

All this was not said gayly or quickly: Madame de Balzac was by no means a gay or a quick person. She belonged to a peculiar school of Frenchwomen, who affected a little languor, a great deal of stiffness, an indifference to forms when forms were to be used by themselves, and an unrelaxing demand of forms when forms were to be observed to them by others. Added to this, they talked plainly upon all matters, without ever entering upon sentiment. This was the school she be-

longed to; but she possessed the traits of the individual as well as of the species. She was keen, ambitious, worldly, not unaffectionate, nor unkind; very proud, a little of the devotee—because it was the fashion to be so—an enthusiastic admirer of military glory, and a most prying, searching, intriguing, and yet talentless schemer of politics.

"Like Paris!" said I, answering only the last question, and that not with the most scrupulous regard to truth. "Can Madame de Balzac think of Paris, and not conceive the transport which must inspire a person entering it for the first time? But I had something more endearing than a stranger's interest to attach me to it; I longed to express to my father's friend, my gratitude for the interest which I venture to believe she on one occasion manifested toward me."

"Ah! you mean my caution to you against that terrible de Montreuil. Yes, I trust I was of service to you *there*."

And Madame de Balzac then proceeded to favour me with the whole history of the manner in which she had obtained the letter she had sent me, accompanied by a thousand anathemas against those *atrocious Jésuites*, and a thousand eulogia on her own genius and virtues. I brought her from this subject, so interesting to herself, as soon as decorum would allow me: and I then made inquiry if she knew aught of Oswald, or could suggest any mode of obtaining intelligence respecting him. Madame de Balzac hated plain, blunt, blank questions, and she always travelled through a wilderness of parentheses before she answered them. But at last I did ascertain her answer, and found it utterly unsatisfactory. She had never seen or heard any thing of Oswald since he had left her charged with her commission to me. I then questioned her respecting the character of the man, and found Mr. Marie Oswald had little to plume himself upon in that respect. He seemed, however, from her account of him, to be more a rogue than a villain; and from two or three stories of his cowardice, which Madame de Balzac related, he appeared to me utterly incapable of a design so daring and systematic as that of which it pleased all persons who troubled themselves about my affairs, to suspect him.

Finding, at last, that no further information was to be gained on this point, I turned the conversation to Montreuil. I found from Madame de Balzac's very abuse of him that he enjoyed a great reputation in the country, and a great favour at court. He had been early befriended by Father la Chaise, and he was now especially trusted and esteemed by the successor of that Jesuit—Le Tellier—Le Tellier, that rigid and bigoted servant of Loyola—the sovereign of the king himself—the destroyer of the Port Royal, and the mock and terror of the bedevilled and persecuted Jansenists. Besides this, I learnt what has been before pretty clearly evident—viz. that Montreuil was greatly in the confidence of the chevalier, and that he was supposed already to have rendered essential service to the Stuart cause. His reputation had increased with every year, and was as great for private sanctity as for political talent.

When this information, given in a very different spirit from that in which I retail it, was over, Madame de Balzac observed—"Doubtless you will obtain a private audience with the king?"

"Is it possible, in his present age and infirmities?"

"It ought to be to the son of *Le Maréchal Devereux*."

"I shall be happy to receive madame's instructions how to obtain the honour; her name would, I feel, be a greater passport to the royal presence, than that of a deceased soldier; and Venus's cestus may obtain that grace which would never be accorded to the truncheon of Mars!"

Was there ever so natural and so easy a compliment? My Venus of fifty smiled.

"You are mistaken, count," said she; "I have no interest at court: the Jesuits forbid that to a Jansenist; but I will speak this very day to the Bishop of Fréjus: he is related to me, and will obtain so slight a boon for you with ease. He has just left his bishopric: you know how he hated it. Nothing could be pleasanter than his signing himself, in a letter to Cardinal Quirini, '*Fleuri évêque de Fréjus par l'indignation divine*.' The king does not like him much: but he is a good man on the whole, though Jesuitical: he shall introduce you."

I expressed my gratitude for the favour, and hinted that possibly the relations of my father's first wife, the haughty and ancient house of La Tremouille, might save the Bishop of Fréjus from the pain of exerting himself on my behalf.

"You are very much mistaken," answered Madame de Balzac: "priests point the road to court, as well as to heaven: and warriors and nobles have as little to do with the former, as they have with the latter, the unlucky Duc de Villers only excepted—a man whose ill fortune is enough to destroy all the laurels of France. *Ma foi!* I believe the *pauvre duc* might rival in luck that Italian poet, who said, in a fit of despair, that if he had been bred a hatter, men would have been born without heads."

And Madame de Balzac chuckled over this joke, till seeing that no farther news was to be gleaned from her, I made my adieu and my departure.

Nothing could exceed the kindness manifested toward me by my father's early connexions. The circumstance of my accompanying Bolingbroke, joined to my age, and an address which, if not animated or gay, had not been acquired without some youthful cultivation of the graces, gave us a sort of *éclat* as well as consideration. And Bolingbroke, who was only jealous of superiors in power, and who had no equals in any thing else, added greatly to my reputation by his panegyrics.

Every one sought me; and the attention of society at Paris would, to most, be worth a little trouble to repay. Perhaps, if I had liked it, I might have been the rage; but that vanity was over. I contented myself with being permitted into society as an observer, without a single wish to become the observed. When one has once outlived the ambition *de société*, I know not a greater affliction than an over-attention; and the Spectator did just what I should have done in a similar case, when he left his lodgings, "because he was asked every morning how he had slept." In the immediate vicinity of the court, the king's devotion, age, and misfortune, threw a damp over society; but there were still some sparkling circles who put the king out of the mode, and declared, that the

defects of his generals made capital subjects for epigrams. What a delicate and subtle air did hang over those *soirées*, where all that were bright and lovely, and noble and gay, and witty and wise, were assembled in one brilliant cluster! Imperfect as my rehearsals must be, I think the few pages I shall devote to a description of these glittering conversations, must still retain something of that original piquancy which the *soirées* of no other capital could rival or appreciate.

One morning, about a week after my interview with Madame de Balzac, I received a note from her, requesting me to visit her that day, and appointing the hour.

Accordingly I repaired to the house of the politician. I found her with a man in a clerical garb, and of a benevolent and prepossessing countenance. She introduced him to me as the Bishop of Fréjus, and he received me with an air very uncommon to his countrymen, viz. with an ease that seemed to result from real good nature, rather than artificial grace.

"I shall feel," said he, quietly, and without the least appearance of paying a compliment, "very glad to mention your wish to his majesty; and I have not the least doubt but that he will admit to his presence one who has such hereditary claims on his notice. Madame de Maintenon, by-the-way, has charged me to present you to her, whenever you will give me the opportunity. She knew your admirable mother well, and for her sake, wishes once to see you. You know, perhaps, monsieur, that the extreme retirement of her life renders this message from Madame de Maintenon an unusual and rare honour."

I expressed my thanks;—the bishop received them with a paternal rather than a courtier-like air, and appointed a day for me to attend him to the palace. We then conversed a short time upon indifferent matters, which, I observed, the good bishop took especial pains to preserve clear from French politics. He asked me, however, two or three questions about the state of parties in England—about finance and the national debt—about Ormond and Oxford: and appeared to give the most close attention to my replies. He smiled once or twice, when his relation, Madame de Balzac, broke out into sarcasms against the Jesuits, which had nothing to do with the subject in question.

"Ah, *ma chère cousine*," said he, "you flatter me by showing, that you like me not as the politician, but the private relation—not as the Bishop of Fréjus, but as André de Fleury."

Madame de Balzac smiled, and answered by a compliment. She was a politician for the kingdom, it is true, but she was also a politician for herself. She was far from exclaiming, with Pindar, "Thy business, O my city, I prefer willingly to my own." Ah, there is a nice distinction between politics and policy, and Madame de Balzac knew it. The distinction is this: Politics is the art of being wise for others! Policy is the art of being wise for one's self.

From Madame de Balzac's I went to Bolingbroke. "I have just been offered the place of secretary of state, by the English king on this side of the water," said he;—"I do not, however, yet like to commit myself so fully. And, indeed, I am not unwilling to have a little relaxation of pleasure, after all these dull and dusty *travaux* of state."

"What say you to Boulainvilliers to-night—you asked?"

"Yes! all the wits are to be there—Anthony Hamilton—and Fontenelle—young Arouet—Chaulieu, that charming old man. Let us go, and wash away the wrinkles of our hearts. What cosmetics are to the face, wit is to the temper; and for all, there is no wisdom like that which teaches to forget."

"Come, then," said Bolingbroke, rising, "we will lock up these papers, and take a melancholy drive, in order that we may enjoy mirth the better and-by."

CHAPTER V.

Meeting of wits—Conversation gone out to supper in her dress of velvet and jewels.

BOULAINVILLIERS! Comte de St. Saire! What will our great-grandchildren think of that name? Time is indeed a riddle! At the time I refer to, learning—grace—all things that charm and lighten, were supposed to centre in one word—*Boulainvilliers*! The good count had many rivals, it is true, but he had that exquisite tact peculiar to his countrymen, of making the very reputations of those rivals contribute to his own. And while he assembled them around him, the lustre of his *bons mots*, though it emanated from themselves, was reflected upon him.

It was a pleasant, though not a costly apartment, which we found our host. The room was sufficiently full of people to allow scope and variety to one group of talkers, without being full enough to permit those little knots and coteries which are the destruction of literary society. An old man, about seventy, of a sharp, shrewd, yet polished and courtly expression of countenance, of a great variety of manner, which was now and then rather displeasingly contrasted by an abrupt affectation of dignity that, however, rarely lasted above a minute, and never withstood the shock of a *bon mot*, was the first person who accosted us. This old man was the wreck of the once celebrated Anthony Hamilton!

"Well, my lord," said he to Bolingbroke, "how do you like the weather at Paris? it is a little better than the merciless air of London, is it not? Well! even in June, one could not go open-breasted in those regions of cold and catarrh—a very great misfortune, let me tell you, my lord, if the cambric happened to be of a very delicate and brilliant texture, and one wished to penetrate the inward folds of a lady's heart, by developing, to the best advantage, the exterior folds that covered its own."

"It is the first time," answered Bolingbroke, "that I ever heard so accomplished a courtier as Count Hamilton, repine, with sincerity, that he could not bare his bosom to inspection."

"Ah!" cried Boulainvilliers, "but vanity makes man show much that discretion would conceal."

"*Au diable* with your discretion!" said Hamilton, "'tis a vulgar virtue. Vanity is a truly aristocratic quality, and every way fitted to a gentleman. Should I ever have been renowned for my exquisite lace and weblike cambric, if I had not been vain? Never, *mon cher*! I should have gone into a convent and worn sackcloth, and, from

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Count Antoine, I should have thickened into Saint Anthony."

"Nay," cried Lord Bolingbroke, "there is as much scope for vanity in sackcloth, as there is in cambric; for vanity is like the Irish ogling master in the Spectator, and if it teaches the playhouse to ogle by candlelight, it also teaches the church to ogle by day! But, pardon me, Monsieur Chaulieu, how well you look! I see that the myrtle sheds its verdure, not only over your poetry, but the poet. And it is right that, to the modern Anacreon, who has bequeathed to time a treasure it will never forego, time itself should be gentle in return."

"Milord," answered Chaulieu, an old man, who, though considerably past seventy, was animated, in appearance and manner, with a vivacity and life that would have done honour to a youth—"Milord, it was beautifully said by the Emperor Julian, that justice retained the graces in her vestibule. I see, now, that he should have substituted the word *wisdom* for that of justice."

"Come," cried Anthony Hamilton, "this will never do. Compliments are the dullest things imaginable. For God's sake let us leave panegyric to blockheads, and say something bitter to one another, or we shall die of *ennui*."

"*Vous avez raison*," said Boulainvilliers:—"Let us pick out some poor devil to begin with. Absent or present?—Decide which."

"O, absent," cried Chaulieu; "'tis a thousand times more piquant to slander than to rally! Let us commence with his majesty: Count Devereux, have you seen Madame Maintenon and her devout infant since your arrival?"

"No!—the priests must be petitioned before the miracle is made public."

"What!" cried Chaulieu, "would you insinuate that his majesty's piety is really nothing less than a miracle?"

"Impossible!" said Boulainvilliers, gravely; "piety is as natural to kings as flattery to their courtiers: are we not told that they are made in God's own image?"

"If that were true," said Count Hamilton, somewhat profanely; "if that were true, I should no longer deny the impossibility of atheism!"

"Fie, Count Hamilton," said an old gentleman, in whom I recognised the great Huet, "fie—wit should beware how it uses wings—its province is earth, not heaven."

"Nobody can better tell what wit is *not*, than the learned Abbé Huet!" answered Hamilton, with a mock air of respect.

"Psha!" cried Chaulieu, "I thought when we once gave the rein to satire, it would carry us *pêle-mêle* against one another. But in order to sweeten that drop of lemon-juice for you, my dear Huet, let me turn to Milord Bolingbroke, and ask him whether England can produce a scholar equal to Peter Huet, who in twenty years wrote notes to sixty-two volumes of Classics,* for the sake of a prince who never read a line in one of them?"

"We have some scholars," answered Bolingbroke; "but we certainly have no Huet. It is strange enough, but learning seems to me like a circle: it grows weaker the more it spreads. We now see many people capable of reading commentaries, but very few, indeed, capable of writing them."

"True," answered Huet; and in his reply he introduced the celebrated illustration which is at this day mentioned among his most felicitous *bons mots*. "Scholarship, formerly the most difficult and unaided enterprise of genius, has now been made, by the very toils of the first mariners, but an easy and common-place voyage of leisure. But who would compare the great men, whose very difficulties not only proved their ardour, but brought them the patience and the courage which alone are the parents of a genuine triumph, to the indolent loiterers of the present day, who having little of difficulty to conquer, have nothing of glory to attain? For my part, there seems to me the same difference between a scholar of our days and one of the past, as there is between Christopher Columbus and the master of a packet-boat from Calais to Dover!"

"But," cried Anthony Hamilton, taking a pinch of snuff, with the air of a man about to utter a witty thing; "but what have we—we spirits of the world, not imps of the closet,"—and he glanced at Huet—"to do with scholarship? All the waters of Castaly which we want to pour into our brain, are such as will flow the readiest to our tongue."

"In short, then," said I, "you would assert that all a friend cares for in one's head is the quantity of talk in it?"

"Precisely, my dear count," said Hamilton, seriously; "and to that maxim I will add another, applicable to the opposite sex. All that a mistress cares for in one's heart is the quantity of love in it."

"What are generosity, courage, honour, to go for nothing, with our mistress, then?" cried Chauvieu.

"No; for she will believe, if you are a passionate lover, that you have all those virtues; and if not, she won't believe that you have one."

"Ah! it was a pretty court of love in which the friend and biographer of Count Grammont learnt the art!" said Bolingbroke.

"We believed so at the time, my lord; but there are as many changes in the fashion of making love as there are in that of making dresses. Honour me, Count Devereux, by using my snuff-box, and then looking at the lid."

"It is the picture of Charles the Second, which adorns it—is it not?"

"No, Count Devereux, it is the diamonds which adorn it. His majesty's face I thought very beautiful while he was living; but now, on my conscience, I consider it the ugliest phiz I ever beheld. But I pointed your notice to the picture because we were talking of love; and old Rowley believed that he could make it better than any one else. All his courtiers had the same opinion of themselves; and I dare say the *beaux garçons* of Queen Anne's reign would say, that not one of King Charley's gang knew what love was. O! 'tis a strange circle of revolutions, that love! Like the earth, it always changes, and yet always has the same materials."

"*L'amour—l'amour—toujours l'amour*, with Count Anthony Hamilton!" said Boulainvilliers. "He is always on that subject; and *sacre bleu!* when he was younger, I am told he was like Cacus, the son of Vulcan, and breathed nothing but flames."

"You flatter me," said Hamilton. "Solve me now a knotty riddle, my Lord Bolingbroke.

Why does a young man think it the greatest compliment to be thought wise, while an old man thinks it the greatest compliment to be told he has been foolish?"

"Is love foolish then?" said Lord Bolingbroke.

"Can you doubt it?" answered Hamilton; "it makes a man think more of another than himself. I know not a greater proof of folly!"

"Ah—*mon aimable ami*!"—cried Chauvieu. "you are the wickedest witty person I know. I cannot help loving your language, while I have your sentiments."

"My language is my own—my sentiments are those of all men," answered Hamilton; "but as we not, by-the-by, to have young *Arouet* here to-night? What a charming person he is!"

"Yes," said Boulainvilliers. "He said he should be late; and I expect Fontenelle, but he will not come before supper. I found Fontenelle this morning, conversing with my cook in the best manner of dressing asparagus. I asked him the other day, what writer, ancient or modern, had ever given him the most sensible pleasure. After a little pause, the excellent old man said—'Daphnus.'—'Daphnus!' repeated I—'who is the devil is he?'—'Why,' answered Fontenelle, with tears of gratitude in his benevolent eyes, 'I have some hypochondriacal ideas, that suppers were unwholesome; and Daphnus is an ancient physician, who asserts the contrary; and declares, think, my friend, what a charming theory!—that the moon is a great assistant of the digestion!'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the *Abbé de Chauvieu*. "How like Fontenelle! what an amiable creature 'tis! He has the most kindness and the least feeling of any man I ever knew. Let Hamilton find a pithier description for him if he can!"

Whatever reply the friend of the *preux Grammont* might have made, was prevented by the entrance of a young man of about twenty-one.

In person he was small, slight, and very tall. There was a certain affectation of polite address in his manner and mien, which did not quite become him; and though he was received by the old with great cordiality, and on a footing of perfect equality; yet the inexpressible air which denotes birth, was both pretended to, and wanting. This, perhaps, was however owing to the ordinary inexperience of youth; which, if not awkwardly beautiful, is generally awkward in its assurance. Whatever its cause, the impression vanished directly he entered into conversation. I do not think I ever encountered a man so brilliantly, yet so easily witty. He had but little of the studied allusion—the antithetical point—the classic metaphor, which chiefly characterize the wits of my day. On the contrary, it was an exceeding and almost simplicity, which gave such unrivalled charm and piquancy to his conversation. And while I have not scrupled to stamp on my pages some faint imitation of the peculiar dialogue of other eminent characters, I must confess myself utterly unable to convey the smallest idea of his method of making words irresistible. Contenting my efforts, therefore, with describing his personal appearance—interesting, because that of the most striking literary character it has been my lot to meet—I shall omit his share in the remainder of the conversation. I am rehearsing, and beg the reader to recall that passage in Tacitus, in which the great historian

that in the funeral of Junia, "the images of Brutus and Cassius outshone all the rest, from the circumstance of their being the sole ones excluded from the rite."

The countenance, then, of Marie Francis Arouet, (so celebrated under the name of Voltaire,) is plain in feature, but singularly striking in fact; its vivacity was the very perfection of what is once happily called "physiognomical eloquence." His eyes were dark, fiery rather than light, and so restless that they never dwelt in the same place for a moment; his mouth was at once the worst and the most peculiar feature of his face: it betokened humour, it is true; but it also betrayed malignancy—nor did it ever smile without sarcasm. Though flattering to those present, his words against the absent, uttered by that sterner and curling lip, mingled with your pleasure their wit a little fear at their causticity. I believe no one, be he as bold, as callous, or as faultless as human nature can be, could be one hour without that man and not feel apprehension. Ridicule so lavish, yet so true to the mark—so wanton, yet so seemingly just—so bright, that while it wandered round its target, in apparent, though terrible sympathy, it burned into the spot, and engraved there a brand, and a token indelible and perpetual;—this no man could witness, when darted toward another, and feel safe for himself. The very caprice and levity of the jester seemed more serious, because less to be calculated upon, than a systematic principle of bitterness or satire. Bolingbroke compared him, not unaptly, to a child who has possessed himself of Jupiter's bolts, and who makes use of those bolts in sport, which a god could only have used in wrath.

Arouet's forehead was not remarkable for height, but it was nobly and grandly formed, and, contrasting that of the mouth, wore a benevolent expression. Though so young, there was already a wrinkle on the surface of the front, and a prominence on the eyebrow which showed that the wit and the fancy of his conversation were, if not regulated, at least contrasted, by more thoughtful and lofty characteristics of mind. At the time I write, this man has obtained a high throne among the powers of the lettered world. What he may yet be, it is vain to guess: he may be all that is great and good, or—the reverse; but I cannot but believe that his career is only begun. Such men are the monarchs of the mind; they may be benefactors or tyrants; in either case, they are greater than the kings of the physical empire, because they command armies and laugh at the intrigues of state. From themselves only come the balance of their power, the laws of their government, and the boundaries of their realm.

We sat down to supper. "Count Hamilton," said Boulainvilliers, "are we not a merry set for old fellows? Why, excepting Arouet, Milord Bolingbroke, and Count Devereux, there is scarcely one of us under seventy. Where, but at Paris, could you see *bons vivans* of our age? *Vivent la vie!—la bagatelle l'amour!*"

The reader will remember that this is a description of Voltaire as a very young man. I do not know any more impressive, almost a more ghastly contrast, than that which the pictures of Voltaire, grown old, present to Largillière's picture of him at the age of twenty; and he was somewhat younger than twenty-four at the time of which the count now speaks.—Ed

"*Et le vin de Champagne,*" cried Chaulieu, filling his glass; "but what is there strange in our merriment! Philemon, the comic poet, laughed at ninety-seven. May we all do the same!"

"You forget," cried Bolingbroke, "that Philemon died of the laughing."

"Yes," said Hamilton; "but, if I remember right, it was at seeing an ass eat figs. Let us vow, therefore, never to keep company with asses!"

"Bravo, count," said Boulainvilliers, "you have put the true moral on the story. Let us swear by the ghost of Philemon, that we will never laugh at an ass's jokes—practical or verbal."

"Then we must always be serious, except when we are with each other," cried Chaulieu. "O, I would sooner take my chance of dying prematurely at ninety-seven, than consent to such a vow!"

"Fontenelle," cried our host, "you are melancholy. What is the matter?"

"I mourn for the weakness of human nature," answered Fontenelle, with an air of patriarchal philanthropy. "I told your cook three times about the asparagus; and now—taste it. I told him not to put too much sugar, and he has put none. Thus it is with mankind—ever in extremes, and consequently ever in error! Thus it was that Luther said, so felicitously and so truly, that the human mind was like a drunken peasant on horseback—prop it on one side, and it falls on the other."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Chaulieu, "*le pauvre Secrétaire de l'Académie des Sciences!* Who would have thought one could have found so much morality in a plate of asparagus! Taste this *salsifis*."

"Pray, Hamilton," said Huet, "what *jeu de mots* was that you made yesterday at Madame d'Epernonville's, which gained you such applause?"

"Ah, repeat it, count," cried Boulainvilliers; "'twas the most classical thing I have heard for a long time."

"Why," said Hamilton, laying down his knife and fork, and preparing himself by a large draught of the Champagne—"why, Madame d'Epernonville appeared without her *tour*; you know, Lord Bolingbroke, that *tour* is the polite name for false hair. '*Ah sacré!*' cried her brother, courteously, '*ma sœur, que vous êtes laide aujourd'hui—vous n'avez pas votre tour!*' '*Voilà, pourquoi elle n'est pas si-belle (Cybele,*' answered I."

"Excellent! famous!" cried we all, except Huet, who seemed to regard the punster with a very disrespectful eye. Hamilton saw it. "You do not think, Monsieur Huet, that there is wit in these *jeux de mots*—perhaps you do not admire wit at all?"

"Yes, I admire wit as I do the wind. When it shakes the trees, it is fine; when it cools the wave, it is refreshing; when it steals over flowers, it is enchanting; but when, Monsieur Hamilton, it whistles through the keyhole, it is unpleasant."

"The very worst illustration I ever heard," said Hamilton, coolly. "Keep to your classics, my dear abbé. When Jupiter edited the work of Peter Huet, he did with wit, as Peter Huet did with Lucan, when he edited the Classics—he was afraid it might do mischief, and so left it out altogether."

"Let us drink!" cried Chaulieu; "let us drink!" and the conversation was turned again.

"What is that you say of Tacitus, Huet?" said Boulainvilliers.

"That his wisdom arose from his malignancy," answered Huet. "He is a perfect penetrator* into human vices; but knows nothing of human virtues. Do you think that a good man would dwell so clingingly on what is evil? Believe me—no! A man cannot write much and well upon virtue without being virtuous, nor enter minutely and profoundly into the causes of vice without being vicious himself."

"It is true," said Hamilton; "and your remark, which affects to be so deep, is but a natural corollary from the hackneyed maxim, that from experience comes wisdom."

"But, for my part," said Boulainvilliers, "I think Tacitus is not so invariably the analyzer of vice as you would make him. Look at the *Agriкола* and the *Germania*."

"Ah! the Germany, above all things!" cried Hamilton, dropping a delicious morsel of *sanglier*, in its way from hand to mouth, in his hurry to speak. "Of course, the historian, Boulainvilliers, advocates the Germany, from its mention of the origin of the *feudal* system—that incomparable bundle of excellencies, which *le Comte de Boulainvilliers*, has declared to be *le chef d'œuvre de l'esprit humain*; and which the same gentleman regrets, in the most pathetic terms, no longer exists in order that the seigneur may feed upon *des gros morceaux, de bœuf demi-cru*, may hang up half his peasants *pour encourager les autres*, and ravish the daughters of the defunct *pour leur donner quelque consolation*."

"Seriously, though," said the old Abbé de Chaulieu, with a twinkling eye, "the last mentioned evil, my dear Hamilton, was not without a little alloy of good."

"Yes," said Hamilton, "if it was only the daughters; but perhaps the seigneur was not too scrupulous with regard to the wives."

"Ah! shocking, shocking!" cried Chaulieu, solemnly. "Adultery is, indeed, an atrocious crime. I am sure I would most conscientiously cry out with the honest preacher—'Adultery, my children, is the blackest of sins. I do declare, that I would rather have ten virgins in love with me than one married woman!'"

We all laughed at this enthusiastic burst of virtue from the chaste Chaulieu. And Arouet turned our conversation toward the ecclesiastical dissensions between Jesuits and Jansenists, that then agitated the kingdom. It was then that Bolingbroke used that magnificent illustration, so significant of all those ecclesiastical quarrels in which indulging the worst passions is termed zeal for the best cause; and we prove beyond a doubt, how intensely we love God, by showing with what delightful animosity we can hate one another! "The priests," said Bolingbroke, "remind me of the nurses of Jupiter: they make a great clamour, in order to drown the voice of their God."

"Bravissimo!" cried Hamilton. "Is it not a pity, messieurs, that my Lord Bolingbroke was not a Frenchman? He is almost clever enough to be one."

"If he would drink a little more, he would be,"

cried Chaulieu, who was glowing gloriously *plein de boisson*.

"What say you, Morton?" exclaimed Bolingbroke; "must we not drink these gentlemen under the table for the honour of our country?"

"A challenge! a challenge!" cried Chaulieu. "I march first to the field!"

"Conquest or death!" shouted Bolingbroke. And the rites of Minerva were forsaken for those of Bacchus.

CHAPTER VI.

A court, courtiers, and a king.

I THINK it was the second day after this "fit of reason" that Lord Bolingbroke deemed it advisable to retire to Lyons till his plans of conduct were ripened into decision. We took an affectionate leave of each other; but before we parted, after he had discussed his own projects of action, we talked a little upon mine. Although I was a Catholic and a pupil of Montreuil; although I had fled from England, and had nothing to expect from the house of Hanover, I was by means favourably disposed toward the chevalier and his cause. I wonder if this avowal will seem odd to Englishmen of the next century. To Englishmen of the present one, a Roman Catholic, and a lover of priestcraft and tyranny, are two words for the same thing; as if we could not murmur at tithes and taxes, insecurity of property, or arbitrary legislation, just as sourly as any other Christian community. No! I never loved the cause of the Stuarts: unfortunate, and therefore, interesting. The Stuarts were: by a very stupid, and yet unfaceable confusion of ideas, I confounded it with the cause of Montreuil, and I hated the latter enough to dislike the former: I fancy all political principles are formed much in the same manner. I frankly told Bolingbroke my disinclination to the chevalier.

"Between ourselves be it spoken," said he, "there is but little to induce a wise man, in your circumstances, to join James the third. I would advise you rather to take advantage of your father's reputation at the French court, and enter into the same service he did. Things wear a dark face in England for you, and a bright one everywhere else."

"I have already," said I, "in my own mind perceived and weighed the advantages of entering into the service of Louis. But he is old; he can not live long. People now pay court to the king, not to the king. Which party, think you, is the best—that of Madame de Maintenon?"

"Nay, I think not; she is a cold friend and never asks favours of Louis for any of her family. A bold game might be played by attaching yourself to the Dutchess d'Orleans, (the duke's mother.) She is at daggers-drawn with Maintenon, it is true, and she is a violent, haughty, and coarset woman; but she has wit, talent, strength of mind, and will zealously serve any person of high birth who pays her respect. But she can do nothing for you till the king's death, and then only on the chance of her son's power. But—let me see—yes, say Fleuri, the Bishop of Fréjus, is to introduce you to Madame de Maintenon?"

* A remark similar to this the reader will probably remember in the *Huetiana*, and will, I hope, agree with me in thinking it showy and untrue.—Ed.

"Yes; and has appointed the day after to-morrow for that purpose."

"Well, then, make close friends with him—I will not find it difficult; he has a delightful race, and if you get hold of his weak points, you may win his confidence. Mark me—Fleuri is *faux-brillant*, no genius, indeed, of very eminent order; but he is one of those soft and pliant minds which, in a crisis like the present, slip silently and unobtrusively into one of the best places. Keep in with Fréjus—you cannot do wrong by it; although you must remember that at present he is in ill odour with the king, so you need not go with him *twice* to Versailles. But, above all, when you are introduced to Louis, do not forget that you cannot please him better than by appearing awe-stricken."

Such was Bolingbroke's parting advice. The hope of Fréjus carried me with him (on the morning we had appointed) to Versailles. What magnificent work of royal imagination is that race! I know not in any epic a grander idea than terming the avenues which lead to it the roads to Spain, to Holland, &c. In London, they would have been the roads to Chelsea and Pentonville! As we were driving slowly along in the bishop's carriage, I had ample time for conversation with that personage, who has since, as the Cardinal de Richelieu, risen to so high a pitch of power. He certainly has in him very little of the great man; but I know anywhere so striking an instance of this truth,—that in that game of honours which is played at courts, we obtain success less by our merits than our tempers. He laughed, with a useful turn of badinage, at the political peculiarities of Madame de Balzac: and said that it was not for the uppermost party to feel resentment at the chafings of the under one. Sliding from this topic, he then questioned me as to the gayeties I had witnessed. I gave him a description of the party at Boulaivilliers'. He seemed much interested in this, and showed more shrewdness than I should have given him credit for, in discussing the various characters of the *littérati* of the day. After some general conversation on works of fiction, he artfully glided into treating on those of statistics and politics, and I then caught a sudden, thorough insight into the depths of his policy. I saw that while he affected to be indifferent to the difficulties and puzzles of state, he lost no opportunity of gaining every particle of information respecting them: and that he made conversation, which he was skilled, a vehicle for acquiring that knowledge which he had not the force of mind to create from his own intellect, or to work out in the written labours of others. If this made him a superficial statesman, it made him a prompt one; and there was never so lucky a minister with so little trouble to himself.*

As we approached the end of our destination, I talked of the king. On this subject he was always cautious. But I gleaned from him, despite of his sagacity, that it was high time to make use of one's acquaintance with Madame de Maintenon that one could be enabled to do; and that it was so difficult to guess the exact places in which power would rest after the death of the old

king, that supineness and silence made at present the most profound policy.

As we alighted from the carriage, and I first set my foot within the palace, I could not but feel involuntarily, yet powerfully impressed, with the sense of the spirit of the place. I was in the precincts of that mighty court which had gathered into one dazzling focus all the rays of genius which half a century had emitted; the court at which time had passed at once from the morn of civilization into its full noon and glory; the court of Condé and Turenne—of Villars and of Tourville;—the court where, over the wit of Grammont, the profusion of Fouquet, the fatal genius of Louvois, (fatal to humanity and to France,) love, real love, had not disdained to shed its pathos and its truth, and to consecrate the hollow pageantries of royal pomp, with the tenderness, the beauty, and the repentance of La Vallière. Still over that scene hung the spells of a genius which, if artificial and cold, was also vast, stately, and magnificent; a genius which had swelled in the rich music of Racine; which had raised the nobler spirit and the freer thought of Pierre Corneille;† which had given edge to the polished weapon of Boileau; which had lavished over the bright page of Molière—Molière, more wonderful than all—a knowledge of the humours and the hearts of men, which no dramatist, save Shakespeare, has surpassed. Within those walls still glowed, though now waxing faint and dim, the fame of that monarch, who had enjoyed, at least till his later day, the fortune of Augustus, unsullied by the crimes of Octavius. Nine times, since the sun of that monarch rose, had the papal chair received a new occupant!—Six sovereigns had reigned over the Ottoman hordes!—The fourth emperor, since the birth of the same era, bore sway over Germany!—Five czars, from Michael Romanoff to the great Peter, had held, over their enormous territory, the precarious tenure of their iron power!—Six kings had borne the painful cincture of the English crown;‡ two of those kings had been fugitives to that court—to the son of the last it was an asylum at that moment.

What wonderful changes had passed over the face of Europe during that single reign! In England only, what a vast leap in the waste of events, from the reign of the First Charles to that of George the First!—I still lingered—I still gazed, as these thoughts, linked to one another in an electric chain, flashed over me!—I still paused on the threshold of those stately halls which nature herself had been conquered to rear!—Where, through the whole earth, could I find so meet a symbol for the character and the name which that sovereign would leave to posterity, as this palace itself afforded? A gorgeous monument of regal state raised from a desert; crowded alike with empty pageantries and illustrious names; a prodigy of elaborate artifice, grand in its whole effect—petty in its small details; a solitary oblation to a splendid selfishness, and most remarkable for the revenues which it exhausted and the poverty by which it is surrounded!

Fleuri, with his usual urbanity, an urbanity

* Rigidly speaking, Corneille belongs to a period earlier than that of Louis XIV., though he has been included in the era formed by that reign.—Ed.

† Besides Cromwell; viz. Charles I., Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Anne, George I.

* At his death appeared the following punning epigram:

"*Floruit sine fructu*

Deferuit sine luctu."—Ed.

that, on a great scale, would have been benevolence, had hitherto indulged me in my emotions; he now laid his hand upon my arm, and recalled me to myself. Before I could apologize for my abstraction, the bishop was accosted by an old man of evident rank, but of a countenance more strikingly demonstrative of the little cares of a mere courtier than any I ever beheld. "What Lewis, Monsieur le Marquis?" said Fleuri, smiling.

"O! the greatest imaginable! the king talks of receiving the Danish minister on *Thursday*, which, you know, is his day of *domestic* business! What *can* this portend? Besides," and here the speaker's voice lowered into a whisper, "I am told by the Duc de la Rochefoucault, that the king intends, out of all ordinary rule and practice, to take physic to-morrow; I can't believe it—no, I positively can't;—but don't let this go farther!"

"Heaven forbid!" answered Fleuri, bowing, and the courtier passed on to whisper his intelligence to others. "Who's that gentleman?" I asked.

"The Marquis de Dangeau," answered Fleuri; "a nobleman of great quality, who keeps a diary of all the king says and does. It will perhaps be a posthumous publication, and will show the world of what importance nothings can be made. I dare say, count, you have already, in England, seen enough of a court to know, that there are some people who are as human echoes, and have no existence except in the noise occasioned by another."

I took care that my answer should not be a witicism, lest Fleuri should think I was attempting to rival him; and so we passed on in an excellent humour with each other.

We mounted the grand staircase, and came to an ante-chamber, which, though costly and rich, was not remarkably conspicuous for splendour. Here the bishop requested me to wait for a moment. Accordingly, I amused myself with looking over some engravings of different saints. Meanwhile my companion passed through another door, and I was alone.

After an absence of nearly ten minutes, he returned. "Madame de Maintenon," said he, in a whisper, "is but poorly to-day. However, she has eagerly consented to see you—follow me!"

So saying, the ecclesiastical courtier passed on, with myself at his heels. We came to the door of a second chamber, at which Fleuri *scraped* gently. We were admitted, and found therein three ladies, one of whom was reading, a second laughing, and a third yawning,—and entered into another chamber, where, alone, and seated by the window, in a large chair, with one foot on a stool, in an attitude that rather reminded me of my mother, and which seems to me a favourite position with all devotees, we found an old woman without rouge, plainly dressed, with spectacles on her nose, and a large book on a little table before her. With a most profound salutation, Fréjus approached, and, taking me by the hand, said:—

"Will madame suffer me to present to her the Count Devereux?"

Madame de Maintenon, with an air of great meekness and humility, bowed a return to the salutation. "The son of Madame la Maréchale de Devereux will always be most welcome to me!" Then, turning toward us, she pointed to two stools, and, while we were seating ourselves, said—

"And how did you leave my excellent friend?"

"When, madam, I last saw my mother, which

is now nearly a year ago, she was in health, and consoling herself for the advance of years by that tendency to wean the thoughts from this world, which (in her own language) is the diviner comfort of old age!"

"Admirable woman!" said Madame de Maintenon, casting down her eyes; "such are, indeed, the sentiments in which I recognise the *maréchale*. And how does her beauty wear? Those golden locks, and blue eyes, and that snowy skin, are not yet, I suppose, wholly changed for an adequate compensation of the beauties within!"

"Time, madame, has been gentle with her; and I have often thought, though never, perhaps, more strongly than at this moment, that there is in these divine studies, which bring calm and light to the mind, something which preserves and embalm, as it were, the beauty of the body."

A faint blush passed over the face of the devotee. No, no—not even at eighty years of age is a compliment to a woman's beauty misplaced! There was a slight pause. I thought that respect forbade me to break it.

"His majesty," said Fréjus, in the tone of one who is sensible that he encroaches a little, and does it with consequent reverence—"his majesty, I hope, is well."

"God be thanked, yes, as well as we can expect. It is now nearly the hour in which his majesty awaits your personal inquiries."

Fleuri bowed as he answered—

"The king, then, will receive us to-day! My young companion is very desirous to see the greatest monarch, and consequently the greatest man, of the age."

"The desire is natural," said Madame de Maintenon; and, then turning to me, she asked if I had yet seen King James III.?

I took care, in my answer, to express that even if I had resolved to make that stay in Paris which allowed me to pay my respects to him at all, I should have deemed that both duty and inclination led me, in the first instance, to offer my homage to one who was both the benefactor of my father, and the monarch whose realms afforded me protection.

"You have not, then," said Madame de Maintenon, "decided on the length of your stay in France?"

"No," said I—and my answer was regulated by my desire to see how far I might rely on the services of one who expressed herself so warm a friend of that excellent woman, Madame la Maréchale—"No, madame. France is the country of my birth, if England is that of my parentage; and could I hope for some portion of that royal favour which my father enjoyed, I would rather claim it as the home of my hopes than the refuge of my exile. But"—and I stopped short purposely.

The old lady looked at me very earnestly through her spectacles for one moment,—and then, blushing twice with a little embarrassment, again remarked to Fréjus, that the time for seeing the king was nearly arrived. Fréjus, whose policy at that period was very like that of the concealed queen, and who was, besides, far from desirous of introducing any new claimants on Madame de Maintenon's official favour, though he might not object to introduce them to her private friendship, was not slow in taking the hint. He rose, and I was forced to follow his example.

Madame de Maintenon thought she might safely

indulge in a little cordiality when I was just on the point of leaving her, and accordingly blessed me, and gave me her hand, which I kissed very devoutly. An extremely pretty hand it was, too, notwithstanding the good queen's age. We then retired, and repassing the three ladies, who were now all yawning, repaired to the king's apartments. "What think you of madame?" said Fréjus.

"What can I think of her," said I, cautiously, "but that greatness seems in her to take its noblest form—that of simplicity?"

"True," rejoined Fréjus, "never was there so weak a mind joined to so lowly a carriage! Do you remark any trace of former beauty?"

"Yes, indeed, there is much that is soft in her countenance, and much that is still regular in her features; but what struck me most was the pensiveness and even sad tranquillity that rests upon her face when she is silent."

"The expression betrays the mind," answered Fleuri; "and the curse of the great is ennui."

"Of the great in station," said I, "but not necessarily of the great in mind. I have heard that the Bishop of Fréjus, notwithstanding his rank and celebrity, employs every hour to the advantage of his hearers, and consequently without tedium to himself."

"Aha!" said Fleuri, smiling gently, and patting my cheek; "see, now, if the air of palaces is not absolutely prolific of pretty speeches." And, before I could answer, we were in the apartments of the king.

Leaving me a while to cool my heels in a gallery, filled with the butterflies who bask in the royal sunshine, Fréjus then disappeared among the crowd; he was scarcely gone when I was agreeably surprised by seeing Count Hamilton approach toward me.

"*Mort diable!*" said he, shaking me by the hand, *à l'Anglaise*; "I am really delighted to see any one here who does not insult my sins with his superior excellence. Eh, now, look round this apartment for a moment! Whether would you believe yourself at the court of a great king, or the levée of a Roman cardinal? Whom see you chiefly? Gallant soldiers, with worn brows and glittering weeds; wise statesmen, with ruin to Austria, and defiance to Rome, in every wrinkle; gay nobles, in costly robes, and with the bearing that so nicely teaches mirth to be dignified and gravity to be merry? No! cassack and hat, rosary and gown, decking sly, demure, hypocritical faces, and stalk, and sadden round us. It seems to me," continued the witty count, in a lower whisper, "as if the old king, having fairly buried his glory at Ramillies and Blenheim, had summoned these good gentry to sing psalms over it! But are you waiting for a private audience?"

"Yes, under the auspices of the Bishop of Fréjus."

"You might have chosen a better guide—the king has been too much teased about him," rejoined Hamilton; "and now, that we are talking of him, I will show you a singular instance of what good manners can do at court, in preference to good abilities. You observe yon quiet, modest-looking man, with a sensible countenance, and a clerical garb; you observe how he edges away when any one approaches to accost him; and now, from his extreme disesteem of himself, he seems to inspire every one with the same senti-

ment. Well, that man is a namesake of Fleuri's, the Prior of *Argenteuil*; he has come here, I suppose, for some particular and temporary purpose, since, in reality, he has left the court. Well, that worthy priest—do remark his bow; did you ever see any thing so awkward?—is one of the most learned divines that the church can boast of: he is as immeasurably superior to the smooth-faced Bishop of Fréjus as Louis the Fourteenth is to my old friend, Charles the Second. He has had equal opportunities with the said bishop: been preceptor to the Princes of Conti, and the Count de Vermandois; and yet, I will wager that he lives and dies a tutor—a book-worm—and a prior; while t'other Fleuri, without a particle of merit, but of the most superficial order, governs already kings through their mistresses, kingdoms through the kings, and may, for aught I know, expand into a prime minister, and ripen into a cardinal."

"Nay," said I, smiling, "there is little chance of so exalted a lot for the worthy bishop."

"Pardon me," interrupted Hamilton, "I am an old courtier, and look steadily on the game I no longer play. Suppleness, united with art, may do any thing in a court like this; and the smooth and unelevated craft of a Fleuri may win even to the same height as the deep wiles of the glittering Mazarin, or the superb genius of the imperious Richelieu."

"Hist!" said I, "the bishop has reappeared. Who is that old priest, with a fine countenance, and an address that will, at least, please you better than that of the Prior of *Argenteuil*, who has just stopped our episcopal courtier?"

"What! do you not know? It is the most celebrated preacher of the day—the great Massillon. It is said that that handsome person goes a great way towards winning converts among the *dames de la cour*; it is certain, at least, that when Massillon first entered the profession, he was to the soul something like the spear of Achilles to the body; and though very efficacious in healing the wounds of conscience, was equally ready, in the first instance, to inflict them."

"Ah," said I, "see the malice of wit; and see, above all, how much more ready one is to mention a man's frailties than to enlarge upon his virtues."

"To be sure," answered Hamilton, coolly, and patting his snuff-box—"to be sure, we old people like history better than fiction; and frailty is certain, while virtue is always doubtful."

"Don't judge of all people," said I, "by your experience among the courtiers of Charles the Second."

"Right," said Hamilton. "Providence never assembled so many rascals together before, without hanging them. And he would, indeed, be a bad judge of human nature who estimated the characters of men in general by the heroes of Newgate and the victims of Tyburn. But your bishop approaches. Adieu!"

"What!" said Fleuri, joining me and saluting Hamilton, who had just turned to depart, "what, Count Antoine! Does any thing but whim bring you here to-day?"

"No," answered Hamilton; "I am only here for the same purpose as the poor go to the temples of Caitan—to inhale the steam of those good things which I see the priests devour."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the good-natured

bishop, not in the least disconcerted; and Count Hamilton, congratulating himself on his *bon mot*, turned away.

"I have spoken to his most Christian majesty," said the bishop: "he is willing, as he before ordained, to admit you to his presence. The Duc de Maine is with the king, as also some other members of the royal family; but you will consider this a private audience."

I expressed my gratitude; we moved on, the doors of an apartment were thrown open, and I saw myself in the presence of Louis XIV.

The room was partially darkened. In the centre of it, on a large sofa, reclined the king; he was dressed (though this I rather remembered than noted) in a coat of black velvet, slightly embroidered; his vest was of white satin; he wore no jewels nor orders, for it was only on grand or gala days that he displayed personal pomp. At some little distance from him stood three members of the royal family—they I never regarded—all my attention was bent upon the king. My temperament is not that on which greatness, or indeed any external circumstances, make much impression, but, as following, at a little distance, the Bishop of Fréjus, I approached the royal person, I must confess that Bolingbroke had scarcely need to have cautioned me not to appear too self-possessed. Perhaps, had I seen that great monarch in his *beaux jours*—in the plenitude of his power—his glory—the dazzling and meridian splendour of his person—his court—and his renown, pride might have made me more on my guard against too great, or at least too apparent, an impression; but the many reverses of that magnificent sovereign—reverses in which he had shown himself more great than in all his previous triumphs and earlier successes; his age—his infirmities—the very clouds around the setting sun—the very howls of joy at the expiring lion—all were calculated, in my mind, to deepen respect into reverence, and tincture reverence itself with awe. I saw before me not only the majesty of Louis-le-Grand, but that of misfortune, of weakness, of infirmity, and of age; and I forgot at once in that reflection, what otherwise would have blunted my sentiments of deference, viz. the crimes of his ministers, and the exactions of his reign! Endeavouring to collect my mind from an embarrassment which surprised myself, I lifted my eyes toward the king, and saw a countenance where the trace of the superb beauty for which his manhood had been celebrated, still lingered, broken, not destroyed, and borrowing a dignity even more imposing from the marks of encroaching years, and from the evident exhaustion of suffering and disease.

Fleuri said, in a low tone, something which my ear did not catch. There was a pause—only a moment's pause; and then in a voice, the beauty of which I had hitherto deemed exaggerated, the king spoke: and in that voice there was something so kind and encouraging, that I felt reassured at once. Perhaps its tone was not the less conciliating from the evident effect which the royal presence had produced upon me.

"You have given us, Count Devereux," said the king, "a pleasure which we are glad, in person, to acknowledge to you. And it has seemed to us fitting that the country in which your brave father acquired his fame should also be the asylum of his son."

"Sire," answered I, "sire, it shall not be my

fault if that country is not henceforth my own: and in inheriting my father's name, I inherit also his gratitude and his ambition."

"It is well said, sir," said the king; and I once more raised my eyes, and perceived that his were bent upon me. "It is well said," he repeated after a short pause; "and in granting to you the audience, we were not unwilling to hope that you were desirous to attach yourself to our court. The times do not require" (here I thought the old king's voice was not quite so firm as before) "the manifestation of your zeal in the same career as that in which your father gained laurels to France and to himself. But we will not neglect to give employment to your abilities, if not to your sword."

"That sword which was given to me, sire," said I, "by your majesty, shall be ever drawn (against all nations but one) at your command; and in being your majesty's petitioner for future favour, I only seek some channel through which to evince my gratitude for the past."

"We do not doubt," said Louis, "that whatever *ingratitude* we may make by testifying our good pleasure on your behalf, you will not be among the number." The king here made a slight, but courteous inclination, and turned round. The observant Bishop of Fréjus, who had retired to a little distance, and who knew that the king never liked talking more than he could help it, gave me a signal. I obeyed, and backed, with all deference, out of the royal presence.

So closed my interview with Louis XIV. Although his majesty did not indulge in profanity, I spoke of him for a long time afterward as the most eloquent of men. Believe me, there is no orator like a king; one word from a royal mouth stirs the heart more than Demosthenes could have done. There was a deep moral in that custom of the ancients, by which the Goddess of Persuasion was always represented with a diadem on her head.

CHAPTER VII

Reflections—A soirée—The appearance of one important in the history—A conversation with Madame de Balzac highly satisfactory and cheering—A rencontre with a curious old soldier—The extinction of a once great luminary.

I HAD now been several weeks at Paris; I had neither eagerly sought nor sedulously avoided the gayeties. It is not that one violent sorrow leaves us without power of enjoyment—it only lessens the power, and deadens the enjoyment; it does not take away from us the objects of life—it only fasten the more indifferent calmness of age. The blood no longer flows in an irregular, but delirious course of vivid and wild emotion; the step no longer spurns the earth; nor does the ambition wander, insatiable, yet undefined, over the million paths of existence; but we lose not our old capacities—they are quieted, not extinct. The heart can never utterly and long be dormant; trifles may not charm it any more, nor levities delight; but it has an eye that is not closed, and a pulse that has not yet ceased to beat. We survey the scene that moves around, with a gaze no longer distracted by every hope that flutters by; and it is therefore that we find ourselves more

calculated than before for the graver occupations of our race. The overflowing temperament is checked to its proper level, the ambition bounded to its prudent and lawful goal. The earth is no longer so green, nor the heaven so blue, nor the fancy that stirs within us so rich in its creations; but we look more narrowly on the living crowd, and more rationally on the aims of men. The misfortune which has changed us, has only adapted us the better to a climate in which misfortune is a portion of the air. The grief that has thrall'd our spirit to a more narrow and dark cell, has also been a chain that has linked us to mankind with a force of which we dreamt not in the day of a wilder freedom and more luxuriant aspirations. In later life, a new spirit, partaking of that which was our earliest, returns to us. The solitude which delighted us in youth, but which, when the thoughts that make solitude a fairy land are darkened by affliction, becomes a fearful and a sombre void, resumes its old spell as the more morbid and urgent memory of that affliction crumbles away by time. Content is a hermit; but so also is apathy. Youth loves the solitary couch, which it surrounds with dreams. Age, or experience, (which is the mind's age,) loves the same couch for the rest which it affords; but the wide interval between is that of exertion, of labour, and of labour among men. The one which makes our *hearts* less social often makes our *habits* more so. The thoughts, which in calm would have shunned the world, are driven upon it by the tempest, even as the birds which make the habitable land can, so long as the wind sleeps, and the thunder rests within its cloud, become the constant and solitary brooders over the waste sea; but the moment the storm awakes, and the blast pursues them, they fly, by an overpowering instinct, to some wandering bark, some vestige of human and social life; and exchange, even for anger from the hands of men, the desert of an angry Heaven, and the solitude of a storm.

I heard no more, either of Madame de Maintenon or the king. Meanwhile, my flight and friendship with Lord Bolingbroke had given me a consequence in the eyes of the exiled prince, which I should not otherwise have enjoyed; and I was honoured by very flattering overtures to enter actively into his service. I have before said that I felt no enthusiasm in his cause, and I was far from feeling so for his person. My ambition rather directed its hopes toward a career in the service of France. France was the country of my birth, and the country of my father's fame. There no withering remembrances awaited me—no private regrets were associated with its scenes—and no public penalties with its political institutions. And although I had not yet received any token of Louis's remembrance, it was still early, in the ordinary routine of court favours, to expect it; besides, his royal fidelity to his word was proverbial; and, sooner or later, I indulged the hope to profit by the sort of promise he had insinuated to me. I declined, therefore, with all due respect, the offers of the chevalier, and continued to live the life of idleness and expectation, until Lord Bolingbroke returned to Paris, and accepted the office of secretary of state in the service of the chevalier. As he has publicly declared his reasons in this step, I do not mean to favour the world with his private conversations on the same subject.

A day or two after his return, I went with him

to a party given by a member of the royal family. The first person by whom we were accosted—and I rejoiced at it, for we could not have been accosted by a more amusing one—was Count Anthony Hamilton.

"Ah! my Lord Bolingbroke," said he, sauntering up to us; "how are you?—delighted to see you again—what a charming green is your coat—certainly no one dresses in better taste than you do—not even our friend, my brother count, here. Do look at Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans! Saw you ever such a creature? Where are you moving, my lord? Ah! see him, count, see him, gliding off to that pretty duchesse of course—well, he has a beautiful bow, it must be owned—why, you are not going too?—what would the world say if Count Anthony Hamilton were seen left to himself? No, no, come and sit down by Madame de Cornuel—she longs to be introduced to you, and is one of the wittiest women in Europe."

"*Volontiers!* provided she employs her wit unnaturally, and uses it in ridiculing other people, not praising herself."

"O! nobody can be more satirical; indeed, what difference is there between wit and satire? Come, count!"

And Hamilton introduced me forthwith to Madame de Cornuel. She received me very politely; and turning to two or three people who formed the circle round her, said, with the greatest composure, "Messieurs, oblige me by seeking some other object of attraction; I wish to have a private conference with my new friend."

"I may stay?" said Hamilton.

"Ah! certainly; you are never in the way."

"In that respect, *madame*," said Hamilton, taking snuff, and bowing very low—"in that respect I must strongly remind you of your excellent husband."

"Fie!" cried Madame de Cornuel; then, turning to me, she said, "Ah! monsieur, if you *could* have come to Paris some years ago you would have been enchanted with us—we are sadly changed. Imagine the fine old king, thinking it wicked not to hear plays, but to hear *players* act them, and so making the royal family a company of comedians. *Mon Dieu!* how villanously they perform; but do you know why I wished to be introduced to you?"

"Yes! in order to have a new listener; old listeners must be almost as tedious as old news."

"Very shrewdly said, and not far from the truth. The fact is, that I wanted to talk about all these fine people present, to some one for whose ear my anecdotes would have the charm of novelty. Let us begin with Louis Armond, Prince of Conti;—you see him?"

"What, that short-sighted, stout, and rather handsome man, with a cast of countenance somewhat like the pictures of *Henri Quatre*, who is laughing so merrily?"

"*O Ciel!* how droll! No, that handsome man is no less a person than the *Duc d'Orleans*. You see a little ugly thing like an anatomized ape—there see—he has just thrown down a chair, and, in stooping to pick it up, has almost fallen over the Dutch ambassadress—that is Louis Armond, Prince of Conti. Do you know what the *Duc d'Orleans* said to him the other day? '*Mon bon ami,*' he said, pointing to the prince's limbs,—(did you ever see such limbs out of a menagerie, by-the-

by ?)—*Mon bon ami*, it is a fine thing for you that the psalmist has assured us 'that the Lord delighteth not in any man's legs.' Nay, don't laugh, it's quite true."

It was now for Count Hamilton to take up the ball of satire; he was not a whit more merciful than the kind Madame de Cornuel. "The prince," said he, "has so exquisite an awkwardness, that, whenever the king hears a noise, and inquires the cause, the invariable answer is, that 'the Prince of Conti has just tumbled down.' But, tell me what do you think of Madame d'Aumont? She is in the English head-dress, and looks *triste à la mort*."

"She is rather pretty, to my taste."

"Yes," cried Madame de Cornuel, interrupting *le doux Antoine*—(it did one's heart good to see how strenuously each of them tried to talk more scandal than the other)—"yes, she is thought very pretty; but I think her very like a *fricandeau*—white, soft, and insipid. She is always in tears," (added the good-natured Cornuel,) "after her prayers, both at morning and evening. I asked why; and she answered, pretty simpleton, that she was always forced to pray to be made good, and she feared heaven would take her at her word! However, she has many worshippers; and they call her the evening star."

"They should rather call her the Hyades!" said Hamilton, "if it be true that she sheds tears every morning and night, *and her rising and setting are thus always attended by rain*."

"Bravo, Count Antoine; she shall be so called in future," said Madame de Cornuel. "But now, Monsieur Devereux, turn your eyes to that hideous old woman."

"What! the Duchesse d'Orleans?"

"The same. She is in full dress to-night; but in the daytime you generally see her in a riding-habit and a man's wig; she is—"

"Hist!" interrupted Hamilton; "do you not tremble to think what she would do if she overheard you; she is such a terrible creature at fighting! You have no conception, count, what an arm she has. She knows her ugliness, and laughs at it, as all the rest of the world does. The king took her hand one day, and said, smiling, 'What could nature have meant when she gave this hand to a German princess instead of a Dutch peasant?' 'Sire,' said the duchesse, very gravely, 'nature gave this hand to a German princess for the purpose of boxing the ears of her *dames d'atour*!'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Madame de Cornuel, laughing; "one is never at a loss for jokes upon a woman who eats *salad au lard*, and declares, that, whenever she is unhappy, her only consolation is ham and sausages! Her son treats her with the greatest respect, and consults her in all his amours, for which she professes the greatest horror, and which she retails to her correspondents all over the world, in letters as long as her pedigree. But you are looking at her son; is he not of a good mien?"

"Yes, pretty well; but does not exhibit to advantage by the side of Lord Bolingbroke, with whom he is now talking. Pray, who is the third personage that has just joined them?"

"O the wretch! it is the Abbé Dubois; a living proof of the folly of the French proverb, which says that Mercuries should be made *du marbre*, and not *du bois*. Never was there a Mercury equal to the abbé;—but, do look at that old man to

the left—he is one of the most remarkable persons of the age."

"What! he with the small features, and comely countenance considering his years?"

"The same," said Hamilton; "it is the notorious Choisi. You know that he is the modern Tiresias, and has been a woman as well as man."

"How do you mean?"

"Ah, you may well ask!" cried Madame de Cornuel. "Why he lived for many years in the disguise of a woman, and had all sorts of curious adventures."

"*Mort diable!*" cried Hamilton; "it was entering your ranks, madame, as a spy. I hear he makes but a sorry report of what he saw there."

"Come, Count Antoine," cried the lively de Cornuel, "we must not turn our weapons against each other; and when you attack a woman's sex, you attack her individually. But what makes you look so intently, *mon petit Devereux*, at that ugly priest?"

The person thus flatteringly designated was Montreuil; he had just caught my eye, among a group of men who were conversing eagerly.

"Hush, madame!" said I, "spare me for a moment;" and I rose, and mingled with the abbé's companions. "So, you have only arrived to-day?" I heard one of them say to him.

"No, I could not despatch my business before."

"And how are matters in England?"

"Ripe!—if the life of his majesty (of France) be spared a year longer, we will send the Elector of Hanover back in his principality."

"Hist!" said the companion, and looked toward me. Montreuil ceased abruptly—our eyes met—his fell. I affected to look among the group as if I had expected to find there some one I knew, and then, turning away, I seated myself alone and apart. There, unobserved, I kept my looks on Montreuil. I remarked that, from time to time, his keen dark eye glanced toward me, with a look rather expressive of vigilance than any thing else. Soon afterward his little knot dispersed; I saw him converse for a few moments with Dubois, who received him, I thought, distantly; and then he was engaged in a long conference with the Bishop of Fréjus, whom till then I had not perceived among the crowd.

As I was loitering on the *escalier*, where I saw Montreuil depart with the bishop, in the carriage of the latter, Hamilton, accosting me, insisted on my accompanying him to Chaulieu's, where a late supper awaited the sons of wine and wit. However, to the good count's great astonishment, I preferred solitude and reflection, for that night, to any thing else.

Montreuil's visit to the French capital boded me no good. He possessed great influence with Fleuri, and was in high esteem with Madame de Maintenon, and, in effect, very shortly after his return to Paris, the Bishop of Fréjus looked upon me with a most cool sort of benignancy; and Madame de Maintenon told her friend, the Duchesse de St. Simon, that it was a great pity a young nobleman, of my birth and prepossessing appearance—(ay! my prepossessing appearance would never have occurred to the devotee, if I had not seemed so sensible of her own)—should not only be addicted to the wildest dissipation, but, worse still, to Jansenistical tenets. After this, there was no hope

for me, save in the king's word, which his increasing infirmities, naturally engrossing his attention, reverted my hoping too sanguinely would dwell very acutely on his remembrance. I believe, however, so religiously scrupulous was Louis upon a point of honour, that, had he lived, I should have had nothing to complain of. As it was—but I anticipate!—Montreuil disappeared from Paris, almost as suddenly as he had appeared there. And as drowning men catch at a straw, so, finding my affairs in a very low ebb, I thought I would take advice, even from Madame de Balzac.

I accordingly repaired to her hotel. She was at home, and, fortunately, alone.

"You are welcome, *mon fils*," said she: "suffer me to give you that title—you are welcome: it is some days since I saw you."

"I have numbered them, I assure you, madame," said I, "and they have crept with a dull pace; but you know that business has claims as well as pleasure!"

"True!" said Madame de Balzac, pompously; "I myself find the weight of politics a little insupportable, though so used to it; to your young man I can readily imagine how irksome it must be!"

"Would, madame, that I could obtain your experience by contagion; as it is, I fear that I have profited little by my visit to his majesty. Madame de Maintenon will not see me, and the bishop of Fréjus, (excellent man!) has been seized with a sudden paralysis of memory, whenever I present myself in his way."

"That party will never do—I thought not," said Madame de Balzac, who was a wonderful imitator of the fly on the wheel; "*my* celebrity, and the knowledge that I loved you for your father's sake, were, I fear, sufficient to destroy your interest with the Jesuits and their tools. Well, well, I must repair the mischief we have occasioned. What place would suit you best?"

"Why, any thing diplomatic. I would rather travel at my age, than remain in luxury and indolence even at Paris!"

"Ah, nothing like diplomacy!" said Madame de Balzac, with the air of a Richelieu, and emptying her snuff-box at a pinch; "but have you, my son, the requisite qualities for that science, as well as tastes? Are you capable of intrigue? Can you say one thing and mean another? Are you aware of the immense consequence of a look or a word? Can you live like a spider, in the centre of an inexplicable net—inexplicable as well as dangerous—to all but the weaver? That, my son, is the art of politics: that is to be a diplomat!"

"Perhaps, to one less penetrating than Madame de Balzac," answered I, "I might, upon trial, not appear utterly ignorant of the noble art of state policy which she has so eloquently depicted."

"Possibly!" said the good lady; "it must, indeed, be a profound dissimulator to deceive *me*."

"But what would you advise me to do in the present crisis? What party to adopt—what individual to flatter?"

"Nothing, I already discovered, and have already observed, did the inestimable Madame de Balzac like more than a downright question; she never answered it."

"Why, really," said she, preparing herself for a long speech, "I am quite glad you consult me, and

I will give you the best advice in my power. *Ecoulez, donc*—you have seen the Duc de Maine?"

"Certainly!"

"Hum! ha! it would be wise to follow him; but—you take me—you understand. Then, you know, my son, there is the Duc d'Orleans—fond of pleasure—full of talent—but you know—there is a little—what do you call it—you understand. As for the Duc de Bourbon—'tis quite a simpleton—nevertheless we must consider—nothing like consideration—believe me, no diplomatist ever hurries. As for Madame de Maintenon, you know, and I know, too, that the Duchesse d'Orleans calls her an old hag; but then—a word to the wise—Eh!—what shall we say to madame the duchesse herself—what a fat woman she is—but excessively clever—such a letter writer. Well, you see, my dear young friend, that it is a very difficult matter to decide upon; but you must already be fully aware what plan I should advise."

"Already, madame!"

"To be sure! What have I been saying to you all this time? did you not hear me? Shall I repeat my advice?"

"O, no! I perfectly comprehend you now; you would advise me—in short—to—to—to—do as well as I can."

"You have said it, my son. I thought you would understand me, on a little reflection."

"To be sure—to be sure," said I.

And three ladies being announced, my conference with Madame de Balzac ended.

I now resolved to wait a little till the tides of power seemed somewhat more settled, and I could ascertain in what quarter to point my bark of enterprise. I gave myself rather more eagerly to society, in proportion as my political schemes were suffered to remain torpid. My mind could not remain quiet without preying on itself; and no evil appeared to me so great as tranquillity. Thus the spring and earlier summer passed on, till, in August, the riots preceding the rebellion broke out in Scotland. At this time I saw but little of Lord Bolingbroke in private; though, with his characteristic affectation, he took care that the load of business, with which he was really oppressed, should not prevent his enjoyment of all gayety in public. And my indifference to the cause of the chevalier, in which he was so warmly engaged, threw a natural restraint upon our conversation, and produced an involuntary coldness in our intercourse; so impossible is it for men to be private friends, who differ on a public matter.

One evening I was engaged to meet a large party, at a country house about forty miles from Paris. I went, and stayed some days. My horses had accompanied me; and, when I left the château, I resolved to make the journey to Paris *à cheval*. Accordingly, I ordered my carriage to follow me, and, attended by a single groom, commenced my expedition. It was a beautiful still morning: the first day of the first month of autumn. I had proceeded about ten miles, when I fell in with an old French officer. I remember—though I never saw him but that once—I remember his face as if I had encountered it yesterday. It was thin and long, and yellow enough to have served as a caricature, rather than a portrait, of Don Quixote. He had a hook nose, and a long sharp chin; and all the lines, wrinkles, curves, and furrows, of which the human visage is capable, seemed to have met in

his cheeks. Nevertheless, his eye was bright and keen—his look alert—and his whole bearing firm, gallant, and soldierlike. He was attired in a sort of military undress: wore a mustachio, which, though thin and gray, was carefully curled; and, at the summit of a very respectable wig, was perched a small cocked hat, adorned with a black feather. He rode very upright in his saddle; and his horse, a steady, stalwart quadruped, of the Norman breed, with a terribly long tail, and a prodigious breadth of chest, put one stately leg before another in a kind of trot, which, though it seemed from its height of action, and the proud look of the steed, a pretension to motion more than ordinarily brisk, was, *à la vérité*, a little slower than a common walk.

This noble cavalier seemed sufficiently an object of curiosity to my horse, to induce the animal to testify his surprise by shying, very jealously and very vehemently, in passing him. This ill-breeding on his part was indignantly returned on the part of the Norman charger, who, uttering a sort of squeak, and shaking his long mane and head, commenced a series of curvets and capers, which cost the old Frenchman no little trouble to appease. In the midst of these equine freaks, the horse came so near me as to splash my nether garment, with a liberality as little ornamental as it was pleasurable.

The old Frenchman, seeing this, took off his cocked hat very politely, and apologized for the accident. I replied with equal courtesy; and, as our horses slid into quiet, their riders slid into conversation. It was begun, and chiefly sustained by my new comrade; for I am little addicted to commence unnecessary socialities myself, though I should think very meanly of my pretensions to the name of a gentleman and a courtier if I did not return them when offered, even by a beggar.

"It is a fine horse of yours, monsieur," said the old Frenchman; "but I cannot believe—pardon me for saying so—that your slight English steeds are so well adapted to the purposes of war, as our strong chargers—*voici le mien, par exemple*."

"It is very possible, monsieur," said I. "Has the horse you now ride done service in the field as well as on the road?"

"Ah! *le pauvre petite mignon*—no!"—(*petite*, indeed—this little darling was seventeen hands high at the very least,) "no, monsieur; it is but a young creature this; his grandfather served me well!"

"I need not ask you, monsieur, if you have borne arms; the soldier is stamped upon you!"

"Sir, you flatter me highly!" said the old gentleman, blushing to the very tip of his long lean ears, and bowing as low as if I had called him a *Condé*; "I have followed the profession of arms for more than fifty years."

"Fifty years—'tis a long time!"

"A long time," rejoined my companion, bowing again to my profound truism—"a long time to look back upon with regret."

"Regret! by heaven, I should think the remembrance of fifty years' excitement and glory, would be a remembrance of triumph!"

The old man turned round on his saddle, and looked at me for some moments very wistfully.

"You are young, sir," he said; "and at your years I should have thought with you—but—" (then abruptly changing his voice, he continued,) "Tri-

umph, did you say? Sir, I have had three sons, they are dead—they died in battle—I did not weep—I did not shed a tear, sir—not a tear! But I will tell you when I did weep. I came back an old man to the home I had left as a young one. I saw the country a desert. I saw that the nobles had become tyrants—the peasants had become slaves—such slaves—savage from despair—even when they were most gay, most fearfully gay from constitution. Sir, I saw the priest rack and grind, and the seigneur exact and pillage, and the tax-gatherer squeeze out the little the other oppressor had left:—anger, discontent, wretchedness, famine, a terrible separation between one order of people and another—an incredible indifference to the miseries their despotism caused, on the part of the aristocracy—a sullen and vindictive hatred for the perpetration of those miseries on the part of the people—all places sold—even all honours priced at the court, which was become a public market—a province of peasants—of living men barked for a few livres, and literally passed from one hand to another—to be squeezed and drained anew by each new possessor—in a word, sir, an abandoned court, an unredeemed noblesse—unredeemed, sir, by a single benefit which, in other countries, even the most feudal, the vassal obtained from the master—a peasantry famished—a nation loaded with debt, which it sought to pay by tax; these are what I saw—these are the consequences of that heartless and miserable vanity, from which arose wars neither useful nor honourable—these are the real components of that *triumph*, as you term it, which you wonder that I regret."

Now, although it was impossible to live at the court of Louis XIV. in his latter days, and not far from the general discontent that prevailed even *there*, what a dark truth the old soldier's speech contained—yet I was somewhat surprised by an enthusiasm so little military in a person whose bearing and air were so conspicuously martial.

"You draw a melancholy picture," said I. "and the wretched state of culture in which the lands that we now pass through exhibit, is a witness how little exaggeration there is in your colouring. However, these are but the ordinary evils of war, and if your country endures them, do not forget that she has also inflicted them. Remember what France did to Holland, and own that it is but a retribution that France should now find, that the injury we do to others is (among nations as well as individuals) injury to ourselves."

My old Frenchman curled his mustachios with the finger and thumb of his left hand: this was rather too subtle a distinction for him.

"That may be true enough, monsieur," said he; "but, *morbleu*, those *maudits* Dutchmen deserve what they sustained at our hands. No, sir, I am not so base as to forget the glory my country acquired, though I weep for her wounds."

"I do not quite understand you, sir," said I; "did you not just now confess that the wars you had witnessed were neither honourable nor useful? What glory, then, was to be acquired in a war of that character, even though it was so delightfully animated by cutting the throats of 'those *maudits* Dutchmen!'"

"Sir," answered the Frenchman, drawing himself up, "you did *not* understand me. When we punished Holland, we did rightly. We *conquered*!"

"Whether you conquered, or not (for the good folk of Holland are not so sure of the fact,)" answered I, "that war was the most unjust in which your king was ever engaged; but pray tell me, sir, what war it is that you lament?"

The Frenchman frowned—whistled—put out his under lip, in a sort of angry embarrassment—and then, spurring his great horse into a curvet, said,

"That last war with the English!"

"Faith," said I, "that was the justest of all."

"Just!" cried the Frenchman, halting abruptly, and darting at me a glance of fire, "just!—no more, sir! no more! I was at Blenheim, and at Ramillies!"

As the old warrior said the last words, his voice faltered; and though I could not help inly smiling at the confusion of ideas, by which wars were just or unjust, according as they were fortunate or not, yet I respected his feelings enough to turn away my face, and remain silent.

"Yes," renewed my comrade, colouring with evident shame, and drawing his cocked hat over his brows, "yes, I received my last wound at Ramillies. Then my eyes were opened to the horrors of war; then I saw and cursed the evils of ambition; then I resolved to retire from the armies of a king who had lost for ever his name, his glory, and his country."

Was there ever a better type of the French nation than this old soldier? As long as fortune smiles on them, it is "*Marchons au diable!*" and "*Vive la gloire!*" Directly they get beat, it is "*Ma pauvre patrie!*" and "*Les calamités affreuses de la guerre!*"

"However," said I, "the old king is drawing near the end of his days, and is said to express his repentance at the evils his ambition has occasioned."

The old soldier shoved back his hat, and offered me his snuff-box. I judged by this that he was a little mollified.

"Ah!" he renewed after a pause, "ah! times are sadly changed, since the year 1667; when the young king—he was young then—took the field, in Flanders, under the great Turenne. *Sacristie!* What a hero he looked, upon his white war-horse! I would have gone—ay, and the meanest and backwardest soldier in the camp would have gone—into the very mouth of the cannon, for a look from that magnificent countenance, or a word from that mouth which knew so well what words were! Sir, there was in the war of seventy-two, when we were at peace with Great Britain, an English gentleman, then in the army, afterward a marshal of France: I remember, as if it were yesterday, how gallantly he behaved. The king sent to compliment him, after some signal proof of courage and conduct, and asked what reward he would have. 'Sire,' answered the Englishman, 'give me the white plume you wore this day.' From that moment the Englishman's fortune was made."

"The flattery went farther than the valour," said I, smiling, as I recognised in the anecdote the first great step which my father had made in the ascent of fortune.

"*Sacristie!*" cried the Frenchman, "it was no flattery, then. We so idolized the king, that mere truth would have seemed disloyalty; and we no more thought that praise, however extravagant, was adulation, when directed to him, than we should

have thought there was adulation in the praise we would have given to our first mistress. But it is all changed now! Who now cares for the old priestridden monarch?"

And upon this the veteran, having conquered the momentary enthusiasm which the remembrance of the king's earlier glories had excited, transferred all his genius of description to the opposite side of the question, and declaimed with great energy, upon the royal vices and errors, which were so charming in prosperity, and were now so detestable in adversity.

While we were thus conversing, we approached Versailles. We thought the vicinity of the town seemed unusually deserted. We entered the main street—crowds were assembled—a universal murmur was heard—excitement sat on every countenance. Here an old crone was endeavouring to explain something, evidently beyond his comprehension, to a child of three years old; who, with open mouth and fixed eyes, seemed to make up in wonder for the want of intelligence: there a group of old disbanded soldiers occupied the way, and seemed, from their muttered conversations, to vent a sneer and a jest at a priest, who, with downward countenance and melancholy air, was hurrying along.

One young fellow was calling out, "At least, it is a holyday, and I shall go to Paris!"—and, as a contrast to him, an old withered artisan, leaning on a gold-headed cane, with sharp avarice eloquent in every line of his face, muttered out to a fellow miser, "No business to-day—no money, John—no money!"—One knot of women, of all ages, close by which my horse passed, was entirely occupied with a single topic, and that so vehemently, that I heard the leading words of the discussion. "Mourning—becoming—what fashion!—how long!—O ciel!" Thus do follies weave themselves round the bier of death!

"What is the news, gentlemen?" said I.

"News—what, you have not heard it!—The king is dead!"

"Louis dead—Louis the Great dead!" cried my companion.

"Louis the Great?" said a sullen-looking man,—"Louis the persecutor!"

"Ah—he's a Huguenot!" cried another, with haggard cheeks and hollow eyes, scowling at the last speaker. "Never mind what he says—the king was right when he refused protection to the heretics—but was he right when he levied such taxes on the Catholics?"

"Hush!" said a third—"hush—it may be unsafe to speak—there are spies about; for my part, I think it was all the fault of the noblesse."

"And the favourites!" cried a soldier, fiercely.

"And the harlots!" cried a hag of eighty.

"And the priests!" muttered the Huguenot.

"And the tax-gatherers!" added the lean Catholic.

We rode slowly on. My comrade was evidently and powerfully affected.

"So, he is dead!" said he. "Dead!—well—well—peace be with him. He conquered in Holland—he humbled Genoa—he dictated to Spain—he commanded Condé and Turenne—he—Bah! What is all this?" (then, turning abruptly to me, my companion cried)—

"I did not speak against the king, did I, sir?"

"Not much."

"I am glad of that—yes, very glad!" And the old man glared fiercely round on a troop of boys, who were audibly abusing the dead lion. "I would have bit out my tongue, rather than it had joined in the base joy of these yelping curs. Heavens! when I think what shouts I have heard—when the name of that man, then deemed little less than a god, was but breathed!—and now—why do you look at me, sir? My eyes are moist—I know it, sir—I know it. The old battered, broken soldier, who made his first campaigns, when that which is now dust was the idol of France, and the pupil of Turenne—the old soldier's eyes shall not be dry, though there is not another tear shed in the whole of this great empire."

"Your three sons," said I; "you did not weep for them?"

"No, sir—I loved them when I was old; but I loved Louis *when I was young!*"

"Your oppressed and pillaged country," said I; "think of that."

"No, sir, I will not think of it!" cried the old warrior, in a passion. "I will not think of it—to-day, at least."

"You are right, my brave friend; in the grave let us bury even public wrongs; but let us not bury their remembrance. May the joy we read in every face that we pass—joy at the death of one whom idolatry once almost seemed to deem immortal—be a lesson to future kings!"

My comrade did not immediately answer; but, after a pause, and we had turned our backs upon the town, he said—

"Joy, sir—you spoke of joy! Yes, we are Frenchmen; we forgive our rulers easily for private vices and petty faults; but we never forgive them, if they commit the greatest of faults, and suffer a stain to rest upon—"

"What?" I asked, as my comrade broke off.

"The national glory, monsieur!" said he.

"You have hit it," said I, smiling at the turgid sentiment which was so really and deeply felt. "And had you written folios upon the character of your countrymen, you could not have expressed it better."

CHAPTER VIII.

In which there is reason to fear that princes are not invariably free from human peccadilloes.

On entering Paris, my veteran fellow traveller took leave of me, and I proceeded to my hotel. When the first excitation of my thoughts was a little subsided, and after some feelings of a more public nature, I began to consider what influence the king's death was likely to have on my own fortunes, I could not but see, at a glance, that for the cause of the chevalier, and the destiny of his present exertions in Scotland, it was the most fatal event that could have occurred.

The balance of power, in the contending factions of France, would, I foresaw, lie entirely between the Duke of Orleans and the legitimate children of the late king; the latter, closely leagued as they were with Madame de Maintenon, would not be much disposed to consider the welfare of the *bon Comte Devereux*, and my wishes, therefore, naturally settled on the former. I was not doomed

to a long suspense. Every one knows, that the very next day the Duke of Orleans appeared before parliament, and was proclaimed regent; that the will of the late king was set aside; and that the Duke of Maine became *tout-à-coup* as low in power as he had always been despicable in intellect. A little hubbub ensued; people in general laughed at the regent's fineness; and the more sagacious admired the courage and address of which the fineness was composed. The regent's mother wrote a letter of sixty-nine pages about it; and the Duchess of Maine boxed the duke's ears very heartily for not being as clever as herself. All Paris teemed with joyous forebodings; and the regent, whom every one, some time ago, had suspected of poisoning his cousins, every one now declared to be the most perfect prince that could possibly be imagined, and the very picture of *Henri Quatre*, in goodness as well as physiognomy. Three days after this event, one happened to myself, with which my public career may be said to commence.

I had spent the evening at a house in a distant part of Paris, and, invited by the beauty of the night, had dismissed my carriage, and was walking home alone and on foot. Occupied with my reflections, and not very well acquainted with the dangerous and dark streets of Paris, in which it was very rare for those who have carriages to wander on foot, I insensibly strayed from my appropriate direction. When I first discovered this disagreeable fact, I was in a filthy and obscure lane rather than street, which I did not remember having ever honoured with my presence before. While I was pausing in the vain hope and anxious endeavour to shape out some imaginary chart—some "map of the mind," by which to direct my bewildered course, I heard a confused noise proceed from another lane at right angles with the one in which I then was. I listened—the sound became more distinct; I recognised human voices in loud and angry altercation—a moment more, and there was a scream. Though I did not attach much importance to the circumstance, I thought I might as well approach nearer to the quarter of noise. I walked to the door of the house from which the scream proceeded; it was very small and mean. Just as I neared it a window was thrown open, and a voice cried—"Help! help! for God's sake, help!"

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Whoever you are, save us!" cried the voice, "and that instantly, or we shall be murdered;" and, the moment after, the voice ceased abruptly, and was succeeded by the clashing of swords.

I beat loudly at the door—I shouted out—no answer; the scuffle within seemed to increase; I saw a small blind alley to the left; one of the unfortunate women to whom such places are *hôtels* was standing in it. "What possibility is there of entering the house?" I asked.

"O!" said she, "it does not matter; it is not the first time gentlemen have cut each other's throats *there*."

"What! is it a house of bad repute?"

"Yes; and where there are bullies who wear knives, and take purses—as well as ladies, who—"

"Good heavens!" cried I, interrupting her, "there is no time to be lost. Is there no other way of entrance but at this door?"

"Yes, if you are bold enough to enter at another!"

"Where?"

"Down this alley."

Immediately I entered the alley; the woman pointed to a small, dark, narrow flight of stairs; I ascended—the sounds increased in loudness. I mounted to the second flight—a light streamed from a door—the clashing of swords was distinctly audible within—I broke open the door, and saw myself a witness and intruder in a scene at once ludicrous and fearful.

A table, covered with bottles and the remnants of a meal, was in the centre of the room; several articles of women's dress were scattered over the floor; two women of unequivocal description were clinging to a man richly dressed, and who having fortunately got behind an immense chair, that had been overthrown, probably, in the scuffle, managed to keep off, with awkward address, a fierce looking fellow, who had less scope for the ability of his sword arm, from the circumstance of his attempting to pull away the chair with his left hand. Whenever he stooped to effect this object, his antagonist thrust at him very vigorously, and had it not been for the embarrassment his female enemies occasioned him, the latter would, in all probability, have despatched or disabled his besieger. This fortified gentleman, being backed by the window, was, I immediately concluded, the person who had called to me for assistance.

At the other corner of the apartment was another cavalier, who used his sword with singular skill, but who, being hard pressed by two lusty fellows, was forced to employ that skill rather in defence than attack. Altogether, the distorted appearance of the room, the broken bottles, the fumes with which the hot atmosphere teemed, the evident profligacy of the two women, the half *derobé* guise of the cavaliers, and the ruffian air and collected ferocity of the assailants, plainly denoted that it was one of those perilous festivals of pleasure in which imprudent gallants were often, in that day, betrayed by treacherous Delilahs into the hands of Philistines, who, not contented with stripping them for the sake of plunder, frequently murdered them for the sake of secrecy.

Having taken a rapid, but satisfactory, survey of the scene, I did not think it necessary to make any preparatory parley. I threw myself upon the nearest bravo with so hearty a good will, that I ran him through the body before he had recovered his surprise at my appearance. This somewhat startled the other two; they drew back, and demanded quarter.

"Quarter, indeed!" cried the farther cavalier, releasing himself from his astonished female assailants, and leaping nimbly over his bulwark, into the centre of the room—"quarter, indeed, rascally *irrognes*! No; it is our turn now; and, by Joseph of Arimathea! you shall sup with Pilate to-night." So saying, he pressed his old assailant so fiercely, that, after a short contest, the latter retreated till he had backed himself to the door,—he then suddenly turned round, and vanished in a twinkling. The third and remaining ruffian was far from thinking himself a match for three men; he fell on his knees, and implored mercy. However, the *ci-devant* sustainer of the besieged chair was but little disposed to afford him the clemency he demanded, and approached the crest-fallen bravo with so grim an air of truculent delight, brandishing his sword, and uttering the most terrible

threats, that there would have been small doubt of the final catastrophe of the trembling bully, had not the other gallant thrown himself in the way of his friend.

"Put up thy sword," said he, laughing, and yet with an air of command; "we must not court crime, and then punish it." Then, turning to the bully, he said, "Rise, Sir Rascal! the devil spares thee a little longer, and this gentleman will not disobey his, as well as *thy* master's wishes.—Begone!"

The fellow wanted no second invitation: he sprang to his legs and to the door. The disappointed cavalier assisted his descent down the stairs with a kick, that would have done the work of the sword to any flesh not accustomed to such pedal applications. Putting up his rapier, the milder gentleman then turned to *the ladies*, who lay huddled together under shelter of the chair which their intended victim had deserted.

"Ah, mesdames," said he, gravely, and with a low bow, "I am sorry for your disappointment. As long as you contented yourselves with robbery, it were a shame to have interfered with your innocent amusements; but cold steel becomes serious. Monsieur d'Argenson will favour you with some inquiries to-morrow; at present, I recommend you to empty what remains in the bottle. Adieu! Monsieur, to whom I am so greatly indebted, honour me with your arm down these stairs. You" (turning to his friend) "will follow us, and keep a sharp look behind. *Allons! Vive Henri Quatre!*"

As we descended the dark and rough stairs, my new companion said, "What an excellent antidote to the effects of the vin de Champagne is this same fighting. I feel as if I had not tasted a drop these six hours. What fortune brought you hither, monsieur?" addressing me.

We were now at the foot of the first flight of stairs, a high and small window admitted the moonlight, and we saw each other's faces clearly.

"That fortune," answered I, looking at my acquaintance steadily, but with an expression of profound respect—"that fortune which watches over kingdoms, and which, I trust, may in no place or circumstance be a deserter from your highness."

"Highness!" said my companion, colouring, and darting a glance, first at his friend, and then at me. "Hist—sir, you know me, then—speak low—you know, then, for whom you have drawn your sword?"

"Yes, so please your highness. I have drawn it this night for Philip of Orleans; I trust yet, in another scene, and for another cause, to draw it for the regent of France!"

CHAPTER IX.

A prince—An audience—And a secret embassy.

THE regent remained silent for a moment: he then said, in an altered and grave voice, "*C'est bien, monsieur!* I thank you for the distinction you have made. It were not amiss," (he added, turning to his comrade,) "that *you* would now and then deign, henceforward, to make the same distinction. But this is neither time nor place for par lance. On, gentlemen!"

I offered my arm to the prince; and I as-

through his heart, when he, though with great courtesy, refused it. A man does not love you the better for discovering even his greatness when he wishes to hide it. However, it was not the love of the profligate, but a hold upon the prince, which I desired, and for which I had played my game.

We left the house, passed into the street, and moved on rapidly, and in silence, till the constitutional gayety of the duke recovering its ordinary tone, he said, with a laugh—

"Well, now, it is a little hard that a man who has been toiling all day for the public good should feel ashamed of indulging for an hour or two at night in his private amusements; but so it is. 'Once grave, always grave!' is the maxim of the world—eh, Chatran?"

The companion bowed. "'Tis a very good saying, please your royal highness, and is intended to warn us from the sin of ever being grave!"

"Ha-ha! you have *un grand talent pour la morale, mon bon Chatran!*" cried the duke, "and would draw a rule for conduct out of the wickedest *bon mot* of Dubois. Monsieur, pardon me, but I have seen you before: you are the Count—"

"Devereux, monseigneur."

"True, true! I have heard much of you: you are intimate with Milord Bolingbroke. Would that I had fifty friends like him."

"Monseigneur would have little trouble in his regency if his wish were realized," said Chatran.

"*Tant mieux*, so long as I had little odium as well as little trouble—a happiness which, thanks to you and Dubois, I am not likely to enjoy—*Mais voilà la voiture!*"

And the duke pointed to a dark, plain carriage, which we had suddenly come upon.

"Count Devereux," said the merry regent, "you will enter: my duty requires that, at this seductive hour, I should see a young gentleman of your dangerous age safely lodged at his hotel!"

We entered, Chatran gave the orders, and we drove off rapidly.

The regent hummed a tune, and his two companions listened to it in respectful silence.

"Well, well, messieurs," said he, bursting out at last into open voice, "I will ever believe, in future, that the gods *do* look benignantly on us worshippers of the Alma Venus! Do you know much of Tibullus, Monsieur Devereux? And can you assist my memory with the continuation of the line—

"*Quisquis amore tenetur eat—'*"

—————"tutusque sacerque
Qualibet: insidias non timuisse decet,"

answered I.

"*Bon!*" cried the duke. "I love a gentleman from my very soul, when he can both fight well and read Latin! I hate a man who is merely a wine-bibber and blade drawer. By St. Louis, though it is an excellent thing to fill the stomach, especially with Tokay, yet there is no reason in the world why we should not fill the head too. But here we are. Adieu, Monsieur Devereux—we shall see you at the *palais*."

I expressed my thanks briefly at the regent's condescension, descended from the carriage, (which instantly drove off with renewed celerity,) and once more entered my hotel.

Two or three days after my adventure with the regent, I thought it expedient to favour that eccen-

tric prince with a visit. During the early part of his regency, it is well known how successfully he combated with his natural indolence, and how devotedly his mornings were surrendered to the trials of his new office; but when pleasure has grown habit, it requires a stronger mind than that of Philippe le Debonnaire to give it a permanent successor in business. Pleasure is, indeed, like the genius of the fable, the most useful of slaves while you subdue it: the most intolerable of tyrants the moment your negligence suffers it to subdue you.

The hours in which the prince gave audience to the comrades of his lighter, rather than graver occupations, were those immediately before and after his levee. I thought that this would be the best season for me to present myself. Accordingly, one morning after the levee, I repaired to his palace.

The ante-chamber was already crowded. I sat myself quietly down in one corner of the room, and looked upon the motley groups around. I smiled inly as they reminded me of the scenes my own ante-room, in my younger days of folly and fortune, was wont to exhibit; the same heterogeneous assemblage (only upon a grander scale) of the ministers to the physical appetites and the mental tastes. There was the fretting and impatient mountebank, side by side with the gentle and patient scholar—the harlot's envoy and the priest's messenger—the agent of the police, and the licensed breaker of its laws—there;—but what boots a more prolix description? What is the ante-room of a great man, who has many wants and many tastes, but a panorama of the blended disparities of this compounded world.

While I was moralizing, a gentleman suddenly thrust his head out of a door, and appeared to reconnoitre us. Instantly, the crowd swept up to him. I thought I might as well follow the general example, and pushing aside some of my fellow loiterers, I presented myself and my name to the gentleman, with the most ingratiating air I could command.

The gentleman, who was tolerably civil for a great man's great man, promised that my visit should be immediately announced to the prince; and then, with the politest bow imaginable, slapped the door in my face. After I had waited about seven or eight minutes longer, the gentleman reappeared, singled me from the crowd, and desired me to follow him: I passed through another room, and was presently in the regent's presence.

I was rather startled when I saw by the morning light, and in *déshabille*, the person of that royal martyr to dissipation. His countenance was red, but bloated, and a weakness in his eyes added considerably to the jaded and haggard expression of his features. A proportion of stomach rather inclined to corpulency, seemed to betray the taste for *gourmanderie*, which the most radically coarse, and yet (strange to say) the most generally accomplished and really good-natured of royal profligates, combined with his other qualifications. He was yawning very elaborately over a great heap of papers, when I entered. He finished his yawn, (as if it were too brief and too precious a recreation to lose,) and then said, "Good morning, Monsieur Devereux; I am glad that you have found me out *at last*."

"I was afraid, monseigneur, of appearing as

intruder on your presence, by offering my homage to you before."

"So like my good fortune," said the regent, turning to a man seated at another table at some distance, whose wily, astute countenance, piercing eye, and licentious expression of lip and brow, indicated at once the ability and vice which composed his character. "So like my good fortune, is it not, Dubois? If ever I meet with a tolerably pleasant fellow, who does not disgrace me by his birth or reputation, he is always so terribly afraid of intruding! and whenever I pick up a respectable personage without wit, or a wit without respectability, he attaches himself to me like a burr, and can't live a day without inquiring after my health."

Dubois smiled, bowed, but did not answer, and I saw that his look was bent darkly and keenly upon me.

"Well," said the prince, "what think you of our opera, Count Devereux?—It beats your English one—eh!"

"Ah, certainly, monseigneur; ours is but a reflection of yours."

"So says your friend, Milord Bolingbroke, a person who knows about operas almost as much as I do, which, vanity apart, is saying a great deal. I should like very well to visit England—what should I learn best there? In Spain (I shall always love Spain) I learnt to cook."

"Monseigneur, I fear," answered I, smiling, "could obtain but little additional knowledge in that art in our barbarous country. A few rude and imperfect inventions, have, indeed, of late years astonished the cultivators of the science; but *une nuit épaissée*, rests still upon its main principles and leading truths. Perhaps, what monseigneur would find best worth studying in England would be—*les dames*."

"Ah! *les dames* all over the world!" cried the duke, laughing; "but I hear your *belles Anglaises* are sentimental, and love à l'*Arcadienne*."

"It is true, at present: but who shall say how far monseigneur's example might enlighten them in a train of thought so erroneous?"

"*C'est vrai*. Nothing like example, eh, Dubois? What would Philip of Orleans have been but for thee?"

"L'exemple souvent n'est qu'un miroir trompeur, Quelquefois l'un se brise où l'autre s'est sauvé, Et par où l'un périt, un autre est conservé,"

answered Dubois out of *Cinna*.

"Corneille is right," rejoined the regent. "After all, to do thee justice, *mon petit abbé*, example has little to do with corrupting us. Nature pleads the cause of pleasure, as Hyperidas pleaded that of Phryne. She has no need of eloquence: *she unveils the bosom of her client, and the client is acquitted*."

"Monseigneur shows at least that he has learnt to profit by my humble instructions in the classics," said Dubois.

The duke did not answer. I turned my eyes to some drawings on the table—I expressed my admiration of them. "They are mine," said the regent. "Ah! I should have been much more accomplished as a private gentleman, than I fear I ever shall be as a public man of toil and business. Business—bah! But necessity is the only real king in the world, the only enviable despot for whom there is no law. What! are you going already, Count Devereux?"

"Monseigneur's ante-room is crowded with less fortunate persons than myself, whose sins of envy and covetousness I am now answerable for."

"Ah—well! I must hear the poor devils; the only pleasure I have is in seeing how easily I can make them happy. Would to God, Dubois, that one could govern a great kingdom only by fair words! Count Devereux, you have seen me to-day as my acquaintance; see me again as my petitioner. *Bon jour, monsieur*."

And I retired, very well pleased with my reception: from that time, indeed, during the rest of my short stay at Paris, the prince honoured me with his especial favour. But I have dwelt too long in my *séjour* at the French court. The persons whom I have described, and who alone made that *séjour* memorable, must be my apology.

One day I was honoured by a visit from the Abbé Dubois. After a short conversation upon indifferent things, he accosted me thus:—

"You are aware, Count Devereux, of the partiality which the regent has conceived toward you. Fortunate would it be for that prince," (here Dubois elevated his brows with an ironical and arch expression,) "so good by disposition, so injured by example, if his partiality had been more frequently testified toward gentlemen of your merit. A mission of considerable importance, and one demanding great personal address, gives his royal highness an opportunity of testifying his esteem for you. He honoured me with a conference on the subject, yesterday, and has now commissioned me to explain to you the technical objects of this mission, and to offer to you the honour of conveying it. Should you accept the proposals, you will wait upon his highness before his levee to-morrow."

Dubois then proceeded, in the clear, rapid manner peculiar to him, to comment on the state of Europe. "For France," said he, in concluding his sketch, "peace is absolutely necessary. A drained treasury, an exhausted country, require it. You see from what I have said, that Spain and England are the principal quarters from which we are to dread hostilities. Spain we must guard against—England we must propitiate; the latter object is easy in England in any case, whether James or George be uppermost. For whoever is king in England will have quite enough to do at home, to make him agree willingly enough to peace abroad. The former requires a less simple and more enlarged policy. I fear the ambition of the Queen of Spain, and the turbulent genius of her minion Alberoni. We must fortify ourselves by new forms of alliance, at various courts, which shall at once defend us and intimidate our enemies. We wish to employ some nobleman of ability and address on a secret mission to Russia—will you be that person? Your absence from Paris will be but short; you will see a very droll country, and a very droll sovereign; you will return hither, doubly the rage, and with a just claim to more important employment hereafter. What say you to the proposal?"

"I must hear more," said I, "before I decide."

The abbé renewed. It is needless to repeat all the particulars of the commission that he enumerated. Suffice it that after a brief consideration, I accepted the honour proposed to me. The abbé wished me joy, relapsed into his ordinary strain of coarse levity for a few minutes, and then returned—

ing me that I was to attend the regent on the morrow, departed. It was easy to see, that in the mind of that subtle and crafty ecclesiastic, with whose manœuvres private intrigues were always blended with public, this offer of employment veiled a desire to banish me from the immediate vicinity of the good-natured regent, whose favour the aspiring abbé wished at that exact moment exclusively to monopolize. Mere men of pleasure, he knew, would not interfere with his aims upon the prince; mere men of business, still less: but a man who was thought to combine the capacities of both, and who was moreover distinguished by the regent, he deemed a more dangerous rival than the inestimable person thus suspected really was.

However, I cared little for the honest man's motives. Adventure to me had always greater charms than dissipation, and it was far more agreeable to the nature of my ambition to win distinction by any honourable method, than by favouritism at a court, so hollow, so unprincipled, and so grossly licentious as that of the regent. There, to be the most successful courtier, was to be the most amusing *débauché*. Alas, when the heart is away from its objects and the taste revolts at its excess, pleasure is worse than palling—it is a torture!—and the devil in Jonson's play, did not, perhaps, greatly belie the truth, when he averred “that the pains in his native country were pastimes to the life of a person of fashion.”

The Duke of Orleans received me the next morning with more than his wonted *bonhomie*. What a pity that so good natured a prince should have been so bad a man! He enlarged more easily and carelessly than his worthy preceptor had done, upon the several points to be observed in my mission; then very condescendingly told me he was very sorry to lose me from his court, and asked me, at all events, before I left Paris, to be a guest at one of his select suppers. I appreciated this honour at its just value. To these suppers, none were asked but the prince's chums, or *roués*,* as he was pleased to call them. As *entre nous* these chums were for the most part the most good for nothing people in the kingdom, I could not but feel highly flattered at being deemed, by so deep a judge of character as the regent, worthy to join them. I need not say that the invitation was eagerly accepted, nor that I left *Philippe le Débonnaire* impressed with the idea of his being the most admirable person in Europe. What a fool a great man is if he does not study to be affable; weigh a prince's condescension in one scale, and all the cardinal virtues in the other, and the condescension will outweigh them all. The Regent of France ruined his country as much as he well could do, and there was not a dry eye when he died. Even the memory of Charles II., who was both privately and publicly the most consummate rascal that England ever saw, is to this day rather popular than otherwise.

A day had now effected a change—a great change in my fate. A new court—a new theatre of action—a new walk of ambition, were suddenly opened to me. Nothing could be more promising

than my first employment—nothing could be more pleasing than the anticipation of change. “I must force myself to be agreeable to-night,” said I, as I dressed myself for the regent's supper—“I must leave behind me the remembrance of a *bon met*, or I shall be forgotten.”

And I was right. In that whirlpool, the capital of France, every thing sinks but wit; that is always on the surface, and we must cling to it with a firm grasp if we would not go down to—“the deep oblivion.”

CHAPTER X.

Royal exertions for the good of the people.

WHAT a singular scene was that private supper with the Regent of France and his *roués*! The party consisted of twenty: nine gentlemen of the court besides myself, four men of low rank and character, but admirable buffoons—and six ladies, such ladies as the duke loved best—witty, lively, sarcastic, and good for nothing.

De Chatran accosted me.

“*Je suis ravi, mon cher Monsieur Devereux,*” said he, gravely, “to see you in such excellent company—you must be a little surprised to find yourself here!”

“Not at all! Every scene is worth one visit. He, my good Monsieur Chatran, who goes to the house of correction once is a philosopher—he who goes twice is a rogue!”

“Thank you, count—what am I then—I have been *here* twenty times!”

“Why, I will answer you with a story. The soul of a Jesuit, one night, when its body was asleep, wandered down to the lower regions; Satan caught it, and was about to consign it to some appropriate place; the soul tried hard to excuse itself: you know what a cunning thing a Jesuit's soul is! ‘Monsieur Satan,’ said the spirit; ‘no king should punish a traveller as he would a native. Upon my honour, I am merely here *en voyageur*.’ ‘Go, then, *mon père*!’ said *le bon* Satan, and the soul flew back to its body. But the Jesuit died, and came *à l'enfer* a second time. He was brought before his Satanic majesty, and made the same excuse. ‘No, no,’ cried Beelzebub; ‘*here* is to be only *le diable voyageur*—twice *here*, and you are *le diable tout bon*.’”

“Ha! ha! ha!” said Chatran, laughing; “I then am the *diable tout bon*! 'tis well I am *as worse*; for we reckon the *roués* a devilish deal worse than the very worst of the devils: but see, the regent approaches us.”

And, leaving a very pretty and *enjouée* looking lady, the regent sauntered toward us. It was in walking, by-the-by, that he lost all the grace of his mien. I don't know, however, that one wishes a great man to be graceful, so long as he's familiar.

“Aha, Monsieur Devereux!” said he, “we will give you some lessons in cooking to-night—we shall show you how to provide for yourself in that barbarous country which you are about to visit. *Tout voyageur doit tout savoir*!”

“A very admirable saying; which leads me to understand that *monseigneur* has been a great traveller,” said I.

* The term *roué*, now so comprehensive, was first given by the regent to a select number of his friends; according to them, because they would be broken on the wheel for his sake; according to himself, because they deserved to be so broken.—Ed

"Ay, in all things and *all places*—eh, count!" answered the regent, smiling; "but," here he lowered his voice a little, "I have never yet learnt how *you* came so opportunely to our assistance that night. *Dieu me damme!* but it reminds me of the old story of the two sisters meeting at a gallant's house. 'O, sister, how came *you* here?' said one, in virtuous amazement. '*Ciel! ma sœur!*' cries the other; 'what brought *you*?'"

"Monseigneur is pleasant," said I, laughing; but a man does now and then (though I own it very seldom) do a good action, without having previously resolved to commit a bad one!"

"I like your parenthesis," cried the regent, "it reminds me of my friend St. Simon, who thinks so ill of mankind, that I asked him, one day, whether it was possible for him to despise any thing more than men? 'Yes,' said he, with a low bow, 'women!'"

"His experience," said I, glancing at the female part of the coterie, "was, I must own, likely to lead him to that opinion."

"None of your sarcasms, monsieur," cried the regent. "*L'amusement est un des besoins de l'homme*—as I hear young *Arouet* very pithily said the other day; and we owe gratitude to whomsoever it may be that supplies that want. Now, you will agree with me that none supply it like women; therefore we owe them gratitude—therefore we must not hear them abused. Logically proved, I think!"

"Yes, indeed," said I, "it is a pleasure to find they have so able an advocate, and that your highness can so well apply to yourself *both* the assertions in the motto of the great master of fortification, Vauban—'I destroy, but I defend.'"

"Enough," said the duke, gayly; "now to our fortifications;" and he moved away towards the women. I followed the royal example; and soon found myself seated next to a pretty and very small woman. We entered into conversation; and, when once begun, my fair companion took care that it should not cease, without a miracle. By her goddess *Facundia*, what volumes of words issued from that little mouth! and on all subjects too! church—state—law—politics—playhouses—lampoons—lace—liveries—kings—queens—rotundiers—beggars—you would have thought, had you heard her, so vast was her confusion of all things, that chaos had come again. Our royal host did not escape her. "You never before supped here *en famille*," said she—"Mon Dieu! it will do your heart good to see how much the regent will eat. He has such an appetite—you know he never eats my dinner, in order to eat the more at supper. You see that little dark woman he is talking to?—well, she is *Madame de Parabère*—he calls her his little black crow—was there ever such a pet name? Can you guess why he likes her? Nay, never make the trouble of thinking—I will tell you at once—simply because she eats and drinks so much. *Parole d'honneur* 'tis true. The regent says he likes sympathy in all things!—is it not droll? What a hideous old man is that *Nocé*—his face looks as if it had caught the rainbow. That impudent fellow *Dubois* scolded him for squeezing so many *louis* out of the good regent. The yellow

creature attempted to deny the fact. 'Nay,' cried *Dubois*, 'you cannot contradict me; I see their very ghosts in your face.'"

While my companion was thus amusing herself, *Nocé*, unconscious of her panegyric on his personal attractions, joined us.

"Ah! my dear *Nocé*," said the lady, most affectionately, "how well you are looking! I am delighted to see you."

"I do not doubt it," said *Nocé*, "for I have to inform you that your petition is granted; your husband will have the place."

"O, how eternally grateful I am to you!" cried the lady in an ecstasy; "my poor dear husband will be so rejoiced. I wish I had wings to fly to him!"

The gallant *Nocé* uttered a compliment—I thought myself *de trop*, and moved away. I again encountered *Chatran*.

"I overheard your conversation with madame la marquise," said he, smiling; "she has a bitter tongue—has she not?"

"Very! how she abused the poor rogue *Nocé*!"

"Yes, and yet he is her lover!"

"Her lover!—you astonish me; why, she seemed almost fond of her husband—the tears came in her eyes when she spoke of him."

"She is fond of him!" said *Chatran*, dryly. "She loves the ground he treads on—it is precisely for that reason she favours *Nocé*; she is never happy but when she is procuring something *pour son cher bon mari*. She goes to spend a week at *Nocé's* country house, and writes to her husband, with a pen dipped in *her blood*, saying, 'My heart is with thee!'"

"Certainly," said I, "France is the land of enigmas; the sphynx must have been a *Parisienne*. And when Jupiter made man, he made two natures utterly distinct from one another. One was *human nature*, and the other *French nature*!"

At this moment supper was announced. We all adjourned to another apartment, where, to my great surprise, I observed the cloth laid—the sideboard loaded—the wines ready, but nothing to eat on the table! A *Madame de Savori*, who was next me, noted my surprise.

"What astonishes you, monsieur?" said she.

"Nothing, madame!" said I, "that is, the absence of *all* things."

"What! you expected too see supper?"

"I own my delusion—I did."

"It is not cooked yet."

"O! well, I can wait!"

"And officiate too!" said the *petite Savori*;—"in a word, this is one of the regent's cooking nights."

Scarcely had I received this explanation, before there was a general adjournment to an inner apartment, where all the necessary articles for cooking were ready to our hand.

"The regent led the way,
To light us to our prey,"

and, with an irresistible gravity and importance of demeanour, entered upon the duties of *chef*. In a very short time we were all engaged. Nothing could exceed the zest with which every one seemed to enter into the rites of the kitchen. You would have imagined they had been born scullions, they handled the *batterie de cuisine* so naturally. As for me, I sought protection with *Madame de Sa-*

* The reader will remember a better version of this anecdote in one of the most popular of the English comedies.—ED.

vori; and as, fortunately, she was very deeply skilled in the science, she had occasion to employ me in many minor avocations which her experience taught her would not be above my comprehension.

After we had spent a certain time in this dignified occupation, we returned to the *salle à manger*. The attendants placed the dishes on the table, and we all fell to. Whether out of self-love to their own performances, or complaisance to the performances of others, I cannot exactly say, but certain it is that all the guests acquitted themselves à merveille; you would not have imagined the regent the only one who had gone without dinner to eat the more at supper. Even that devoted wife to her *cher bon mari*, who had so severely dwelt upon the good regent's infirmity, occupied herself with an earnestness, that would have seemed almost wolf-like in a famished grenadier.

Very slight indeed was the conversation till the supper was nearly over, then the effects of the wine became more perceptible. The regent was the first person who evinced that he had eat sufficiently to be able to talk. Utterly dispensing with the slightest veil of reserve or royalty, he leant over the table, and poured forth a whole tide of jests. The guests then began to think it was indecorous to stuff themselves any more, and as well as they were able, they followed their host's example. But the most amusing personages were the buffoons: they mimicked, and joked, and lampooned, and lied, as if by inspiration. As the bottle circulated, and talk grew louder, the lampooning and the lying were not, however, confined to the buffoons. On the contrary, the best born and best bred people seemed to excel the most in those polite arts. Every person who boasted a fair name or a decent reputation at court, was seized, condemned, and mangled in an instant. And how elaborately the goods folks slandered! It was no hasty word and flippant repartee which did the business of the absent; there was a precision, a polish, a labour of malice, which showed that each person had brought so many reputations already cut up. The good-natured convivialists differed from all other backbiters that I have ever met, in the same manner as the toads of Surinam differ from all other toads, viz.: their venomous offspring were not half formed, misshapen tadpoles of slander, but sprung at once into life—well shaped and fully developed.

"*Chantons!*" cried the regent, whose eyes, winking and rolling, gave token of his approaching that state which equals the beggar to the king, "let us have a song. *Nocé*, lift up thy voice, and let us hear what the tokay has put into thy head!"

Nocé obeyed, and sang as men half drunk generally do sing.

"*O ciel!*" whispered the malicious Savori, "what a hideous screech—one would think he had turned his face into a voice!"

"*Bravissimo!*" cried the duke, when his guest had ceased; "what happy people we are! Our doors are locked—not a soul can disturb us—we have plenty of wine—we are going to get drunk—and we have all Paris to abuse! What were you saying of Marshal Villars, my little Parabère?"

And pounce went the little Parabère upon the unfortunate marshal. At last slander had a respite—nonsense began its reign—the full inspiration descended upon the orgies—the good people lost

the use of their faculties. Noise, clamour, uproar, broken bottles, falling chairs, and (I grieve to say) their occupants falling too—conclude the scene of the royal supper. Let us drop the curtain.

CHAPTER XI.

An Interview.

I WENT a little out of my way, on departing from Paris, to visit Lord Bolingbroke, who at that time was in the country. There are some men whom one never really sees in capitals; one sees their masks, not themselves: Bolingbroke was one. It was in retirement, however brief it might be, that his true nature expanded itself, and weary of being admired, he allowed one to love, and even in the wildest course of his earlier excesses, to respect him. My visit was limited to a few hours, but it made an indelible impression on me.

"Once more," I said, as we walked to and fro in the garden of his temporary retreat, "once more you are in your element: minister and statesman of a prince, and chief supporter of the great plans which are to restore him to his throne."

A slight shade passed over Bolingbroke's fine brow. "To you, my constant friend," said he, "to you—who of all my friends alone remained true in exile, and unshaken by misfortune—to you I will confide a secret that I would intrust to no other. I repent me already of having espoused this cause. I did so while yet the disgrace of an unmerited attainder tingled in my veins: while I was in the full tide of those violent and warm passions which have so often misled me. Myself attainted—the best beloved of my associates in danger—my party deserted, and seemingly lost but for some bold measure such as then offered: then were all that I saw. I listened eagerly to representations I now find untrue; and I accepted that rank and power from one prince which were rudely and gallingly torn from me by another. I perceive that I have acted imprudently, but what is done is done; no private scruples, no private interest shall make me waver in a cause that I have once pledged myself to serve; and if I can do aught to make a weak cause powerful, and a divided party successful, I will; but, Devereux, you are wrong, this is *not* my element. Ever in the paths of strife, I have sighed for quiet, and while most eager in pursuit of ambition, I have languished the most fondly for content. The littleness of intrigue disgusts me, and while the branches of my power soared the highest, and spread with the most luxuriance, it galled me to think of the my soil in which that power was condemned to strike the roots,* upon which it stood, and by which it must be nourished."

I answered Bolingbroke as men are wont to answer statesmen who complain of their *métier*—half in compliment, half in contradiction, but he replied with unusual seriousness.

"Do not think I affect to speak thus: you know how eagerly I snatch any respite from state, and

* Occasional Writer—No. I. The Editor has, throughout this work, usually noted the passages in Bolingbroke's writings, in which there occur similes, illustrations, or striking thoughts, correspondent with those in the text. For the general vein of reflection or conversation ascribed in these pages to Lord Bolingbroke, Count Devereux must be answerable.

how unmovedly I have borne the loss of prosperity and of power. You are now about to enter those perilous paths which I have trod for years. Your passions, like mine, are strong! Beware, O, beware, how you indulge them without restraint! They are the fires which should warm: let them not be the fires which destroy."

Bolingbroke paused in evident and great agitation—he resumed: "I speak strongly, for I speak in bitterness; I was thrown early into the world: my whole education had been framed to make me ambitious: it succeeded in its end. I was ambitious, and of all success—success in pleasure, success in fame. To wean me from the former, my friends persuaded me to marry—they chose my wife for her connexions and her fortune, and I gained those advantages at the expense of what was better than either—happiness! You know how unfortunate has been that marriage, and how young I was when it was contracted. Can you wonder that it failed in the desired effect? Every one courted me, every temptation assailed me; pleasure even became more alluring abroad, when at home I had no longer the hope of peace: the indulgence of one passion begat the indulgence of another; and though my better sense prompted all my actions, it never restrained them to a proper limit. Thus the commencement of my actions has been generally prudent, and their continuation has degenerated into rashness, or plunged into excess. Devereux, I have paid the forfeit of my errors with a terrible interest: when my motives have been pure, men have seen a fault in the conduct, and calumniated the motives; when my conduct has been blameless, men have remembered its former errors, and asserted that its present goodness only arose from some sinister intention: thus I have been termed crafty, when I was in reality rash, and that was called the inconsistency of interest, which in reality was the inconstancy of passion.* I have reason therefore to warn you how you suffer your subjects to become your tyrants; and believe me no experience is so deep as that of one who has committed faults, and who has discovered their causes."

"Apply, my dear lord, that experience to your future career. You remember that the most saga-

* This I do believe to be the real (though perhaps it is a new) light in which Lord Bolingbroke's life and character are to be viewed. The same writers who tell us of his ungovernable passions, always prefix to his name the epithets "designing, cunning, crafty," &c. Now I will venture to tell these historians that if they had studied human nature instead of party pamphlets, they would have discovered that there are certain incompatible qualities which can never be united in one character—that no man can have violent passions to which he is in the habit of yielding, and be systematically crafty and designing. No man can be all heat, and at the same time all coolness; but opposite causes not unoften produce like effects. Passion usually makes men changeable, so sometimes does craft; hence the mistake of the uninquiring or the shallow; and hence while — writes, and — compiles, will the characters of great men be transmitted to posterity misstated and belied.—Ed.

cious of all pedants,* even though he was an emperor, has so happily expressed—"Repentance is a goddess, and the preserver of those who have erred."

"May I find her so!" answered Bolingbroke; "but, as *Montaigne* or *Charron* would say, '*l'homme se pipe*†—man is at once his own sharper and his own bubble.' We make vast promises to ourselves, and a passion, an example, sweeps even the remembrance of those promises from our minds. One is too apt to believe men hypocrites, if their conduct squares not with their sentiments; but *perhaps no vice is more rare, for no task is more difficult, than systematic hypocrisy*: and the same susceptibility which exposes men to be easily impressed by the allurements of vice, renders them at heart most struck by the loveliness of virtue. Thus, their language and their hearts worship the divinity of the latter, while their conduct strays the most erringly toward the false shrines over which the former presides. Yes! I have never been blind to the surpassing excellence of good. The still sweet whispers of virtue have been heard, even when the storm has been loudest, and the bark of reason been driven the most impetuously over the waves: and at this moment, I am impressed with a foreboding, that sooner or later, the whispers will not only be heard, but their suggestion be obeyed; and that far from courts and intrigue, from dissipation and ambition, I shall learn, in retirement, the true principles of wisdom, and the real objects of life."

Thus did Bolingbroke converse, and thus did I listen, till it was time to depart. I left him impressed with a melancholy that was rather soothing than distasteful. Whatever were the faults of that most extraordinary and most dazzling genius, no one was ever more candid‡ in confessing his errors. A systematically bad man either ridicules what is good, or disbelieves in its existence; but no man can be hardened in vice, whose heart is still sensible of the excellence and the glory of virtue.

* The Emperor Julian. The original expression is paraphrased in the text.

† "Spirit of patriotism."

‡ It is impossible to read the letter to Sir W. Windham without being remarkably struck with the dignified and yet open candour which it displays. The same candour is equally visible in whatever relates to himself, in all Lord Bolingbroke's writings and correspondence, and yet candour is the last attribute usually conceded to him. But never was there a writer whom people have talked of more and read less; and I do not know a greater proof of this than the ever-repeated assertion (echoed from a most incompetent authority) of the said letter to Sir W. Windham being the finest of all Lord Bolingbroke's writings. It is an article of great value to the history of the times; but as to all the higher graces and qualities of composition it is one of the least striking (and on the other hand it is one of the most verbally incorrect) which he has bequeathed to us, (the posthumous works always excepted.) I am not sure whether the most brilliant passages—the most noble illustrations—the most profound reflections, and the most useful truths—to be found in all his writings, are not to be gathered from the least popular of them—such as that volume entitled "Political Tracts."—Ed.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

A portrait.

MYSTERIOUS impulse at the heart, which never suffers us to be at rest, which urges us onward as by an unseen, yet irresistible law—human planets in a petty orbit, hurried for ever and for ever, till our course is run and our light is quenched—through the circle of a dark and impenetrable destiny! art thou not some faint forecast and type of our wanderings hereafter? of the unslumbering nature of the soul! of the everlasting progress which we are predestined to make through the countless steps, and realms, and harmonies in the infinite creation! O, often, in my roving, have I dared to dream so, often have I soared on the wild wings of thought above the “smoke and stir” of this dim earth, and wrought from the restless visions of my mind, a chart of the glories and the wonders which the released spirit may hereafter visit and behold!

What a glad awakening from self,—what a sparkling and fresh draught from a new source of being,—what a wheel within wheel, animating, impelling, arousing all the rest of this animal machine, is the first excitation of travel! The first free escape from the bonds of the linked and tame life of cities and social vices,—the jaded pleasure and the hollow love, the monotonous round of sordid objects and dull desires,—the eternal chain that binds us to things and beings, mockeries of ourselves,—alike, but O, how different! the shock that brings us nearer to men only to make us strive against them, and learn from the harsh contest of veiled deceit and open force, that the more we share the aims of others, the more deeply and basely rooted we grow to the littleness of self.

I passed more lingeringly through France than I did through the other portions of my *route*. I had dwelt long enough in the capital to be anxious to survey the country. It was then that the last scale which the magic of Louis Quatorze, and the memory of his gorgeous court had left upon the moral eye, fell off, and I saw the real essence of that monarch's greatness and the true relics of his reign. I saw the poor, and the degraded, and the racked, and the priest-ridden tillers and peoplers of the soil, which made the substance beneath the glittering and false surface—the body of that vast empire, of which I had hitherto beheld only the face, and THAT darkly, and for the most part covered by a mask!

No man can look upon France, beautiful France, her rich soil, her temperate, yet maturing clime, the gallant and bold spirits which she produces, her boundaries so indicated and protected by nature itself, her advantages of ocean and land, of commerce and agriculture, and not wonder that her prosperity should be so bloated, and her real state so wretched and diseased.

Let England draw the moral, and beware not only of wars which exhaust, but of governments

which impoverish. A waste of the public wealth is the most lasting of public afflictions; and ‘the treasury which is drained by extravagance must be refilled by crime.’*

I remember one beautiful evening an accident to my carriage occasioned my sojourn for a whole afternoon in a small village. The *curé* honoured me with a visit, and we strolled, after a slight repast, into the hamlet. The priest was complaisant, quiet in manner, and not ill informed, for his obscure station and scanty opportunities of knowledge; he did not seem, however, to possess the vivacity of his countrymen, but was rather melancholy and pensive, not only in his expression of countenance, but his cast of thought.

“You have a charming scene here; I almost feel as if it were a sin to leave it so soon.”

We were, indeed, in a pleasant and alluring spot at the time I addressed this observation to the good *curé*. A little rivulet emerged from a copse to the left, and ran sparkling and dimpling beneath our feet, to deck with a more living verdure the village green, which it intersected with a winding nor unmelodious stream. We had paused, and I was leaning against an old and solitary chestnut tree, which commanded the whole scene. The village was a little in the rear, and the smoke from its few chimneys rose slowly and beautifully to the silent and deep skies, not wholly unlike the human wishes, which, though they spring from the grossness and the fumes of earth, purify themselves as they ascend to heaven. And from the village, (when other sounds, which I shall note presently, were for an instant still,) came the whoop of children, mellowed by distance, into a confused, yet thrilling sound, which fell upon the heart like the voice of our gone childhood itself. Before, in the far expanse, stretched a chain of hills on which the autumn sun sunk slowly, pouring its yellow beams over groups of peasantry, which, on the opposite side of the rivulet and at some interval from us, were scattered, partly over the green, and partly gathered beneath the shade of a little grove. The former were of the young, and those to whom youth's sports are dear, and were dancing to the merry music, which (ever and anon blended with the laugh and the tone of a louder jest) floated joyously on our ears. The fathers and matrons of the hamlet were inhaling a more quiet joy beneath the trees, and I involuntarily gave a tenderer interest to their converse, by supposing them to sanction to each other the rustic loves which they might survey among their children.

“Will not monsieur draw nearer to the dancers,” said the *curé*; “there is a plank thrown over the rivulet a little lower down.”

“No!” said I, “perhaps they are seen to better advantage where we are: what mirth will bear too close an inspection?”

“True, sir,” remarked the priest, and he sighed. “Yet,” I resumed, musingly, and I spoke rather

myself than to my companion; "yet, how happy do they seem! what a revival of our Arcadian realms, are the flute and the dance, the glossy trees all glowing in the autumn sunset, the green d, and the murmuring rill, and the buoyant enough startling the satyr in his leafy haunts; and the rural loves which will grow sweeter still, when the sun has set, and the twilight has made the gh more tender, and the blush of a mellower ue! Ah, why is it only the revival of a dream? why must it be only an interval of labour and wo—the brief saturnalia of slaves—the green resting spot in a dreary and long road of travail and toil?"

"You are the first stranger I have met," said the curé, "who seems to pierce beneath the thin veil of our Gallic gayety; the first to whom the scene we now survey is fraught with other feelings than a belief in the happiness of our peasantry, and an envy at its imagined exuberance. But as this is not the happiest individuals, so I fear it is not the happiest nations that are the gayest."

I looked at the curé with some surprise. "Your remark is deeper than the ordinary wisdom of your tribe, my father," said I.

"I have travelled over three parts of the globe," answered the curé; "I was not always intended for what I am;" and the priest's mild eyes flashed with a sudden light, that as suddenly died away.

Yes, I have travelled over the greater part of the known world," he repeated, in a more quiet tone, and I have noted, that where a man has many comforts to guard, and many rights to defend, he necessarily shares the thought and the seriousness of those who feel the value of a treasure which they possess, and whose most earnest meditations are intent upon providing against its loss. I have noted too, that the joy produced by a momentary suspense of labour, is naturally great, in proportion to the toil; hence it is, that no European mirth is so wild as that of the Indian slave, when a brief holiday releases him from his task. Alas! that very mirth is the strongest evidence of the weight of the previous chains; even as in ourselves we find the happiest moment we enjoy is that immediately succeeding the cessation of deep sorrow to the mind, or violent torture to the body.*

I was struck by this observation of the priest.

"I see now," said I, "that as an Englishman, I have no reason to repine at the proverbial gravity of my countrymen, or to envy the lighter spirit of the sons of Italy and France."

"No," said the curé, "the happiest nations are those in whose people you witness the least sensible reverses from gayety to dejection; and that *thought*, which is the noblest characteristic of the isolated man, is also that of a people. Freemen are serious, they have objects at their heart worthy to engross attention. It is reserved for slaves to indulge in groans at one moment and laughter at another."

"At that rate," said I, "the best sign for France will be, when the gayety of her sons is no longer a just proverb, and the laughing lip is succeeded by the thoughtful brow."

"That day will be the Hegira of our political happiness," said the curé.

And we remained silent for several minutes; our conversation had shed a gloom over the light scene before us, and the voice of the flute no longer sounded musically on my ear. I proposed to the curé to return to my *auberge*. As we walked slowly in that direction, I surveyed my companion more attentively than I had hitherto done. He was a model of masculine vigour and grace of form; and had I not looked earnestly upon his cheek, I should have thought him likely to outlive the very oaks around the hamlet church where he presided. But the cheek was worn and hectic, and seemed to indicate that the keen fire which burns at the deep heart, unseen, but unslaking, would consume the mortal fuel, long before time should even have commenced his gradual decay.

"You have travelled then, much, sir?" said I, and the tone of my voice was that of curiosity.

The good curé penetrated into my desire to hear something of his adventures; and few are the recluses who are not gratified by the interest of others, or who are unwilling to reward it by recalling those portions of life most cherished by themselves. Before we parted that night, he told me his little history. He had been educated for the army; before he entered the profession he had seen the daughter of a neighbour—loved her, and—the old story—she loved him again, and died before the love passed the ordeal of marriage. He had no longer a desire for glory, but he had for excitement. He sold his little property and travelled, as he had said, for nearly fourteen years, equally over the polished lands of Europe, and the far climates, where truth seems fable and fiction finds her own legends realized or excelled.

He returned home, poor in pocket, and wearied in spirit. He became what I beheld him. "My lot is fixed now," said he, in conclusion; "but I find there is all the difference between quiet and content; my heart eats itself away here: it is the moth fretting the garment laid by, more than the storm or the fray would have worn it."

I said something, commonplace enough, about solitude, and the blessings of competence, and the country. The curé shook his head gently, but made no answer; perhaps he did wisely in thinking the feelings are ever beyond the reach of a stranger's reasoning. We parted more affectionately than acquaintances of so short a date usually do; and when I returned from Russia, I stopped at the village on purpose to inquire after him. A few months had done the work: the moth had already fretted away the human garment; and I walked to his lowly and nameless grave, and felt that it contained the only quiet in which monotony is not blended with regret.

CHAPTER II

The entrance into Petersburg—A rencontre with an inquisitive and mysterious stranger—Nothing like travel.

It was certainly like entering a new world when I had the frigid felicity of entering Russia. I expected to have found Petersburg a wonderful city, and I was disappointed; it was a wonderful beginning of a city, and that was all I ought to have expected. But never, I believe, was there a

* This reflection, if true, may console us for the loss of those village dances and peasant holidays for which "merry England" was once celebrated. The loss of them has been ascribed to the gloomy influence of the puritans; but it has never occurred to the good poets who have so mourned over that loss, that it is also to be ascribed to the *liberty* which those puritans *generalized*, if they did not introduce.—Ed.

place which there was so much difficulty in arriving at: such winds—such climate—such police arrangements—arranged, too, by such fellows! six feet high, with nothing human about them, but their uncleanness and ferocity! Such vexatious delays, difficulties, ordeals, through which it was necessary to pass, and to pass, too, with an air of the most perfect satisfaction and content. By the Lord! one would have imagined, at all events, it must be an earthly paradise, to be so arduous of access, instead of a Dutch-looking town, with comfortless canals, and the most terrible climate in which a civilized creature was ever frozen to death. "It is just the city a nation of bears would build, if bears ever became architects," said I to myself, as I entered the northern capital, with my teeth chattering, and my limbs in a state of perfect insensibility.

My vehicle stopped, at last, at a hotel to which I had been directed. It was a circumstance I believe peculiar to Petersburg, that at the time I speak of none of its streets had a name: and if one wanted to find out a house, one was forced to do so by oral description. A pleasant thing it was, too, to stop in the middle of a street, to listen to such description at full length, and find one's-self rapidly becoming ice as the detail progressed. After I was lodged, thawed, and fed, I fell fast asleep, and slept for eighteen hours, without waking once; to my mind it was a miracle that I ever woke again.

I then dressed myself, and taking my interpreter, who was a Livonian, a great rascal, but clever, who washed twice a week, and did not wear a beard above eight inches long, I put myself into my carriage, and went to deliver my letters of introduction. I had one in particular to the Admiral Apraxin; and it was with him that I was directed to confer, previous to seeking an interview with the emperor. Accordingly I repaired to his hotel, which was situated on a sort of quay, and was really, for Petersburg, very magnificent. In this quarter then, or a little later, lived about thirty other officers of the court, General Jagoyinsky, General Cyernichoff, &c.; and, appropriately enough, the most remarkable public building in the vicinity, is the great slaughter-house—a fine specimen that of practical satire!

On endeavouring to pass through the admiral's hall, I had the mortification of finding myself rejected by his domestics. As two men, in military attire, were instantly admitted, I thought this a little hard upon a man who had travelled so far to see his admiralship, and accordingly hinted my indignation to Mr. Muscotofsky, my interpreter.

"You are not so richly dressed as those gentlemen," said he.

"That is the reason, is it?"

"If it so please St. Nicholas it is; and besides those gentlemen have two men running before them, to cry 'Clear the way!'"

"I had better, then, dress myself better, and take two *avant couriers*."

"If it so please St. Nicholas."

Upon this I returned, robed myself in scarlet and gold, took a couple of lackeys, returned to Admiral Apraxin's, and was admitted in an instant. Who would have thought these savages so like us? Appearances, you see, produce realities all over the world!

The admiral, who was a very great man at court—though he narrowly escaped Siberia, or the

knout some time after—was civil enough to me; but I soon saw that, favourite as he was with the czar, that great man left but petty moves in the grand chess-board of politics to be played by any but himself; and my proper plan in this court appeared evidently to be unlike that pursued in most others, where it is better to win the favourite than the prince. Accordingly I lost no time in seeking an interview with the czar himself, and readily obtained an appointment to that effect.

On the day before the interview took place, I amused myself with walking over the city, gazing upon its growing grandeur, and casting, in especial, a wistful eye upon the fortress or citadel, which is situated in an island, surrounded by the city; and upon the building of which more than one hundred thousand men are supposed to have perished. So great a sacrifice does it require to conquer nature.

While I was thus amusing myself, I observed a man in a small chaise with one horse pass me twice, and look at me very earnestly. Like most of my countrymen, I do not love to be stared at: however, I thought it better in that unknown country to change my intended frown for a good-natured expression of countenance, and turned away. A singular sight now struck my attention, a couple of men with beards that would have hidden a cassowary, were walking slowly along in their curious long garments, and certainly (I say it reverently) disgracing the semblance of humanity, when just as they came by a gate, two other men of astonishing height started forth, each armed with a pair of shears. Before a second was over, off went the beards of the first two passengers; and before another second expired, off went the skirts of their garments too. I never saw excrescences so expeditiously lopped. The two operators, who preserved a profound silence during this brief affair, then retired a little, and the mutilated wanderers pursued their way with an air of extreme discomfiture.

"Nothing like travel certainly!" said I unconsciously aloud.

"True!" said a voice in English behind me. I turned, and saw the man who had noticed me so earnestly in the one horse chaise. He was a tall, robust man, dressed very plainly, and even shabbily, in a green uniform, with a narrow and tarnished gold lace; and I judged him to be a foreigner, like myself, though his accent and pronunciation evidently showed that he was not a native of the country in whose language he accosted me.

"It is very true," said he again; "there is nothing like travel!"

"And travel," I rejoined, courteously, "in these places where travel seldom extends. I have only been six days at Petersburg, and till I came hither, I knew nothing of the variety of human nature or the power of human genius. But will you allow me to ask the meaning of the very singular occurrence we have just witnessed?"

"O, nothing," rejoined the man, with a broad strong smile, "nothing but an attempt to make men out of brutes. This custom of shaving is not, thank heaven, much wanted now—some years ago, it was requisite to have several stations for barbers and tailors to perform their duties in. Now this is very seldom necessary: those gentlemen were especially marked out for the operation. By

— (and here the man swore a hearty English and somewhat sea-faring oath, which a little astonished me in the streets of Petersburg) I wish were as easy to lop off all old customs! that it were as easy to clip *the beard of the mind*, sir! *Ha!—ha!*"

"But the czar must have found a little difficulty in effecting even this outward amendment; and to say truth, I see so many beards about still, that I think the reform has been more partial than universal."

"Ah, those are the beards of the common people, the czar leaves those for the present. Have you seen the docks yet?"

"No: I am not sufficiently a sailor to take much interest in them."

"Humph! humph! you are a soldier, perhaps?"

"I hope to be so, one day or other—I am not!"

"Not yet! humph! there are opportunities in plenty for those who wish it—what is your profession then, and what do you know best?"

I was certainly not charmed with the honest inquisitiveness of the stranger.

"Sir," said I, "sir, my profession is to answer questions; and what I know best is—to hold my tongue!"

The stranger laughed out. "Well, well, that is what all Englishmen know best!" said he; "but don't be offended—if you will come home with me I will give you a glass of brandy!"

"I am very much obliged for the offer, but business obliges me to decline it: good morning,"

"Good morning!" answered the man, slightly moving his hat, in answer to my salutation.

We separated, as I thought, but I was mistaken. Ill-luck would have it, I lost my way in endeavouring to return home. While I was interrogating a French artisan, who seemed in a prodigious hurry, as to my best route, up comes my inquisitive friend in green again. "Ha! you have lost your way—I can put you into it better than any man in Petersburg!"

I thought it right to accept the offer; and we went on, side by side. I now looked pretty attentively at my gentleman. I have said that he was tall and stout—he was also remarkably well-built, and had a kind of seaman's ease and freedom of gait and manner. His countenance was very peculiar; short, firm, and strongly marked; a full, but thick mustachio, covered his upper lip; the rest of his face was shaved. His mouth was closed, when silent, with that expression of iron resolution which no feature but the mouth could convey. His eyes were large, well-opened, and very stern; and when, which was often in the course of conversation, he pushed back his hat from his forehead, the motion developed two strong deep wrinkles between the eyebrows, which might be indicative either of thought or of irascibility—perhaps of both. He spoke quick, and with a little occasional embarrassment of voice, which, however, never communicated itself to his manner. He seemed, indeed, to have a perfect acquaintance with the mazes of the growing city; and, every now and then, stopped to say when such a house was built—whither such a street was to lead, &c. Each of these details betrayed some great tri-

umph over natural obstacles, and sometimes over national prejudice, I could not help dropping a few enthusiastic expressions in praise of the genius of the czar. The man's eyes sparkled as he heard them.

"It is easy to see," said I, "that you sympathize with me, and that the admiration of this great man is not confined to Englishmen. How little in comparison seem all other monarchs: they ruin kingdoms—the czar creates one. The whole history of the world does not afford an instance of triumphs so vast—so important—so glorious as his have been. How his subjects should adore him!"

"No," said the stranger, with an altered and thoughtful manner, "it is not his subjects, but *their posterity*, that will appreciate his motives, and forgive him for wishing Russia to be an empire of *mxz*. The present generation may sometimes be laughed, sometimes forced, out of their more barbarous habits and brutelike customs, but they cannot be reasoned out of them; and they don't love the man who attempts to do it. Why, sir, I question whether Ivan IV., who used to butcher the dogs between prayers for an occupation, and between meals for an appetite, I question whether his memory is not to the full as much loved as the living czar. I know, at least, that whenever the latter attempts a reform, the good Muscovites shrug up their shoulders, and mutter, 'We did not do these things in the good old days of Ivan IV.'"

"Ah! the people of all nations are wonderfully attached to their ancient customs. I will tell you who seem to me to have been the greatest enemies we living men ever had—our ancestors!"

"Ha, ha!—true—good!" cried the stranger; and then, after a short pause, he said, in a tone of deep feeling which had not hitherto seemed at all a part of his character, "we should do that which is good to the human race, from some principle within, and should not therefore abate our efforts for the opposition, the rancour, or the ingratitude that we experience without. It will be enough reward for Peter I., if hereafter, when (in that circulation of knowledge throughout the world which I can compare to nothing better than the circulation of the blood in the human body) the glory of Russia shall rest, not upon the extent of her dominions, but that of her civilization—not upon the number of inhabitants, imbruted and besotted, but the number of enlightened, of prosperous, and of free men; it will be enough for him, if he be considered to have laid the first stone of that great change—if his labours be fairly weighed against the obstacles which opposed them—if, for his honest and unceasing endeavour to improve millions, he is not too severely judged for offences in a more limited circle—and if, in consideration of having fought the great battle against custom, circumstances, and opposing nature, he be sometimes forgiven for not having invariably conquered himself."

As the stranger broke off abruptly, I could not but feel a little impressed by his words and the energy with which they were spoken. We were now in sight of my lodging. I asked my guide to enter it: but the change in our conversation seemed to have unfitted him a little for my companionship.

"No," said he, "I have business now; we shall meet again; what's your name?"

"Certainly," thought I, "no man ever scrupled so little to ask plain questions;" however, I answered him truly and freely.

"Devereux!" said he, as if surprised: "Ha!—well—we shall meet again. Good day."

CHAPTER III.

The czar—The czarina—A feast at a Russian nobleman's.

THE next day I dressed myself in my richest attire; and according to my appointment, went with as much state as I could command to the czar's palace, (if an exceedingly humble abode can deserve so proud an appellation.) Although my mission was private, I was a little surprised by the extreme simplicity and absence from pomp which the royal residence presented. I was ushered for a few moments into a paltry ante-chamber in which were several models of ships, cannon and houses; two or three indifferent portraits—one of King William III., another of Lord Carmarthen. I was then at once admitted into the royal presence.

There were only two persons in the room—one a female, the other a man; no officers, no courtiers, no attendants, none of the insignia nor the witnesses of majesty. The female was Catherine, the czarina; the man was the stranger I had met the day before—and Peter the Great. I was a little startled at the identity of the czar with my inquisitive acquaintance. However, I put on as assured a countenance as I could. Indeed, I had spoken sufficiently well of the royal person to feel very little apprehension at having unconsciously paid so slight a respect to the royal dignity.

"Ho—ho!" cried the czar, as I reverently approached him; "I told you we should meet soon!" and turning round, he presented me to her majesty. That extraordinary woman received me very graciously; and though I had been a spectator of the most artificial and magnificent court in Europe, I must confess that I could detect nothing in the czarina's air calculated to betray her having been the servant of a Lutheran minister and the wife of a Swedish dragoon. Whether it was that greatness was natural to her, or whether (which was more probable) she was an instance of the truth of Suckling's hackneyed thought, in Brennorak—"Success is a rare paint—hides all the ugliness."

While I was making my salutations, the czarina rose very quietly, and presently, to my no small astonishment, brought me with her own hand a tolerably large glass of raw brandy. There is nothing in the world I hate so much as brandy; however, I swallowed the potation as if it had been nectar, and made some fine speech about it, which the good czarina did not seem perfectly to understand. I then, after a few preliminary observations, entered upon my main business with the czar. Her majesty sat at a little distance, but evidently listened very attentively to the conversation. I could not but be struck with the singularly bold and strong sense of my royal host.

There was no hope of deluding or misleading him by diplomatic subterfuge. The only way by which that wonderful man was ever misled, was through his passions. His reason conquered all errors but those of temperament. I turned the conversation as artfully as I could upon Sweden and Charles XII. "Hatred to one power," thought I, "may produce love to another; and if it does, the child will spring from a very vigorous parent." While I was on this subject, I observed a most fearful convulsion come over the face of the czar—one so fearful, that I involuntarily looked away. Fortunate was it that I did so. Nothing ever enraged him more than being observed in those constitutional contortions of countenance to which from his youth he had been subjected.

After I had conversed with the czar as long as I thought decorum permitted, I rose to depart. He dismissed me very complaisantly. I re-entered my fine equipage, and took the best of my way home.

Two or three days afterward, the czar ordered me to be invited to a grand dinner at Apraxin's. I went there, and soon found myself in conversation with a droll little man, a Dutch minister, and a great favourite with the czar. The admiral and *madame sa femme*, before we set down to eat, handed round to each of their company a glass of brandy on a plate.

"What an odious custom!" whispered the little Dutch minister, smacking his lips, however, with an air of tolerable content.

"Why," said I, prudently, "all countries have their customs. Some centuries ago, a French traveller thought it horrible in us Englishmen to eat raw oysters. But the English were in the right to eat oysters; and perhaps, by-and-by, so much does civilization increase, we shall think the Russians in the right to drink brandy. But really (we had now sat down to the entertainment) I am agreeably surprised here. All the guests are dressed like my own countrymen; a great decorum reigns around. If it were a little less cold, I might fancy myself in London or Paris."

"Wait," quoth the little Dutchman, with his mouth full of jelly broth—"wait till you hear them talk. What think you, now, that lady next me is saying?"

"I cannot guess—but she has the prettiest smile in the world; and there is something so once so kind and so respectful in her manner, that I should say, she was either asking some great favour, or returning thanks for one."

"Right," cried the little minister, "I will interpret for you. She is saying to that old gentleman—'Sir, I am extremely grateful—for your very great kindness in having, the day before yesterday, at your sumptuous entertainment, made me so deliciously—drunk!'"

"You are witty, monsieur," said I, smiling. "*Si non e vero e ben trovato.*"

"By my soul, it is true," cried the Dutchman; "but hush!—see, they are going to cut up that great pie."

I turned my eyes to the centre of the table, which was ornamented with a huge pasty. Presently it was cut open, and out—walked a hideous little dwarf.

"Are they going to eat him?" said I.
 "Ha—ha!" laughed the Dutchman. "No! it is a fashion of the czar's, which the admirals think it good policy to follow. See, it tickles the obese Russians. They are quite merry on it."
 "To be sure," said I; "practical jokes are the only witticisms savages understand."
 "Ay, and if it were not for such jokes now and then, the czar would be odious beyond measure; it dwarf pies and mock processions make his subjects almost forgive him for having shortened their clothes and clipped their beards."
 "The czar is very fond of those mock processions?"

"Fond!" and the little man sunk his voice to a whisper; "he is the sublimest buffoon that ever existed. I will tell you an instance: (do you see these Hungary wines, by-the-by!) On the 9th of last June, the czar carried me and half a dozen more of the foreign ministers, to his pleasure-house, Peterhoff.) Dinner as usual, all drunk with Tony, and finished by a quart of brandy each, from his majesty's own hand. Carried off to sleep,—me in the garden—some in the wood. Woke at night, still in the clouds. Carried back to the pleasure-house, found the czar there, made us a few w, and gave us a hatchet apiece, with orders to follow him. Off we trudged, rolling about like logs in the Zuyder Sea, entered a wood, and were immediately set to work at cutting a road in

Nice work for us of the *corps diplomatique*! And, by my soul, sir, you see that I am by no means a thin man! We had three hours of it—were carried back—made drunk again—sent to bed—woke in an hour—made drunk a third time; and, because we *could not* be waked again, left in bed till eight the next morning. Invited to court breakfast—such headaches we had—longed for coffee—found nothing but brandy—forced to drink—sick as dogs—sent to take an airing upon the most damnable little horses, not worth a guilder—no bridles nor saddles—bump—bump—bump we went up and down before the czar's window—he and the czarina looking at us. I do assure you I lost two stone by that ride—two stone, sir!—taken to dinner—drunk again, by the Lord—all bundled on board a *torrensckute*—devil of a storm came on—the czar took the rudder—czarina on high benches in the cabin, which was full of water—waves beating—winds blowing—certain of being drowned—dismal prospect!—tossed about for seven hours—driven into the port of Cronstot. Czar leaves me, saying, 'Too much of a jest, eh, gentlemen?' I got ashore wet as dogfishes, made a fire, stripped stark naked, (a Dutch ambassador stark naked—think of it, sir!) crept into some covers of walrus-skins, and rose next morning with the ague—positive fact, sir. Had the ague for two months. Saw the czar in August—'A charming excursion to my pleasure-house,' said his majesty—'we must make another party there soon.'"

As my little Dutchman delivered himself of this tale of history, he was by no means forgetful of the Hungary wines; and as Bacchus and Venus have a kind of affinity, he now began to grow eloquent on the subject of women.

"What think you of them yourself?" said he, "they have a rolling look, eh?"

"They have so," I answered, "but they all have black teeth—what's the reason?"

"They think it a beauty, and say white teeth are the sign of a blackamoor."

Here the Dutchman was accosted by some one else, and there was a pause. Dinner at last ceased, the guests did not sit long after dinner, and for a very good reason: the brandy bowl is a great enforcer of a prostrate position. I had the satisfaction of seeing the company safely under the table. The Dutchman went first, and, having dexterously manœuvred an escape from utter oblivion for myself, I managed to find my way home, more edified than delighted by the character of a Russian entertainment.

CHAPTER IV.

Conversations with the czar—If Cromwell was the greatest man (Cæsar excepted) who ever rose to the supreme power, Peter was the greatest man ever born to it.

It was singular enough, that my introduction to the notice of Peter the Great and Philip the Debonair should have taken place under circumstances so far similar, that both those illustrious personages were playing the part rather of subjects than of princes. I cannot, however, conceive a greater mark of the contrast between their characters, than the different motives and manners of the incognitos severally assumed.

Philip, in a scene of low riot and debauch, hiding the Jupiter under the Silenus—wearing the mask only for the licentiousness it veiled, and foregoing the prerogative of power solely for indulgence in the grossest immunities of vice.

Peter, on the contrary, parting with the selfishness of state, in order to watch the more keenly over the interests of his people—only omitting to preside in order to examine, and affecting the subject only to learn the better the duties of the prince. Had I leisure, I might here pause to point out a notable contrast, not between the czar and the regent, but between Peter the Great and *Louis le Grand*; both creators of a new era,—both associated with a vast change in the condition of two mighty empires. There ceases the likeness, and begins the contrast; the blunt simplicity of Peter, the gorgeous magnificence of Louis; the sternness of a legislator for barbarians, the clemency of an idol of courtiers. One the victorious defender of his country—a victory solid, durable, and just; the other the conquering devastator of a neighbouring people—a victory, glittering, evanescent, and dishonourable. The one, in peace, rejecting parade, pomp, individual honours, and transforming a wilderness into an empire; the other involved in ceremony, and throned on pomp; and exhausting the produce of millions to pamper the bloated vanity of an individual. The one a fire that burns, without enlightening beyond a most narrow circle, and whose lustre is tracked by what it ruins, and fed by what it consumes: the other a luminary, whose light, not so dazzling in its rays, spreads over a world, and is noted, not for what it destroys, but for what it vivifies and creates.

I cannot say that it was much to my credit that, while I thought the regent's condescension toward me natural enough, I was a little surprised by the favour shown me by the czar. At Paris, I

had seemed to be the man of pleasure; that alone was enough to charm Philip of Orleans. But in Russia, what could I seem in any way calculated to charm the czar? I could neither make ships, nor could sail them when they were made; I neither knew, nor, what was worse, cared to know, the stern from the rudder. Mechanics were a mystery to me; road-making was an incomprehensible science. Brandy I could not endure—a blunt bearing and familiar manner I could not assume. What was it then that made the czar call upon me, at least twice a week, in private, shut himself up with me by the hour together, and endeavour to make me drunk with Tokay, in order (as he very incautiously let out one night,) “to learn the secrets of my heart?” I thought, at first, that the nature of my mission was enough to solve the riddle: but we talked so little about it, that, with all my diplomatic vanities fresh about me, I could not help feeling I owed the honour I received, less to my qualities as a minister, than to those as an individual.

At last, however, I found that the secret attraction was what the czar termed the philosophical channel into which our conferences flowed. I never saw a man so partial to moral problems and metaphysical inquiries, especially to those connected with what ought to be the beginning or the end of all moral sciences—politics. Sometimes we would wander out in disguise, and select some object from the customs, or things around us, as the theme of reflection and discussion; nor in these moments would the czar ever allow me to yield to his rank what I might not feel disposed to concede to his arguments. One day, I remember that he arrested me in the streets, and made me accompany him to look upon two men undergoing the fearful punishment of the battag;* one was a German, the other a Russian; the former shrieked violently—struggled in the hands of his punishers—and, with the utmost difficulty, was subjected to his penalty; the latter bore it patiently, and in silence; he only spoke once, and it was to say, “God bless the czar!”

“Can your majesty hear the man,” said I, warmly, when the czar interpreted these words to me, “and not pardon him?”

Peter frowned, but I was not silenced. “You don’t know the Russians!” said he, sharply, and turned aside. The punishment was now over. “Ask the German,” said the czar to an officer, “what was his offence?” The German, who was writhing and howling horribly, uttered some violent words against the disgrace of the punishment, and the pettiness of his fault; what the fault was I forget.

“Now ask the Russian,” said Peter. “My punishment was just!” said the Russian, coolly, putting on his clothes as if nothing had happened; “God and the czar were angry with me!”

“Come away, count,” said the czar; “and now solve me a problem. I know both those men; and the German, in a battle, would be the braver of the two. How comes it that he weeps and writhes like a girl, while the Russian bears the same pain without a murmur?”

“Will your majesty forgive me,” said I; “but I cannot help wishing that the Russian had com-

plained more bitterly; insensibility to punishment is the sign of a brute, not a hero. Do you not see that the German felt the indignity, the Russian did not; and do you not see that that very pride which betrays agony under the disgrace of the battag, is exactly the very feeling that would have produced courage in the glory of the battle. A sense of honour makes better soldiers and better men, than indifference to pain.”

“But had I ordered the Russian to death, he would have gone with the same apathy, and the same speech, ‘It is just! I have offended God and the czar!’”

“Dare I observe, sire, that that fact would be a strong proof of the dangerous falsity of the old maxims which extol an indifference to death as a virtue? In some individuals it may be a sign of virtue, I allow; but as a *national* trait, it is the strongest sign of national misery. Look round the great globe. What countries are those where the inhabitants bear death with cheerfulness, or, at least, with apathy? Are they the most civilized—the most free—the most prosperous? Pardon me—no! They are the half-starved, half-clothed, half-human sons of the forest and the waste; and when gathered in states, they are slaves without enjoyment or sense beyond the hour; and the reason that they do not recoil from the pangs of death is, because they have never known the pleasures or the true objects of life.”

“Yet,” said the czar, musingly, “the contempt of death was the great characteristic of the Spartans.”

“And, therefore,” said I, “the great token that the Spartans were a miserable horde. Your majesty admires England and the English; you have, beyond doubt, witnessed an execution in that country; you have noted, even where the criminal is consoled with religion, how he trembles and shrinks—how dejected—how prostrate of heart he is before the doom is completed. Take now the vilest slave, either of the Emperor of Morocco, or the great Czar of Russia. He changes neither tint nor muscle: he requires no consolation: he shrinks from no torture. What is the inference? *That slaves dread death less than the free.* And it should be so. The end of legislation is not to make death, but life, a blessing.”

“You have put the matter in a new light,” said the czar; “but you allow that, in individuals, contempt of death is sometimes a virtue.”

“Yes, when it springs from mental reasoning, not physical indifference. But your majesty has already put in action one vast spring of a system, which will ultimately open to your subjects many paths of existence that they will prize as contempt for its proper objects, and not live solely, as they do now, on the degradation which sullies life, and the axe that ends it. You have already begun the conquest of another and that vital error in the philosophy of the ancients; that philosophy taught that man should have few wants, and made it a crime to increase, and a virtue to reduce them. A legislator should teach, on the contrary, that man should have many wants: for wants are not only the sources of enjoyment—they are the sources of improvement; and that nation will be the most enlightened among whose populace they are found the most numerous. You, sire, by circulating the arts, the graces, and the wisdoms, if I may so say, of life, create a vast

* A terrible kind of flogging, but less severe than the knout.

word of mora. wants hitherto unknown, and in those wants will hereafter be found the prosperity of your people, the fountain of your resources, and the strength of your empire."

In conversation on these topics we often passed hours together, and from such conferences the czar passed only to those on other topics more immediately useful to him. No man, perhaps, had a larger share of the mere human frailties than Peter the Great; yet I do confess that when I saw the nobleness of mind with which he flung aside his rank as a robe, and repaired from man to man, the humblest or the highest, the artisan or the prince,—the prosperity of his subjects his only object, and the acquisition of knowledge his only means to obtain it,—I do confess that my mental sight refused even to perceive his frailties, and that I could almost have bent the knee in worship to a being whose benevolence was so pervading a spirit, and whose power was so glorious a minister to utility.

Toward the end of January I completed my mission, and took my leave of the court of Russia.

"Tell the regent," said Peter, "that I shall visit him in France soon, and shall expect to see his drawings if I show him my models."

In effect, the next month, (February 16,) the czar commenced his second course of travels. He was pleased to testify some regard for me on my departure. "If ever you quit the service of the French court, and your own does not require you, I implore you to come to me; I will give you *carte blanche* as to the nature and appointments of your *Éc.*"

I need not say that I expressed my gratitude for the royal condescension; nor that, in leaving Russia, I brought, from the example of its sovereign, a greater desire to be useful to mankind than I had known before. Pattern and teacher of kings, if each country, in each century, had produced one such ruler as you, either all mankind would *now* be contented with despotism, or all mankind would be free. O! when kings have only to be good, to be kept for ever in our hearts and souls as the gods and benefactors of the earth, by what monstrous stupidity have they been so blind to their fame! When we remember the millions, the generations, they can degrade, destroy, elevate, or save, we might almost think—even if the other riddles of the present existence did not require a future existence to solve them—we might almost think an hereafter *necessary*, were it but for the sole purpose of requiring the virtues of princes, or their sins.*

CHAPTER V.

Return to Paris—Interview with Bolingbroke—A gallant adventure—Affair with Dubois—Public life is a drama, in which private vices generally play the part of the scene-shifters.

It is a strange feeling we experience on entering this great city by night—a strange mixture of social and solitary impressions. I say by night, because at that time we are most inclined to feel; and the

* Upon his death-bed, Peter is reported to have said, "God, I dare trust, will look mercifully upon my faults, in consideration of the good I have done my country." These are worthy to be the last words of a king! Rarely as there has been a monarch who more required the forgiveness of the Creator; yet never, perhaps, has there been a human being who more deserved it.—Ed.

mind, less distracted than in the day, by external objects, dwells the more intensely upon its own hopes and thoughts, remembrances and associations; and sheds over them, from that one feeling which it cherishes the most, a blending and a mellowing hue.

It was at night that I re-entered Paris. I did not tarry long at my hotel, before (though near upon midnight) I conveyed myself to Lord Bolingbroke's lodgings. Knowing his engagements at St. Germain, where the chevalier (who had but a very few weeks before returned to France, after the crude and unfortunate affair of 1715) chiefly resided, I was not very sanguine in my hopes of finding him at Paris. I was, however, agreeably surprised. His servant would have ushered me into his study, but I was willing to introduce myself. I withheld the servant, and entered the room alone.

The door was ajar, and Bolingbroke neither heard nor saw me. There was something in his attitude and aspect which made me pause to survey him, before I made myself known. He was sitting by a table covered with books. A large folio (it was the Casaubon edition of Polybius) was lying open before him. I recognised the work at once; it was a favourite book with Bolingbroke, and we had often discussed the merits of its author. I smiled as I saw that that book, which has to statesmen so peculiar an attraction, made still the study from which the busy, restless, ardent, and exalted spirit of the statesman before me drew its intellectual food. But at the moment in which I entered, his eye was absent from the page, and turned abstractedly in an opposite though still downcast direction. His countenance was extremely pale, his lips were tightly compressed, and an air of deep thought, mingled, as it seemed to me, with sadness, made the ruling expression of his lordly and noble features. "It is the torpor of ambition after one of its storms," said I inly; and I approached and laid my hand on his shoulder.

After our mutual greetings, I said—"Have the dead so strong an attraction, that at this hour they detain the courted and courtly Bolingbroke from the admiration and converse of the living?"

The statesman looked at me earnestly; "Have you heard the news of the day?" said he.

"How is it possible? I have but just arrived at Paris."

"You do not know, then, that I have resigned my office under the chevalier?"

"Resigned your office?"

"Resigned is a wrong word—I received a dismissal. Immediately on his return the chevalier sent for me—embraced me—desired me to prepare to follow him to Lorraine; and three days afterward came the Duke of Ormond to me, to ask me to deliver up the seals and papers. I put the latter very carefully in a little letter case, and *voilà* an end to the administration of Lord Bolingbroke. The Jacobites abuse me terribly—their king accuses me of neglect, incapacity, and treachery—and fortune pulls down the fabric she had built for me, in order to pelt me with the stones!"

"My dear, dear friend, I am indeed grieved for you; but I am more incensed at the infatuation of the chevalier. Surely, surely, he must already have seen his error, and solicited your return."

"Return!" cried Bolingbroke, and his eyes flashed fire; "return!—Hear what I said to the queen-mother, who came to me to attempt a reconciliation: 'Madam,' said I, in a tone as calm as I could command, 'if ever this hand draws the sword, or employs the pen, in behalf of that prince, may it rot!' Return! not if my head were the price of refusal!—Yet, Devereux," (and here Bolingbroke's voice and manner changed,) "yet it is not at these tricks of fate that a wise man will repine. We do right to cultivate honours; they are sources of gratification to ourselves: they are more—they are incentives to the conduct which works benefit to others; but we do wrong to afflict ourselves at their loss. *Nec querere nec spernere honores oportet*. It is good to enjoy the blessings of fortune; it is better to submit without a pang to their loss. You remember, when you left me, I was preparing myself for this stroke; believe me, I am now prepared."

And in truth Bolingbroke bore the ingratitude of the chevalier well. Soon afterward he carried his long cherished wishes for retirement into effect; and fate, who delights in reversing her disk, leaving in darkness what she had just illumined, and illumining what she had hitherto left in obscurity and gloom, for a long interval separated us from each other, no less by his seclusion than by the publicity to which she condemned myself.

Lord Bolingbroke's dismissal was not the only event affecting me that had occurred during my absence from France. Among the most active partisans of the chevalier, in the expedition of Lord Mar, had been Montreuil. So great, indeed, had been either his services or the idea entertained of their value, that a reward of extraordinary amount was offered for his head. Hitherto he had escaped, and was supposed to be still in Scotland.

But what affected me more nearly was the condition of Gerald's circumstances. On the breaking out of the rebellion, he had been suddenly seized, and detained in prison; and it was only upon the escape of the chevalier that he was released: nothing had, however, been apparently proved against him: and my absence from the head quarters of intelligence, left me in ignorance, both of the grounds of his imprisonment, and the circumstances of his release.

I heard, however, from Bolingbroke, who seemed to possess some of that information which the ecclesiastical *intriguants* of the day so curiously transmitted from court to court, and corner to corner, that Gerald had retired to Devereux Court, in great disgust at his confinement. However, when I considered his bold character, his close intimacy with Montreuil, and the genius for intrigue which that priest so eminently possessed, I was not much inclined to censure the government for unnecessary precaution in his imprisonment.

There was another circumstance connected with the rebellion, which possessed for me an individual and deep interest. A man of the name of Barnard had been executed in England for seditious and treasonable practices. I took especial pains to ascertain every particular respecting him. I learned that he was young, of inconsiderable note, but esteemed clever; and had, long previously to the death of the queen, been secretly employed by the friends of the chevalier. This circumstance occasioned me much internal emotion, though there could be no doubt that the Barnard whom I had

such cause to execrate, had only borrowed from this minion the disguise of his name.

The regent received me with all the graciousness and complaisance for which he was so remarkable. To say the truth, my mission had been extremely fortunate in its results; the only cause in which the regent was concerned, the interests of which Peter the Great appeared to disregard, was that of the chevalier: but I had been fully instructed on that head anterior to my legation.

There appears very often to be a sort of moral fitness between the beginning and the end of certain alliances or acquaintances. This sentiment is not very clearly expressed. I am about to illustrate it by an important event in my political life. During my absence, Dubois had made rapid steps toward being a great man. He was daily growing into power, and those courtiers who were neither too haughty nor too honest to bend the knee to so vicious, yet able a minion, had already singled him out as a fit person to flatter and to rise by. For me, I neither sought nor avoided him; but he was as civil toward me as his *brusque* temper permitted him to be toward most persons: and as our careers were not likely to cross one another, I thought I might reckon on his neutrality, if not on his friendship. Chance turned the scale against me.

One day I received an anonymous letter, requesting me to be, at such an hour, at a certain house in the Rue ——. It occurred to me as an improbable supposition that the appointment might relate to my individual circumstances, whether domestic or political, and I certainly had not at the moment any ideas of gallantry in my brain. At the hour prescribed, I appeared at the place of designation. My mind misgave me when I saw a female conduct me into a little chamber, hung with tapestry, descriptive of the loves of Mars and Venus. After I had cooled my heels in this apartment for about a quarter of an hour, in sailed a tall woman, of a complexion almost *Moorish*. I bowed—the lady sighed. An *éclaircissement* ensued: and I found that I had the good fortune to be the object of a *caprice*, in the favourite mistress of the Abbé Dubois. Nothing was farther from my wishes. What a pity it is that one cannot always tell a woman one's mind!

I attempted a flourish about friendship, honour, and the respect due to the *amante* of the most intimate *ami* I had in the world.

"Pooh!" said the tawny Calypso, a little pettishly; "pooh! one does not talk of those things here."

"Madame," said I, very energetically, "I implore you to refrain. Do not excite too severe a contest between passion and duty! I feel that I must fly you—you are already too bewitching."

And I rose. To speak frankly, I did not wish to risk making a powerful enemy, for the sake of a woman whom I thought particularly plain. Not altogether of my mind was the tall lady. A farther conversation ensued, in the midst of which, in rushes the *femme de chambre*, and announces, not monsieur the abbé, but monseigneur the regent. Of course (the old resort in such cases) I was thrust into a closet; in marches his royal highness, and is received very cavalierly. It is quite astonishing to me what airs those women give themselves, when they have princes to manage! However, my confinement was not long—the

closet had another door—the *femme de chambre* slips round, opens it, and I congratulate myself on my escape.

When a Frenchwoman is piqued, she passes all understanding: for my part, I think those very all women, especially with that sultry, Moorish tinge in them, are——. Well, it's no matter. The next day I am very quietly employed at breakfast, when my valet ushers in a masked personage, and behold my gentlewoman again! Human endurance will not go too far, and this was a case which required one to be in a passion one way or the other; so I feigned anger, and talked with exceeding dignity about the predicament I had been placed in, the day before.

"Such must always be the case," said I, "when one is weak enough to form an attachment to a lady who encourages so many others!"

"For your sake," said the tender dame, "for your sake, then, I will discard them all!"

There was something grand in this: it might have elicited a few strokes of pathos, when—never was there any thing so strangely provoking—the Abbé Dubois himself was heard in my ante-room. I thought this chance, but it was more; the good abbé, I afterward found, had traced cause for suspicion, and had come to pay me a visit of amatory police. I opened my dressing-room door, and thrust in the lady. "There," said I, "are the back-stairs, and at the bottom of the back-stairs is a door."

Would not any one have thought this hint enough? By no means; this very tall lady stooped to the littleness of listening, and instead of departing, stationed herself by the keyhole.

I never exactly learnt whether Dubois suspected the visit his mistress had paid me, or whether he merely surmised, from the spies or her escritoire, that she harboured an inclination toward me; in either case his policy was natural, and like himself.

He sat himself down—talked of the regent, of pleasure, of women, and, at last, of this very tall lady in question.

"*La pauvre diablesse*," said he, contemptuously, "I had once compassion on her: I have repented it ever since. You have no idea what a terrible creature she is—has such a wen in her neck—quite a *goutte*. *Mort diable!*" (and the abbé spat on his handkerchief.) "I would sooner have a *liaison* with the witch of Endor!"

Not content with this, he went on in his usual gross and displeasing manner to enumerate or to forge those various particulars of her personal charms, which he thought most likely to steel me against her attractions. "Thank heaven, at least," thought I, "that she has gone."

Scarcely had this pious gratulation flowed from my heart, before the door was burst open, and a pale—trembling—eyes on fire—hands clenched—forth stalked the lady in question. A wonderful proof how much sooner a woman would lose her character, than allow it to be called not worth the losing. She entered; and had all the furies of Hades lent her their tongues she could not have been more eloquent. It would have been a very pleasant scene, if one had not been a partner in it. The old abbé, with his keen astute marked face, struggling between surprise, fear, the sense of the ridiculous, and the certainty of losing his mistress; the lady—foaming at the mouth, and shaking her clenched hand most menacingly at her traducer—

myself endeavouring to pacify, and acting, as one does at such moments, mechanically—though one flatters one's-self afterward that one acted solely from wisdom.

But the abbé's mistress was by no means content with vindicating herself—she retaliated, and gave so minute a description of the abbé's own qualities and graces, coupled with so many pleasing illustrations, that in a very little time his coolness forsook him, and he grew in as great a rage as herself. At last she flew out of the room. The abbé, trembling with passion, shook me most cordially by the hand, grinned from ear to ear, said it was a capital joke, wished me good by, as if he loved me better than his eyes, and left the house, my most irreconcilable and bitter foe!

How could it be otherwise? The rivalry the abbé might have forgiven—such things happened every day to him—but the having been made so egregiously ridiculous, the abbé, in common humanity of nature, could not forgive; and the abbé's was a critical age for jesting on these matters—sixty or so. And then such unpalatable sarcasms on his appearance! "It's all over in that quarter," said I to myself, "but we may find another," and I drove out that very day to pay my respects to the regent.

What a pity it is that one's pride should so often be the bane of one's wisdom! Ah! that one could be as good a man of the world in practice, as one is in theory! My master stroke of policy at that moment would evidently have been this: I should have gone to the regent, and made out a story a little similar to the real one, but with this difference, all the ridicule of the situation should have fallen upon me, and the little Dubois should have been elevated on a pinnacle of respectable appearances. This, as the regent told the abbé every thing, would have saved me. I saw the plan, but was too proud to adopt it; I followed another course in my game: I threw away the knave, and played with the king, i. e. with the regent. After a little preliminary conversation, I turned the conversation on the abbé.

"Ah, the *scélérat!*" said Philip, smiling, "'tis a sad dog, but very clever and *loves me*; he would be incomparable, if he were but decently honest."

"At least," said I, "he is no hypocrite, and that is some praise."

"Hem!" ejaculated the duc, very slowly, and then, after a pause, he said, "Count, I have real kindness for you, and I will therefore give you a piece of advice: think as well of Dubois as you can, and address him as if he were all you endeavoured to fancy him."

After this hint, which in the mouth of any prince but Philip of Orleans would have been not a little remarkable for its want of dignity, my prospects did not seem much brighter: however, I was not discouraged.

"The abbé," said I, respectfully, "is a choleric man: one *may* displease him; but dare I hope that, so long as I preserve inviolate my zeal and my attachment to the interests and the person of your highness, no—"

The regent interrupted me. "You mean nobody shall successfully misrepresent you to me. No, count," (and here the regent spoke with the earnestness and dignity, which, when he did assume, few wore with a nobler grace)—"no, count, I make a distinction between those who minister

to the state and those who minister to me. I consider your services too valuable to the former to put them at the mercy of the latter. And now that the conversation has turned upon business, I wish to speak to you about this scheme of *Gortz*."

After a prolonged conference with the regent upon matters of business, in which his deep penetration into human nature not a little surprised me, I went away, thoroughly satisfied with my visit. I should not have been so had I added to my other accomplishments the gift of prophecy.

Above five days after this interview, I thought it would be but prudent to pay the *Abbé Dubois* one of those visits of homage which it was already become policy to pay him. "If I go," thought I, "it will seem as if nothing had happened; if I stay away, it will seem as if I attached importance to a scene I should appear to have forgotten."

It so happened that the *abbé* had a very unusual visitor that morning in the person of the austere but admirable *Duc de St. Simon*. There was a singular, and almost invariable, distinction in the regent's mind between one kind of regard and another. His regard for one order of persons always arose either out of his vices or his indolence; his regard for another, out of his good qualities and his strong sense. The *Duc de St. Simon* held the same place in the latter species of affection that *Dubois* did in the former. The duc was just coming out of the *abbé's* closet as I entered the ante-room. He paused to speak to me, while *Dubois*, who had followed the duc out, stopped for one moment, and surveyed me with a look like a thunder cloud. I did not appear to notice it, but *St. Simon* did.

"That look," said he, as *Dubois*, beckoning to a gentleman to accompany him to his closet, once more disappeared, "that look bodes you no good, count."

Pride is an elevation which is a spring-board at one time, and a stumbling-block at another. It was with me more often the stumbling-block than the spring-board. "Monseigneur le Duc," said I, haughtily enough, and rather in too loud a tone, considering the chamber was pretty full, "in no court to which Morton Devereux proffers his services shall his fortune depend upon the looks of a low-born, insolent, or a profligate priest."

St. Simon, who was both very bitter and very fond of *la haute naissance*, smiled sardonically. "Monsieur le compte," said he, rather civilly, "I honour your sentiments, and I wish you success in the world—and a lower voice."

I was going to say something by way of retort, for I was in a very bad humour, but I checked myself; "I need not," thought I, "make two enemies, if I can help it."

"I shall never," I replied gravely, "I shall never despair, so long as the *Duc de St. Simon* lives, of winning by the same arts the favour of princes and the esteem of good men."

The duc was flattered, and replied suitably, but he very soon afterward went away. I was resolved that I would not go till I had fairly seen what sort of reception the *abbé* would give me. I did not wait long—he came out of his closet, and, standing in his usual rude manner with his back to the fire-place, received the addresses and compliments of his visitors. I was not in a hurry to present myself,—but I did so at last with a familiar, yet rather respectful air. *Dubois* looked at me from head to foot, and abruptly turning his back upon

me, said with an oath, to a courtier who stood next to him,—“The plagues of Pharaoh are come again—only instead of Egyptian frogs in our chambers, we have the still more troublesome guests—English adventurers!”

Somehow or other my compliments rarely tell; I am lavish enough of them, but they generally have the air of sarcasms; thank heaven, however, no one can accuse me of ever wanting a rude answer to a rude speech. “Ha! ha! ha!” said I now, in answer to *Dubois*, with a courteous laugh, “you have an excellent wit, *abbé*. A propos of adventures, I met a *Monsieur St. Laurent*, principal of the Institution of *St. Michael*, the other day,—‘Count,’ said he, hearing I was going to Paris, ‘you can do me an especial favour!’ ‘What is it?’ said I. ‘Why a cast off valet of mine is living at Paris—a terrible little scoundrel, who has off with an old coat of mine. I understand he gives himself great airs, and calls himself an *abbé* and a gentleman; but pray, if ever you see him, give him a good horse-whipping on my account—his name is *William Dubois*.’ ‘Depend upon it,’ answered I to *Monsieur St. Laurent*, ‘that if he is servant to any one not belonging to the royal family, I will fulfil your errand, and horsewhip him soundly; if in the service of the royal family, why respect for his masters may oblige me to content myself with putting all persons on their guard against a little rascal, who retains, in all situations, the manners of the apothecary’s son, and the roguery of the director’s valet.’”

All the time I was relating this charming little anecdote, it would have been amusing to the last degree, to note the horrified countenances of the surrounding gentlemen. *Dubois* was too confounded, too aghast to interrupt me, and I left the room before a single syllable was uttered. Had *Dubois* at that time been what he was afterward—cardinal and prime minister, I should in all probability have had permanent lodgings in the Bastille in return for my story. Even as it was, the *abbé* was not so grateful as he ought to have been, for my taking so much pains to amuse him. Despite of my anger on leaving the favourite, I did not forget my prudence, and accordingly I hastened to the prince. When the regent admitted me, I flung myself on my knee, and told him, verbatim, all that had happened. The regent, who seems to have had very little real liking for *Dubois*, could not help laughing when I ludicrously described to him the universal consternation my anecdote had excited.

“Courage, *mon cher comte*,” said he, kindly, “you have nothing to fear; return home and count upon an embassy!”

I relied on the royal word, returned to my lodgings, and spent the evening with *Chauvelin* and *Fontenelle*. The next day the *Duc de St. Simon* paid me a visit. After a little preliminary conversation, he unburdened the secret with which he was charged. I was desired to leave Paris in forty-eight hours.

“Believe me,” said *St. Simon*, “that this message was not intrusted to me by the regent,

* On the death of *Dubois*, he wrote to the Count de *Nocé*, whom he had banished for an indiscreet expression against the favourite, uttered at one of the regent’s private suppers: “With the beast dies the venom: I expect you to-night to supper at the *Palais Royal*.”

without great reluctance. He sends you many condescending and kind messages; says, he shall always both esteem and like you, and hopes to see you again, some time or other, at the Palais Royal. Moreover, he desires the message to be private, and has intrusted it to me in especial, because fearing that I had a kindness for you, and knowing I had a hatred for Dubois, he thought I should be the least unwelcome messenger of such disagreeable tidings. 'To tell you the truth, St. Simon,' said the regent, laughing, 'I only consent to have him banished, from a firm conviction, that I do not, Dubois will take some opportunity of having him beheaded.' "

"Pray," said I, smiling with a tolerable good grace, "pray give my most grateful and humble thanks to his highness, for his very considerate and kind foresight. I could not have chosen better for myself than his highness has chosen for me: my only regret on quitting France is, at leaving a prince so affable as Philip, and a courtier so virtuous as St. Simon."

Though the good duc went every year to the abbey de la Trappe, for the purpose of mortifying his sins and preserving his religion in so impious an atmosphere as the Palais Royal, he was not above flattery; and he expressed himself toward me with particular kindness after my speech.

At court, one becomes a sort of human ant bear, and learns to catch one's prey by one's tongue.

After we had eased ourselves a little by abusing Dubois, the duc took his leave in order to allow me time to prepare for my "journey," as he politely called it. Before he left, he however asked me whither my course would be bent? I told him, that I should take my chance with the Czar Peter, and see if his czarship thought the same esteem was due to the disgraced courtier as to the favoured diplomatist.

That night I received a letter from St. Simon, enclosing one addressed with all due form to the czar. "You will consider the enclosed," wrote St. Simon, "a fresh proof of the regent's kindness to you; it is a most flattering testimonial in your favour, and cannot fail to make the czar anxious to secure your services."

I was not a little touched by this kindness, so unusual in princes to their discarded courtiers, and this entirely reconciled me to a change of scene, which, indeed, under any other circumstances, my somewhat morbid love for action and variety would have induced me rather to relish than dislike.

Within thirty-six hours from the time of dismissal, I had turned my back upon the French capital, and was moralizing most sagely on the observation I made as a preface to this narrative of the causes of my departure, viz. "that there appears very often to be a sort of moral fitness between the beginning and end of certain alliances, or acquaintances." It was indeed meet that the royal favour toward me, that had commenced in a rothel, should be terminated by a harlot.

CHAPTER VI.

A long interval of years—A change of mind and its causes.

THE last accounts received of the czar had reported him to be at Dantzic. He had, however,

quitted that place when I arrived there. I lost no time in following him, and presented myself to his majesty one day after his dinner, when he was sitting with one leg in the czarina's lap, and a bottle of the best *eau de vie* before him. I had chosen my time well; he received me most graciously, read my letter from the regent—about which, remembering the fate of Bellerophon, I had had certain apprehensions, but which proved to be, in the highest degree, complimentary—and then declared himself extremely happy to see me again. However parsimonious Peter generally was toward foreigners, I never had ground for personal complaint on that score. The very next day I was appointed to a post of honour and profit about the royal person; from this I was transferred to a military station, in which I rose with great rapidity; and I was only occasionally called from my warlike duties, to be intrusted with diplomatic missions of the highest confidence and importance.

It is this portion of my life—a portion of nine years, to the time of the czar's death—that I shall, in this history, the most concentrate and condense. In truth, were I to dwell upon it at length, I should make little more than a mere record of political events—differing, in some respects, it is true, from the received histories of the time, but containing nothing to compensate, in utility, for the want of interest. That this was the exact age for adventurers, Alberoni and Dubois are sufficient proofs. Never was there a more stirring, active, restless period—never one in which the genius of intrigue was so pervadingly at work. I was not less fortunate than my brethren. Although scarcely four-and-twenty when I entered the czar's service, my habits of intimacy with men much older—my customary gravity, reserve, and thought—my freedom, since Laura's death, from youthful levity or excess—my early entrance into the world—and a countenance prematurely marked with the lines of reflection, and sobered by its hue—made me appear considerably older than I was. I kept my own counsel, and affected to be so; youth is a great enemy to one's success; and more esteem is often bestowed upon a wrinkled brow than a plodding brain.

All the private intelligence which, during this space of time, I had received from England, was far from voluminous. My mother still enjoyed the quiet of her religious retreat. A fire, arising from the negligence of a servant, had consumed nearly the whole of Devereux Court, (the fine old house! till that went, I thought even England held one friend.) Upon this accident, Gerald had gone to London; and though there was now no doubt of his having been concerned in the rebellion of 1715, he had been favourably received at court, and was already renowned throughout London for his pleasures, his excesses, and his munificent profusion.

Montreuil, whose lot seemed to be always to lose, by intrigue, what he gained by the real solidity of his genius, had embarked very largely in the rash but gigantic schemes of Gortz and Alberoni; schemes which, had they succeeded, would not only have placed a new king upon the English throne, but wrought an utter change over the whole face of Europe. With Alberoni and with Gortz fell Montreuil. He was banished France and Spain; the penalty of death awaited him in Britain; and he was supposed to have thrown

himself into some convent in Italy, where his name and his character were unknown. In this brief intelligence was condensed all my information of the actors in my first scenes of life. I return to that scene on which I had now entered.

At the age of thirty-three, I had acquired a reputation sufficient to content my ambition—my fortune was larger than my wants—I was a favourite in courts—I had been successful in camps—I had already obtained all that would have rewarded the whole lives of many men superior to myself in merit—more ardent than myself in desires. I was still young—my appearance, though greatly altered, manhood had rather improved than impaired. I had not forestalled my constitution by excesses, nor worn dry the sources of enjoyment by too large a demand upon their capacities; why was it then at that golden age—in the very prime and glory of manhood—in the very zenith and summer of success—that a deep, dark, pervading melancholy fell upon me? A melancholy so gloomy, that it seemed to me as a thick and impenetrable curtain drawn gradually between myself and the blessed light of human enjoyments. A torpor crept upon me—an indolent, heavy, clinging languor gathered over my whole frame—the physical and the mental: I sat for hours without book, paper, object, thought, gazing on vacancy—stirring not—feeling not—yes, feeling, but feeling only one sensation, a sick, sad, drooping despondency—a sinking in of the heart—a sort of gnawing within, as if something living were twisted round my vitals, and finding no other food, preyed, though with a sickly and dull maw, upon *them*. This disease came upon me slowly: it was not till the beginning of a second year from its obvious and palpable commencement, that it grew to the height that I have described. It began with a distaste to all that I had been accustomed to enjoy or to pursue. Music, which I had always passionately loved, though from some defect in the organs of hearing, I was incapable of attaining the smallest knowledge of the science, music lost all its diviner spells, all its properties of creating a new existence, a life of dreaming and vague luxuries, within the mind—it became only a monotonous sound, less grateful to the languor of my faculties, than an utter and dead stillness. I had never been what is generally termed a boon companion, but I had had the social vanities, if not the social tastes: I had insensibly loved the board which echoed with applause at my sallies, and the comrades who, while they deprecated my satire, had been complaisant enough to hail it as wit. One of my weaknesses is a love of show, and I had gratified a feeling not the less cherished because it arose from a petty source, in obtaining for my equipages, my mansion, my banquets, the celebrity which is given no less to magnificence than to fame; now I grew indifferent alike to the signs of pomp, and to the baubles of taste—praise fell upon a listless ear, and (rare pitch of satiety!) the pleasures that are the offspring of our foibles delighted me no more. I had early learned from Bolingbroke a love for the converse of men eminent, whether for wisdom or for wit; the graceful badinage, or the keen critique—the sparkling flight of the winged words which circled and rebounded from lip to lip, or the deep speculation upon the mysterious and unravelled wonders of man, of nature, and the world—the light maxim upon manners, or the sage inquiry into the mines

of learning; all and each had possessed a link to bind my temper and my tastes to the grace and fascination of social life. Now a new spirit entered within me: the smile faded from my lip, and the jest departed from my tongue; memory seemed no less treacherous than fancy, and deserted me the instant I attempted to enter into those contests of knowledge in which I had been not undistinguished before. I grew confused and embarrassed in speech—my words expressed a sense utterly different to that which I had intended to convey, and at last as my apathy increased, I sat at my own board, silent and lifeless, freezing into ice the very powers and streams of converse which I had once been the foremost to circulate and to warm.

At the time I refer to, I was minister at one of the small continental courts, where life is a round of unmeaning etiquette and wearisome ceremonials, a daily labour of trifles—a ceaseless pageantry of nothings;—I had been sent there upon one important event, the business resulting from it had soon ceased, and all the duties that remained for me to discharge were of a negative and passive nature. Nothing that could arouse—nothing that could occupy faculties that had for years been so perpetually wound up to a restless excitation, was left for me in this terrible reservoir of *ennui*. I had come thither at once from the skirmishing and wild warfare of a Tartar foe; a war in which, though the glory was obscure, the action was perpetual and exciting. I had come thither, and the change was as if I had passed from a mountain stream to a stagnant pool.

Society at this court reminded me of a state funeral, every thing was pompous and lugubrious, even to the drapery—even to the feathers—in other scenes consecrated to associations of levity or of grace; the hourly pageant swept on slow, tedious, mournful, and the object of the attendants was only to entomb the pleasure which they affected to celebrate. What a change for the wild, the strange, the novel, the intriguing, the varying life, which, whether in courts or camps, I had hitherto led. The internal change that came over myself is scarcely to be wondered at; the winds stood still, and the straw they had blown from quarter to quarter, whether in anger or in sport, began to moulder upon the spot where they had left it.

From this cessation of the aims, hopes, and thoughts of life, I was awakened by the spreading, as it were, of another disease—the dead, dull, searing pain at my heart, was succeeded by one acute and intense; the absence of thought gave way to one thought more terrible—more dark—more despairing than any which had haunted me since the first year of Isora's death; and from a numbness and pause, as it were, of existence, existence became too keen and intolerable a sense. I will enter into an explanation.

At the court of —, there was an Italian, not uncelebrated for his wisdom, nor unbeloved for an innocence and integrity of life, rarely indeed to be met with among his countrymen. The acquaintance of this man, who was about fifty years of age, and who was devoted, almost exclusively, to the pursuit of philosophical science, I had sedulously cultivated. His conversation pleased me; his wisdom improved me; and his benevolence, which reminded me of the traits of La Fontaine, it was so infantine, made me incline to love him. Upon the growth of the fearful malady of mind which

sized me, I had discontinued my visits and my invitations to the Italian; and Bezoni (so was he called) felt a little offended by my neglect. As soon, however, as he discovered my state of mind, a good man's resentment left him. He forced himself upon my solitude, and would sit by me whole evenings—sometimes without exchanging a word—sometimes with vain attempts to interest, to console, or to amuse me.

At last, one evening, it was the era of a fearful suffering to me, our conversation turned upon those subjects which are at once the most important, and the most rarely discussed. We spoke of religion. We first talked upon the theology of revealed religion. As Bezoni warmed into candour, he perceived that his doctrines differed from my own, and that he only disbelieved that divine creed which Christians profess to adore. From a dispute on the ground of faith, we came to one upon the more debatable ground of reason. We turned from the subject of revealed, to that of natural religion; and entered long and earnestly into that grandest of earthly speculations—the metaphysical proofs of the immortality of the soul. Again the sentiments of Bezoni were opposed to mine. He was a believer in the dark doctrine which teaches that man is dust, and that all things are forgotten in the grave. He expressed his opinions with a clearness and precision the more impressive because totally void of cavil and of rhetoric. I listened in silence, with a deep and most chilling dismay. Even now I think I see the man as he sat before me, the light of the lamp falling on his high forehead and dark features; even now I think I hear his calm, low voice—the silver voice of his country—stealing into my heart, and withering the only pure and unalloyed hope which I yet cherished there.

Bezoni left me, unconscious of the anguish he had bequeathed me, to think over all he had said. I did not sleep, nor even retire to bed. I laid my head upon my hands, and surrendered myself to turbulent, yet intense, reflection. Every man who has lived much in the world, and conversed with its various tribes, has, I fear, met with many who, on this momentous subject, profess the same tenets as Bezoni. But he was the first person I had met of that sect who had evidently thought long and deeply upon the creed he had embraced. He was not a voluptuary, nor a boaster, nor a wit. He had not been misled by the delusions either of vanity or of the senses. He was a man, pure, innocent, modest, full of all tender charities, and meek dispositions toward mankind; it was evidently his interest to believe in a future state: he could have had nothing to fear from it. Not a single passion did he cherish which the laws of another world could have condemned. Add to this, what I have never served before, that he was not a man fond of the display of intellect, or one that brought to the discussions of wisdom the artillery of wit. He was grave, humble, and self-diffident, beyond all beings. He would have given a kingdom to have found something in the advocate by which I could have condemned the cause: I could not, and I was wretched.

I spent the whole of the next week among my books. I ransacked whatever in my scanty library the theologians had written, or the philosophers had bequeathed upon that mighty secret. I arranged their arguments in my mind. I armed myself with their weapons. I felt my heart spring joyously within me as I felt the strength I had

acquired, and I sent to the philosopher to visit me, that I might conquer and confute him. He came: but he spoke with pain and reluctance. He saw that I had taken the matter far more deeply to heart than he could have supposed it possible in a courtier, and a man of fortune and the world. Little did he know of me or my secret soul. I broke down his reserve at last. I unrolled my arguments. I answered his, and we spent the whole night in controversy. He left me, and I was more bewildered than ever.

To speak truth, he had devoted years to the subject: I had devoted only a week. He had come to his conclusions step by step; he had reached the great ultimatum with slowness, with care, and, he confessed, with anguish and with reluctance. What a match was I, who brought a hasty temper, and a limited reflection, on that subject, to a reasoner like this! His candour staggered and chilled me even more than his logic. Arguments that occurred not to me upon my side of the question, he stated at length, and with force; I heard, and till he replied to them I deemed they were unanswerable; the reply came, and I had no counter word. A meeting of this nature was often repeated; and when he left me, tears crept into my wild eyes, and my heart melted within me, and I wept!

I must now enter more precisely than I have yet done into my state of mind upon religious matters at the time this dispute with the Italian occurred. To speak candidly, I had been far less shocked with his opposition to me upon matters of doctrinal faith, than with that upon matters of abstract reasoning. Bred a Catholic, though pride, consistency, custom made me externally adhere to my sect, I only perceived its errors, and smiled at its superstitions. And in the busy world, where so little but present objects, or *human* anticipations of the future, engross the attention, I had never given the subject that consideration, which would have (as it has since) enabled me to separate the dogmas of the priest from the precepts of the Saviour, and thus confirmed my belief as the Christian, by the very means which would have loosened it as the sectarian. So that at the time Bezoni knew me, a certain indifference to—perhaps arising from an ignorance of—doctrinal points, rendered me little hurt by arguments against opinions which I embraced indeed, but with a lukewarm and imperfect affection. But it was far otherwise upon abstract points of reasoning, far otherwise, when the hope of surviving this frail and most unhallowed being was to be destroyed. I might have been indifferent to cavil upon *what* was the word of God, but never to question of the justice of God himself. In the whole world, there was not a more ardent believer in our imperishable nature, nor one more deeply interested in the belief. Do not let it be supposed that because I have not often recurred to Isora's death, (or because I have continued my history in a jesting and light tone,) that that event ever passed from the memory which it had turned to bitterness and gall. Never, in the mazes of intrigue, in the festivals of pleasure, in the tumults of ambition, in the blaze of a licentious court, or by the rude tents of a barbarous host,—never, my buried love, had I forgotten thee! That remembrance, had no other cause existed, would have led me to God. Every night, in whatever toils or objects, whatever failures

or triumphs the day had been consumed,—every night, before I laid my head upon my widowed and lonely pillow, I had knelt down, and lifted my heart to Heaven, blending the hopes of that heaven with the memory and the vision of Isora. Prayer had seemed to me a commune not only with the living God, but with the dead by whom His dwelling is surrounded. Pleasant and soft was it to turn to one thought, to which all the holiest portions of my nature clung, between the wearying acts of this hard and harsh drama of existence. Even the bitterness of Isora's early and unavenged death passed away, when I thought of the heaven to which she was gone, and in which, though I journeyed now through sin and travail, and recked little if the paths of others differed from my own, I yet trusted, with a solemn trust, that I should meet her at last. There was I to requite her woes—there was I to reward her devotion—there was I to merit her with a love as undying, and at length as pure, as her own. It was this that at the stated hour in which, after my prayer to God for our reunion, I surrendered my spirit to the bright and wild visions of her far, but *not impassable* home,—it was this which for that single hour made all around me a paradise of delighted thoughts! It was not the little earth, nor the cold sky, nor the changing wave, nor the perishable turf—no, nor the dead wall, and the narrow chamber which were round me then! No dreamer ever was so far from the localities of flesh and life, as I was in that enchanted hour: a light seemed to settle upon all things round me; her voice murmured on my ear, her kisses melted on my brow; I shut my eyes, and I fancied that I beheld her!

Wherefore was this comfort?—whence came the spell which admitted me to this fairy land? What was the source of the hope, and the rapture, and the delusion? Was it not the deep certainty that *Isora yet existed*, that her spirit, her nature, her love were preserved, were inviolate, were the same? That they watched over me yet, that she knew that in that hour I was with her, that she felt my prayer, that even then she anticipated the moment when my soul should burst the human prison house, and be once more blended with her own?

What! and what this to be no more!—were those mystic and sweet revealings to be mute to me for ever? Were my thoughts of Isora to be henceforth bounded to the charnel house and the worm?—was she indeed *no more*? *No more*—O intolerable despair!—Why, there was not a thing I had once known, not a dog that I had caressed, not a book that I had read, which I could know that I should see *no more*, and, knowing, not feel something of regret. No more! were we indeed, parted for ever and for ever? Had she gone in her young years, with her warm affections, her new hopes, all green and unwithered at her heart, at once into dust, stillness, ice? And had I known her only for one year, one little year, to see her torn from me by a violent and bloody death, and to be left a mourner in this vast and eternal charnel without a solitary consolation or a gleam of hope? Was the earth to be henceforth a mere mass conjured from the bones, and fattened by the clay of our dead sires?—were the stars and the moon to be mere atoms and specks of a chill light, no longer worlds, which the ardent spirit might hereafter reach, and be fitted to enjoy? Was the heaven,

the tender, blue, loving heaven, in whose far regions I had dreamt was Isora's home, and had, therefore, grown better and happier when I gazed upon it, to be nothing but cloud and air? And had the love, which had seemed so immortal, and so springing from that which had not blent itself with mortality, been but a gross lamp fed only by the properties of a brute nature, and placed in a dark cell of clay, to glimmer, to burn, and to expire with the frail walls which it had illumined? Dust, death, worms,—were these all our heritage, all the heritage of love and hope, of thought, of passion, of all that breathed, and kindled, and exalted, and created within?

Could I contemplate this idea, could I believe it possible? *I could not*. But against the abstract the logical arguments for that idea—had I a reply? I shudder as I write that at *that* time I had not. I endeavoured to fix my whole thoughts to the study of those subtle reasonings which I had hitherto so imperfectly conned; but my mind was jarring, irresolute, bewildered, confused; my state seemed too vast to allow me coolness for the game.

Whoever has had cause for some refined and deep study in the midst of the noisy and busy world, may perhaps readily comprehend that feeling which now possessed me, a feeling that it was utterly impossible to abstract and concentrate our thoughts, while at the mercy of every intrusion and severed and fretful by every disturbance. Men, early and long accustomed to mingle their reflections with the avocations of courts and cities, have grown callous to these interruptions, and have been in the very heart of the multitude the profoundest speculations have been cherished and produced; but I was not of this mould. The world, which before had been distasteful, now grew insufferable; I longed for some seclusion, some utter solitude, some quiet and unpenetrated nook, that I might give my undivided mind to the knowledge of these things, and build the towers of divine reasonings by which I might ascend to heaven. It was at this time, and in the midst of my fiercest internal conflict, that the great died, and I was suddenly recalled to Rome. "Now," I said, when I heard of my release, "shall my wishes be fulfilled."

I sent to Bezoni. He came, but he refused. Indeed he had for some time done, to speak to me further upon the question which so wildly crossed me. "I forgive you," said I, when we parted, "I forgive you for all that you have cost me; I feel that the moment is now at hand when my faith shall frame a weapon wherewith to triumph over yours!"

Father in Heaven! thanks be to thee that my doubts were at last removed, and the cloud rolled away from my soul.

Bezoni embraced me and wept over me. "All good men," said he, "have a mighty interest in your success; for me there is nothing dark, even in the mute grave, if it covers the ashes of one who has loved and served his brethren, and done, with a wilful heart, no living creature wrong."

Soon afterward the Italian lost his life in attending the victims of a fearful and contagious disease, whom even the regular practitioners of the healing art hesitated to visit.

At this moment I am, in the strictest acceptance of the words, a believer and a Christian. I have

neither anxiety nor doubt upon the noblest and the most comforting of all creeds, and I am grateful, among the other blessings which faith has brought me—I am grateful that it has brought me **CHARITY!** Dark to all human beings was Beoni's doctrine—dark, above all, to those who have mourned on earth—so withering to all the hopes which cling the most enduringly to the heart, was his unhappy creed—that he who knows how inseparably, though insensibly, our moral legislation is woven with our supposed self-interest, will scarcely marvel at, even while he condemns, the unwise and unholy persecution which that creed

universally sustains! Many a most wretched hour, many a pang of agony and despair, did those doctrines inflict upon myself; but I know that the intention of Beoni was benevolence, and that the practice of his life was virtue: and while my reason tells me that God will not punish the reluctant and involuntary error of one to whom all God's creatures were so dear, my religion bids me hope that I shall meet him in that world where no error is, and where the Great Spirit to whom all human passions are unknown avenges the momentary doubt of His justice by a proof of the infinity of His mercy.

BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

The retreat.

I ARRIVED at St. Petersburg, and found the czarina, whose conjugal perfidy was more than suspected, tolerably resigned to the extinction of that dazzling life, whose incalculable and godlike utility it is reserved for posterity to appreciate, I had almost said, to adore! I have observed, by-the-way, that, in general, men are the less mourned by their families in proportion as they are the more mourned by the community. The great are seldom amiable; and those who are the least lenient to our errors are invariably our relations!

Many circumstances at that time conspired to make my request to quit the imperial service appear natural and appropriate. The death of the czar, joined to a growing jealousy and suspicion between the English monarch and Russia, which, though long existing, was now become more evident and notorious than heretofore, gave me full opportunity to observe that my pardon had been obtained from King George three years since, and that private as well as national ties rendered my return to England a measure not only of expediency, but necessity. The imperial Catherine granted me my dismissal in the most flattering terms, and added the high distinction of the order, founded in honour of the memorable feat by which she had saved her royal consort and the Russian army, to the order of St. Andrew, which I had already received.

I transferred my wealth, become immense, to England, and, with the pomp which became the rank and reputation fortune had bestowed upon me, I commenced the long land journey I had chalked out to myself. Although I had alleged my wish to revisit England as the main reason of my retirement from Russia, I had also expressed an intention of visiting and making a short *sojourn* in Italy, previous to my return to England. The physicians, indeed, had recommended to me that delicious climate, as an antidote to the ills my constitution had sustained in the freezing skies of the north; and in my own heart I had secretly appointed some more solitary part of the divine land for the scene of my purposed hermitage and seclusion. It is indeed astonishing, how those who have lived much in cold climates yearn for lands

of mellow light and summer luxuriance; and I felt for a southern sky the same resistless longing which sailors, in the midst of the vast ocean, have felt for the green fields and various landscape of the shore.

I traversed, then, the immense tracts of Russia—passed through Hungary—entered Turkey, which I had wished to visit, where I remained a short time; and, crossing the Adriatic, hailed, for the first time, the Ausonian shore. It was the month of May—that month, of whose lustrous beauty none in a northern climate can dream—that I entered Italy. It may serve as an instance of the power with which a thought that, however important, is generally deemed of too abstract and metaphysical a nature deeply to engross the mind, possessed me then, that I—no cold nor unenthusiastic votary of the classic muse—made no pilgrimage to city or ruin, but, after a brief sojourn at Ravenna, where I dismissed all my train, set out alone to find the solitary cell, for which I now sickened with a hermit's love.

It was at a small village at the foot of the Apennines, that I found the object of my search. Strangely enough, there blended with my philosophical ardour a deep mixture of my old romance. Nature, to whose voice the dweller in cities, and struggler with mankind, had been so long obtuse, now pleaded audibly at my heart, and called me to her embraces, as a mother calls unto her wearied child. My eye, as with a new vision, became opened to the mute yet eloquent loveliness of this most fairy earth;—and hill and valley—the mirror of silent waters—the sunny stillness of woods, and the old haunts of satyr and nymph—revived in me the fountains of past poetry, and became the receptacles of a thousand spells, mightier than the charms of any enchanter, save love—which was departed—youth, which was nearly gone—and nature, which, more vividly than ever, existed for me still.

I chose, then, my retreat. As I was fastidious in its choice, I cannot refrain from the luxury of describing it. Ah, little did I dream that I had come thither, not only to find a divine comfort, but the sources of a human and most passionate we! Mightiest of the Roman bards! in whom tenderness and reason were so entwined, and who didst sanctify even thine unholy errors with so beautiful

and rare a genius! what an invariable truth one line of thine has expressed: "Even in the fairest fountain of delight, there is a secret and evil spring eternally bubbling up and scattering its bitter waters over the very flowers which surround its margin!"

In the midst of a little and most glossy vale was a small cottage; that was my home. The good people there performed for me all the hospitable offices I required. At a neighbouring monastery I had taken the precaution to make myself known to the superior. Not all Italians—no, nor all monks—belong to either of the two great tribes into which they are generally divided—knaves or fools. The Abbot Anselmo was a man of rather a liberal and enlarged mind; he not only kept my secret, which was necessary to my peace, but he took my part, which was, perhaps, necessary to my safety. A philosopher, who desires only to convince himself, and upon one subject, does not require many books. Truth lies in a small compass; and, for my part, in considering any speculative subject, I would sooner have with me one book of Euclid, as a model, than all the Vatican, as authorities. But then I am not fond of drawing upon any resources but those of reason for reasonings; wiser men than I am are not so strict. The few books that I did require were, however, of a nature very illicit in Italy; the good father passed them to me from Ravenna, under his own protection. "I was a holy man," he said, "who wished to render the Catholic church a great service, by writing a vast book against certain atrocious opinions; and the works I read were, for the most part, works that I was about to confute." This report gained me protection and respect; and, after I had ordered my agent at Ravenna to forward to the excellent abbot a piece of plate, and a huge cargo of a rare Hungary wine, it was not the abbot's fault if I was not the most popular person in the neighbourhood.

But to my description:—my home was a cottage—the valley in which it lay was divided by a mountain stream, which came from the forest Apennine, a sparkling and wild stranger, and softened into quiet and calm as it proceeded through its green margin in the vale. And that margin, how dazzlingly green it was! At the distance of about a mile from my hut, the stream was broken into a slight waterfall, whose sound was heard distinct and deep in that still place: and often I paused, from my midnight thoughts, to listen to its enchanted and wild melody. The fall was unseen by the ordinary wanderer, for there the stream passed through a thick copse; and even when you pierced the grove, and gained the water-side, dark trees hung over the turbulent wave, and the silver spray was thrown upward through the leaves, and fell in diamonds upon the deep, green sod.

This was a most favoured haunt with me; the sun glancing through the idle leaves—the music of the water—the solemn absence of all other sounds, except the songs of birds, to which the ear grew accustomed, and, at last, in the abstraction of thought, scarcely distinguished from the silence—the fragrant herbs—and the unnumbered and nameless flowers which formed my couch—were all calculated to make me pursue uninterruptedly the thread of contemplation which I had, in the less voluptuous and harsher solitude of the closet, first

woven from the web of austere thought. I say pursue, for it was too luxurious and sensual a retirement for the conception of a rigid and severe train of reflection; at least it would have been so to me. But when the thought is *once born*, such scenes seem to me the most fit to cradle and to rear it. The torpor of the physical, appears to leave to the mental, frame a full scope and power—the absence of human cares, sounds, and intrusions, becomes the best nurse to contemplation; and even that delicious and vague sense of enjoyment which would seem, at first, more genial to the fancy than the mind, preserves the thought undisturbed, because contented; so that all but the scheming mind becomes lapped in sleep, and the mind itself lives distinct and active as a dream;—a dream, not vague, nor confused, nor unsatisfying, but endowed with more than the clearness, the precision, the vigour, of waking life.

A little way from this waterfall was a fountain, a remnant of a classic and golden age. Never did Naiad gaze in a more glassy mirror, or dwell in a more divine retreat. Through a crevice in an overhanging mound of the emerald earth, the father stream of the fountain crept out, born like Love, among flowers, and in the most sunny smiles; it then fell, broadening and glowing, into a marble basin, at whose bottom, in the shining noon, you might see a soil which mocked the very hues of gold, and the water insects, in their quaint shapes and unknown sports, grouping or gliding in the midmost wave. A small temple, of the lightest architecture, stood before the fountain; and, in a niche therein, a mutilated statue—possibly of the spirit of the place. By this fountain, my evening walk would linger till the short twilight melted away, and the silver wave trembled in the light of the western star. O! then, what feelings gathered over me as I turned slowly homeward; the air still, breathless, shining—the stars, gleaming over the woods of the far Apennine—the hills growing huger in the shade—the small insects humming on the wing—and, ever and anon, the swift bat, wheeling round and amid them—the music of the waterfall deepening on the ear; and the light and hour lending even a mysterious charm to the cry of the weird owl, flitting after its prey,—all this had a harmony in my thoughts, and a food for the meditations in which my days and nights were consumed. The world moulders away the fabric of our early nature, and solitude rebuilds it on a firmer base.

CHAPTER II.

The victory.

O EARTH! reservoir of life, over whose deep bosom brood the wings of the universal Spirit, shaking upon thee a blessing and a power—a blessing and a power to produce, and reproduce the living from the dead, so that our flesh is woven from the same atoms which were once the atoms of our sires, and the inexhaustible nutriment of existence is decay! O eldest and most solemn earth, blending even thy loveliness and joy with a terror and an awe! thy sunshine is girt with clouds, and circled with storm and tempest: thy day cometh from the womb of darkness, and returneth unto darkness, as man returns unto thy bosom. The green herb that laughs in the valley,

the water that sings merrily along the wood; the many-winged and all-searching air, which garners life as a harvest, and scatters it as a seed; all are pregnant with corruption, and carry the cradled death within them, as an oak banqueteth the destroying worm. But who that looks upon thee, and loves thee, and inhales thy blessings, will ever mingle too deep a moral with his joy? Let us not ask whence come the garlands that we wreath around our altars, or shower upon our feast: will they not bloom as brightly, and breathe with as rich a fragrance, whether they be plucked from the garden or the grave? O earth, my mother earth! dark sepulchre that closes upon all which the flesh bears, but vestibule of the vast regions which the soul shall pass, how leapt my heart within me when I first fathomed thy real spell!

Yes! never shall I forget the rapture with which I hailed the light that dawned upon me at last! Never shall I forget the suffocating—the full—the ecstatic joy, with which I saw the mightiest of all human hopes accomplished; and felt, as if an angel spoke, that there is a life beyond the grave! Tell me not of the pride of ambition—tell me not of the triumphs of science: never had ambition so lofty an end as the search after immortality! never had science so sublime a triumph as the conviction that immortality will be gained! I had been at my task the whole night,—pale alchemist, seeking from meaner truths to extract the greatest of all! At the first hour of day, lo! the gold was there: the labour, for which I would have relinquished life, was accomplished; the dove descended upon the waters of my soul. I fled from the house. I was possessed as with a spirit. I ascended a hill, which looked for leagues over the sleeping valley. A gray mist hung around me like a veil; I paused, and the great sun broke slowly forth; I gazed upon its majesty, and my heart swelled. “So rises the soul,” I said, “from the vapours of this dull being; but the soul waneth not, neither setteth it, nor knoweth it any night, save that from which it dawneth!”—The mists rolled gradually away, the sunshine deepened, and the face of nature lay in smiles, yet silently, before me. It lay before me, a scene that I had often witnessed, and hailed, and worshipped; *but it was not the same*: a glory had passed over it; it was steeped in a beauty and a holiness, in which neither youth, nor poetry, nor even love, had ever robed it before! The change which the earth had undergone was like that of some being we have loved—*when death is past, and from a mortal it becomes an angel!*

I uttered a cry of joy, and was then as silent as all around me. I felt as if henceforth there was a new compact between nature and myself. I felt as if every tree, and blade of grass, were henceforth to be eloquent with a voice, and instinct with a spell. I felt as if a religion had entered into the earth, and made oracles of all that the earth bears; the old fables of Dodona were to become realized, and *the very leaves* to be hallowed by a sanctity, and to murmur with a truth. I was no longer only a part of that which withers and decays; I was no longer a machine of clay, moved by a spring, and to be trodden into the mire which I had trod; I was no longer tied to humanity by links which could never be broken, and which, if broken, would avail me not. I was become, as by a miracle, a part of a vast, though unseen spirit. It was

not to the matter, but to the essences, of things that I bore kindred and alliance; the stars and the heavens resumed over me their ancient influence; and, as I looked along the far hills and the silent landscape, a voice seemed to swell from the stillness, and to say, “I am the life of these things, a spirit distinct from the things themselves. It is to me that you belong for ever and for ever; separate, but equally indissoluble; apart, but equally eternal!”

I spent the day upon the hills. It was evening when I returned. I lingered by the old fountain, and saw the stars rise, and tremble, one by one, upon the wave. The hour was that which Isora had loved the best, and that which the love of her had consecrated the most to me. And never, O, never, did it sink into my heart with a deeper sweetness, or a more soothing balm. I had once more knit my soul to Isora’s: I could once more look from the toiling and the dim earth, and forget that Isora had left me, in dreaming of our reunion. Blame me not, you who indulge in a religious hope more severe and more sublime—you who miss no footstep from the earth, nor pine for a voice that your human wanderings can hear no more—blame me not, you whose pulses beat not for the wild love of the created, but whose spirit languishes only for a nearer commune with the Creator—blame me not too harshly for my mortal wishes, nor think that my faith was the less sincere because it was tinted in the most unchanging dyes of the human heart, and indissolubly woven with the memory of the dead! Often from our weakness our strongest principles of conduct are born; and from the acorn, which a breeze has wafted, springs the oak which defies the storm.

The first intoxication and rapture consequent upon the reward of my labour passed away; but, unlike other excitation, it was followed not by languor, or a staid and torpid calm; a soothing and delicious sensation possessed me—my turbulent senses slept; and memory, recalling the world, rejoiced at the retreat which hope had acquired.

I now surrendered myself to a nobler philosophy than in crowds and cities I had hitherto known. I no longer satirized—I inquired; I no longer derided—I examined. I looked from the natural proofs of immortality to the written promise of our Father—I sought not to baffle men, but to worship truth—I applied myself more to the knowledge of good and evil—I bowed my soul before the loveliness of virtue; and though scenes of wrath and passion yet lowered in the future, and I was again speedily called forth—to act—to madden—to contend—perchance to sin—the image is still unbroken, and the votary has still an offering for its altar!

CHAPTER III.

The hermit of the well.

THE thorough and deep investigation of those principles from which we learn the immortality of the soul, and the nature of its proper ends, leads the mind through such a course of reflection and of study—it is attended with so many exalting, purifying, and, if I may so say, etherealizing thoughts, that I do believe no man has ever pursued it, and not gone back to the world a better

and a nobler man than he was before. Nay, so deeply must these elevating and refining studies be conned, so largely and sensibly must they enter the intellectual system, that I firmly think that even a sensualist who has only considered the subject with a view to convince himself that he is clay, and has therefore an excuse to the curious conscience for his grosser desires; nay, should he come to his wished for, yet desolate, conclusion, from which the abhorrent nature shrinks and recoils, I do nevertheless firmly think, should the study have been long and deep, that he would wonder to find his desires had lost their poignancy, and his objects their charm. He would descend from the Alp he had climbed to the low level on which he formerly deemed it a bliss to dwell, with the feeling of one who, having long drawn in high places an empyreal air, has become unable to inhale the smoke and the thick vapour he inhaled of yore. His soul, once aroused, would stir within him, though he felt it not, and, though he grew not a believer, he would cease to be only a voluptuary.

I meant at one time to have here stated the arguments which had perplexed me on one side, and those which afterward convinced me on the other. I do not do so for many reasons, one of which will suffice, viz. the evident and palpable circumstance that a dissertation of that nature would, in a biography like the present, be utterly out of place and season. Perhaps, however, at a later period of life, I may collect my own opinions on the subject into a separate work, and bequeath that work to future generations, upon the same conditions as the present memoir.

One day I was favoured by a visit from one of the monks at the neighbouring abbey. After some general conversation, he asked me if I had yet encountered the Hermit of the Well? "No," said I, "and I was going to add, that I have not even heard of him, but I now remember that the good people of the house have more than once spoken to me of him as a rigid and self-mortifying recluse."

"Yes," said the holy friar; "heaven forbid that I should say aught against the practice of the saints and pious men to deny unto themselves the lusts of the flesh, but such penances may be carried too far. However, it is an excellent custom, and the Hermit of the Well is an excellent creature. *Santa Maria!* what delicious stuff is that Hungary wine your scholarship was pleased to bestow upon our father abbot. He suffered me to taste it the eve before last. I had been suffering with a pain in the reins, and the wine acted powerfully upon me as an efficacious and inestimable medicine. Do you find, my son, that it bore the journey to your lodging here, as well as it bore it to the convent cellars?"

"Why, really, my father, I have none of it here; but the people of the house have a few flasks of a better wine than ordinary, if you will deign to taste it in lieu of the Hungary wine."

"Oh—oh!" said the monk, groaning, "my reins trouble me much—perhaps the wine may comfort me!" and the wine was brought.

"It is not of so rare a flavour as that you sent to our reverend father," said the monk, wiping his mouth with his long sleeve. "Hungary must be a charming place—is it far from hence?—It joins the heretical—I pray your pardon—it joins the continent of England, I believe?"

"Not exactly, father; but whatever its topogra-

phy, it is a rare country—for those who like it! But tell me of this Hermit of the Well. How long has he lived here—and how came he by his appellation? Of what country is he—and of what birth?"

"You ask me too many questions at once, my son. The country of the holy man is a mystery to us all. He speaks the Tuscan dialect well, but with a foreign accent. Nevertheless, though the wine is not of Hungary, it has a pleasant flavour. I wonder how the rogues kept it so snugly from the knowledge and comfort of their pious brethren of the monastery."

"And how long has the hermit lived in your vicinity?"

"Nearly eight years, my son. It was one winter's evening that he came to our convent in the dress of a worldly traveller, to seek our hospitality, and a shelter for the night, which was inclement and stormy. He stayed with us a few days, and held some conversation with our father abbot; and one morning, after roaming in the neighbourhood to look at the old stones and ruins, which is the custom of travellers, he returned, put into our box some certain alms, and two days afterward he appeared in the place he now inhabits, and in the dress he assumes."

"And of what nature, my father, is the phae, and of what fashion the dress?"

"Holy St. Francis!" exclaimed the father, with a surprise so great, that I thought at first it related to the wine, "holy St. Francis—have you not seen the well yet?"

"No, father, unless you speak of the fountain about a mile and a quarter distant."

"Tush—tush!" said the good man, "what ignorances you travellers are; you affect to know what kind of slippers Prester John wears, and to have been admitted to the bed-chamber of the pagoda of China; and yet, when one comes to sound you, you are as ignorant of every thing a man of real learning knows as an Englishman is of his missal. Why, I thought that every fool in every country had heard of the holy well of St. Francis, situated exactly two miles from our famous convent, and that every fool in the neighbourhood had seen it."

"What the fools, my father, whether in this neighbourhood or any other, may have heard or seen, I, who profess not ostensibly to belong to so goodly an order, cannot pretend to know; but be assured that the holy well of St. Francis is as unfamiliar to me as the pagoda of China—God bless him—is to you."

Upon this, the learned monk, after expressing due astonishment, offered to show it to me; and as I thought I might, by acquiescence, get rid of him the sooner, and as, moreover, I wished to see the abbot, to whom some books for me had been lately sent, I agreed to the offer.

The well, said the monk, lay not above a mile out of the customary way to the monastery; and after we had finished the flask of wine, we sallied out on our excursion,—the monk upon a stately and strong ass—myself on foot.

The abbot had, on granting me his friendship and protection, observed that I was not the only stranger and recluse on whom his favour was bestowed. He had then mentioned the Hermit of the Well as an eccentric and strange being, who lived an existence of rigid penance, harmless to

there, painful only to himself. This story had been confirmed in the few conversations I had ever interchanged with my host and hostess, who seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in talking of the solitary; and from them I had heard also many anecdotes of his charity toward the poor, and his attention to the sick. All these circumstances came into my mind as the good monk indulged his loquacity upon the subject, and my curiosity became, at last, somewhat excited respecting my fellow recluse.

I now learned from the monk that the post of Hermit of the Well was an office of which the present anchorite was by no means the first tenant. The well was one of those springs, frequent in Catholic countries, to which a legend and a sanctity are attached; and twice a year, once in the spring, once in the autumn, the neighbouring peasants flocked thither, on a stated day, to drink, and lose their diseases. As the spring most probably did possess some medicinal qualities, a few extraordinary cures had occurred; especially among those pious persons who took not biennial, but constant, draughts;—and to doubt its holiness was downright heresy.

Now, hard by this well was a cavern, which, whether first formed by nature or art, was now, upon the whole, constructed into a very commodious abode; and here, for years beyond the memory of man, some solitary person had fixed his abode, to dispense and to bless the water, to be exceedingly well fed by the surrounding peasants, to wear a long gown of serge or sackcloth, and to be called the Hermit of the Well. So fast as each succeeding anchorite died there were enough candidates eager to supply his place; for it was no bad *métier* to some penniless impostor to become the quack and patentee of a holy specific. The choice of these candidates always rested with the superior of the neighbouring monastery; and it is not impossible that he made an indifferently good per centage upon the annual advantages of his protection and choice.

At the time the traveller appeared, the former hermit had just departed this life, and it was, therefore, to the vacancy thus occasioned, that he had procured himself to be elected. The incumbent appeared quite of a different mould from the former occupants of the hermitage. He accepted, it is true, the gifts laid at regular periods upon a huge stone between the hermitage and the well, but he distributed among the donors alms far more profitable than their gifts. He entered no village, borne upon an ass laden with twin sacks, for the purpose of sanctimoniously robbing the inhabitants; no profane songs were ever heard resounding from his dwelling by the peasant incautiously lingering at a late hour too near its vicinity; my guide, the monk, complained bitterly of his unsociability, and no scandalous legend of nymphlike comforters and damsel visitants, haunting the sacred dwelling, escaped from the garrulous friar's well loaded budget.

"Does he study much?" said I, with the interest of a student.

"I fear me not," quoth the monk. "I have had occasion often to enter his abode, and I have examined all things with a close eye—for, praised be the Lord, I have faculties more than ordinarily clear and observant—but I have seen no books therein, excepting a missal and a Latin or Greek

Testament, I know not well which—nay, so incurious or unlearned is the holy man, that he rejected even a loan of the 'Life of St. Francis,' notwithstanding it has many and rare pictures, to say nothing of its most interesting and amazing tales."

More might the monk have said, had we not now suddenly entered a thick and sombre wood. A path cut through it was narrow, and only capable of admitting a traveller on foot or horseback; and the boughs over head were so darkly interlaced that the light scarcely, and only in broken and erratic glimmerings, pierced the canopy.

"It is the wood," said the monk, crossing himself, "wherein the wonderful adventure happened to St. Francis, which I will one day narrate at length to you."

"And we are near the well, I suppose?" said I.

"It is close at hand," answered the monk.

In effect we had not proceeded above fifty yards before the path brought us into a circular space of green sod, in the midst of which was a small square stone building, of plain, but not inelegant, shape, and evidently of great antiquity. At one side of this building was an iron handle, for the purpose of raising water, which casts itself into a stone basin, to which was affixed, by a strong chain, an iron cup. An inscription, in monkish Latin, was engraved over the basin, requesting the traveller to pause and drink, and importing that what that water was to the body, faith was to the soul; near the cistern was a rude seat, formed by the trunk of a tree. The door of the well-house was of iron, and secured by a chain and lock; perhaps the pump was so contrived that only a certain quantum of the sanctified beverage could be drawn up at a time, without application to some mechanism within: and wayfarers were thereby prevented from helping themselves *ad libitum*, and thus depriving the anchorite of the profit and the necessity of his office.

It was certainly a strange, lonely, and wild place; the green sward round as a fairy ring, in the midst of trees, which, black, close, and huge, circled it like a wall; and the solitary gray building in the centre, gaunt and cold, and startling the eye with the abruptness of its appearance, and the strong contrast made by its wan hues to the dark verdure and forest gloom around it.

I took a draught of the water, which was very cold and tasteless, and reminded the monk of his disorder in the reins, to which a similar potation might possibly be efficacious. To this suggestion the monk answered that he would certainly try the water some other time; but that at present the wine he had drunk might pollute its divine properties. So saying, he turned off the conversation by inviting me to follow him to the hermitage.

In our way thither he pointed out a large fragment of stone, and observed that the water would do me evil instead of good if I forgot to remunerate its guardian. I took the hint, and laid a piece of silver on the fragment.

A short journey through the wood brought us to the foot of a hill covered with trees, and having at its base a strong stone door, the entrance to the excavated home of the anchorite. The monk gently tapped thrice at this door, but no answer came. "The holy man is from home," said he, "let us return."

We did so; and the monk, keeping behind me, managed, as he thought, unseen, to leave the stone

as naked as we had found it! We now struck through another path in the wood, and were soon at the convent. I did not lose the opportunity to question the abbot respecting his tenant. I learnt from him little more than the particulars I have already narrated, save that in concluding his details, he said:

"I can scarcely doubt but that the hermit is, like yourself, a person of rank; his bearing and his mien appear to denote it. He has given, and gives yearly, large sums to the uses of the convent; and, though he takes the customary gifts of the pious villagers, it is only by my advice, and for the purpose of avoiding suspicion. Should he be considered rich, it might attract cupidity; and there are enough bold hands and sharp knives in the country to place the wealthy and the unguarded in some peril. Whoever he may be—for he has not confided his secret to me—I do not doubt but that he is doing penance for some great crime; and, whatever be the crime, I suspect that its earthly punishment is nearly over. The hermit is naturally of a delicate and weak frame, and year after year I have marked him sensibly wearing away; so that when I last saw him, three days since, I was shocked at the visible ravages which disease or penance had engraven upon him. If ever death wrote legibly, his characters are in that brow and cheek."

"Poor man! Know you not even whom to apprise of his decease when he is no more?"

"I do not yet; but the last time I saw him he told me that he found himself drawing near his end, and that he should not quit life without troubling me with one request."

After this the abbot spoke of other matters, and my visit expired.

Interested in the recluse more deeply than I acknowledged to myself, I found my steps insensibly leading me homeward by the more circuitous road which wound first by the holy well. I did not resist the impulse, but walked musingly onward by the waning twilight, for the day was now over, until I came to the well. As I emerged from the wood, I started involuntarily and drew back. A figure, robed from head to foot in a long sable robe, sat upon the rude seat beside the well; sat so still, so motionless, that coming upon it abruptly in that strange place, the heart beat irregularly at an apparition so dark in hue, and so deathlike in its repose. The hat, large, broad, and overhanging, which suited the costume, was lying on the ground: and the face, which inclined upward, seemed to woo the gentle air of the quiet and soft skies. I approached a few steps, and saw the profile of the countenance more distinctly than I had done before. It was of a marble whiteness; the features, though sharpened and attenuated by disease, were of surpassing beauty; the hair was exceedingly, almost effeminately, long, and hung in waves of perfect jet on either side; the mouth was closed firmly, and deep lines, or rather furrows, were traced from its corners to either nostril. The stranger's beard, of a hue equally black as the hair, was dishevelled and neglected, but not very long; and one hand, which lay on the sable robe, was so thin and wan you might have deemed the very starlight could have shone through it. I did not doubt that it was the recluse whom I saw; I drew near and accosted him.

"Your blessing, holy father, and your permission—taste the healing of your well."

Sudden as was my appearance, and abrupt my voice, the hermit evinced by no startled gesture a token of surprise. He turned very slowly round, cast upon me an indifferent glance, and said, in a sweet and very low tone,

"You have my blessing, stranger; there is water in the cistern—drink, and be healed."

I dipped the bowl in the basin, and took sparingly of the water. In the accent and tone of the stranger, my ear, accustomed to the dialects of many nations, recognized something English; I resolved, therefore, to address him in my native tongue, rather than the indifferent Italian in which I had first accosted him.

"The water is fresh and cooling; would, holy father, that it could penetrate to a deeper malady than the ills of flesh: that it could assuage the fever of the heart, or lave from the wearied mind the dust which it gathers from the mire and travail of the world."

Now the hermit testified surprise; but it was slight and momentary. He gazed upon me more attentively than he had done before, and said, after a pause,

"My countryman! and in this spot! It is not often that the English penetrate into places where no ostentatious celebrity dwells to sate curiosity and flatter pride. My countryman!—it is well, and perhaps fortunate. Yes," he said, after a second pause, "yes; it were indeed a boon, had the earth a fountain for the wounds which fester, and the disease which consumes within."

"The earth has oblivion, father, if not a cure."

"It is false!" cried the hermit, passionately, and starting wildly from his seat; "the earth has no oblivion. The grave—is *that* forgetfulness! No, no—*there is no grave for the soul!* The deeds pass—the flesh corrupts—but the memory passes not, and withers not. From age to age, from world to world, through eternity, throughout creation, it is perpetuated—an immortality—a curse—a hell!"

Surprised by the vehemence of the hermit, I was still more startled by the agonizing and ghastly expression of his face.

"My father," said I, "pardon me, if I have pressed upon a sore. I also have that within which, did a stranger touch it, would thrill my whole frame with torture, and I would fain ask from your holy soothing, and pious comfort, something of alleviation or of fortitude."

The hermit drew near to me; he laid his thin hand upon my arm, and looked long and wistfully in my face. It was then that a suspicion crept through me, which after observation proved to be true, that the wandering of those dark eyes, and the meaning of that blanched brow, were tinged with insanity.

"Brother, and fellow man," said he, mournfully, "hast thou in truth suffered? and dost thou still smart at the remembrance? We are friends then. If thou hast suffered as much as I have, I will fall down and do homage to thee as a superior; for pain has its ranks, and I think, at times, that none ever climbed the height that I have done. Yet you look not like one who has had nights of delirium, and days in which the heart lay in the breast, as a corpse endowed with consciousness might lie in the grave, feeling the worm gnaw it, and the decay corrupt, and yet incapable of resistance or of motion. Your cheek is thin, but firm; your eye is

naughty and bright; you have the air of one who has lived with men, and struggled and not been vanquished in the struggle. Suffered! No man, no—you have not suffered!"

"My father, it is not in the countenance that the graves her records. I have, it is true, contended with my fellows; and if wealth and honour be the premium, not in vain: but I have not contended with sorrow with a like success; and I stand before you, a being who, if passion be a tormentor, and the death of the loved a loss, has borne that which the most wretched will not envy."

Again a fearful change came over the face of the recluse—he grasped my arm more vehemently, "You speak my own sorrows—you utter my own curse—I will see you again—you may do my last will better than yon monks. Can I trust you?—if you have in truth known misfortune, I will!—I will—yea, even to the outpouring——. Merciful, merciful God, what would I say—what would I reveal!"

Suddenly changing his voice, he released me, and said, touching his forehead with a meaning gesture, and a quiet smile, "You say you are my rival in pain. Have you ever known the rage and despair of the heart mount *here*? It is a wonderful thing to be calm as I am now, when that rising makes itself felt in fire and torture!"

"If there be aught, father, which a man who cares not what country he visits, or what deed—so long as he be not of guilt or shame—he commits, can do toward the quiet of your soul, say it, and I will attempt your will."

"You are kind, my son," said the hermit, resuming his first melancholy and dignified composure of mien and bearing, "and there is something in your voice, which seems to me like a tone that I have heard in youth. Do you live near at hand?"

"In the valley, about four miles hence; I am, like yourself, a fugitive from the world."

"Come to me then to-morrow at eve; to-morrow!—no, that is a holy eve, and I must keep it with scourge and prayer. The next at sunset shall be collected then, and I would fain know more of you than I do. Bless you, my son—*adieu*."

"Yet stay, father, may I not conduct you home?"

"No—my limbs are weak, but I trust they can carry me to that home, till I be borne thence to my last. Farewell! the night grows, and man fills even these shades with peril. The eve after next, at sunset, we meet again."

So saying, the hermit waved his hand, and I stood apart, watching his receding figure, until the trees cloaked the last glimpse from my view. I then turned homeward, and reached my cottage in safety, despite of the hermit's caution. But I did not retire to rest; a powerful foreboding, rather than suspicion, that, in the worn and wasted form which I had beheld, there was identity with one whom I had not met for years, and whom I had believed to be no more, thrillingly possessed me.

"Can—can it be?" thought I. "Can grief have such desolation, or remembrance an agony, sufficient to create so awful a change? And of all human beings, for that one to be singled out; that one in whom passion and sin were, if they existed, nipped at their earliest germ, and seemingly rendered barren of all fruit! If, too, almost against the

evidence of sight and sense, an innate feeling has marked in that most altered form the traces of a dread recognition, would not his memory have been yet more vigilant than mine? Am I so changed that he should have looked me in the face so wistfully, and found there naught save the lineaments of a stranger?" And, actuated by this thought, I placed the light by the small mirror which graced my chamber. I recalled, as I gazed, my features as they had been in earliest youth. "No," I said, with a sigh, "there is nothing here that he should recognise."

And I said aright: my features, originally small and delicate, had grown enlarged and prominent. The long locks of my youth (for only upon state occasions did my early vanity consent to the fashion of the day) were succeeded by curls, short and crisped; the hues, alternately pale and hectic, that the dreams of romance had once spread over my cheek, had settled into the unchanging bronze of manhood; the smooth lip, and unshaven chin, were clothed with a thick hair; the once unfurrowed brow was habitually knit in thought; and the ardent, restless expression that boyhood wore had yielded to the quiet, unmoved countenance of one, in whom long custom has subdued all outward sign of emotion, and many and various events left no prevalent token of the mind, save that of an habitual, but latent resolution. My frame, too, once scarcely less slight than a woman's, was become knit and muscular, and nothing was left by which, in the foreign air, the quiet brow, and the athletic form, my very mother could have recognised the slender figure and changeable face of the boy she had last beheld. The very sarcasm of the eye was gone: and I had learnt the world's easy lesson—to clothe bitterness within in the most rigid vesture of an external composure.

I have noted one thing in others, and it was particularly noticeable in me, viz. that few who mix very largely with men, and with the courtier's or the citizen's design, ever retain the key and tone of their original voice. The voice of a young man is as yet modulated by nature, and expresses the passion of the moment; that of the matured pupil of art expresses rather the customary occupation of his life: whether he aims at persuading, convincing, or commanding others, his voice irrevocably settles into the key he ordinarily employs; and, as persuasion is the means men chiefly employ in their commerce with each other, especially in the regions of a court, so a tone of artificial blandness and subdued insinuation is chiefly that in which the accents of worldly men are clothed; the artificial intonation, long continued, grows into nature, and the very pith and basis of the original sound fritter themselves away. The change was great in me, for at that time, which I brought in comparison with the present, my age was one in which the voice is yet confused and undecided, struggling between the accents of youth and boyhood; so that even this most powerful and unchanging of all claims upon the memory was in a great measure absent in me; and nothing but an occasional and rare tone could have produced even that faint and unconscious recognition which the hermit had confessed.

I must be pardoned these egotisms, which the nature of my story renders necessary.

With what eager impatience did I watch the hours to the appointed interview with the hermit

linguish themselves away! However, before that time arrived, and toward the evening of the next day, I was surprised by the rare honour of a visit from Anselmo himself. He came attended by two of the mendicant friars of his order, and they carried between them a basket of tolerable size, which, as mine hostess afterward informed me, with many a tear, went back somewhat heavier than it came, from the load of certain *receptacula* of that rarer wine which she had had, the evening before, the indiscreet hospitality to produce.

The abbot came to inform me that the hermit had been with him that morning, making many inquiries respecting me. "I told him," said he, "that I was acquainted with your name and birth, but that I was under a solemn promise not to reveal them, without your consent; and I am now here, my son, to learn from you whether that consent may be obtained."

"Assuredly not, holy father!" said I, hastily; nor was I contented until I had obtained a renewal of his promise to that effect. This seemed to give the abbot some little chagrin: perhaps the hermit had offered a reward for my discovery. However, I knew that Anselmo, though a griping, was a trustworthy man, and I felt safe in his renewed promise. I saw him depart with great satisfaction, and gave myself once more to conjectures respecting the strange recluse.

As, the next evening, I prepared to depart toward the hermitage, I took peculiar pains to give my person a foreign and disguised appearance. A loose dress, of rude and simple material, and a high cap of fur, were pretty successful in accomplishing this purpose. And, as I gave the last look at the glass before I left the house, I said, inly, "If there be any truth in my wild and improbable conjecture respecting the identity of the anchorite, I think time and this dress are sufficient wizards to secure me from a chance of discovery. I will keep a guard upon my words and tones, until, if my thought be verified, a moment fit for unmasking myself arrives. But would to God that the thought be groundless! In such circumstances, and after such an absence, to meet him. No; and yet—Well, this meeting will decide."

CHAPTER IV.

The solution of many mysteries—A dark view of the life and nature of man.

POWERNFUL, though not clearly developed in my own mind, was the motive which made me so strongly desire to preserve the incognito during my interview with the hermit. I have before said that I could not resist a vague, but intense, belief that he was a person whom I had long believed in the grave; and I had more than once struggled against a dark, but passing, suspicion, that that person was in some measure—mediately, though not directly—connected with the mysteries of my former life. If both these conjectures were true, I thought it possible that the communication the hermit wished to make me might be made yet more willingly to me as a stranger than if he knew who was in reality his confidant. And, at all events, if I could curb the impetuous gushings of my own heart, which yearned for immediate disclosure, I might,

by hint and prelude, ascertain the advantages and disadvantages of revealing myself.

I arrived at the well: the hermit was already at the place of rendezvous, seated in the same posture in which I had before seen him. I made my reverence, and accosted him.

"I have not failed you, father."

"That is rarely a true boast with men," said the hermit, smiling mournfully, but without sarcasm; "and were the promise of greater avail, it might not have been so rigidly kept."

"The promise, father, seemed to me of greater weight than you would intimate," answered I.

"How mean you?" said the hermit hastily.

"Why, that we may perhaps serve each other by our meeting: you, father, may comfort me by your counsels; I you by my readiness to obey your requests."

The hermit looked at me for some moments, and, as well as I could, I turned away my face from his gaze. I might have spared myself the effort. He seemed to recognise nothing familiar in my countenance; perhaps his mental malady assisted my own alteration.

"I have inquired respecting you," he said after a pause, "and I hear that you are a learned and wise man, who have seen much of the world, and played the part both of soldier and of scholar in its various theatres: is my information true?"

"Not true with respect to the learning, father, but true with regard to the experience. I have been a pilgrim in many countries of Europe."

"Indeed!" said the hermit, eagerly. "Come with me to my home, and tell me of the wonders you have seen."

I assisted the hermit to rise, and he walked slowly toward the cavern, leaning upon my arm. O, how that light touch thrilled through my frame! How I longed to cry, "Are you not the one whom I have loved, and mourned, and believed buried in the tomb?" But I checked myself. We moved on in silence. The hermit's hand was on the door of the cavern, when he said, in a calm tone, but with evident effort, and turning his face from me while he spoke:

"And did your wanderings ever carry you into the farther regions of the north? Did the fane of the great czar ever lead you to the city he has founded?"

"I am right—I am right!" thought I, as I answered, "In truth, holy father, I spent not a long time at Petersburg; but I am not a stranger either to its wonders, or its inhabitants."

"Possibly, then, you may have met with the English favourite of the czar, of whom I hear in my retreat that men have lately spoken somewhat largely?" The hermit paused again. We were now in a long, low passage, almost in darkness. I scarcely saw him, yet I heard a convulsed movement in his throat, before he uttered the remainder of the sentence. "He is called the Count Devereux."

"Father," said I, calmly, "I have both seen and known the man."

"Ha!" said the hermit, and he leant for a moment against the wall; "known him—and—how—how—I mean, where is he at this present time?"

"That, father, is a difficult question, respecting one who has led so active a life. He was ambassador at the court of —, just before I left it."

We had now passed the passage, and gained a room of tolerable size; an iron lamp burnt within, and afforded a sufficient, but somewhat dim, light. The hermit, as I concluded my reply, sunk down on a long stone bench, beside a table of the same substance, and leaning his face on his hand, so that he long, large sleeve he wore, perfectly concealed his features, said, "Pardon me, my breath is short, and my frame weak—I am quite exhausted—but will speak to you more anon."

I uttered a short answer, and drew a small wooden stool within a few feet of the hermit's seat. After a brief silence he rose, placed wine, bread, and preserved fruits before me, and bade me eat. I seemed to comply with his request, and the apparent diversion of my attention from himself somewhat relieved the embarrassment under which he evidently laboured.

"Think you," he said, "that were my commission to this—to the Count Devereux—you would execute it faithfully and with speed? Yet stay—you have a high mien, as of one above fortune, but your garb is rude and poor; and if aught of gold could compensate your trouble, the hermit has other treasures besides this cell."

"I will do your bidding, father, without robbing the poor. You wish then that I should seek Morion Devereux—you wish that I should summon him hither—you wish to see, and to confer with him!"

"God of mercy forbid!" cried the hermit, and with such vehemence that I was startled from the design of revealing myself, which I was on the point of executing. "I would rather that these walls would crush me into dust, or that this solid stone would crumble beneath my feet—ay, even into a bottomless pit, than meet the glance of Morion Devereux!"

"Is it even so?" said I, stooping over the wine cup; "ye have been foes then, I suspect.—Well, it matters not—tell me your errand, and it shall be done."

"Done!" cried the hermit, and a new and certainly a most natural suspicion darted within him, "done! and—fool that I am!—who, or what are you, that I should believe you take so keen an interest in the wishes of a man utterly unknown to you? I tell you that my wish is, that you should cross seas and traverse lands until you find the man I have named to you. Will a stranger do this, and without hire?—no—no—I was a fool, and will trust the monks, and give gold, and then my errand will be sped."

"Father, or rather, brother," said I, with a slow and firm voice, "for you are of mine own age, and you have the passion and the infirmity which make brethren of all mankind, I am one to whom all places are alike: it matters not whether I visit a northern or a southern clime—I have wealth, which is sufficient to smooth toil—I have leisure, which makes occupation an enjoyment. More than this, I am one who in his gayest and wildest moments has ever loved mankind, and would have renounced at any time his own pleasure for the advantage of another. But at this time, above all others, I am most disposed to forget myself, and there is a passion in your words which leads me to hope that it may be a great benefit which I can confer upon you."

"You speak well," said the hermit, musingly, "and I may trust you: I will consider yet a little

longer, and to-morrow at this hour you shall have my final answer. If you execute the charge I intrust to you, may the blessing of a dying and most wretched man cleave to you for ever!—But hush—the clock strikes—it is my hour of prayer."

And, pointing to a huge black clock that hung opposite the door, and indicated the hour of nine, (according to our English mode of numbering the hours,) the hermit fell on his knees, and, clasping his hands tightly, bent his face over them in the attitude of humiliation and devotion. I followed his example. After a few minutes, he rose—"Once in every three hours," said he, with a ghastly expression, "for the last twelve years have I bowed my soul in anguish before God, and risen to feel that it was in vain—I am cursed without and within!"

"My father, my father, is this your faith in the mercies of the Redeemer who died for man?"

"Talk not to me of faith!" cried the hermit, wildly. "Ye laymen and worldlings know nothing of its mysteries and its powers. But begone! the dread hour is upon me, when my tongue is loosed, and my brain darkened, and I know not my words, and shudder at my own thoughts. Begone! no human being shall witness those moments—they are only for God and my own soul."

So saying, this unhappy and strange being seized me by the arm, and dragged me toward the passage we had entered. I was in doubt whether to yield to, or contend with, him; but there was a glare in his eye, and a flush upon his brow, which, while it betrayed the dreadful disease of his mind, made me fear that resistance to his wishes might operate dangerously upon a frame so feeble and reduced. I therefore mechanically obeyed him. He opened again the entrance to his rugged home, and the moonlight streamed wanly over his dark robes and spectral figure.

"Go," said he, more mildly than before—"go, and forgive the vehemence of one whose mind and heart are alike broken within him. Go, but return to-morrow at sunset. Your air disposes me to trust you."

So saying, he closed the door upon me, and I stood without the cavern alone.

But did I return home? Did I hasten to press my couch in sleep and sweet forgetfulness, while he was in that gloomy sepulture of the living, a prey to anguish, and torn by the fangs of madness and a fierce disease? No—on the damp grass, beneath the silent skies, I passed a night which I ween well could scarcely have been less wretched than his own. My conjecture was now, and in full, confirmed. Heavens! how I loved that man—how, from my youngest years, had my soul's fondest affections interlaced themselves with him!—with what anguish had I wept his imagined death! and now to know that he lay within those walls, smitten from brain to heart with so fearful and mysterious a curse—to know, too, that he dreaded the sight of me—of me who would have laid down my life for his!—the grave, which I imagined his home, had been a mercy to a doom like this!

"He fears," I murmured, and I wept as I said it, "to look on one who would watch over, and soothe, and bear with him, with more than a woman's love! By what awful fate has this calamity fallen on one so holy and so pure? or by what preordered destiny did I come to these solitudes,

to find at the same time a new charm for the earth, and a spell to change it again into a desert and a place of woe?"

All night I kept vigil by the cave, and listened if I could catch moan or sound; but every thing was silent: the thick walls of the rock kept even the voice of despair from my ear. The day dawned, and I retired among the trees, lest he might come out unawares and see me. At sunrise I saw him appear for a few moments, and again retire, and I then hastened home, exhausted and wearied by the internal conflicts of the night, to gather coolness and composure for the ensuing interview, which I contemplated at once with eagerness and dread.

At the appointed hour, I repaired to the cavern: the door was partially closed; I opened it after hearing no answer to my knock, and walked gently along the passage; but I heard shrieks, and groans, and wild laughter, as I neared the rude chamber. I paused for a moment, and then in terror and dismay entered the apartment. It was empty, but I saw near the clock a small door; from within which the sounds that alarmed me proceeded. I had no scruple in opening it, and found myself in the hermit's sleeping chamber; a small, dark room, where, upon a straw pallet, lay the wretched occupant in a state of frantic delirium. I stood mute and horror-struck, while his exclamations of frenzy burst upon my ear.

"There—there!" he cried, "I have struck thee to the heart, and now I will kneel, and kiss those white lips, and bathe my hands in that blood. Ha!—do I hate thee?—hate—ay—hate, abhor, detest! Have you the beads there?—let me tell them. Yes I will go to the confessional—confess! No, no—all the priests in the world could not lift up a soul so heavy with guilt. Help—help—help! I am falling—falling—there is the pit, and the fire, and the devils! Do you hear them laugh?—I can laugh too!—ha—ha—ha! Hush, I have written it all out, in a fair hand—he shall read it—and then, O God! what curses he will heap upon my head! Blessed St. Francis, hear me! Lazarus, Lazarus, speak for me!"

Thus did the hermit rave, while my flesh crept to hear him. I stood by his bedside, and called on him, but he neither heard nor saw me. Upon the ground, by the bed's-head, as if it had dropt from under the pillow, was a packet sealed and directed to myself: I knew the handwriting at a glance, even though the letters were blotted and irregular, and possibly traced in the first moment that his present curse fell upon the writer. I placed the packet in my bosom: the hermit saw not the motion, he lay back on the bed, seemingly in utter exhaustion. I turned away, and hastened to the monastery for assistance. As I hurried through the passage, the hermit's shrieks again broke upon me, with a fiercer vehemence than before. I flew from them, as if they were sounds from the abyss of Hades. I flew till, breathless, and half-senseless myself, I fell down exhausted by the gate of the monastery.

The two most skilled in physic of the brethren were immediately summoned, and they lost not a moment in accompanying me to the cavern. All that evening, until midnight, the frenzy of the maniac seemed rather to increase than abate. But at that hour, exactly, indeed, as the clock struck twelve, he fell at once into a deep sleep.

Then for the first time, but not till the wearied

brethren had, at this favourable symptom, permitted themselves to return for a brief interval to the monastery, to seek refreshment for themselves, and to bring down new medicines for the patient—then, for the first time, I rose from the hermit's couch by which I had hitherto kept watch, and repairing to the outer chamber, took forth the packet superscribed with my name. There, alone in that gray vault, and by the sepulchral light of the single lamp, I read what follows:

THE HERMIT'S MANUSCRIPT.

"Morton Devereux, if ever this reach you, read it, shudder, and whatever your afflictions, bless God that you are not as I am. Do you remember my prevailing characteristic as a boy? No, you do not. You will say, 'Devotion!' It was not! 'Gentleness.' It was not—it was JEALOUSY! Now does the truth flash on you? Yes, that was the disease that was in my blood, and in my heart, and through whose ghastly medium every living object was beheld. Did I love you? Yes, I loved you—ay, almost with a love equal to your own. I loved my mother—I loved Gerald—I loved Montreuil. It was a part of my nature to love, and I did not resist the impulse. You I loved better than all; but I was jealous of each. If my mother crossed you or Gerald—if you opened your heart to either, it stung me to the quick. I it was who said to my mother, 'Caress him not, or I shall think you love him better than me.' I it was who widened, from my veriest childhood, the breach between Gerald and yourself. I it was who gave to the childish reproach a venom, and to the childish quarrel a barb. Was this love? Yes, it was love; but I could not endure that ye should love one another as ye loved me. It delighted me when one confided to my ear a complaint against the other, and said, 'Aubrey, this blow could not have come from thee!'

"Montreuil early perceived my bias of temper: he might have corrected it, and with ease. I was not evil in disposition; I was insensible of my own vice. Had its malignity been revealed to me, I should have recoiled in horror. Montreuil had a vast power over me; he could mould me at his will. Montreuil, I repeat, might have saved me, and myself, and a third being, better and purer than either of us was, even in his cradle. Montreuil did not: he had an object to serve, and he sacrificed our whole house to it. He found me one day weeping over a dog that I had killed. 'Why did you destroy it?' he said; and I answered, 'Because I loved Morton better than me!' And the priest said, 'Thou didst right, Aubrey!' Yes, from that time he took advantage of my infirmity, and could rouse or calm all my passions in proportion as he irritated or soothed it.

"You know this man's object during the latter period of his residence with us: it was the restoration of the house of Stuart. He was alternately the spy and the agitator in that cause. Among more comprehensive plans for effecting this object was that of securing the heirs to the great wealth and popular name of Sir William Devereux. This was only a minor mesh in the intricate web of his schemes; but it is the character of the man to take exactly the same pains, and pursue the same laborious intrigues, for a small object as for a great one. His first impression on entering our house was in favour of Gerald; and I believe he really

likes him to this day better than either of us. Partly your sarcasms, partly Gerald's disputes with you, partly my representations—for I was jealous even of the love of Montreuil—prepossessed him against you. He thought too, that Gerald had more talent to serve his purposes than yourself, and more facility in being moulded to them; and he believed our uncle's partiality to you far from being unalienable. I have said that, at the latter period of his residence with us, he was an agent of the exiled cause. At the time I *now* speak of, he had not entered into the great political scheme which engrossed him afterward. He was merely restless and aspiring priest, whose whole hope, object, ambition, was the advancement of his order. He knew that whoever inherited, or whoever shared, my uncle's wealth, could, under legitimate regulation, promote *any* end which the heads of that order might select; and he wished therefore to gain the mastery over us all. Intrigue was essentially woven with his genius, and by intrigue only did he ever seek to arrive at any end he had in view.* He soon obtained a mysterious and pervading power over Gerald and myself. Your temper at once irritated him, and made him despair of obtaining an ascendant over one who, though he testified in childhood none of the talents for which he has since been noted, testified, nevertheless, a shrewd, penetrating, and sarcastic power of observation and detection. You, therefore, he resolved to leave to the irregularities of your own nature, confident that they would yield him the opportunity of detaching your uncle from you, and ultimately securing to Gerald his estates.

"The trial at school first altered his intentions. He imagined that he then saw in you powers which might be rendered availing to him: he conquered his pride—a great feature in his character—and he resolved to seek your affection. Your subsequent regularity of habits, and success in study, confirmed him in his resolution; and when he learnt from my uncle's own lips that the Devereux estates would devolve on you, he thought that it would be easier to secure your affection to him than to divert that affection which my uncle had conceived for you. At this time, I repeat, he had no particular object in view; none, at least, beyond that of obtaining, for the interest of his order, the direction of great wealth and some political influence. Some time after—I know not exactly when, but before we returned to take our permanent abode at Devereux Court—a share in the grand political intrigue which was then in so many branches carried on throughout England, and even Europe, was conceded to Montreuil.

"In this, I believe he was the servant of his order, rather than immediately of the exiled house; and I have since heard that even at that day he had acquired a great reputation among the professors of the former. You, Morton, he decoyed not into this scheme before he left England: he had not acquired a sufficient influence over you to trust you with the disclosure. To Gerald and myself he was more confidential. Gerald eagerly embraced his projects through a spirit of enterprise—I through a spirit of awe and of religion. **RELIGION!** Yes,—then,—long after,—now,—when my heart was and is the home of all wither-

ing and evil passions, religion reigned,—reigns, over me a despot and a tyrant. Its terrors haunt me at this hour—they people the earth and the air with shapes of ghastly menace! They—heaven pardon me! what would my madness utter? Madness!—madness? Ay, *that* is the real scourge, the real fire, the real torture, the real hell, of this fair earth!

"Montreuil, then, by different pleas, won over Gerald and myself. He left us, but engaged us in constant correspondence. 'Aubrey,' he said, before he departed, and when he saw that I was wounded by his apparent cordiality toward you and Gerald—'Aubrey,' he said, soothing me on this point, 'think not that I trust Gerald or the arrogant Morton as I trust you. You have my real heart and my real trust. It is necessary to the execution of this project, so important to the interests of religion, and so agreeable to the will of Heaven, that we should secure all co-operators; but they, your brothers, Aubrey, are the tools of that mighty design—you are its friend.' Thus it was that, at all times when he irritated too sorely the vice of my nature, he flattered it into seconding his views; and thus, instead of conquering my evil passions, he conquered by them. Curses—No, no, no!—I *will* be calm.

"We returned to Devereux Court, and we grew from boyhood into youth. I loved you then, Morton. Ah! what would I not give now for one pure feeling, such as I felt in your love? Do you remember the day on which you had extorted from my uncle his consent to your leaving us for the pleasures and pomps of London? Do you remember the evening of that day, when I came to seek you, and we sat down on a little mound, and talked over your projects, and you spoke then to me of my devotion, and my purer and colder feelings? Morton, at that very moment my veins burnt with passion!—at that very moment my heart was feeding the vulture fated to live and prey within it for ever! Thrice did I resolve to confide in you, as we then sat together, and thrice did my evil genius forbid it. You seemed, even in your affection to me, so wholly engrossed with your own hopes—you seemed so little to regret leaving me—you stung, so often and so deeply, in that short conference, that feeling which made me desire to monopolize all things in those I loved, that I said inly—'Why should I bare my heart to one who can so little understand it?' And so we turned home, and you dreamt not of that which was then within me, and which was destined to be your curse and mine.

"Not many weeks previous to that night, I had seen one whom to see was to love! Love!—I tell you, Morton, that *that* word is expressive of soft and fond emotions, and there should be another expressive of all that is fierce, and dark, and unrelenting in the human heart!—all that seems most like the deadliest and the blackest hate, and yet is not hate! I saw this being, and from that moment my real nature, which had slept hitherto, awoke! I remember well, it was one evening in the beginning of summer that I first saw her. She sat alone in the little garden beside the cottage door, and I paused, and, unseen, looked over the slight fence that separated us, and fed my eyes with a loveliness that I thought, till then, only twilight or the stars could wear! From that evening I came, night after night, to watch her from the same spot; and every time I beheld her, the poison

* It will be observed that Aubrey frequently repeats former assertions; this is one of the most customary traits of insanity.—Ed.

entered deeper and deeper into my system. At length I had an opportunity of being known to her—of speaking to her—of hearing her speak—of touching the ground she had hallowed—of entering the home where she dwelt!

"I must explain: I said that both Gerald and myself corresponded privately with Montreuil—we were both bound over to secrecy with regard to you—and this, my temper, and Gerald's coolness with you, rendered an easy obligation to both;—I say my temper—for I loved to think I had a secret not known to another; and I carried this reserve even to the degree of concealing from Gerald himself the greater part of the correspondence between me and the *abbé*. In his correspondence with each of us, Montreuil acted with his usual skill; to Gerald, as the elder in years, the prouder to enterprise, and the manlier in aspect and in character, was allotted whatever object was of real trust or importance. Gerald it was who, under pretence of pursuing his accustomed sports, conferred with the various agents of intrigue who from time to time visited our coast; and to me the *abbé* gave words of endearment, and affected the language of more entire trust. 'Whatever,' he would say, 'in our present half mellowed projects, is exposed to danger, but promises not reward, I intrust to Gerald; hereafter, far higher employment, under far safer and surer auspices, will be yours. We are the heads—be ours the nobler occupation to plan—and let us leave to inferior natures the vain and perilous triumph to execute what we design.'

"All this I readily assented to; for, despite my acquiescence in Montreuil's wishes, I loved not enterprise, or rather I hated whatever roused me from the dreamy and abstracted indolence which was most dear to my temperament. Sometimes, however, with a great show of confidence, Montreuil would request me to execute some quiet and unimportant commission; and of this nature was one I received while I was thus, unknown even to the object, steeping my soul in the first intoxication of love. The plots then carried on by certain ecclesiastics, I need not say extended, in one linked chain, over the greater part of the continent. Spain, in especial, was the theatre of these intrigues; and among the tools employed in executing them were some, who, though banished from that country, still, by the rank they had held in it, carried a certain importance in their very names. Foremost of these was the father of the woman I loved; and foremost, in whatever promised occupation to a restless mind, he was always certain to be.

"Montreuil now commissioned me to seek out a certain Barnard, (an underling in those secret practices or services, for which he afterward suffered, and who was then in that part of the country,) and to communicate to him some messages, of which he was to be the bearer to this Spaniard. A thought flashed upon me—Montreuil's letter mentioned, accidentally, that the Spaniard had never hitherto seen Barnard:—could I not personate the latter—deliver the messages myself, and thus win that introduction to the daughter which I so burningly desired, and which, from the great and close reserve of the father's habits, I might not otherwise effect? The plan was open to two objections: one, that I was known personally in the town in the environs of which the Spaniard lived, and he might therefore very soon discover who I really was; the other, that I was not in

possession of all the information which Barnard might possess, and which the Spaniard might wish to learn; but these objections had not much weight with me. To the first, I said, inly, 'I will oppose the most constant caution; I will go always on foot and alone—I will never be seen in the town itself—and even should the Spaniard, who seems rarely to stir abroad, and who, possibly, does not speak our language—even should he learn, by accident, that Barnard is only another name for Aubrey Devereux, it will not be before I have gained my object; nor, perhaps, before the time when I myself may wish to acknowledge my identity.' To the second objection I saw a yet more ready answer. 'I will acquaint Montreuil at once,' I said, 'with my intention; I will claim his connivance as a proof of his confidence, and as an essay of my own genius of intrigue.' I did so: the priest, perhaps delighted to involve me so deeply, and to find me so ardent in his project, consented. Fortunately, as I before said, Barnard was an underling—young—unknown—and obscure. My youth, therefore, was not so great a foe to my assumed disguise as it might otherwise have been. Montreuil supplied all requisite information. I tried (for the first time, with a beating heart and a tremulous voice) the imposition; it succeeded—I continued it. Yes, Montreuil, yes!—pour forth upon me your bitterest execration—in me—in your brother—in the brother so dear to you—in the brother whom you imagined so passionless—so pure—so sinless—behold the Barnard—the lover—the idolatrous lover—the foe—the deadly foe—of Isora d'Alvarez!"

Here the manuscript was defaced for some pages, by incoherent and meaningless ravings. It seemed as if one of his dark fits of frenzy had at that time come over the writer. At length, in a more firm and clear character than that immediately preceding it, the manuscript continued as follows:—

"I loved her, but even then it was with a fierce and ominous love—(ominous of what it became.) Often in the still evenings, when we stood together watching the sun set—when my tongue trembled but did not dare to speak—when all soft and sweet thoughts filled the heart and glistened in the eye of that most sensitive and fairy being—when my own brow, perhaps, seemed to reflect the same emotions—feelings, which I even shuddered to conceive, raged within me. Had we stood together, in those moments, upon the brink of a precipice, I could have wound my arms around her, and leapt with her into the abyss. Every thing but one nursed my passion—nature—solitude—early dreams—all kindled and fed that fire: religion only combated it; I knew it was a cross to love any of earth's creatures as I loved. I met the scourge and the fast*—I wept hot, burning tears—I prayed, and the intensity of my prayer appalled even myself, as it rose from my maddened heart, in the depth and stillness of the lone night; but the flame burnt higher and more scorchingly from the opposition; nay, it was the very knowledge that my love was criminal that made it

* I need not point out to the novel reader how completely the character of Aubrey has been stolen in a certain celebrated French romance. But the writer I allude to is not so unmerciful as Mr. de Balzac, who has pillored scenes in the *Disowned*, with the most gratifying politeness—I regret that in all Mr. de Balzac's works I can find nothing that tempts me to return the compliment.

assume so fearful and dark a shape. 'Thou art the cause of my downfall from heaven!' I muttered, when I looked upon Isora's calm face—'thou feel'st it not, and I could destroy thee and myself—the criminal—thee the cause of the crime!'

"It must have been that my eyes betrayed my feelings, that Isora loved me not—that she shrunk from me even at the first—why else should I not have called forth the same sentiments which she gave to you? Was not my form cast in a mould as fair as yours?—did not my voice whisper in as sweet a tone?—did I not love her with as wild a love? Why should she not have loved me? I was the first whom she beheld—she would—ay, perhaps she *would* have loved me, if you had not come and marred all. Curse yourself, then, that you were my rival!—curse yourself that you made my heart as a furnace, and smit my brain with frenzy—curse—O, sweet virgin, forgive me!—I know not—I know not what my tongue utters, or what hand traces!

"You came, then, Morton, you came—you saw her—you loved her—she loved you. I dreamed that you had gained admittance to the castle, and the moment I learned it, I looked out, and felt my fate, as by intuition: I saw at once that she was prepared to love you—I saw the very moment when that love kindled from conception into form—I saw—and at that moment my ears reeled and my ears rung as with the sound of a rushing sea, and *I thought I felt a chord vibrate within my brain*, which has never been repeated again.

"Once only after your introduction to the castle, did I think of confiding to you my love and my ship; you remember one night when we met in the castle cave, and when your kindness cheered and softened me, despite of myself. The day after that night I sought you, with the intention of communicating to you all; and while I was yet struggling with my embarrassment, and the suffocating tide of my emotions, you premeditated me, by giving me your confidence. Enamoured with your own feelings, you were not the servant of mine; and as you dwelt and dilated on your love for Isora, all emotions, save those of grief and of fury, vanished from my breast. I did not answer you then at any length, for I was too excited to trust to prolix speech; but by the next day I had recovered myself, and I resolved, as far as was able, to play the hypocrite. 'He cannot love her as I do!' I said; 'perhaps I may, without the leisure of my rivalry, and without sin in my attempt, detach him from her by reason.' Right with this idea, I collected myself—sought—remonstrated with you—represented the deadly folly of your love, and uttered all that prudent preaches—in vain, when it preaches against passion!

Let me be brief. I saw that I made no impression on you—I stifled my wrath—I continued to love and watch Isora. I timed my opportunities—my constant knowledge of your motions enabled me to do that; besides, I represented to Spaniard the necessity, through political motives, of concealing myself from you; hence, we never encountered each other. One evening, Alva had gone out to meet one of his countrymen confederates. I found Isora alone, in the most sequestered part of the garden,—her loveliness, her exceeding gentleness of manner, melted

me. For the first time audibly, my heart spoke out, and I told her of my idolatry. Idolatry!—ay, *that* is the only word, since it signifies both worship and guilt! She heard me timidly, gently, coldly. She spoke—and I found confirmed, from her own lips, what my reason had before told me—that there was no hope for me. The iron that entered, also roused my heart. 'Enough!' I cried, fiercely, 'you love this Morton Devereux, and for him I am scorned.' Isora blushed and trembled, and all my senses fled from me. I scarcely know in what words my rage and my despair clothed themselves; but I know that I divulged myself to her—I know that I told her I was the brother—the rival—the enemy of the man she loved. I know that I uttered the fiercest and the wildest menaces and execrations—I know that my vehemence so overpowered and terrified her that her mind was scarcely less clouded—less lost, rather, than my own. At that moment your horse's hoofs were heard; Isora's eye brightened, and her mien grew firm. 'He comes,' she said, 'and he will protect me!'—'Hark!' I said, sinking my voice, and, as my drawn sword flashed in one hand, the other grasped her arm with a savage force—'hark, woman!' I said—and an oath of the blackest fury accompanied my threats—'swear that you will never divulge to Morton Devereux who is his real rival—that you will never declare to him, nor to any one else, that Barnard and Aubrey Devereux are the same—swear this, or I swear (and I repeated, with a solemn vehemence, that dread oath) that I will stay here—that I will confront my rival—that, the moment he beholds me, I will plunge this sword in his bosom—and that, before I perish myself, I will hasten to the town, and will utter there a secret which will send your father to the gallows—now, your choice!'

"Morton, you have often praised, my uncle has often jested at, the womanish softness of my face. There have been moments when I have seen that face in the glass, and known it not, but started in wild affright, and fancied that I beheld a demon; perhaps in that moment this change was over it. Slowly Isora gazed upon me—slowly blanched into the hues of death grew her cheek and lip—slowly that lip uttered the oath I enjoined. I released my gripe, and she fell to the earth, sudden and stunned as if struck by lightning. I stayed not to look on what I had done—I heard your step advance—I fled by a path that led from the garden to the beach—and I reached my home without retaining a single recollection of the space I had traversed to attain it.

"Despite of the night I passed—a night which I will leave you to imagine—I rose the next morning with a burning interest to learn from you what had passed after my flight, and with a power, peculiar to the stormiest passions, of an outward composure while I listened to the recital. I saw that I was safe, and I heard, with a joy so rapturous that I question whether even Isora's assent to my love would have given me an equal transport, that she had rejected you. I uttered some advice to you commonplace enough—it displeased you, and we separated.

"That evening, to my surprise, I was privately visited by Montreuil. He had some designs in hand which brought him from France into the neighbourhood, but which made him desirous of concealment. He soon drew from me my secret;

it is marvellous, indeed, what power he had of penetrating, ruling, moulding my feelings and my thoughts. He wished, at that time, a communication to be made and a letter to be given, to Alvarez. I could not execute this commission personally, for you had informed me of your intention of watching if you could not discover or meet with Barnard, and I knew you were absent from home on that very purpose. Nor was Montreuil himself desirous of incurring the risk of being seen by you—you over whom, sooner or later, he then trusted to obtain a power equal to that which he held over your brothers. Gerald then was chosen to execute the commission. He did so—he met Alvarez for the first and the only time on the beach, by the town of —. You saw him, and imagined you beheld the real Barnard.

“But I anticipate—for you did not inform me of that occurrence, nor the inference you drew from it, till afterward. You returned, however, after witnessing that meeting, and for two days your passions (passions which, intense and fierce as mine, show that, under similar circumstances, you might have been equally guilty) terminated in fever. You were confined to your bed for three or four days; meanwhile I took advantage of the event. Montreuil suggested a plan which I readily embraced. I sought the Spaniard, and told him in confidence that you were a suitor—but a suitor upon the most dishonourable terms—to his daughter. I told him, moreover, that you meant, in order to deprive Isora of protection, and abate any obstacles resulting from her pride, to betray Alvarez, whose schemes you had detected, to the government. I told him that his best and most prudent, nay, his only chance of safety for Isora and himself, was to leave his present home, and take refuge in the vast mazes of the metropolis. I told him not to betray to you his knowledge of your criminal intentions, lest it might needlessly exasperate you. I furnished him wherewithal to repay you the sum which you had lent him, and by which you had commenced his acquaintance; and I dictated to him the very terms of the note in which the sum was to be enclosed. After this I felt happy. You were separated from Isora—she might forget you—you might forget her. I was possessed of the secret of her father's present retreat—I might seek it at my pleasure, and ultimately—so hope whispered—prosper in my love.

“Some time afterward you mentioned your suspicions of Gerald; I did not corroborate, but I did not seek to destroy them. ‘They already hate each other,’ I said: ‘can the hate be greater? meanwhile, let it divert suspicion from me!’ Gerald knew of the agency of the real Barnard, though he did not know that I had assumed the name of that person. When you taxed him with his knowledge of the man, he was naturally confused. You interpreted that confusion into the fact of being your rival, while in truth it arose from his belief that you had possessed yourself of his political schemes. Montreuil, who had lurked chiefly in the islet opposite ‘the castle cave,’ had returned to France on the same day that Alvarez repaired to London. Previous to this, we had held some conferences together upon my love. At first he had opposed and reasoned with it, but startled and astonished by the intensity with which it possessed me, he gave way to my vehemence at last. I have said that I had adopted his advice in one instance.

The fact of having received his advice—the advice of one so pious—so free from human passion—so devoted to one object, which appeared to him the cause of religion—advice, too, in a love so fiery and overwhelming;—that fact made me think myself less criminal than I had done before. He advised me yet further. ‘Do not seek Isora,’ he said, ‘till some time has elapsed—till her new-born love for your brother has died away—till the impression of fear you have caused in her is somewhat effaced—till time and absence too have done their work in the mind of Morton, and you will no longer have for your rival, not only a brother, but a man of a fierce, resolute, and unrelenting temper.’

“I yielded to this advice—partly because it promised so fair, partly because I was not systematically vicious, and I wished, if possible, to do away with our rivalry; and principally because I knew in the mean while, that if I was deprived of his presence, so also were you; and jealousy with me was a far more intolerable and engrossing passion than the very love from which it sprung. So time passed on; you affected to have conquered your attachment; you affected to take pleasure in levity, and the idlest pursuits of worldly men. I went deeper into your heart. For the moment I entertained the passion of love in my own breast, my eyes became gifted with a second vision to penetrate the most mysterious and hoarded secrets in the love of others.

“Two circumstances of importance happened before you left Devereux Court for London; the one was the introduction to your service of Jean Desmarais, the second was your breach with Montreuil. I speak now of the first. A very early friend did the priest possess, born in the same village as himself, and in the same rank of life; he had received a good education, and possessed natural genius. At a time when, from some fraud in a situation of trust which he had held in a French nobleman's family, he was in destitute and desperate circumstances, it occurred to Montreuil to provide for him by placing him in our family. Some accidental and frivolous remark of yours, which I had repeated in my correspondence with Montreuil, as illustrative of your manner, and your affected pursuits at that time, presented an opportunity to a plan before conceived. Desmarais came to England in a smuggler's vessel, presented himself to you as a servant, and was accepted. In this plan Montreuil had two views—first, that of securing Desmarais a place in England, tolerably profitable to himself, and convenient for any plot or scheme which Montreuil might require of him in this country; secondly, that of setting a perpetual and most adroit spy upon all your motions.

“As to the second occurrence to which I have referred, viz. your breach with Montreuil—”

Here Aubrey, with the same terrible distinctness which had characterized his previous details, and which shed a double horror over the contrast of the darker and more frantic passages in the manuscript, related what the reader will remember Oswald had narrated before, respecting the letter he had brought from Madame de Balzac. It seems that Montreuil's abrupt appearance in the hall had been caused by Desmarais, who had recognised Oswald, on his dismounting at the gate, and had previously known that he was in the employment of the Jesuitical *intriguante*, Madame de Balzac.

Aubrey proceeded then to say that Montreuil

invested with far more direct authority and power than he had been hitherto, in the projects of that wise order whose doctrines he had so darkly perverted, repaired to London; and that, soon after my departure for the same place, Gerald and Aubrey left Devereux Court in company with each other; but Gerald, whom very trifling things diverted from any project, however important, returned to Devereux Court, to accomplish the prosecution of some rustic *amour*, without even reaching London. Aubrey, on the contrary, had proceeded to the metropolis, sought the suburb in which Alvarez lived, procured, in order to avoid any probable chance of meeting me, a lodging in the same obscure quarter, and had renewed his suit to Isora. The reader is already in possession of the ill success which attended it. Aubrey had at last confessed his real name to the father. The Spaniard was dazzled by the prospect of so honourable an alliance to his daughter. From both came Isora's persecution, but in both was it resisted. But this has been before said;* and passing over passages in the manuscript, of the most stormy incoherence and the most gloomy passion, I come to what follows:—

"I learnt then, from Desmarais, that you had taken away her and the dying father; that you had placed them in a safe and honourable home. That man, so implicitly the creature of Montreuil, rather of his own interest, with which Montreuil was identified, was easily induced to betray you so to me—me whom he imagined, moreover, merely the tool of the priest, and of whose torturing interest, in this peculiar disclosure, he was not at all time aware. I visited Isora in her new abode, and again and again she trembled beneath my rage. Then, for the second time, I attempted force. Ha! Morton! I think I see you now!—I think I hear your muttered curse! Curse on! When you read this, I shall be beyond your vengeance—beyond human power. And yet I think if I were mere clay—if I were the mere senseless heap of ashes that the grave covers—if I were not the thing that must live for ever and for ever, far away in imagined worlds, where naught that has earth's life can come—I should tremble beneath the sod as your foot pressed, and your execration rung over it. A second time I attempted force—a second time I was repulsed by the same means—by a woman's hand and a woman's dagger. But I knew that I had one hold over Isora from which, while she loved you, I could never be driven: I knew that threatening your life, I could command her will, and terrify her into compliance with my own. I made her reiterate her vow of concealment; and I recovered, by some words dropping from her fear, that she believed you already suspected me, and had been withheld, by her entreaties, from seeking me out. I questioned her more, and soon perceived that it was (as indeed I knew before) Gerald whom you suspected, not me; but I did not tell this to Isora. I suffered her to cherish a mistake profitable to my disguise; but I saw at once that it might betray me, if you ever met and conferred at length with Gerald upon this point; and I exacted from Isora a pledge that she would effectually and for ever bind you not to breathe a single suspicion to him. When I had left the room, I

returned once more to warn her against uniting herself with you. Wretch, selfish, accursed wretch that you were, why did you suffer her to transgress that warning?

"I fled from the house, as a fiend flies from a being whom he has possessed. I returned at night to look up at the window, and linger by the door, and keep watch beside the home which held Isora. Such, in her former abode, had been my nightly wont. I had no evil thought or foul intent in this customary vigil—no, not one! Strangely enough, with the tempestuous and overwhelming emotions which constituted the greater part of my love, was mingled—though subdued and latent—a stream of the softest, yea, I might add, almost of the holiest tenderness. Often after one of those outpourings of rage, and menace, and despair, I would fly to some quiet spot, and weep, till all the hardness of my heart was wept away. And often in those nightly vigils I would pause by the door and murmur, 'This shelter, denied not to the beggar and the beggar's child, this would you deny to me, if you could dream that I was so near you. And yet, had you loved me, instead of lavishing upon me all your hatred and your contempt—had you loved me, I would have served and worshipped you as man knows not worship or service. You shudder at my vehemence now—I could not then have breathed a whisper to wound you. You tremble now at the fierceness of my breast—you would then rather have marvelled at its softness.'

"I was already at my old watch when you encountered me—you addressed me, I answered not—you approached me, and I fled. Fled—there—there was the shame, and the sting, and the goad of my sentiments toward you. I am not naturally afraid of danger, though my nerves are sometimes weak, and have sometimes shrunk from it. I have known something of peril in late years, when my frame has been bowed and broken—peril by storms at sea, and the knives of robbers upon land—and I have looked upon it with a quiet eye. But you, Morton Devereux, you I always feared. I had seen from your childhood others, whose nature was far stronger than mine, yield and recoil at yours—I had seen the giant and bold strength of Gerald quail before your bent brow—I had seen even the hardy pride of Montreuil baffled by your curled lip, and the stern sarcasm of your glance—I had seen you, too, in your wild moments of ungoverned rage—and I knew that if earth held one whose passions were fiercer than my own, it was you. But your passions were sustained even in their fiercest excess—your passions were the mere weapons of your mind; my passions were the tortures and the tyrants of mine. Your passions seconded your will; mine blinded and overwhelmed it. From my infancy, even while I loved you most, you awed me; and years, in deepening the impression, had made it indelible. I could not confront the thought of your knowing all, and of meeting you after that knowledge. And this fear, while it unnerved me at some moments, at others only maddened my ferocity the more by the stings of shame and self-contempt.

"I fled from you—you pursued—you gained upon me—you remember now how I was preserved. I dashed through the inebriated revellers who obstructed your path, and I gained my own lodging, which was close at hand; for the same

day on which I learned Isora's change of residence I changed my own, in order to be near it. Did I feel joy for my escape? No—I could have gnawed the very flesh from my bones in the agony of my shame. 'I could brave,' I said, 'I could threaten—I could offer violence to the woman who rejected me, and yet I could not face the rival for whom I am scorned!' At that moment a resolution flashed across my mind, exactly as if a train of living fire had been driven before it. Morton, I resolved to murder you, and in that very hour! A pistol lay on my table—I took it, concealed it about my person, and repaired to the shelter of a large portico, beside which I knew that you must pass to your own home in the same street. Scarcely three minutes had elapsed between the reaching my house, and the leaving it on this errand. I knew, for I had heard swords clash, that you would be detained some time in the street by the rioters; I thought it probable also that you might still continue the search for me; and I knew even that, had you hastened at once to your home, you could scarcely have reached it before I reached my shelter. I hurried on—I arrived at the spot—I screened myself, and awaited your coming. You came, borne in the arms of two men—others followed in the rear—I saw your face destitute of the hue and aspect of life, and your clothes streaming with blood. I was horror-stricken. I joined the crowd—I learnt that you had been stabbed, and it was feared mortally.

"I did not return home—no, I went into the fields, and lay out all night, and lifted up my heart to God, and wept aloud, and peace fell upon me—at least what was peace compared to the tempestuous darkness which had before reigned in my breast. The sight of you, bleeding and insensible—you against whom I had harboured a fratricide's purpose—had stricken as it were the weapon from my hand, and the madness from my mind. I shuddered at what I had escaped—I blessed God for my deliverance; and with the gratitude and the awe came repentance, and repentance brought a resolution to fly, since I could not wrestle with my mighty and dread temptation:—the moment that resolution was formed, it was as if an incubus were taken from my breast. Even the next morning I did not return home—my anxiety for you was such that I forgot all caution—I went to your house myself—I saw one of your servants to whom I was personally unknown. I inquired respecting you, and learnt that your wound had not been mortal, and that the servant had overheard one of the medical attendants say you were not even in danger.

"At this news I felt the serpent stir again within me, but I resolved to crush it at the first—I would not even expose myself to the temptation of passing by Isora's house—I went straight in search of my horse—I mounted, and fled resolutely from the scene of my soul's peril. 'I will go,' I said, 'to the home of our childhood—I will surround myself by the mute tokens of the early love which my brother bore me—I will think—while penance and prayer cleanse my soul from its black guilt—I will think that I am also making a sacrifice to that brother.'

"I returned then to Devereux Court, and I resolved to forego all hope—all persecution—of Isora! My brother—my brother, my heart yearns to you at this moment, even though years and

distance, and above all, my own crimes, place a gulf between us which I may never pass,—it yearns to you when I think of those quiet shades, and the scenes where, pure and unsullied, we wandered together, when life was all verdure and freshness, and we dreamt not of what was to come! If even now my heart yearns to you, Morton, when I think of that home and those days, believe that it had some softness and some mercy for you then. Yes, I repeat, I resolved to subdue my own emotions, and interpose no longer between Isora and yourself. Full of this determination, and utterly melted toward you, I wrote you a long letter, such as we would have written to each other in our first youth. Two days after that letter, all my new purposes were swept away, and the whole soil of evil thoughts which they had covered, not destroyed, rose again as the tide flowed from it, black and rugged as before.

"The very night on which I had writ that letter, came Montreuil secretly to my chamber. He had been accustomed to visit Gerald by stealth, and at sudden moments; and there was something almost supernatural in the manner in which he seemed to pass from place to place, unmolested and unseen. He had now conceived a villainous project: and he had visited Devereux Court in order to ascertain the likelihood of its success; he there found that it was necessary to involve me in his scheme. My uncle's physician had said privately that Sir William could not live many months longer. Either from Gerald or my mother, Montreuil learned this fact; and he was resolved, if possible, that the family estates should not glide from all chance of his influence over them into your possession. Montreuil was literally as poor as the rigid law of his order enjoins its disciples to be; all his schemes required the disposal of large sums, and in no private source could he hope for such pecuniary power as he was likely to find in the coffers of any member of our family—yourself only excepted. It was this man's boast to want, and yet to command, all things; and he was now determined that if any craft, reclusion, or guilt, could occasion the transfer of my uncle's wealth from you to Gerald or to myself, it should not be wanting.

"Now then he found the advantage of the dissensions with each other, which he had either sown or mellowed in our breasts. He came to turn those wrathful thoughts, which when he last saw me I had expressed toward you, to the favour and success of his design. He found my mind strangely altered, but he affected to applaud the change. He questioned me respecting my uncle's health, and I told him what had really occurred, viz. that my uncle had, on the preceding day, read over to me some part of a will which he had just made, and in which the vast bulk of his property was bequeathed to you. At this news Montreuil must have perceived at once the necessity of winning my consent to his project, for, since I had seen the actual testament, no fraudulent transfer of the property therein bequeathed could take place without my knowledge that some fraud had been resorted to. Montreuil knew me well—he knew that avarice, that pleasure, that ambition, were powerless words with me, producing no effect and affording no temptation; but he knew that passion, jealousy, spiritual terrors, were the springs that moved every part and nerve of my

moral being. The two former, then, he now put into action—the last he held back in reserve. He spoke to me no further upon the subject he had taken at heart; not a word further on the disposition of the estates—he spoke to me only of Isora and of you; he aroused, by hint and insinuation, the new sleep into which all those emotions—the crises of the heart—had been for a moment lulled. He told me he had lately seen Isora—he dwelt lovingly on her beauty—he commended my hesitancy in resigning her to a brother whose love for her was little in comparison to mine—who had, in reality, never loved *me*—whose jest and irony had been levelled no less at myself than at others. He painted your person and your mind, in contrast to my own, in colours so covertly depreciating as to irritate more, and more, that vanity with which jealousy is so woven, and from which, perhaps, (a Titon son of so feeble a parent,) it is born. He hung lingeringly over all the treasure that you would enjoy,—and that I—I, the first discoverer, had so nobly, and so generously relinquished.

“Relinquished!” I cried, “no, I was driven from it, I left it not while a hope of possessing it remained.” The priest affected astonishment.—How! was I sure of that? I had, it is true, wooed Isora, but would she, even if she had felt no reference for Morton, would she have surrendered to heir to a princely wealth for the humble love of the younger son? I did not know women—with them all love was either wantonness, custom, or pride—it was the last principle that swayed Isora. Had I sought to enlist it on my side?—not at all. Again, I had only striven to detach Isora from Morton; had I ever attempted the much easier task of detaching Morton from Isora? No, never; and Montreuil repeated his panegyric on my generous surrender of my rights. I interrupted him; I had not surrendered—I never would surrender while a hope remained. But, where was that hope, and how was it to be realized? After much artificial prelude, the priest explained. He proposed to use every means to array against your union with Isora, all motives of ambition, interest, and aggrandizement. ‘I know Morton’s character,’ said he, ‘to its very depths. His chief virtue is honour—his chief principle is ambition. He will not attempt to win this girl otherwise than by marriage, for the very reasons that would induce most men to attempt it, viz. her unfriended state, her poverty, her confidence in him, and her love, or that semblance of love, which he believes to be the passion itself. His virtue—I call it so, though it is none, for there is no virtue but religion—this virtue then will place before him only two plans of conduct, either to marry her or to forsake her. Now then, if we can bring his ambition, that great lever of his conduct, in opposition to the first alternative, only the last remains; I say that we *can* employ that engine in your behalf—leave it to me, and I will do so. Then, Aubrey, in the moment of her pique—her resentment—her outraged vanity, at being thus left, you shall appear: not as you have hitherto done, in menace and terror, but soft—subdued—with looks all love—with vows all penitence—vindicating all your past vehemence by the excess of your passion, and promising all future tenderness by the influence of the same motive, the motive which to a woman pardons every error, and hallows every crime. Then will she contrast

your love with your brother’s—then will the scale fall from her eyes—then will she see what hitherto she has been blinded to, that your brother, to yourself, is a satyr to Hyperion—then will she blush and falter, and hide her cheek in your bosom.’—‘Hold, hold!’ I cried; ‘do with me what you will, counsel, and I will act!’”

Here again the manuscript was defaced by a sudden burst of execration upon Montreuil, followed by ravings that gradually blackened into the most gloomy and incoherent outpourings of madness; at length, the history proceeded.

“You wrote to ask me to sound our uncle on the subject of your intended marriage. Montreuil drew up my answer, and I constrained myself, despite my revived hatred to you, to transcribe its expressions of affection; my uncle wrote to you also: and we strengthened his dislike to the step you had proposed, by hints from myself disrespectful to Isora, and an anonymous communication dated from London, and to the same purport. All this while I knew not that Isora had been in your house; your answer to my letter seemed to imply that you would not disobey my uncle. Montreuil, who was still lurking in the neighbourhood, and who, at night, privately met or sought me, affected exultation at the incipient success of his advice. He pretended to receive perpetual intelligence of your motions and conduct, and he informed me now that Isora had come to your house on hearing of your wound; that you had not (agreeably, Montreuil added, to his view of your character) taken advantage of her indiscretion; that immediately on receiving your uncle’s and my own letters, you had separated yourself from her; and that, though you still visited her, it was apparently with a view of breaking off all connexion by gradual and gentle steps; at all events, you had taken no measures toward marriage. ‘Now then,’ said Montreuil, ‘for one finishing stroke, and the prize is yours. Your uncle cannot, you find, live long: could he but be persuaded to leave his property to Gerald or to you, with only a trifling legacy (comparatively speaking) to Morton, that worldly-minded and enterprising person would be utterly prevented from marrying a penniless and unknown foreigner. Nothing but his own high prospects, so utterly above the necessity of fortune in a wife, can excuse such a measure now, even to his own mind; if therefore, we can effect this transfer of property, and in the mean while prevent Morton from marrying, your rival is gone for ever, and with his brilliant advantages of wealth, will also vanish his merits in the eyes of Isora. Do not be startled at this thought; there is no vice in it; I, your confessor, your tutor, the servant of God, am the last person to counsel, to hint even, at what is criminal; but the end sanctifies all means. By transferring this vast property, you do not only ensure your object, but you advance the great cause of kings, the church, and of the religion which presides over both. Wealth, in Morton’s possession, will be useless to this cause, perhaps pernicious: in your hands or in Gerald’s, it will be of inestimable service. Wealth produced from the public should be applied to the uses of the public, yea, even though a petty injury to one individual be the price.’

“Thus, and in this manner, did Montreuil prepare my mind for the step he meditated; but I

was not yet ripe for it. So inconsistent is guilt, that I could commit murder—wrong—almost all villany that passion dictated, but I was struck aghast by the thought of fraud. Montreuil perceived that I was not yet wholly his, and his next plan was to remove me from a spot where I might check his measures. He persuaded me to travel for a few weeks. ‘On your return,’ said he, ‘consider Isora yours; meanwhile, let change of scene beguile suspense.’ I was passive in his hands, and I went whither he directed.

“Let me be brief here on the black fraud that ensued. Among the other arts of Jean Desmarais, was that of copying exactly any handwriting. He was then in London, in your service: Montreuil sent for him to come to the neighbourhood of Devereux Court. Meanwhile, the priest had procured from the notary who had drawn up, and who now possessed, the will of my unsuspecting uncle, that document. The notary had been long known to, and sometimes politically employed by, Montreuil, for he was half-brother to that Oswald, whom I have before mentioned as the early comrade of the priest and Desmarais. This circumstance, it is probable, first induced Montreuil to contemplate the plan of a substituted will. Before Desmarais arrived, in order to copy those parts of the will which my uncle’s humour had led him to write in his own hand, you, alarmed by a letter from my uncle, came to the Court, and on the same day Sir William (taken ill the preceding evening) died. Between that day and the one on which the funeral occurred, the will was copied by Desmarais; only Gerald’s name was substituted for yours, and the forty thousand pounds left to him—a sum equal to that bestowed on myself—was cut down into a legacy of twenty thousand pounds to you. Less than this, Montreuil dared not insert as the bequest to you; and it is possible that the same regard to probabilities prevented all mention of himself in the substituted will. This was all the alteration made. My uncle’s writing was copied exactly; and, save the departure from his apparent intentions in your favour, I believe not a particle in the effected fraud was calculated to excite suspicion. Immediately on the reading of the will, Montreuil repaired to me, and confessed what had taken place.

“‘Aubrey,’ he said, ‘I have done this for your sake partly; but I have had a much higher end in view than even your happiness, or my affectionate wishes to promote it. I live solely for one object—the aggrandizement of that holy order to which I belong; the schemes of that order are devoted only to the interests of heaven, and by serving them, I serve heaven itself. Aubrey, child of my adoption and of my earthly hopes, those schemes require carnal instruments, and work, even through mammon, unto the goal of righteousness. What I have done is just before God and man. I have wrested a weapon from the hand of an enemy, and placed it in the hand of an ally. I have not touched one atom of this wealth, though, with the same ease with which I have transferred it from Morton to Gerald, I might have made my own private fortune. I have not touched one atom of it; nor for you, whom I love more than any living being, have I done what my heart dictated. I might have caused the inheritance to pass to you. I have not done so. Why? Because, then, I should have consulted a selfish desire at the expense of the interests

of mankind. Gerald is fitter to be the tool those interests require than you are. Gerald I have made that tool. You, too, I have spared the pains which your conscience, so peculiarly, so morbidly acute, might suffer at being selected as the instrument of a seeming wrong to Morton. All required of you is silence. If your wants ever ask more than your legacy, you have, as I have, a claim to that wealth which your pleasure allows Gerald to possess. Meanwhile, let us secure to you that treasure dearer to you than gold.’

“If Montreuil did not quite blind me by speeches of this nature, my engrossing, absorbing passion, required little to make it cling to any hope of its fruition. I assented, therefore, though not without many previous struggles, to Montreuil’s project, or rather to his concealment; nay, I wrote some time after, at his desire, and his dictation, a letter to you, stating feigned reasons for my uncle’s alteration of former intentions, and exonerating Gerald from all connivance in that alteration, or abetment in the fraud you professed that it was your own belief had been committed. This was due to Gerald; for, at that time, and for aught I know, to the present, he was perfectly unconscious by what means he had attained his fortune; he believed that your love for Isora had given my uncle offence, and hence your disinheritorship; and Montreuil took effectual care to exasperate him against you, by dwelling on the malice which your suspicions and your proceedings against him so glaringly testified. Whether Montreuil really thought you would give over all intention of marrying Isora upon your reverse of fortune, which is likely enough, from his estimate of your character, or whether he only wished, by any means, to obtain my acquiescence in a measure important to his views, I knew not, but he never left me, nor ever ceased to sustain my fevered and unhallowed hopes, from the hour in which he first communicated to me the fraudulent substitution of the will till we repaired together to London. This we did not do so long as he could detain me in the country, by assurance that I should ruin all by appearing before Isora until you had entirely deserted her.

“Morton, hitherto I have written as if my veins were filled with water, instead of the raging fire that flows through them until it reaches my brain, and there it stops, and eats away all things—even memory, that once seemed eternal! Now I feel as I approach the consummation of—ha—of what—ay, of what? Brother, did you ever, when you thought yourself quite alone—at night—not a breath stirring—did you ever raise your eyes, and see exactly opposite to you, a devil!—a dreadful thing, that moves not, speaks not, but glares upon you with a fixed, dead, unrelenting eye!—that thing is before me now, and witnesses every word I write. But it deters me not! no, nor terrifies me. I have said that I would fulfil this task, and I have nearly done it; though at times the gray cavern yawned, and I saw its rugged walls stretch—stretch away, on either side, until they reached hell; and there I beheld—but I will not tell you till we meet there! Now I am calm again—read on.

“We could not discover Isora, nor her home; perhaps the priest took care that it should be so; for, at that time, what with his devilish whispers and my own heart, I often scarcely knew what I was, or what I desired; and I sat for hours and gazed upon the air, and it seemed so soft and still

that I longed to make an opening in my forehead that it might enter there, and so cool and quiet the dull, throbbing, scorching anguish that lay like molten lead in my brain; at length we found the house. 'To-morrow,' said the abbé, and he shed tears over me—for there were times when that hard man did feel;—'to-morrow, my child, thou shalt see her—but be soft and calm.' The morrow came; but Montreuil was pale, paler than I had ever seen him, and he gazed upon me and said, 'Not to-day, son, not to-day; she has gone out, and will not return till nightfall.' My brother, the evening came, and with it came Desmarais; he came in terror and alarm. 'The villain Oswald,' he said, 'has betrayed all; he drew me aside and told me so. "Harkye, Jean," he whispered, "harkye—your master has my brother's written confession, and the real will; but I have provided for your safety, and if he pleases it, for Montreuil's. The packet is not to be opened till the seventh day—fly before then." But I know,' added Desmarais, 'where the packet is placed;' and he took Montreuil aside, and for a while I heard not what they said; but I did overhear Desmarais at last, and I learnt that it was your *bridal night*!

"What felt I then? The same tempestuous fury, the same whirlwind and storm of heart that I had felt before, at the mere anticipation of such an event? No; I felt a bright ray of joy flash through me. Yes, joy; but it was that joy which a conqueror feels when he knows his mortal foe is in his power, and when he dooms that enemy to death. 'They shall perish—and on this night,' I said inly. 'I have sworn it—I swore to Isora that the bridal couch should be stained with blood, and I will keep the oath!' I approached the pair—they were discussing the means for obtaining the packet. Montreuil urged Desmarais to purloin it from the place where you had deposited it, and then to abscond; but to this plan Desmarais was vehemently opposed. He insisted that there would be no possible chance of his escape from a search so scrutinizing as that which would necessarily ensue, and he was evidently resolved not *alone* to incur the danger of the *theft*. 'The count,' said he, 'saw that I was present when he put away the packet. Suspicion will fall solely on me. Whither should I fly? No—I will serve you with my talents, but not with my life.' 'Wretch!' said Montreuil, 'if that packet is opened, thy life is already gone.'—'Yes,' said Desmarais; 'but we may yet purloin the papers, and throw the guilt upon some other quarter. What if I admit you when the count is abroad? What if you steal the packet, and carry away other articles of more seeming value? What, too, if you wound *me* in the arm or the breast, and I coin some terrible tale of robbers, and of my resistance, could we not manage then to throw suspicion upon common house-breakers—nay, could we not throw it upon Oswald himself? Let us silence that traitor by death, and who shall contradict our tale? No danger shall attend this plan. I will give you the key of the *escritoire*—the theft will not be the work of a moment.' Montreuil at first demurred to this proposal, but Desmarais was, I repeat, resolved not to incur the danger of the theft alone; the stake was great, and it was not Montreuil's nature to shrink from peril, when once it became necessary to confront it. 'Be it so,' he said at last, 'though the

scheme is full of difficulty and of danger: be it so. We have not a day to lose. To-morrow the count will place the document in some place of greater safety, and unknown to us—the deed shall be done to-night. Procure the key of the *escritoire*—admit me this night—I will steal disguised into the chamber—I will commit the act from which you, who alone could commit it with safety, shrink. Instruct me exactly as to the place where the articles you speak of are placed: I will abstract them also. See, that if the count wake, he has no weapon at hand. Wound yourself, as you say, in some place not dangerous to life, and to-morrow, or within an hour after my escape, tell what tale you will. I will go, meanwhile, at once to Oswald; I will either bribe his silence—ay, and his immediate absence from England—or he shall die. A death that secures our own self-preservation is excusable in the reading of all law, divine or human!

"I heard, but they deemed me insensible: they had already begun to grow unheeding of my presence. Montreuil saw me, and his countenance grew soft. 'I know all,' I said, as I caught his eye which looked on me in pity, 'I know all—they are married. Enough! with my hope ceases my love: care not for me.'

"Montreuil embraced and spoke to me in kindness and in praise. He assured me that you had kept your wedding so close a secret that he knew it not, nor did even Desmarais, till the evening before—till after he had proposed that I should visit Isora that very day. I know not, I care not, whether he was sincere in this. In whatever way one line in the dread scroll of his conduct be read, the scroll was written in guile, and in blood was it sealed. I appeared not to notice Montreuil or his accomplice any more. The latter left the house first. Montreuil stole forth, as he thought, unobserved; he was masked, and in complete disguise. I, too, went forth. I hastened to a shop where such things were to be procured; I purchased a mask and a cloak similar to the priest's. I had heard Montreuil agree with Desmarais that the door of the house should be left ajar, in order to give greater facility to the escape of the former; I repaired to the house in time to see Montreuil enter it. *A strange, sharp sort of cunning, which I had never known before, ran through the dark confusion of my mind.* I waited for a minute, till it was likely that Montreuil had gained your chamber: I then pushed open the door, and ascended the stairs. I met no one—the moonlight fell around me, and its rays seemed to me like ghosts, pale and shrouded, and gazing upon me with wan and lustreless eyes. I know not how I found your chamber, but it was the only one I entered. I stood in the same room with Isora and yourself—ye lay in sleep—Isora's face—. O, God! I know no more—no more of that night of horror—save that I fled from the house reeking with blood—a murderer—and the murderer of Isora!

"Then came a long, long dream. I was in a sea of blood—blood-red was the sky, and one still, solitary star that gleamed far away with a sickly and wan light, was the only spot, above and around, which was not of the same intolerable dye. And I thought my eyelids were cut off, as those of the Roman consul are said to have been, and I had nothing to shield my eyes from that crimson light,

and the rolling waters of that unnatural sea. And the red air burnt through my eyes into my brain, and then that also, methought, became blood; and all memory—all images of memory—all ideas—were a material shape and a material colour, and were blood, too. Every thing was unutterably silent, except when my own shrieks rang over the shoreless ocean, as I drifted on. At last I fixed my eyes—the eyes which I might never close—upon that pale and single star; and after I had gazed a little while, the star seemed to change slowly—slowly—until it grew like the pale face of that murdered girl, and then it vanished, utterly, and *all* was blood.

"This vision was sometimes broken—sometimes varied by others—but it always returned; and when at last I completely woke from it, I was in Italy, in a convent. Montreuil had lost no time in removing me from England. But once, shortly after my recovery, for I was mad for many months, he visited me, and he saw what a wreck I had become. He pitied me; and when I told him I longed above all things for liberty—for the green earth and the fresh air, and a removal from that gloomy abode, he opened the convent gates, and blessed me, and bade me go forth. 'All I require of you,' said he, 'is a promise. If it is understood that you live, you will be persecuted by inquiries and questions, which will terminate in a conviction of your crime: let it therefore be reported in England that you are dead. Consent to the report, and promise never to quit Italy, or to see Morton Devereux.'

"I promised—and that promise I have kept; but I promised not that I would never reveal to you, in writing, the black tale which I have now recorded. May it reach you. There is one in this vicinity who has promised to bear it to you; he says he has known misery—and when he said so, his voice sounded in my ear like yours; and I looked upon him, and thought his features were cast somewhat in the same mould as your own—so I have trusted him. I have now told all. I have wrenched the secret from my heart in agony and with fear. I have told all—though things, which I believe are fiends, have started forth from the grim walls around to forbid it—though dark wings have swept by me, and talons, as of a bird, have attempted to tear away the paper on which I write—though eyes, whose light was never drunk from earth, have glared on me—and mocking voices and horrible laughter have made my flesh creep, and thrilled through the marrow of my bones—I have told all—I have finished my last labour in this world, and I will now lie down and die.

AUBREY DEVEREUX."

The paper dropped from my hands. Whatever I had felt in reading it, I had not flinched once from the task. From the first word even to the last, I had gone through the dreadful tale, nor uttered a syllable, nor moved a limb. And now as I rose, though I had found the being who to me had withered this world into one impassable desert—though I had found the unrelenting foe and the escaped murderer of Isora—the object of the execration and vindictiveness of years—not one single throb of wrath, not one single sentiment of vengeance was in my breast. I passed at once to the bedside of my brother; he was awake, but still and calm—the calm and stillness of exhausted nature.

I knelt down quietly beside him. I took his hand, and I shrunk not from the touch, though by that hand the only woman I ever loved had perished.

"Look up, Aubrey!" said I, struggling with tears which, despite of my most earnest effort, came over me; "look up, all is forgiven. Who on earth shall withhold pardon from a crime which on earth has been so awfully punished? Look up, Aubrey; I am your brother, and I forgive you. You are right—my childhood *was* harsh and fierce; and had you feared me less you might have confided in me, and you would not have sinned and suffered as you have done now. Fear me no longer. Look up, Aubrey, it is Morton who calls you. Why do you not speak? My brother, my brother—a word, a single word, I implore you."

For one moment did Aubrey raise his eyes—one moment did he meet mine. His lips quivered wildly—I heard the death-rattle—he sunk back, and his hand dropped from my clasp. My work had snapped asunder the last chord of life. Merciful heaven! I thank thee that those words were the words of pardon!

CHAPTER V.

In which the history makes a great stride toward the final catastrophe—The return to England, and the visit to a devotee.

At night, and in the thrilling forms of the Catholic ritual, was Aubrey Devereux consigned to earth. After that ceremony I could linger no longer in the vicinity of the hermitage. I took leave of the abbot, and richly endowed his convent in return for the protection it had afforded to the anchorite and the masses which had been said for his soul. Before I left Anselmo, I questioned him if any friend to the hermit had ever, during his seclusion, held any communication with the abbot respecting him. Anselmo, after a little hesitation, confessed that a man, a Frenchman, seemingly of no high rank, had several times visited the convent as if to scrutinize the habits and life of the anchorite; he had declared himself commissioned by the hermit's relatives to make inquiry of him from time to time; but he had given the abbot no clue to discover himself, though Anselmo had especially hinted at the expediency of being acquainted with some quarter to which he could direct any information of change in the hermit's habits or health. This man had been last at the convent about two months before the present date; but one of the brothers declared that he had seen him in the vicinity of the well on the very day on which the hermit died. The description of this stranger was essentially different from that which would have been given of Montreuil, but I imagined that if not the abbé himself, the stranger was one in his confidence or his employ.

I now repaired to Rome, where I made the most extensive, though guarded, inquiries after Montreuil, and at length I learnt that he was living concealed, or rather unnoticed, in England, under a disguised name; having, by friends, or by money, obtained therein a tacit connivance, though not an open pardon. No sooner did I learn this intelligence, than I resolved forthwith to depart to that country. I crossed the Alps, traversed France, and took ship at Calais for Dover.

Behold me then upon the swift seas bent upon double purpose—reconciliation with a brother whom I had wronged, and vengeance—no, not vengeance, but *justice*, against the criminal I had discovered! No! it was not revenge—it was no infuriate, no unholy desire of inflicting punishment upon a personal foe, which possessed me—it was a steady, calm, unwavering resolution, to obtain justice against the profound and systematized guilt of a villain who had been the bane of all who had come within his contact, that nerved my arm and engrossed my heart. Bear witness, heaven, I am not a vindictive man! I have, it is true, been extreme in hatred, as in love; but I have ever had the power to control myself from yielding to its impulse. When the full persuasion of Gerald's crime reigned within me, I had thrall'd my emotion, I had curbed it within the circle of my own heart, though there, thus pent and self-consuming, it was an agony and a torture; I had resisted the voice of that blood which cried from the earth against a murderer, and which had consigned the solemn charge of justice to my hands. Year after year I had nursed an unappeased desire; nor ever, when it stung the most, suffered it to become an actual revenge. I had knelt in tears and in softness by Aubrey's bed—I had poured forth my ardor over him—I had felt, while I did so, not so much sternness as would have slain a worm. By his hand had the murderous stroke been dealt—in his soul was the crimson stain of that blood which had flowed through the veins of the gentlest and the most innocent of God's creatures—and yet the blow was unavenged and the crime forgiven. For him there was a palliative, or even a gloomy but an unanswerable excuse. In the confession which had so terribly solved the mystery of my life, the seeds of that curse, which had grown at last into MADNESS, might be discovered even in the first dawn of Aubrey's existence. The latent poison might be detected in the morbid fever of his young devotion—in his jealous cravings of affection—in the first flush of his ill-omened love, even before rivalry and wrath began. Then, too, his guilt had not been regularly organized into one cold and deliberate system—it broke forth in impetuous starts, in frantic paroxysms—it was often wrestled with, though by a feeble mind—it was often conquered by a tender, though a fitful temper—it might not have rushed into the last and most awful crime, but for the damning instigation and the atrocious craft of one, who (Aubrey rightly said) could wield and mould the unhappy victim at his will. Might not, did I say? Nay, but for Montreuil's accursed influence, had I not Aubrey's own word that that crime never *would* have been committed! He had resolved to stifle his love—his heart had already melted to Isora and to me—he had already tasted the sweets of a virtuous resolution, and conquered the first bitterness of opposition to his passion. Why should not the resolution thus auspiciously begun have been meliorated into effect? Why should not the grateful and awful remembrance of the crime he had escaped continue to preserve him from meditating crime anew? And (O, thought, which, while I now write, steals over me and brings with it an unutterable horde of emotions!) but for that all-tainting, all-withering influence, Aubrey's soul might at this moment have been pure from murder, and Isora,—the living Isora,—by my side!

What wonder, as these thoughts came over me, that sense, feeling, reason, gradually shrunk and hardened into one stern resolve? I looked as from a height over the whole conduct of Montreuil: I saw him in our early infancy with (beyond the general policy of intrigue) no definite motive, no fixed design, which might somewhat have lessened the callousness of the crime, not only fomenting dissensions in the hearts of brothers—not only turning the season of warm affections and yet of unopened passion into strife and rancour—but seizing upon the inherent and reigning vice of our bosoms, which he should have seized to crush—in order only by that master vice to weave our characters and sway our conduct to his will, whenever a cool-blooded and merciless policy required us to be of that will the minions and the tools. Thus had he taken hold of the diseased jealousy of Aubrey, and by that handle, joined to the latent spring of superstition, guided him on his wretched course of misery and guilt. Thus, by a moral irresolution in Gerald had he bowed him also to his purposes, and by an infantine animosity between that brother and myself, held us both in a state of mutual hatred which I shuddered to recall. Readily could I now perceive that my charges or my suspicions against Gerald, which, in ordinary circumstances, he might have dispassionately come forward to disprove, had been represented to him by Montreuil in the light of groundless and wilful insults; and thus he had been led to scorn that full and cool explanation which, if it had not elucidated the mystery of my afflictions, would have removed the false suspicion of guilt from himself, and the real guilt of wrath and animosity from me.

The crime of the forged will, and the outrage to the dead and to myself, was a link in his woven guilt which I regarded the least. I looked rather to the black and the consummate craft by which Aubrey had been implicated in that sin; and my indignation became mixed with horror when I saw Montreuil working to that end of fraud by the instigation not only of a guilty and unlawful passion, but of the yet more unnatural and terrific engine of frenzy—of a maniac's despair. Over the peace—the happiness—the honour—the virtue of a whole family, through fraud and through blood, this priest had marched onward to the goal of his icy and heartless ambition, unrelenting and unrepenting; "but not," I said, as I clenched my hand till the nails met in the flesh, "not for ever unchecked and unrequited!"

But in what manner was justice to be obtained? A public court of law! What! drag forward the deep dishonour of my house—the gloomy and convulsive history of my departed brother—his crime and his insanity! What! bring that history, connected as it was with the fate of Isora, before the curious, and the insolent gaze of the babbling world! Bare that awful record to the jeers, to the scrutiny, the marvel and the pity, of that most coarse of all tribunals—an English court of law! and that most torturing of all exposures—the vulgar comments of an English public? Could I do this? Yea, in the sternness of my soul, I felt that I could submit even to that humiliation, if no other way presented itself by which I could arrive at justice. Was there no other way?—at that question conjecture paused—I formed no scheme, or rather, I formed a hundred and rejected

them all; my mind settled, at last, into an indistinct, unquestioned, but prophetic resolution, that, whenever my path crossed Montreuil's, it should be to the destruction of one of us. I asked not how, nor when, the blow was to be dealt; I felt only a solemn and exultant certainty that, whether it borrowed the sword of the law, or the weapon of private justice, *mine* should be the hand which brought retribution to the ashes of the dead and the agony of the survivor.

So soon as my mind had subsided into this determination, I suffered my thoughts to dwell upon subjects less sternly agitating. Fondly did I look forward to a meeting with Gerald, and a reconciliation of all our early and most frivolous disputes. As an atonement for the injustice my suspicions had done him, I resolved not to reclaim my inheritance. My fortune was already ample, and all that I cared to possess of the hereditary estates were the ruins of the old house, and the copse of the surrounding park; these Gerald would, in all likelihood, easily yield to me; and, with the natural sanguineness of my temperament, I already planned the reconstruction of the ancient building, and the method of that solitary life in which I resolved that the remainder of my years should be spent.

Turning from this train of thought, I recurred to the mysterious and sudden disappearance of Oswald: *that* I was now easily able to account for. There could be no doubt but that Montreuil had, (immediately after the murder,) as he declared he would, induced Oswald to quit England, and preserve silence, either by bribery or by threats. And when I recalled the impression which the man had made upon me—an impression certainly not favourable to the exaltation or the rigid honesty of his mind—I could not but imagine that one or the other of these means Montreuil found far from difficult of success. The delirious fever into which the wounds and the scenes of that night had thrown me, and the long interval that consequently elapsed before inquiry was directed to Oswald, gave him every opportunity and indulgence in absenting himself from the country, and it was not improbable that he had accompanied Aubrey to Italy.

Here I paused, in deep acknowledgment of the truth of Aubrey's assertion, that, "under similar circumstances, I might perhaps have been equally guilty." My passions had indeed been "intense and fierce as his own;" and there was a dread coincidence in the state of mind into which each of us had been thrown by the event of that night, which made the epoch of a desolated existence to both of us; if mine had been but a passing delirium, and his a confirmed and lasting disease of the intellect, the causes of our malady had been widely different. He had been the criminal—I only the sufferer.

Thus as I leaned over the deck, and the waves bore me homeward, after so many years and vicissitudes, did the shadows of thought and memory flit across me. How seemingly apart, yet how closely linked, had been the great events in my wandering and wild life. My early acquaintance with Bolingbroke, whom for more than nine years I had not seen, and who, at a superficial glance, would seem to have exercised influence over my public, rather than my private, life—how secretly, yet how powerfully had that circumstance led even

to the very thoughts which now possessed me, and to the very object on which I was now bound. But for that circumstance, I might not have learned of the retreat of Don Diego D'Alvarez in his last illness; I might never have renewed my love to Isora; and whatever had been her fate, destitution and poverty would have been a less misfortune than her union with me. But for my friendship for Bolingbroke, I might not have visited France, nor gained the favour of the regent, nor the ill offices of Dubois, nor the protection and kindness of the czar. I might never have been ambassador at the court of —, nor met with Bezoni, nor sought an asylum for a spirit steeled with pomp, and thirsting for truth, at the foot of the Apennines, nor read that history (which, indeed, might then never have occurred) that now rankled at my heart, urging my movements and colouring my desires. Thus, by the finest, but the strongest, meshes, had the thread of my political honours been woven with that of my private afflictions. And thus, even at the licentious festivals of the Regent of France, or the lifeless parade of the court of —, the dark stream of events had flowed onward beneath my feet, bearing me insensibly to that very spot of time, from which I now surveyed the past, and looked upon the mist and shadows of the future.

Adverse winds made the little voyage across the channel a business of four days. On the evening of the last we landed at Dover. Within thirty miles of that town was my mother's retreat; and I resolved, before I sought a reconciliation with Gerald, or justice against Montreuil, to visit her seclusion. Accordingly, the next day, I repaired to her abode.

What a contrast is there between the lives of human beings! Considering the beginning and the end of all mortal careers are the same, how wonderfully is the interval varied! Some, the weeds of the world, dashed from shore to shore—all vicissitude—enterprise—strife—disquiet; others the world's lichen, rooted to some peaceful rock—growing—flourishing—withering on the same spot—scarce a feeling exercised—scarce a sentiment called forth—scarce a tithe of the properties of their very nature expanded into action.

There was an air of quiet and stillness in the red quadrangular building, as my carriage stopped at its porch, which struck upon me, like a breathing reproach to those who sought the abode of peace with feelings opposed to the spirit of the place. A small projecting porch was covered with ivy, and thence issued an aged portress in answer to my summons.

"The Countess Devereux," said she, "is now the superior of the society," (convent they called it not,) "and rarely admits any stranger."

I gave in my claim to admission, and was ushered into a small parlour: all there, ~~was~~ still—the brown oak wainscoting—the large chairs—the few antique portraits—the ~~uninterrupted~~ aspect of the chamber—all were silently eloquent of quietude—but a quietude comfortless and sombre. At length, my mother appeared,—I sprang forward—my childhood was before me—years—care—change—were forgotten,—I was a boy again—I sprang forward, and was in my mother's embrace! It was long before, recovering myself, I noted how lifeless and chill was that embrace; but I did so at last, and my enthusiasm withered at once.

to visit him. It was not only that I contemplated with an eager, yet a melancholy interest, an interview with one whose blazing career I had long watched, and whose letters (for during the years we had been parted he wrote to me often) seemed to testify the same satiety of the triumphs and gauds of ambition which had brought something of wisdom to myself; it was not only that I wished to commune with that Bolingbroke in retirement whom I had known the oracle of statesmen, and the pride of courts; nor even that I loved the man, and was eager once more to embrace him;—a fiercer and more active motive urged me to visit one whose knowledge of all men, and application of their various utilities, were so remarkable, and who, even in his present peace and retirement, would, not improbably, be acquainted with the abode of that unquiet and plotting ecclesiastic whom I now panted to discover, and whom Bolingbroke had of old often guided or employed.

He did not see me till I was close before him, and had called him by his name, nor did he at first recognise me, for my garb was foreign, and my upper lip unshaven; and, as I said before, years had strangely altered me: but when he did, he testified all the cordiality I had anticipated. I linked my arm in his, and we walked to and fro for hours, talking of all that had passed since and before our parting, and feeling our hearts warm to each other as we talked.

“The last time I saw you,” said he, “how widely did our hopes and objects differ; yours from my own—you seemingly had the vantage-ground, but it was an artificial eminence, and my level state, though it appeared less tempting, was more secure. I had just been disgraced by a misguided and ungrateful prince. I had already gone into a retirement, where my only hopes were proportioned to my fortitude in bearing affliction, and my only flatterer was the hope of finding a companion and a Mentor in myself. You, my friend, parted

The retreat of a celebrated man, and a visit to a great poet.

I ARRIVED in town, and drove at once to Gerald's house : it was not difficult to find it, for in my young day it had been the residence of the Duke of —— ; and, wealthy as I knew was the owner of the Devereux lands, I was somewhat startled at the extent and the magnificence of his palace. To my inexpressible disappointment, I found that Gerald had left London a day or two before my arrival, on a visit to a nobleman nearly connected with our family, and residing in the same county as that in which Devereux Court was situated. Since the fire, which had destroyed all of the old house but the one tower which I had considered as peculiarly my own, Gerald, I heard, had always, in visiting his estates, taken up his abode at the mansion of one or other of his neighbours ; and to Lord ——'s house, I now resolved to repair. My journey was delayed for a day or two, by accidentally seeing at the door of the hotel, to which I drove from Gerald's house, the favourite servant of Lord Bolingbroke. This circumstance revived in me, at once, all my attachment to that personage, and hearing he was at his country house, within a few miles from town, I resolved the next morning

with life before you; and you only relinquished the pursuit of fortune at one court, to meet her advances at another. Nearly ten years have flown since that time—my situation is but little changed—I am returned, it is true, to my native soil, but not to a soil more indulgent to ambition and exertion than the scene of my exile. My sphere of action is still shut from me—*my mind is still banished*.* You return young in years, but full of successes. Have they brought you happiness, Devereux? or have you yet a temper to envy my content?"

"Alas!" said I, "who can bear too close a search beneath the mask and robe? Talk not of me now. It is ungracious for the fortunate to repine; and I reserve whatever may disquiet me within, for your future consolation and advice. At present speak to me of yourself—you are happy, then?"

"I am!" said Bolingbroke, emphatically. "Life seems to me to possess two treasures—one glittering and precarious, the other of less rich a show, but of a more solid value. The one is power, the other virtue; and there is this main difference between the two—power is intrusted to us as a *loan* ever required again, and with a terrible arrear of interest; virtue obtained by us is a *boom* which we can only lose through our own folly, when once it is acquired. In my youth I was caught by the former—hence my errors and my misfortunes! In my declining years I have sought the latter—hence my palliatives and my consolation. But you have not seen my home and *all* its attractions," added Bolingbroke, with a smile, which reminded me of his former self. "I will show them to you." And we turned our steps to the house.

As we walked thither, I wondered to find how little melancholy was the change Bolingbroke had undergone. Ten years, which bring man from his prime to his decay, had indeed left a potent trace upon his stately form, and the still unrivalled beauty of his noble features; but the manner gained all that the form had lost. In his days of more noisy greatness, there had been something artificial and unquiet in the sparkling alternations he had loved to assume. He had been too fond of changing wisdom, by a quick turn, into wit—too fond of the affectation of bordering the serious with the gay—the business with the pleasure. If this had not taken from the polish of his manner, it had diminished his dignity, and given it the air of being assumed and insincere. Now, all was quiet, earnest, and impressive; there was tenderness even in what was melancholy: and if there yet lingered the affectation of blending the classic character with his own, the character was more noble, and the affectation more unseen. But this manner was only the faint mirror of a mind which, retaining much of its former mould, had been embellished and exalted by adversity, and which, if it banished not its former frailties, had acquired a thousand new virtues to redeem them.

"You see," said my companion, pointing to the walls of the hall, which we had now entered, "the subject which at present occupies the greater part of my attention. I am meditating how to make the hall most illustrative of its owner's pursuits. You see the desire of improving, of creating, and

of associating the improvement and the creation with ourselves, follows us banished men even to our seclusion. I think of having those walls painted with the implements of husbandry, and through pictures of spades and ploughshares to express my employments, and testify my content in them."

"Cincinnatus is a better model than Aristippus, confess it," said I, smiling. "But if the senators come hither to summon you to power, will you resemble the Roman, not only in being found at your plough, but in your reluctance to leave it, and your eagerness to return?"

"What shall I say to you?" replied Bolingbroke. "Will you play the cynic, if I answer *no*? We *should* not boast of despising power, when of use to others, but of being contented to live without it. This is the end of my philosophy! But let me present you to one whom I value more now than I valued power at any time."

As he said this, Bolingbroke threw open the door of an apartment, and introduced me to a lady with whom he had found that domestic happiness denied him in his first marriage. The niece of Madame de Maintenon, this most charming woman, possessed all her aunt's wit, and far more than all her aunt's beauty.* She was in weak health; but her vivacity was extreme, and her conversation just what should be the conversation of a woman who shines without striving for it.

The business on which I was bound only allowed me to stay two days with Bolingbroke, and this I stated at first, lest he should have dragged me over his farm. It is very odd to me, who think that, on a great legislative scale, I am not quite ignorant of agricultural matters, how exceedingly ignorant I am of them on a small scale; and I really *do* hate oats and barley, when considered at so much per sack, with a very unphilosophical hatred.

"Well," said my host, after vainly endeavouring to induce me to promise a longer stay, "if you can only give us two days, I must write and excuse myself to a great man with whom I was to dine to-day: yet if it were not so inhospitable, I should like much to carry you with me to his house; for I own that I wish you to see my companions, and to learn that if I still consult the oracles, they are less for the predictions of fortune than as the inspirations of the god."

"Ah!" said Lady Bolingbroke, who spoke in French, "I know whom you allude to. Give him my homage, and assure him, when he next visits us, we will appoint six *dames du palais* to receive and pet him."

Upon this I insisted upon accompanying Bolingbroke to the house of so fortunate a being, and he consented to my wish with feigned reluctance, but evident pleasure.

"And who," said I to Lady Bolingbroke, "is the happy object of so much respect?"

Lady Bolingbroke answered, laughing, that nothing was so pleasant as suspense, and that it would be cruel in her to deprive me of it; and we conversed with so much zest, that it was not till

* "I am not ashamed to say to you that I admire her more every hour of my life."—*Letter from Lord Bolingbroke to Swift*.

* I need scarcely remind the reader that Lord Bolingbroke, though he had received a full pardon, was forbidden to resume his seat in the House of Lords.—*Ed.*

Bolingbroke loved her to the last; and perhaps it is just to a man so celebrated for his gallantries, to add that this beautiful and accomplished woman seems to have admired and esteemed as much as she loved him.—*Ed.*

Bolingbroke had left the room for some moments, at I observed he was not present. I took the opportunity to remark that I was rejoiced to find him so happy, and with such just cause for happiness.

"He is happy, though, at times, he is restless. Now, chained to this oar, can he be otherwise?" answered Lady Bolingbroke, with a sigh: "but his friends," she added, "who most enjoy his retirement, must yet lament it. His genius is not wasted here, it is true: where *could* it be wasted? It is who does not feel that it is employed in too confined a sphere? And yet—" and I saw a tear fall to her eye—"I, at least, ought not to repine. I should lose the best part of my happiness if there was nothing I could console him for."

"Believe me," said I, "I have known Bolingbroke in the zenith of his success; but never knew him so worthy of congratulation as *now*!"

"Is that flattery to him or to me?" said Lady Bolingbroke, smiling archly, for her smiles were quick successors to her tears.

"*Detur digniori!*" answered I; "but you must allow that, though it is a fine thing to have that the world can give, it is still better to gain nothing that the world cannot take away!"

"*Et vous aussi êtes philosophe!*" cried Lady Bolingbroke, gayly. "Ah, poor me! In my youth, my portion was the cloister;* in my later years I banished to *the porch*! You have no conception, Monsieur Devereux, what wise faces and proud maxims we have here; especially as all who come to visit my lord think it necessary to quote Voltaire, and talk of solitude as if it were a heaven! *Les pauvres bonnes gens!* they seem a little surprised when Henry receives them smilingly—begs them to construe the Latin—gives them good advice, and sends them back to London with faces that tell the length they were on their arrival. *Mais quel monsieur le fermier philosophe!*"

And Bolingbroke entering, I took my leave of this lively and interesting lady, and entered his study.

As soon as we were seated, he pressed me for reasons for refusing to prolong my visit. As I ought, they would be more opportune after the expiration of the day was over, and as, in truth, I was not eager to relate them, I begged to defer the conversation till our return to his house at night, and I directed the conversation into a new channel.

"My chief companion," said Bolingbroke, after alluding to me his course of life, "is the man who is about to visit: he has his frailties and infirmities—and in saying that, I only imply that he is a man; but he is wise, reflective, generous, and disinterested: add these qualities to a dazzling wit, a genius deep, if not sublime, and what wonder that we forget something of vanity and something of fretfulness—effects rather of the frame than of the mind; the wonder only is that, with a constitution the victim to every disease, crippled and imbecile from the cradle, his frailties should not be more numerous, and his care, his thoughts, and attention not wholly limited to his own complaints—the sickly are almost of necessity selfish—and a mind must have a vast share of benevolence which can always retain the softness of charity and sympathy for others, when pain and disease constitute

the morbid links that perpetually bind it to self. If this great character is my chief companion, my chief correspondent is not less distinguished; in a word, no longer to keep you in suspense, Pope is my companion, and Swift my correspondent."

"You are fortunate—but so also are they. Your letter informed me of Swift's honourable exile in Ireland; how does he bear it?"

"Too feelingly—his disappointments turn his blood to acid. He said, characteristically enough, in one of his letters, that in fishing once when he was a little boy, he felt a great fish at the end of his line, which he drew up almost to the ground, but it dropt in, and the disappointment, he adds, vexes him to this day, and he believes it to be the type of all his future disappointments:* it is wonderful how reluctantly a very active mind sinks into rest."

"Yet why should retirement be rest? Do you recollect in the first conversation we ever had together, we talked of Cowley? Do you recollect how justly, and even sublimely, he has said 'Cogitation is that which distinguishes the solitude of a god from that of a wild beast?'"

"It is finely said," answered Bolingbroke, "but Swift was born not for cogitation, but action—for turbulent times, not for calm. He ceases to be great directly he is still; and his bitterness at every vexation is so great that I have often thought, in listening to him, of the Abbé de Cyran, who, attempting to throw nutshells out of the bars of his window, and constantly failing in the attempt, exclaimed in a paroxysm of rage, 'Thus does Providence delight in frustrating my designs!'"

"But you are fallen from a far greater height

* In this letter Swift adds, "I should be ashamed to say this if you (Lord Bolingbroke) had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes than I have to think of them;" and this is true. Nothing can be more striking, or more honourable to Lord Bolingbroke, than the contrast between Swift's letters and that nobleman's upon the subject of their mutual disappointments. I especially note the contrast, because it has been so grievously the cant of Lord Bolingbroke's decriers to represent his affection for retirement as hollow, and his resignation in adversity as a boast rather than a fact. Now I will challenge any one to *thoroughly* and dispassionately to examine what is left to us of the life of this great man, and after having done so, to select from all modern history an example of one who, in the prime of life and height of ambition, ever passed from a very active and exciting career into retirement and disgrace, and bore the change—long, bitter, and permanent as it was—with a greater and more thoroughly sustained magnanimity than did Lord Bolingbroke. He has been reproached for taking part in political contests in the midst of his praises and "affected enjoyment" of retirement; and this, made matter of reproach, is exactly the subject on which he seems to me the most worthy of praise. For, putting aside all motives for action, on the purity of which men are generally incredulous, as a hatred to ill government (an antipathy wonderfully strong in wise men and wonderfully weak in fools) the honest impulse of the citizen, and the better and higher sentiment, to which Bolingbroke appeared peculiarly alive, of affection to mankind—putting these utterly aside—it must be owned that resignation is the more noble in proportion as it is the less passive—that retirement is only a morbid selfishness if it prohibit exertions for others; that it is only really dignified and noble when it is the shade whence issue the oracles that are to instruct mankind; and that retirement of this nature is the sole seclusion which a good and wise man will covet or commend. The very philosophy which makes such a man seek the quiet, makes him eschew the *inutility* of the hermitage. Very little praiseworthy to me would have seemed Lord Bolingbroke among his haymakers and ploughmen, if among haymakers and ploughmen he had looked with an indifferent eye upon a profligate minister and a venal parliament; very little interest in my eyes would have attached itself to his beans and vetches, had beans and vetches caused him to forget that if he was happier in a farm, he could be more useful in a senate, and made him forego, in the sphere of a balliff, all care for re-entering that of a legislator.—Ed.

* She was brought up at St. Cyr.—Ed.
L. L.—64

of hope than Swift could ever have attained—you bear this change well, but not, I hope, without a struggle."

"You are right—not without a struggle; while corruption thrives, I will not be silent; while bad men govern, I will not be still."

In conversation of this sort passed the time, till we arrived at Pope's villa.

We found the poet in his study—indeed, as some of his pictures represent him, in a long gown and a velvet cap. He received Bolingbroke with great tenderness, and being, as he said, in robuster health than he had enjoyed for months, he insisted on carrying us to his grotto. I know nothing more common to poets than a pride in what belongs to their houses; and, perhaps, to a man not ill-natured, there are few things more pleasant than indulging the little weaknesses of those we admire. We sat down in a small temple made entirely of shells; and whether it was that the creative genius gave an undue charm to the place, I know not: but as the murmur of a rill, glassy as the Blandusian fountain, was caught and regiven from side to side by a perpetual echo, and through an arcade of trees, whose leaves, ever and anon, fell startlingly to the ground beneath the light touch of the autumn air, you saw the sails on the river pass and vanish, like the cares which breathe over the smooth glass of wisdom, but may not linger to dim it, it was not difficult to invest the place, humble as it was, with a classic interest, or to recall the loved retreats of the Roman bards, without smiling too fastidiously at the contrast.

"Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen,
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margin green,
Or by the violet embroidered vale,
Where the lovelorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Sweet Echo, dost thou shun those haunts of yore,
And in the dim caves of a northern shore
Delight to dwell?"

"Let the compliment to you, Pope," said Bolingbroke, "atone for the profanation of weaving three wretched lines of mine with those most musical notes of Milton."

"Ah!" said Pope, "would that you could give me a fitting inscription for my fount and grotto! The only one I can remember is hackneyed, and yet it has spoilt me, I fear, for all others."

"Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis
Dormio dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ;
Parce meum, quæquis tanges cava marmora, somnum
Rumpere; sive bibas, sive lavere, tace."*

"We cannot hope to match it," said Bolingbroke, "though you know I value myself on these things. But tell me your news of Gay—is he growing wiser?"

"Not a whit; he is for ever a dupe to the *spec credula*; always talking of buying an annuity, that he may be independent, and always spending as fast as he earns, that he may appear munificent."

"Poor Gay! but he is a common example of the improvidence of his tribe, while you are an

exception. Yet mark, Devereux, the inconsistency of Pope's thrift and carefulness: he sends a parcel of fruit to some ladies with this note, 'Take care of the papers that wrap the apples, and return them safely; they are the only copies I have of one part of the Iliad.' Thus, you see, our economist saves his paper, and hazards his epic!"

Pope, who is always flattered by an allusion to his negligence of fame, smiled slightly and answered, "What man, alas, ever profits by the lessons of his friends? How many exact rules has our good Dean of St. Patrick laid down for both of us—how angrily still does he chide us for our want of prudence and our love of good living. I intend, in answer to his charges on the latter score, though I vouch, as I well may, for our temperance, to give him the reply of the sage to the foolish courtier——"

"What, was that?" asked Bolingbroke.

"Why the courtier saw the sage picking out the best dishes at table. 'How,' said he, with a sneer, 'are sages such epicures?' 'Do you think so?' replied the wise man, reaching over the table to help himself, 'do you think, sir, that God Almighty made the good things of this world only for fools?'"

"How the dean will pish and pull his wig, when he reads your illustration," said Bolingbroke, laughing. "We shall never agree in our reasonings on that part of philosophy. Swift loves to go out of his way to find privation or distress, and has no notion of Epicurean wisdom; for my part, I think the use of knowledge is to make us happier. I would compare the mind to the beautiful statue of Love by Praxiteles—when its eyes were bandaged, the countenance seemed grave and sad, but the moment you removed the bandage, the most serene and enchanting smile diffused itself over the whole face."

So passed the morning, till the hour of dinner, and this repast was served with* an elegance and luxury which the sons of Apollo seldom command. As the evening closed, our conversation fell upon friendship, and the increasing disposition toward it which comes with increasing years. "What my mind," said Bolingbroke, "shrinks more and more from the world, and feels in its independence less yearning to external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more. Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state (for friendship exists not but for the good) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great bond of their future society?"†

While Bolingbroke was thus speaking, and Pope listened with all the love and reverence which he evidently bore to his friend stamped upon his worn but expressive countenance, I only said, "Sure, the love between minds like these should live and last without the changes that ordinary affections feel! Who would not mourn for the strength of all human ties, if hereafter these are broken, and asperity succeed to friendship, or aversion to esteem! I, a wanderer, without heir

* Thus very inadequately translated by Pope. (See his letter to Edward Blount, Esq. descriptive of his grotto.)

† Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep:
Ah, spare my slumbers; gently tread the cave,
And drink in silence, or in silence lave."

It is, however, quite impossible to convey to an un-
—-ned reader the exquisite and spirit-like beauty of the
verses.—Ed.

* Pope seems to have been rather capricious in this respect; but in general he must be considered open to the sarcasm of displaying the bounteous host to those who did not want a dinner, and the niggard to those who did.—Ed.

† This beautiful sentiment is to be found, with very slight alteration, in a letter from Bolingbroke to Swift.—Ed.

my memory and wealth, shall pass away, and my hasty and unmingled fame will moulder with my clay; but will the names of those whom I now behold ever fall languidly on the ears of a future age, and will there not for ever be some sympathy with their friendship, softer and warmer than admiration for their fame?"

We left our celebrated host about two hours before midnight, and returned to Dawley.

On our road thither I questioned Bolingbroke respecting Montreuil, and I found that, as I had surmised, he was able to give me some information of that arch-schemer. Gerald's money and hereditary influence had procured tacit connivance at the Jesuit's residence in England, and he had for some years led a quiet and unoffending life, in close retirement. "Lately, however," said Bolingbroke, "I have learnt that the old spirit has revived, and I have accidentally heard, three days ago, when conversing with one well informed on state matters, that this most pure administration have discovered some plot or plots with which Montreuil is connected; I believe he will be apprehended in a few days."

"And where lurks he?"

"He was, I heard, last seen in the neighbourhood of your brother's mansion at Devereux Court, and I imagine it probable that he is still in that neighbourhood."

This intelligence made me resolve to leave Dawley even earlier than I had intended, and I signified to Lord Bolingbroke my intention of quitting him by sunrise the next morning. He endeavoured in vain to combat my resolution. I was too fearful of Montreuil, hearing of his danger from the state, might baffle my vengeance by seeking some impenetrable asylum, to wish to subject my meeting with him, and with Gerald, whose co-operation I desired, to any unnecessary delay. I took leave of my host therefore that night, and ordered my carriage to be in readiness by the first dawn of morning.

CHAPTER VII.

The plot approaches its dénouement.

ALTHOUGH the details of my last chapter have somewhat retarded the progress of that *dénouement* with which this volume is destined to close, yet I do not think the destined reader will regret lingering over a scene in which, after years of restless enterprise and exile, he beholds the asylum which fortune had prepared for the most extraordinary character with which I have adorned these pages.

It was before daybreak that I commenced my journey. The shutters of the house were as yet closed; the gray mists rising slowly from the earth, and the cattle couched beneath the trees, the cold, but breezeless freshness of the morning, the silence of the unawakened birds, all gave an inexpressible stillness and quiet to the scene. The horses slowly ascended a little eminence, and I looked from the window of the carriage on the peaceful retreat I had left. I sighed as I did so, and a sick sensation, coupled with the thought of Isora, came chill upon my heart. No man happily placed in this social world can guess the feelings of envy with which a wanderer like me, without tie or home, and for whom the roving eagerness of youth is over, sur-

veys those sheltered spots in which the breast garners up all domestic bonds, its household and holiest delights; the companioned hearth, the smile of infancy, and dearer than all, the eye that glances our purest, our tenderest, our most secret thoughts; these—O, none who enjoy them know how they for whom they are not have pined and mourned for them!

I had not travelled many hours, when, upon the loneliest part of the road, my carriage, which had borne me without an accident from Rome to London, broke down. The postilions said there was a small inn about a mile from the spot; thither I repaired: a blacksmith was sent for, and I found the accident to the carriage would require several hours to repair. No solitary chaise did the inn afford; but the landlord, who was a freeholder and a huntsman, boasted one valuable and swift horse, which he declared was fit for an emperor or a highwayman. I was too impatient of delay not to grasp at this intelligence. I gave mine host whatever he demanded for the loan of his steed, transferred my pistols to an immense pair of holsters, which adorned a high demi-pique saddle, wherewith he obliged me, and, within an hour from the date of the accident, recommenced my journey.

The evening closed, as I became aware of the presence of a fellow traveller. He was, like myself, on horseback. He wore a short, dark gray cloak, a long wig of a raven hue, and a large hat, which, flapping over his face, conspired, with the increasing darkness, to allow me a very imperfect survey of his features. Twice or thrice he had passed me, and always with some salutation, indicative of a desire for further acquaintance; but my mood is not naturally too much inclined to miscellaneous sociality, and I was at that time peculiarly covetous of my own companionship. I had, therefore, given but a brief answer to the horseman's courtesy, and had ridden away from him with a very unceremonious abruptness. At length, when he had come up to me for the fourth time, and for the fourth time had accosted me, my ear caught something in the tones of his voice which did not seem to me wholly unfamiliar. I regarded him with more attention than I had as yet done, and replied to him more civilly and at length. Apparently encouraged by this relaxation from my reserve, the man speedily resumed.

"Your horse, sir," said he, "is a fine animal, but he seems jaded;—you have ridden far to-day, I'll venture to guess?"

"I have, sir; but the town where I shall pass the night is not above four miles distant, I believe."

"Hum—ha!—you sleep at D——, then?" said the horseman, inquisitively.

A suspicion came across me—we were then entering a very lonely road, and one notoriously infested with highwaymen. My fellow equestrian's company might have some sinister meaning in it. I looked to my holsters, and leisurely taking out one of my pistols, saw to its priming, and returned it to its depository. The horseman noted the motion, and he moved his horse rather uneasily, and I thought timidly, to the other side of the road.

"You travel well armed, sir," said he, after a pause.

"It is a necessary precaution, sir," answered I, composedly, "in a road one is not familiar with, and with companions one has never had the happiness to meet before."

"Ahem!—ahem!—*parbleu*, *monsieur le comte*, you allude to me; but I warrant this is not the first time we have met."

"Ha!" said I, riding closer to my fellow traveller, "you know me, then—and we have met before. I thought I recognised your voice, but I cannot remember when or where I last heard it."

"O, count, I believe it was only by accident that we commenced acquaintanceship, and only by accident, you see, do we now resume it. But I perceive that I intrude on your solitude. Farewell, count, and a pleasant night at your inn."

"Not so fast, sir," said I, laying firm hand on my companion's shoulder; "I know you now, and I thank Providence that I have found you. Marie Oswald, it is not lightly that I will part with you!"

"With all my heart, sir, with all my heart. But *morbleu*, *monsieur le comte*, do take your hand from my shoulder—I am a nervous man, and your pistols are loaded—and perhaps you are choleric and hasty. I assure you I am far from wishing to part with you abruptly, for I have watched you for the last two days, in order to enjoy the honour of this interview."

"Indeed! your wish will save both of us a world of trouble. I believe you may serve me effectually; if so, you will find me more desirous and more able than ever to show my gratitude."

"Sir, you are too good," quoth Mr. Oswald, with an air far more respectful than any he had yet shown me. "Let us make to your inn, and there I shall be most happy to receive your commands." So saying, Marie pushed on his horse, and I urged my own to the same expedition.

"But tell me," said I, as we rode on, "why you have wished to meet me?—me whom you so cruelly deserted and forsook?"

"O, *parbleu*—spare me there! it was not I who deserted you—I was compelled to fly—death—murder—on one side;—safety, money, and a snug place in Italy, as a lay-brother of the Institute, on the other! What could I do?—You were ill in bed—not likely to recover—not able to protect me from my present peril—in a state that in all probability never would require my services for the future. O, *monsieur le comte*, it was not desertion—that is a cruel word—it was self-preservation, and common prudence."

"Well," said I, complaisantly, "you apply words better than I applied them. And how long have you been returned to England?"

"Some few weeks, count, not more. I was in London when you arrived—I heard of that event—I immediately repaired to your hotel—you were gone to my Lord Bolingbroke's—I followed you thither—you had left Dawley when I arrived there—I learnt your route, and followed you. *Parbleu* and *morbleu*, I find you, and you take me for a highwayman!"

"Pardon my mistake: the clearest sighted men are subject to commit such errors, and the most innocent to suffer by them. So Montreuil persuaded you to leave England—did he also persuade you to return?"

"No—I was charged by the Institute with messages to him and others. But we are near the town, count, let us defer our conversation till then."

We entered D—, put up our horses, called for an apartment—to which summons Oswald added another for wine—and then the virtuous Marie commenced his explanations. I was most deeply

anxious to learn whether Gerald had ever been made acquainted with the fraud by which he had obtained possession of the estates of Devereux; and I found that, from Desmarais, Oswald had learnt all that had occurred to Gerald since Marie had left England. From Oswald's prolix communication, I ascertained that Gerald was, during the whole of the interval between my uncle's death and my departure from England, utterly unacquainted with the fraud of the will. He readily believed that my uncle had found good reason for altering his intentions with respect to me; and my law proceedings, and violent conduct toward himself, only excited his indignation, not aroused his suspicions. During this time, he lived entirely in the country, indulging the rural hospitality and the rustic sports which he especially affected, and secretly, but deeply, involved with Montreuil in political intrigues. All this time the abbé made no farther use of him than to borrow whatever sums he required for his purposes. Isora's death, and the confused story of the document given me by Oswald, Montreuil had interpreted to Gerald according to the interpretation of the world: viz. he had thrown the suspicion upon Oswald, as a common villain, who had taken advantage of my credulity about the will—introduced himself into the house on that pretence—attempted the robbery of the most valuable articles therein—which, indeed, he had succeeded in abstracting—and who, on my awaking and contesting with him and his accomplice, had, in self-defence, inflicted the wounds which had ended in my delirium, and Isora's death. This part of my tale Montreuil never contradicted, and Gerald believed it to the present day. The affair of 1715 occurred; the government, aware of Gerald's practices, had anticipated his design of joining the rebels—he was imprisoned—no act of overt guilt on his part was proved, or at least brought forward; and the government, not being willing, perhaps, to proceed to violent measures against a very young man, and the head of a very powerful house, connected with more than thirty branches of the English hereditary nobility, he received his acquittal just before Sir William Windham, and some other suspected Tories, received their own.

Prior to the breaking out of that rebellion, and on the eve of Montreuil's departure for Scotland, the priest summoned Desmarais, whom, it will be remembered, I had previously dismissed, and whom Montreuil had since employed in various errands, and informed him that he had obtained, for his services, the same post under Gerald which the fatalist had filled under me. Soon after the failure of the rebellion, Devereux Court was destroyed by accidental fire; and Montreuil, who had come over in disguise, in order to renew his attacks on my brother's coffers, (attacks to which Gerald yielded very sullenly, and with many assurances that he would no more incur the danger of political and seditious projects,) now advised Gerald to go up to London, and, in order to avoid the suspicion of the government, to mix freely in the gayeties of the court. Gerald readily consented; for, though internally convinced that the charms of the metropolis were not equal to those of the country, yet he liked change, and Devereux Court being destroyed, he shuddered a little at the idea of rebuilding so enormous a pile. Before Gerald left the old tower (my tower) which was alone spared by the flames, and

which he had managed to reside at, though without his household, rather than quit a place where there was "such excellent shooting," Montreuil said to Desmarais, "This ungrateful *seigneur de illage* already betrays the niggard; he must know that we know—that is our only sure hold of him—but he must not know it yet,"—and he proceeded to observe that it was for the hot-beds of partly luxury to mellow and hasten an opportunity for the disclosure. He instructed Desmarais to see that Gerald (whom even a valet, at least so artful as Desmarais, might easily influence) took to excess of every pleasure—at least of every pleasure which a gentleman might, without derogation to his dignity,* enjoy. Gerald went to town, and very soon became all that Montreuil desired.

Montreuil came again to England; his great object, Alberoni's project, had failed. Banished France and Spain, and excluded Italy, he was desirous of obtaining an asylum in England, until he could negotiate a return to Paris. For the first of his purposes (the asylum) interest was requisite; the latter (the negotiation) money was desirable. He came to seek both these necessities in Gerald Devereux. Gerald had already arrived at a prosperous state when money is not lightly parted away. A dispute arose; and Montreuil showed the heir on what terms his estates were held.

Rightly Montreuil had read the human heart. As long as Gerald lived in the country, and tasted the full enjoyments of his great wealth, it could have been highly perilous to have made this disclosure; for, though he had no great love for money, and was bold enough to run any danger, yet he was neither a Desmarais nor a Montreuil. He knew that most capricious thing, a man of honour; and at that day he would instantly have given up his estate to me, and Montreuil and the philosopher to the hangman. But, after two or three years of every luxury that wealth could purchase after living in those circles, too, where wealth is the highest possible merit, and public opinion, therefore, only honours the rich, fortune became more valuable, and the conscience far less nice. Living at Devereux Court, Gerald had only £1000 a year; living in London, he had all that £1000 a year can purchase; a very great difference this indeed! Honour is a fine bulwark against a small force; but, unbacked by other principles, it is seldom well manned enough to resist a strong one. When, therefore, Montreuil showed Gerald that he could lose his estate in an instant—that the world would never give him credit for his conscience, when guilt would have conferred on him the advantages—that he would therefore part with all those *etcetera* which now, in the very prime of life, made his whole idea of human enjoyments—that he would no longer be the rich, the powerful, the honoured, the magnificent, the envied, the exalted lord of thousands, but would sink at once to a younger brother, dependent on the man he had hated for his very subsistence—for his debts would greatly exceed his portion—and an object of enough life of contemptuous pity, or of shunning indignation—that all this change could happen at a

word of Montreuil's, what wonder that he should be staggered,—should hesitate and yield? Montreuil obtained, then, whatever sums he required; and through Gerald's influence, pecuniary and political, procured from the minister a tacit permission for him to remain in England, under an assumed name, and in close retirement. Since then, Montreuil (though secretly involved in treasonable practices) had appeared to busy himself solely in negotiating a pardon at Paris. Gerald had lived the life of a man who, if he has parted with peace of conscience, will make the best of the bargain, by procuring every kind of pleasure in exchange; and *le petit Jean Desmarais*, useful to both priest and spendthrift, had passed his time very agreeably—laughing at his employers, studying philosophy, and filling his pockets; for I need scarcely add that Gerald forgave him without much difficulty for his share in the forgery. A man, as Oswald shrewdly observed, is seldom inexorable to those crimes by which he has profited. "And where lurks Montreuil now?" I asked, "in the neighbourhood of Devereux Court?"

Oswald looked at me with some surprise. "How learnt you that, sir? It is true. He lives quietly and privately in that vicinity. The woods around the house, the caves in the beach, and the little isle opposite the castle, afford him in turn an asylum; and the convenience with which correspondence with France can be there carried on makes the scene of his retirement peculiarly adapted to his purposes."

I now began to question Oswald respecting himself; for I was not warmly inclined to place implicit trust in the services of a man who had before shown himself at once mercenary and timid. There was little cant or disguise about that gentleman; he made few pretences to virtues which he did not possess; and he seemed now, both by wine and familiarity, peculiarly disposed to be frank. It was he who in Italy had been, among various other and less private commissions, appointed by Montreuil to watch over Aubrey; on my brother's death, he had hastened to England, not only to apprise Montreuil of that event, but charged with some especial orders to him from certain members of the Institute. He had found Montreuil busy, restless, intriguing, even in seclusion, and cheered by a late promise, from Fleuri himself, that he should speedily obtain pardon and recall. It was, at this part of Oswald's story, easy to perceive the causes of his renewed confidence in me. Montreuil, engaged in new plans and schemes, at once complicated and vast, paid but a slight attention to the wrecks of his past projects. Aubrey dead—myself abroad—Gerald at his command—he perceived, in our house, no cause for caution or alarm. This, apparently, rendered him less careful of retaining the venal services of Oswald, than his knowledge of character should have made him; and when that gentleman, then in London, accidentally heard of my sudden arrival in this country, he at once perceived how much more to his interest it would be to serve me than to maintain an ill remunerated fidelity to Montreuil. In fact, as I have since learnt, the priest's discretion was less to blame than I then imagined; for Oswald was of a remarkably impudent, profligate, and spendthrift turn; and his demands for money were considerably greater than the value of his services; or perhaps, as Montreuil thought, when Aubrey

*His saving clause seems rather a subtle stroke of character in Montreuil, who probably foresaw that, in proportion as Gerald enjoyed the pleasures, he would rely on the fortune, of "the gentleman."—ED.

no longer lived, than the consequence of his silence. When, therefore, I spoke seriously to my new ally of my desire of wreaking ultimate justice on the crimes of Montreuil, I found that his zeal was far from being chilled by my determination—nay, the very cowardice of the man made him ferocious; and the moment he resolved to betray Montreuil, his fears of the priest's vengeance made him eager to destroy where he betrayed. I am not addicted to unnecessary procrastination. Of the unexpected evidence I had found I was most eager to avail myself. I saw at once how considerably Oswald's testimony would lessen any difficulty I might have in an explanation with Gerald, as well as in bringing Montreuil to justice; and the former measure seemed to me necessary to ensure, or at least to expedite, the latter. I proposed, therefore, to Oswald, that he should immediately accompany me to the house in which Gerald was then a visiter; the honest Marie, conditioning only for another bottle, which he termed a travelling comforter, readily acceded to my wish. I immediately procured a chaise and horses; and, in less than two hours from the time we entered the inn, we were on the road to Gerald. What an impulse to the wheel of destiny had the event of that one day given!

At another time, I might have gleaned amusement from the shrewd roguery of my companion, but he found me then but a dull listener. I served him, in truth, as men of his stamp are ordinarily served: so soon as I had extracted from him whatever was meet for present use, I favoured him with little farther attention. He had exhausted all the communications it was necessary for me to know; so, in the midst of a long story about Italy, Jesuits, and the wisdom of Marie Oswald, I affected to fall asleep; my companion soon followed my example in earnest, and left me to meditate, undisturbed, over all that I had heard, and over the schemes now the most promising of success. I soon taught myself to look with a lenient eye on Gerald's after connivance in Montreuil's forgery; and I felt that I owed to my surviving brother so large an arrear of affection for the long injustice I had rendered him, that I was almost pleased to find something set upon the opposite score. All men, perhaps, would rather forgive than be forgiven. I resolved, therefore, to affect ignorance of Gerald's knowledge of the forgery; and even should he confess it, to exert all my art to steal from the confession its shame. From this train of reflection, my mind soon directed itself to one far fiercer and more intense; and I felt my heart pause, as if congealing into marble, when I thought of Montreuil, and anticipated justice.

It was nearly noon on the following day when we arrived at Lord ——'s house. We found that Gerald had left it the day before, for the enjoyment of the field-sports at Devereux Court, and thither we instantly proceeded.

It has often seemed to me that if there be, as certain ancient philosophers fabled, one certain figure pervading all nature, human and universal, it is *the circle*. Round, in one vast monotony, one eternal gyration, roll the orbs of space. Thus moves the spirit of creative life, kindling, progressing, maturing, decaying, perishing, reviving, and rolling again, and so onward for ever through the same course; and thus, even, would seem to revolve the mysterious mechanism of human events and

actions. Age, ere it returns to 'the second childhood,' the mere oblivion from which it passes to the grave, returns also to the memories and the thoughts of youth; its buried loves arise—its past friendships rekindle. The wheels of the tired machine are past the meridian, and the arch through which they now decline, has a correspondent likeness to the opposing segment through which they had borne upward, in eagerness and triumph. Thus it is, too, that we bear within us an irresistible attraction to our earliest home. Thus it is that we say, "It matters not where our mid-course is run, but we will *die* in the place where we were born—in the point of space whence *began* the circle, there also shall it *end*!" This is the grand orbit through which mortality passes only once; but the same figure may pervade all through which it moves on its journey to the grave.* Thus, one peculiar day of the round year has been to some an era, always colouring life with an event. Thus, to others, some peculiar place has been the theatre of strange action, influencing all existence, whenever, in the recurrence of destiny, that place has been revisited. Thus was it said by an arch-chercher of old, whose labours yet exist, though perhaps, at the moment I write, there are not then living beings who know of their existence—that there breathes not that man who would not find, did he minutely investigate the events of life, that, in some fixed and distinct spot, or hour, or person, there lived, though shrouded and obscure, the pervading demon of his fate; and whenever, in their several paths, the two circles of being touched, that moment made the unnoticed epoch of coming prosperity or evil. I remember well that this bewildering, yet not unsolemn reflection, or rather fancy, was in my mind, as, after the absence of many years, I saw myself hastening to the home of my boyhood, and cherishing the fiery hope of there avenging the doom of that love which I had there conceived. Deeply, and in silence, did I brood over the dark shapes which my thoughts engendered; and I woke not from my revery till, as the gray of the evening closed around us, we entered the domains of Devereux Court. The road was rough and stony, and the horses moved slowly on. How familiar was every thing before me! the old pollards which lay scattered in dense groups on either side, and which had lived on from heir to heir, secure in the little temptation they afforded to cupidity, seemed to greet me with a silent, but intelligible welcome. Their leaves flung around us in the autumn air, and the branches, as they waved toward me, seemed to say, "Thou art returned, and thy change is like our own: the green leaves of *thy* heart have fallen from thee one by one—like us thou survivest, but thou art desolate!" The hoarse cry of the rooks gathering to their rest, came fraught with the music of young associations on my ear. Many a time in the laughing spring had I lain in these groves, watching, in the

* I have not assumed the editorial license to omit these incoherent observations, notwithstanding their close approximation to *jargon*, not only because they seem to occur with a sort of dramatic propriety in the winding up of the count's narrative,—the reappearance of Oswald,—the return to Devereux Court, and the scene that happens there; but also because they appear to be strikingly characteristic of the vague aspirations—the restless and half-analyzed longings after something "beyond the visible diurnal sphere," which are so intimately blended with the worldlier traits of the count's peculiar organization of mind.—Ed.

young brood of those citizens of air, a mark for my childish skill and careless disregard of life. We acquire mercy as we acquire thought—I would not now have harmed one of those sable creatures for a king's ransom!

As we cleared the more wooded belt of the park, and entered the smooth space on which the rees stood alone and at rarer intervals, while the red clouds, still tinged with the hues of the departed sun, hovered on the far and upland landscape—like hope flushing over futurity—a mellowed, yet rapid murmur, distinct from the more distant dashing of the sea, broke abruptly upon my ear. It was the voice of that brook whose banks had been the dearest haunt of my childhood; and now, as it burst thus suddenly upon me, I longed to be alone, that I might have bowed down my head and wept as if it had been the welcome of a living thing! At once, and as by a word, the hardened lava, the congealed stream of the soul's Etna, was uplifted from my memory, and the towers and palaces of old, *the world of a gone day*, lay before me! With how wild an enthusiasm had I apostrophized that stream on the day in which I first resolved to leave its tranquil regions and fragrant margin for the tempest and tumult of the world. On that same eve, too, had Aubrey and I taken sweet counsel together—on that same eve had we sworn to protect, to love, and to cherish one another—and now!—I saw the very mound on which we had sat—a solitary deer made his couch, and as the carriage approached, the deer rose, and I then saw that he had been wounded, perhaps in some contest with his tribe, and that he could scarcely stir from the spot. I turned my face away, and the remains of my ancestral house rose gradually in view. That house was, indeed, changed: a wide and black heap of ruins spread around; the vast hall, with its oaken rafters and huge hearth, was no more—I missed *that*, and cared not for the rest. The long galleries, the superb chambers, the scenes of revelry or of pomp, were like the court companions who amuse, yet detach us not; but the hall—the old hall—the old, hospitable hall—had been as a friend in all seasons and to all comers, and its mirth had been as open to all as the heart of its last owner! My eyes wandered from the place where it had been, and the tall, lone, gray tower, consecrated to my ill-fated namesake, and in which my own apartments had been situated, rose, like the last of a warrior and, stern, gaunt, and solitary, over the ruins round.

The carriage now passed more rapidly over the neglected road, and wound where the ruins, cleared on either side, permitted access to the tower. In two minutes more I was in the same chamber with my only surviving brother. O, why—why can I not dwell upon that scene, that embrace, that reconciliation!—alas, the wound is not yet scarred over.

I found Gerald, at first, haughty and sullen: he expected my reproaches and defiance—against whom he was hardened; he was not prepared for my prayers for our future friendship and my grief for our past enmity, and he melted at once!

But let me hasten over this. I had wellnigh forgot that, at the close of my history, I should find one remembrance so endearing and one pang so keen. Rapidly I sketched to Gerald the ill fate of Aubrey; but lingeringly did I dwell upon Montreuil's organized and most baneful influence over

him, and over us all; and I endeavoured to arouse in Gerald some sympathy with my own deep indignation against that villain. I succeeded so far as to make him declare that he was scarcely less desirous of justice than myself; but there was an embarrassment in his tone of which I was at no loss to perceive the cause. To accuse Montreuil publicly of his forgery, might ultimately bring to light Gerald's latter knowledge of the fraud. I hastened to say that there was now no necessity to submit to a court of justice a scrutiny into our private, gloomy, and eventful records. No, from Oswald's communications I had learnt enough to prove that Bolingbroke had been truly informed, and that Montreuil had still, and within the few last weeks, been deeply involved in schemes of treason—full proof of which could be adduced, far more than sufficient to ensure his death by the public executioner. Upon this charge, I proposed at the nearest town (the memorable seaport of * * * *) to accuse him, and to obtain a warrant for his immediate apprehension; upon this charge I proposed alone to proceed against him, and by it alone to take justice upon his more domestic crimes.

My brother yielded at last his consent to my suggestions. "I understand," said I, "that Montreuil lurks in the neighbourhood of these ruins, or in the opposite islet. Know you, if he has made his asylum in either at this present time?"

"No, my brother," answered Gerald; "but I have reason to believe that he is in our immediate vicinity, for I received a letter from him three days ago, when at Lord ——'s, urging a request that I would give him a meeting here, at my earliest leisure, previous to his leaving England."

"Has he really, then, obtained permission to return to France?"

"Yes," replied Gerald, "he informed me in this letter that he had just received intelligence of his pardon."

"May it fit him the better," said I, with a stern smile, "for a more lasting condemnation. But if this be true we have not a moment to lose: a man so habitually vigilant and astute will speedily learn my visit hither, and forfeit even his appointment with you, should he, which is likely enough, entertain any suspicion of our reconciliation with, and confidence in, each other; moreover, he may hear that the government have discovered his designs, and may instantly secure the means of flight. Let me, therefore, immediately repair to * * * *, and obtain a warrant against him, as well as officers to assist our search. In the mean while you shall remain here, and detain him, should he visit you; but where is the accomplice? let us seize *him* instantly, for I conclude he is with you!"

"What, Desmarais?" rejoined Gerald. "Yes, he is the only servant, besides the old portress, which these poor ruins will allow me to entertain in the same dwelling with myself: the rest of my suite are left behind at Lord ——'s. But Desmarais is not now within; he went out about two hours ago."

"Ha!" said I, "in all likelihood to meet the priest—shall we wait his return, and extort some information of Montreuil's lurking hole?"

Before Gerald could answer, we heard a noise without, and presently I distinguished the bland tones of the hypocritical fatalist, in soft expostulation with the triumphant voice of Mr. Marie Oswald. I hastened out, and discovered that the lay-

brother, whom I had left in the chaise, having caught a glimpse of the valet gliding among the ruins, had recognised, seized, and by the help of the postillions, dragged him to the door of the tower. The moment Desmarais saw me, he ceased to struggle; he met my eye with a steady, but not disrespectful firmness; he changed not even the habitual hue of his countenance—he remained perfectly still in the hands of his arresters; and if there was any vestige of his mind discoverable in his sallow features and glittering eye, it was not the sign of fear or confusion, or even surprise; but a ready promptness to meet danger, coupled, perhaps, with a little doubt whether to defy or to seek first to diminish it.

Long did I gaze upon him—struggling with internal rage and loathing—the mingled contempt and desire of destruction with which we gaze upon the erect aspect of some small, but venomous and courageous reptile—long did I gaze upon him before I calmed and collected my voice to speak—

“So I have *thee* at last! First comes the base tool, and that will I first break, before I lop off the guiding hand.”

“So please monsieur my lord the count,” answered Desmarais, bowing to the ground; “the tool is a file, and it would be useless to bite against it.”

“We will see that,” said I, drawing my sword: “prepare to die!” and I pointed the blade to his throat with so sudden and menacing a gesture that his eyes closed involuntarily, and the blood left his thin cheek as white as ashes: but he shrunk not.

“If monsieur,” said he, with a sort of smile, “will kill his poor old faithful servant, let him strike. Fate is not to be resisted, and prayers are useless!”

“Oswald,” said I, “release your prisoner; wait here, and keep strict watch. Jean Desmarais, follow me.”

I ascended the stairs, and Desmarais followed. “Now,” I said, when he was alone with Gerald and myself, “your days are numbered: you will fall, not by my hand, but by that of the executioner. Not only your forgery, but your robbery, your abetment of murder, are known to me; your present lord, with an indignation equal to my own, surrenders you to justice. Have you aught to urge, not in defence, for to that I will not listen, but in atonement? Can you now commit any act which will cause me to forego justice on those which you have committed?” Desmarais hesitated. “Speak,” said I. He raised his eyes to mine with an inquisitive and wistful look.

“Monsieur,” said the wretch, with his obsequious smile, “monsieur has travelled—has shone—has succeeded—monsieur must have made enemies: let him name them, and his poor old faithful servant will do his best to become the humble instrument of their fate.”

Gerald drew himself aside, and shuddered. Perhaps, till then, he had not been fully aware how slyly murder, as well as fraud, can lurk beneath urbane tones and laced ruffles.

“I have no enemy,” said I, “but one; and the hangman will do my office upon him; but point out to me the exact spot where at this moment he is concealed, and you shall have full leave to quit this country for ever. That enemy is Julian Montreuil!”

“Ah, ah!” said Desmarais, musingly, and in a

tone very different from that in which he usually spoke; “must it be so, indeed? For twenty years of youth and manhood, I have clung to that man, and woven my destiny with his, because I believed him born under the star which shines on statesmen and on pontiffs. Does dread necessity now impel me to betray him? Him, the only man I ever loved. So—so—so! Count Devereux, strike me to the core—I will *not* betray Bertrand Colinet!”

“Mysterious heart of man,” I exclaimed inly, as I gazed upon the low brow, the malignant eye, the crafty lip of this wretch, who still retained one generous and noble sentiment at the bottom of so base a breast. But if it sprung there, it only sprung to wither!

“As thou wilt,” said I; “remember, death is the alternative. By thy birth-star, Jean Desmarais, I should question whether perfidy be not *better luck* than hanging—but time speeds—farewell; I shall meet thee on thy day of trial.”

I turned to the door to summon Oswald to his prisoner. Desmarais roused himself from the reverie in which he appeared to have sunk.

“Why do I doubt?” said he, slowly. “Were the alternative his, would he not hang me as he would hang his dog if it went mad and menaced danger? My very noble and merciful master,” continued the fatalist, turning to me, and relapsing into his customary manner, “it is enough! I can refuse nothing to a gentleman who has such insinuating manners. Montreuil *may* be in your power this night; but that rests solely with me. If I speak not, a few hours will place him irrevocably beyond your reach. If I betray him to you, will monsieur swear that I shall have my pardon for past errors?”

“On condition of leaving England,” I answered, for slight was my comparative desire of justice against Desmarais; and since I had agreed with Gerald not to bring our domestic records to the glare of day, justice against Desmarais was not easy of attainment; while, on the other hand, so precarious seemed the chance of discovering Montreuil before he left England, without certain intelligence of his movements, that I was willing to forego any less ardent feeling, for the speedy gratification of that which made the sole surviving passion of my existence.

“Be it so,” rejoined Desmarais; “there is better wine in France! And monsieur, my present master—Monsieur Gerald, will you too pardon your poor Desmarais for his proof of the great attachment he always bore to you?”

“Away, wretch!” cried Gerald, shrinking back: “your villany taints the very air!”

Desmarais lifted his eyes to heaven, with a look of appealing innocence; but I was wearied with this odious farce.

“The condition is made,” said I; “remember, it only holds good if Montreuil’s person is placed in our power. Now explain.”

“This night, then,” answered Desmarais, “Montreuil purposes to leave England by means of a French privateer, or pirate, if that word please you better. Exactly at the hour of twelve, he will meet some of the sailors upon the seashore, by the Castle Cave; thence they proceed in boats to the islet, off which the pirate’s vessel awaits them. If you would seize Montreuil, you must provide a force adequate to conquer the companions he will meet. The rest is with you; my part is fulfilled.”

"Remember! I repeat if this be one of thy intentions, thou wilt hang."

"I have said what is true," said Desmarais, bitterly; "and were not life so very pleasant to me, I would sooner have met the rack."

I made no reply; but, summoning Oswald, surrendered Desmarais to his charge. I then held a hasty consultation with Gerald, whose mind, however, obscured by feelings of gloomy humiliation, and stunned, perhaps, by the sudden and close following order of events, gave me but little assistance in my projects. I observed his feelings with great pain; but that was no moment for wrestling with them. I saw that I could not depend upon his vigorous co-operation; and that even if Montreuil sought him, he might want the presence of mind and the energy to detain him. I changed, therefore, the arrangement we had first proposed.

"I will remain here," said I, "and I will instruct the old portress to admit to me any one who seeks audience with you. Meanwhile, Oswald and yourself, if you will forgive, and grant my request to that purport, will repair to * * *, and informing the magistrate of our intelligence, procure such armed assistance as may give battle to the pirates, should that be necessary, and succeed in securing Montreuil; this assistance may be indispensable; at all events it will be prudent to secure it: perhaps for Oswald alone, the magistrates would not use that zeal and expedition which a word of yours can command."

"Of mine," said Gerald, "say rather of yours, you are the lord of these broad lands!"

"Never, my dearest brother, shall they pass to me from their present owner; but let us hasten now to execute justice, we will talk afterward of friendship."

I then sought Oswald, who, if a physical coward, was morally a ready, bustling, and prompt man; and I felt that I could rely more upon him than I could at that moment upon Gerald: I released him therefore of his charge, and made Desmarais a close prisoner, in the inner apartment of the tower; I then gave Oswald the most earnest instructions to procure the assistance we might require, and to return with it as expeditiously as possible: and cheered by the warmth and decision of his answer, I saw him depart with Gerald, and felt my heart beat high with the anticipation of midnight and retribution.

CHAPTER VIII.

The catastrophe.

It happened unfortunately, that the mission to * * * was indispensable. The slender accommodation of the tower forbade Gerald the use of his customary attendants, and the neighbouring villagers were too few in number, and too ill provided with weapons, to encounter men cradled in the very lap of danger; moreover, it was requisite, above all things, that no rumour or suspicion of our intended project should obtain wind, and, by reaching Montreuil's ears, give him some safer opportunity of escape. I had no doubt of the sincerity of the fatalist's communication, and if I had, the subsequent conversation I held with him, when Gerald and Oswald were gone, would have

been sufficient to remove it. He was evidently deeply stung by the reflection of his own treachery, and singularly enough, with Montreuil seemed to perish all his worldly hopes and aspirations. Desmarais, I found, was a man of much higher ambition than I had imagined, and he had linked himself closely to Montreuil, because from the genius and the resolution of the priest he had drawn the most sanguine auguries of his future power. As the night advanced, he grew visibly anxious, and, having fully satisfied myself that I might count indisputably upon his intelligence, I once more left him to his meditations, and, alone in the outer chamber, I collected myself for the coming event. I had fully hoped that Montreuil would have repaired to the tower in search of Gerald, and this was the strongest reason which had induced me to remain behind: but time waned, he came not, and at length it grew so late that I began to tremble lest the assistance from * * * should not arrive in time.

It struck the first quarter after eleven: in less than an hour my enemy would be either in my power, or beyond its reach; still Gerald and our allies came not: my suspense grew intolerable; my pulse raged with fever; I could not stay for two seconds in the same spot; a hundred times had I drawn my sword, and looked eagerly along its bright blade. "Once," thought I, as I looked, "thou didst cross the blade of my mortal foe, and to my danger, rather than victory; years have brought skill to the hand which then guided thee, and in the red path of battle thou hast never waved in vain. Be stained but once more with human blood, and I will prize every drop of that blood beyond all the triumphs thou hast brought me!" Yes, it had been with a fiery and intense delight that I had learnt that Montreuil would have companions to his flight in lawless and hardened men, who would never yield him a prisoner without striking for his rescue; and I knew enough of the courageous and proud temper of my purposed victim to feel assured that, priest as he was, he would not hesitate to avail himself of the weapons of his confederates, or to aid them with his own. Then would it be lawful to oppose violence to his resistance, and with my own hand to deal the death-blow of retribution. Still as these thoughts flashed over me, my heart grew harder, and my blood rolled more burning through my veins. "They come not, Gerald returns not," I said, as my eye dwelt on the horologe, and saw the minutes creep one after the other—"it matters not—he at least shall not escape!—were he girt by a million, I would single him from the herd; one stroke of this right hand is all that I ask of life, then let them avenge him if they will." Thus resolved, and despairing at last of the return of Gerald, I left the tower, locked the outer door, as a still further security against my prisoner's escape, and repaired with silent, but swift, strides to the beach by the Castle Cave. It wanted about half an hour to midnight; the night was still and breathless, a dim mist spread from sea to sky, through which the stars gleamed forth heavily, and at distant intervals. The moon was abroad, but the vapours that surrounded her gave a watery and sicklied dulness to her light, and wherever in the niches and hollows of the cliff, the shadows fell, all was utterly dark, and unbroken by the smallest ray: only along the near waves of the

sea, and the whiter parts of the level sand, were objects easily discernible. I strode to and fro, for a few minutes, before the Castle Cave; I saw no one, and I seated myself in stern vigilance upon a stone, in a worn recess of the rock, and close by the mouth of the Castle Cave. The spot where I sat was wrapt in total darkness, and I felt assured that I might wait my own time for disclosing myself. I had not been many minutes at my place of watch, before I saw the figure of a man approach from the left; he moved with rapid steps, and once, when he passed along a place where the wan light of the skies was less obscured, I saw enough of his form and air to recognise Montreuil. He neared the cave—he paused—he was within a few paces of me—I was about to rise, when another figure suddenly glided from the mouth of the cave itself.

“Ha!” cried the latter, “it is Bertrand Collinot—fate be lauded!”

Had a voice from the grave struck my ear, it would have scarcely amazed me more than that which I now heard. Could I believe my senses? the voice was that of Desmarais, whom I had left locked within the inner chamber of the tower. “Fly,” he resumed, “fly instantly; you have not a moment to lose—already the stern Morton waits thee—already the hounds of justice are on thy track, tarry not for the pirates, but begone at once.”

“You rave, man! What mean you? the boats will be here immediately. While you yet speak methinks I can descry them on the sea. Something of this I dreaded when, some hours ago, I caught a glimpse of Gerald on the road to * * *. I saw not the face of his companion, but I would not trust myself in the tower; yet I must await the boats—flight is indeed requisite, but *they* make the only means by which flight is safe!”

“Pray, then, thou who believest, pray that they may come soon, or thou diest—and I with thee! Morton is returned—is reconciled to his weak brother. Gerald and Oswald are away to * * *, for men to seize and drag thee to a public death. I was arrested—threatened; but one way to avoid prison and cord was shown me. Curse me, Bertrand, for I embraced it. I told them thou wouldst fly to-night, and with whom. They locked me in the inner chamber of the tower—Morton kept guard without. At length I heard him leave the room—I heard him descend the stairs, and lock the gate of the tower. Ha! ha! little dreamt he of the wit of Jean Desmarais. Thy friend must scorn bolt and bar, Bertrand Collinot. They had not searched me—I used my instruments—thou knowest that with those instruments I could glide through stone walls!—I opened the door—I was in the outer room—I lifted the trap-door which old Sir William had boarded over, and which thou hadst so artfully and imperceptibly replaced, when thou wantedst secret intercourse with thy pupile—I sped along the passage—came to the iron door—touched the spring thou hadst inserted in the plate which the old knight had placed over the key-hole—and have come to repair my coward treachery—to save and to fly with thee. But while I speak, we tread on a precipice. Morton has left the house, and is even now, perhaps, in search of thee!”

“Ha! I care not if he be,” said Montreuil, in a low, but haughty, tone. “Priest though I am, I

have not assumed the garb, without assuming also the weapon, of the layman. Even now I have my hand upon the same sword which shone under the banners of Mar; and which once, but for my foolish mercy, would have rid me for ever of this private foe.”

“Unsheath it now, Julian Montreuil!” said I, coming from my retreat, and confronting the pair.

Montreuil recoiled several paces. At that instant a shot boomed along the waters.

“Haste, haste!” cried Desmarais, hurrying to the waves, as a boat, now winding the cliff, became darkly visible; “haste, Bertrand, here are Bonjean and his men—but they are pursued!”

Once did Montreuil turn, as if to fly; but my sword was at his breast, and, stamping fiercely on the ground, he drew his rapier, and parried, and returned my assault; but he retreated rapidly toward the water while he struck; and wild and loud came the voices from the boat, which now touched the shore.

“Come—come—come—the officers are upon us; we can wait not a moment!” and Montreuil, as he heard the cries, mingled with oaths and curses, yet quickened his pace toward the quarter whence they came. His steps were tracked by his blood—twice had my sword passed through his flesh; but twice had it failed my vengeance, and avoided a mortal part. A second boat, filled also with the pirates, followed the first; but then another and a larger vessel bore black and fast over the water—the rush and cry of men were heard on land—again and nearer a shot broke over the heavy air—another and another—a continued fire. The strand was now crowded with the officers of justice. The vessel beyond forbade escape to the opposite islet. There was no hope for the pirates but in contest, or in dispersion among the cliffs or woods on the shore. They formed their resolution at once, and stood prepared and firm, partly on their boats, partly on the beach around them. Though the officers were far more numerous, the strife—fierce, desperate, and hard to hand—seemed equally sustained. Montreuil, as he retreated before me, bore back into the general *mêlée*, and, as the press thickened, we were for some moments separated. It was at this time that I caught a glimpse of Gerald; he seemed also then to espy me, and made eagerly toward me. Suddenly he was snatched from my view. The fray relaxed; the officers, evidently worsted, retreated toward the land, and the pirates appeared once more to entertain the hope of making their escape by water. Probably they thought that the darkness of the night might enable them to baffle the pursuit of the adverse vessel, which now lay expectant and passive on the wave. However this be, they made simultaneously to their boats, and, among their numbers, I descried Montreuil. I set my teeth with a calm and prophetic wrath. But three strokes did my good blade make through that throng before I was by his side; he had, at that instant, his hold upon the boat's edge, and he stood knee-deep in the dashing waters. I laid my grasp upon his shoulder, and my cheek touched his own as I hissed in his ear, “I am with thee yet!” He turned fiercely—he strove, but he strove in vain, to shake off my grasp. The boat pushed away, and his last hope of escape was over. At this moment the moon broke away from the mist, and we saw each other plainly, and face

face. There was a ghastly but set despair in Montreuil's lofty and proud countenance, which changed gradually to a fiercer aspect, as he met my gaze. Once more, foot to foot, and hand to hand, we engaged; the increased light of the eyes rendered the contest more that of skill than it had hitherto been, and Montreuil seemed to collect his energies, and to fight with a steadier and cooler determination. Nevertheless the combat was short. Once, my antagonist had the imprudence to raise his arm and expose his body to my thrust: his sword grazed my cheek—I shall bear no scar to my grave—mine passed twice through his breast, and he fell, bathed in his blood, at my feet.

"Lift him!" I said, to the men who now crowded round. They did so, and he unclosed his eyes, and glared upon me as the death-pang convulsed his features, and gathered in foam to his lips. But his thoughts were not upon his conqueror, nor upon the wrongs he had committed, nor upon any solitary being in the linked society which he had injured.

"Order of Jesus," he muttered, "had I but lived six months longer, I—"
So died Julian Montreuil!

CONCLUSION.

MONTREUIL was not the only victim in the brief combat of that night; several of the pirates and their pursuers perished, and among the bodies we found Gerald. He had been pierced by a shot through the brain, and was perfectly lifeless when his body was discovered. By a sort of retribution, seems that my unhappy brother received his death-wound from a shot, fired (probably at random) by Desmarais; and thus the instrument of fraud he had tacitly subscribed to, became the cause of his death. Nay, the retribution seemed to extend to the very method by which Desmarais had escaped; and, as the reader has perceived, the subterranean communication which had so secretly reopened to deceive my uncle, made the path which had guided Gerald's murderer to the scene which afterward ensued. The delay of the officers had been owing to private intelligence, previously received by the magistrate to whom Gerald had applied, of the number and force of the pirates, and his waiting in consequence for a military reinforcement to the party to be despatched against them. Those of the pirates who escaped the conflict escaped also the pursuit of the hostile vessel; they reached the islet, and gained their own ship. A few shots between the two vessels had idly exchanged, and the illicit adventurers

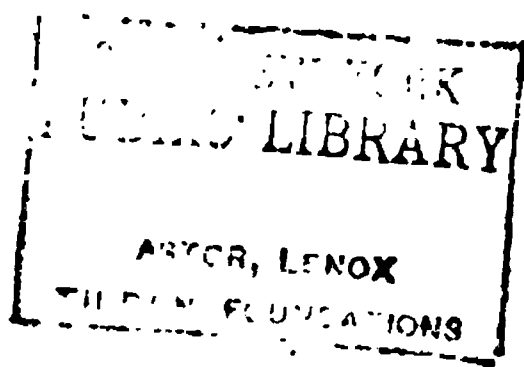
reached the French shore in safety; with them escaped Desmarais, and of him, from that hour to this, I have heard nothing—so capriciously plays time with villains!

Marie Oswald has lately taken unto himself a noted inn on the North Road, a place eminently calculated for the display of his various talents; he has also taken unto himself a wife, of whose tongue and temper he has been known already to complain with no Socratic meekness; and we may, therefore, opine that his misdeeds have not altogether escaped their fitting share of condemnation.

Succeeding at once, by the death of my poor brother, to the DEVEREUX estates, I am still employed in rebuilding, on a yet more costly scale, my ancestral mansion. So eager and impatient is my desire for the completion of my undertaking, that I allow rest neither by night nor day, and half the work will be done by torch-light. With the success of this project terminates my last scheme of ambition.

Here, then, at the age of thirty-four, I conclude the history of my life. Whether in the star, which, as I now write, shines in upon me, and which a romance, still unsubdued, has often dreamt to be the bright prophet of my fate, something of future adventure, suffering, or excitation, is yet predestined to me; or whether life will muse itself away in the solitudes which surround the home of my past childhood, and the scene of my present retreat, creates within me but slight food for anticipation or conjecture. I have exhausted the sources of those feelings which flow, whether through the channels of anxiety or of hope, toward the future; and the restlessness of my manhood, having attained its last object, has done the labour of time, and bequeathed me the indifference of age.

If love exists for me no more, I know well that the memory of that which has been, is to me far more than a living love is to others; and, perhaps, there is no passion so full of tender, of soft, and of hallowing associations, as the love which is stamped by death. If I have borne much, and my spirit has worked out its earthly end in travail and in tears, yet I would not forego the lessons which my life has bequeathed me, even though they be deeply blended with sadness and regret. No! were I asked what best dignifies the present, and consecrates the past; what enables us alone to draw a just moral from the tale of life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; and, whether our remaining years pass in seclusion or in action, is best fitted to soften the heart to man, and elevate the soul to God, I would answer, with Lassus, it is "EXPERIENCE!"



1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and the role of the accounting department in ensuring the integrity of the financial statements. It also highlights the need for regular audits and the importance of transparency in financial reporting.

2. The second part of the document focuses on the implementation of internal controls to prevent fraud and ensure the accuracy of financial data. It outlines the key components of a robust internal control system, including segregation of duties, authorization procedures, and regular monitoring and evaluation.

3. The third part of the document addresses the challenges faced by organizations in managing their financial resources effectively. It discusses the importance of budgeting, forecasting, and cost management, and provides practical advice on how to overcome common financial management challenges.

4. The fourth part of the document explores the role of technology in modern accounting and finance. It discusses the benefits of using accounting software and the importance of staying up-to-date with the latest technological advancements in the field.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes by emphasizing the importance of ethical behavior in the accounting profession. It discusses the role of accountants as trusted advisors and the need to adhere to high ethical standards in all financial transactions.

ה'תש"ח ח' שבט ה'תש"ח

PAUL CLIFFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"ZANONI," "NIGHT AND MORNING," "RIENZI,"
"EUGENE ARAM," "DEVEREUX," &c.

[Bulwer - Lytton]

"Many of your lordships must recollect what used to take place on the high-roads in the neighbourhood of this metropolis some years ago. Scarcely a carriage could pass without being robbed, and frequently the passengers were obliged to fight with, and give battle to, the highwaymen who infested the roads."—*Duke of Wellington's Speech on the Metropolis Police Bill, June 5th. Mirror of Parliament, 1829, p. 2050.*

"Can any man doubt whether it is better to be a great statesman, or a common thief?"—*Jonathan Wild.*

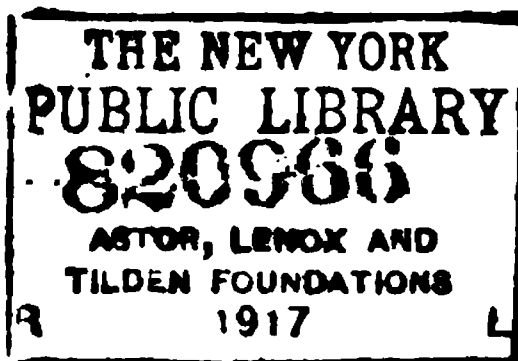
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1842.

W. B.



DEDICATORY EPISTLE.

TO

• • • • •, Esq.

SOME years ago, my dear friend, when you and I had more of the poetry of life at our hearts than, I fear, is left to either of us now, I inscribed with your name a certain slender volume of Poems, printed but not published. Of the hundred copies of those boyish indiscretions which, full of all unimaginable errors of type and press, owed their origin to a French printer, I have not to this day given away more than two or three-and-twenty. I dedicated to you then a book only to be circulated among friends, on the tacit understanding that they were to be alike willing to forgive and eager to commend. I dedicate to you now a book which, the moment it passes from me, goes among readers of whom even the kindly are too lukewarm to raise, the hostile are pre-resolved to censure, and every individual, with a cruel justice, holds it a right to expect merit in an author upon all points, and to extend him indulgence upon none. This is the natural and established bond of publication; and of course, like all who publish, I am prepared for its conditions. But ere I again appear before an audience not the less critical—scarcely the less unfamiliar, for my having, into her performances, craved its opinion, let me linger a few minutes behind the scenes, and encourage myself with a friendly conference with you. It gives me pain, my dear • • • • •, to think that I may not grace my pages with your name; for I well know, that when after years shall open the fitting opportunity to your talents, that name will not be lightly held wherever honesty and truth—a capacity to devise what is good, and a courage to execute it, are considered qualities worthy of esteem. But in your present pursuits it can scarcely serve you to be praised by a novelist, and named in the dedication to a novel; and your well-wishers would not be pleased to find you ostentatiously exhibiting sanction to a book, which they would vainly hope you may never obtain the leisure to read.

Four years have passed since I dedicated to you the Poems I refer to—they have not brought to either of us an inconsiderable change. We are no longer the rovers of the world, setting seal at our caprice, and finding enterprise at our will. We feel, though with a silent conviction, that life has become harsher and more barren than we then imagined; and we look on the ways through which we pass, not with the eager or the wandering glance of the tourist of pleasure, but with the saturnine and wary eye of the hacknied trafficker of business. You are settled down to the labours—honourable, indeed, but somewhat sterile—of the bar; and I, a mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures,* am drawing from the bustle of the living world such quiet observation as, after it has

lain a little while within my own mind, you perceive re-produced in the pages of certain idle and very indifferent novels. I cling, however, not the less fondly to my old faith, that experience is the only investment which never fails to repay us tenfold what it cost; and that we cannot find better and surer guides through those mazes of life, which we have not only to pass but to retrace, than the error, or the prejudice, or the regret which, with every interval, we leave behind us, as landmarks, on our way.

When you receive these three volumes, printed, and labelled, and *boarded*, in all the uncut combs of the very last new novel, I know exactly the half frown, half smile, with which you will greet them, and the friendly petulance with which you will *peish*! and think what a pity it is that “—should still write nothing else but a novel.”—Is it, indeed, a pity, my dear friend? Are you sure that in writing something else I should write something better? For my part, I often ask myself that question; and, if I could answer it satisfactorily, this work would never have been written. But let us view the matter fairly; what else shall I write? There is Poetry, in the first place!—Will you—will any one read epic or sonnet—tale or satire—tragedy or epigram?—Whatever be the variety, do you not except at once to the species?—and would you not deem it a less fatigue and a greater profit, to skim through three volumes, than to yawn over a single stanza?—A tide of popular opinion has set against poetry; and in the literary world, as in the natural, the tide and the hour can scarcely be neglected, even by the hardest adventurer.—Putting, then, poetry out of our consideration—and I wish, for I have all the fondness and weakness of first love still clinging about me, that you would even attempt to convince me that I ought not to do so,—shall we turn to Philosophy? shall I write on the mind, or speculate on the senses?—Alas! to what end? we may judge of the demand for moral philosophy, when we reflect that Hobbes's works* are out of print, and that Mills's Analysis has not been reviewed. I will frankly confess to you, that writing is not with me its own reward; and that in order to write, I must first have the hope to be read. Politics, Essays, Travels, Biography, History;—are these subjects on which one is more likely to obtain a decent, a tolerably durable reputation, than one is by the composition of novels? I fear not. Let us look around! What encouragement to any of these subjects is held out to us? Are not writings of this sort far more the ephemerals of literature than writings of fiction?† Does the biography, or the

* Burton.

* In a collected shape.

† Nor is this, as at the first glance it may appear, owing

essay, or the treatise, last even the year for which a novel endures! And if it does not exceed the novel in durability, it can scarcely equal it, you will allow, in popularity. The literary idler who receives it from the library, sends it away and waits for the review in the Quarterly; and the friend, the familiar, to whom you make it a present, shuns you during the rest of your life, lest you should inquire his opinion. You see, my dear * * *

* * *, I have viewed the matter on a magnificent scale. I might have checked the question at once;—I might, instead of provoking discussion, by pointing out the unfitness of such attempts, have quieted it by a gentle allusion to the inability of the attempter;—I might have exclaimed "Poetry! I am a poetaster, not a poet. Philosophy! I am a student, not a discoverer. Essays! I have wearied you already with Essays in 'Devereux,' or the 'Disowned.' Travels! Where, oh! where have I travelled?" But this is not the age in which men are so uninventive in motives as to confess to a want of genius, or a scantiness of knowledge; and consequently, I beg you to believe that I write novels, not because I cannot write any thing else, but because novels are the best possible things to be written.

We live in a strange and ominous period for literature. In books as in other manufactures, the great sin seems the abridgment of labour; the least work is the most charming. People will only expend their time for immediate returns of knowledge; and the wholesome and fair profit, slow; but permanent, they call tedious in letters, and speculative in politics. This eager yet slothful habit of mind, now so general, has brought into notice an emigrant, and motley class of literature, formerly, in this country, little known and less honoured. We threw aside our profound researches, and feast upon popular, abridgments; we forsake the old march through elaborate histories, for "a dip" into entertaining memoirs. In this, our immediate bias in literature, if any class of writing has benefited more than another in popularity and estimation, it is the Novel. Readers now look into fiction for facts; as Voltaire, in his witty philosophy, looked among facts for fiction. I do not say that the novel has, in increased merit, deserved its increased reputation: on the contrary, I think, that though our style may be less prolix than it was in the last century, our thoughts are

to the fault or the unimportance of the writings themselves. While "The Sketch Book" is found in every young lady's dressing-room; and "Bracebridge Hall" is still in high request, in every country book-club; "The Life of Columbus," invaluable, if only from the subject so felicitously chosen; "The Wars of Grenada," scarcely less valuable from the subject so consummately adorned, and so stirringly painted; are, the one slowly passing into forgetfulness, and the other slumbering, with uncut leaves, upon the shelf. Compare the momentary sensation produced by the first appearance of Lord King's "Life of Locke," with the sensation, durable and intense, which, replete as it is with the treasure of Locke's familiar thoughts, it would have produced twenty years ago! "Godwin's History of the Commonwealth," one of the most manly and impartial records ever written, lives less upon the memory than "Almacks;" and "Cyril Thornton," produced some four years since, is in more immediate vogue than the admirable history by the same Author—published but the other day. True, that among a succeeding generation, there may possibly be a reaction—lethargic octavos be awakened from their untimely trance, and enlivened quartos "take up their beds and walk!" But now when people *think* as well as *feel*, and the present is to them that matter of reference and consideration which the future was with their more dreaming forefathers—the same that is only posthumous, has become to all, but to poets, a very frigid and impotent inducement.

more languid and our invention less racy.* However this be, the fashion in literature, of which I speak, has, among the wrecks of much that is great and noble, opened to second-rate ability and *mediocre* knowledge, paths that were shut to them before. And I, for one, if I have lost, as a member of the Public, have gained more than proportionately as an Individual. I feel that I have just sufficient reading, or observation, or reflection, or talent of any sort, to make it possible that I may stumble in a light fiction upon some amusing, perhaps even some useful truths; while neither the reading, nor the observation, nor the reflection, nor the talent, are in all probability sufficient to entitle me to a momentary notice in any graver and more presuming composition. Then, too, I fancy at those "post-prandial hours," when a certain self-complacency diffuses its cheating caloric over the mind,———I fancy that I have also by accident stricken out a vein not so holy hacknied, as that any of my *immediate cotemporaries* share the passion with myself: for the philosophical novel is at present not only little cultivated in any shape, but those who do break up the unpromising soil are writers essentially grave and didactic. But is the graceful and all-accomplished author of "De Vere;" or the fine creator of "St. Leon" and "Mademoiselle," to whose style may be applied the simile applied somewhat too flatteringly to that of Tertullian—that it is like ebony, at once dark and splendid. The novel, blending chiefly the comic, and occasionally the dramatic qualities with those of the reflective and analysing, is that which (except in "Devereux") I have sought out as the province of my own attempts; and in avoiding competition with the distinguished writers I have just referred to, I aimed originally at prudence, and gained perhaps something of novelty.

You will observe that I have laid a stress on the words *immediate cotemporaries*, for I do not deceive myself with the idea that I have done any thing the least original; I have only endeavoured to revive what had passed a little into neglect; and if my books have had any success, it is owing to the goodness of the school, and in spite of the faults of the disciple. The combination of the philosophic novel with the comic has indeed long since, in two great authors, been carried to a perfection, which, I confess, I think is not likely to be attained, *longe intervallis*, by any succeeding writer. The first, and by far the greater of them, (I speak of Fielding) seems a man, who with a universal fame has never met with a full appreciation. To me, he appears not only incompatible as a Novelist—but also one of the soundest thinkers, and most scientific moralists that ever conferred honour on a country, and instruction on mankind. The second, Dr. Moore, has this remarkable merit; he has made us forgive in him, two sins that would have been beyond redemption in any other author,—viz. in style an odious affectation of Gallicisms, and in morals a furtive tendency to import the idea ready-made rather than to work out the raw material at home. To these two may be added Miss Edgeworth, the most faultless, if not the most brilliant of all novelists, past and present. I do

* In whatever I say of the novel, I cannot, of course, be supposed to include the fictions of Sir Walter Scott. I must also make two exceptions among the novels of his countrymen; the quaint and nervous humour of "Lawrie Todd," and the impassioned boldness of "Adam Blair."

not class her among immediate contemporaries, partly because she seems to have altogether retired from the field, and partly because the same settled and quiet judgment has been passed upon her burning and useful tales which is in general reserved for the decision of posterity. Though I am only, then, advance a claim to the merit of the maver, not the creator,—the furbisher of old pictures, not the artist of new,—I am yet very far from certain that I can reach even an equal merit in any other branch of literature; and thus you receive a fourth* novel from my pen, where your reflecting friendship would have wished to see an attempt in political morals or history:—History! for all, and despite of all discouragement, there is to every student, every man of closet, or academic, recollections, a wonderful stimulus in that word! And, perhaps, I may already, and in defiance of my own judgment, and the warnings around, have turned within me some project in that most noble and least ransacked department of intellectual research, which in after-years I may disappoint you and embody. But this is not to be lightly begun, or even immaturely conceived; and how many casualties may arise to mar altogether the execution of such a project! how many casualties, even at the best, may procrastinate it to the languor of age, and the energies slackened by long familiarity with the crosses and contests of life! Often, when brought youth and manhood we imagine we are basking our concluding triumph, we are only nursing our latest disappointment. Meanwhile, at present, if I anticipate but little gain, I can meet with but a trifling loss: I do not set my heart on the success of efforts, which, I allow with my nemica, (for to have enemies is the doom of literature, which even the most ordinary writer does not escape,) are petty and unimportant; I am not so elevated by the praise of this man, or so humbled by the blame of that, as to forfeit “the level temperature of the mind,” or transgress the small and harmless circle from which Reason—a sorceress when she confines her efforts, an impostor when she enlarges them,—banishes the intrusion of others. For do I myself believe that to any one who has formed the habit of application, is the production of books, whatever be their nature, (so long as they be neither in poetry nor abstract science) attended with that utter and absorbing engrossment of time which is usually imagined. Life has hours enough for all but the idle; and for my own part, if I were not in the common habit of turning to more important subjects, as a study, I should never have had the presumption to write even novels, as recreation. Do not conceive, however, from what I have said, that I am going to write novels all the rest of my life,—I am excusing what has been, and not prefacing what is to be.

I have now, my dear friend, said all that I wished to touch upon in excuse for the nature of my productions. I do not make you, nor, through you, my Readers, an apology for my egotism or my prolixity. To all writers a Dedication is unhallowed and licensed ground: to all Readers is granted a liberty, no less acknowledged—that of passing over it with whatever rapidity they please.

* When I speak of my *fourth* novel, I omit “Falkland” from the number, an early and crude attempt which I have never hitherto owned—beyond my own small circle of friends;—and which I should not now speak of, were it not generally known to be mine—at least among all who have ever heard of it!

I have been holding intercourse with you with as much frankness as if the letters I now write were not presently to be translated into the unfamiliar characters of the press; and if I have gone a little too largely into general or into individual topics, I must make amends by touching as briefly as possible on the work now before you.

For the original idea of Paul Clifford, I am indebted to a gentleman of considerable distinction in literature, and whose kindness to me is one of my most gratifying remembrances. This idea, had the work been shorter, would have pervaded the whole; as it is, it will be found embodied in those parts which, I believe, will be the most popular in the book. Such as the scene at Gentleman George’s, the sketch of Bachelor Bill, &c. An example is more explanatory than detail, I refer to these passages for the illustration of my friend’s suggestion, rather than attempt to unfold and enlarge on it here. In justice to my friend, I should add, first, that I feel I have given a very inadequate form to a conception that appears to me peculiarly felicitous; and secondly, that as I have made use of his idea rather as an adjunct to my story, than as the principle groundwork of the story itself, all the faults of plot and deficiencies of invention that may be found in the progress and denouement of my tale, are solely and wholly to be laid to my charge.* It were to be wished that my friend had found leisure himself, among labours more important, to embody his own idea; or that, in giving me the canvass, he could have given me also his skill to colour and his talent to create.

I can scarcely conceive, what you, who are rather fastidious about the niceties of language, will think of the vulgar graces wherewith the greater part of my first volume is adorned. I must own, that I have on this point steeled myself against censure; for, independent of any latent application or irony in the dialect† I refer to, I am willing to risk an experiment, tried successfully in Scotland and Ireland—though not in the present day attempted in England:—of giving descriptive and appropriate dialogue to classes of society, far more capable of yielding interest or amusement to persons of any mental vigour, whatever be their rank, than trite copies of the languid inanities of a drawing-room, or lifeless portraits of originals, whose very boast it is to be scarcely alive.‡

* I should add, also, that I alone am accountable for the personality of any caricatures in the scenes referred to: all that my friend suggested, was the satirical adaptation of living personages to fictitious characters in the station or profession of life which Old Bags and Long Ned adorn.—for the choice of those personages he is by no means answerable. I mention this, because it is but fair that I should take the chances of offence on myself;—though the broadness, and evident want of malice in the caricatures referred to, will, I venture to foretell, make those caricatured, the first—perhaps the only persons—to laugh at the exaggerated resemblance.

† It must be remembered, too, that this dialect is not the corruption of uncouth provincialisms. The language of the thieves, or the low Londoners, (a distinction, I fear, without a difference,) is perhaps one of the most expressive—nay, one of the most metaphysical in the world! What deep philosophy, for instance, is there in this phrase “the oil of Palms!”—(meaning money?)

‡ In some inimical, and rather personal but clever observations, made on me in a new periodical work, it is implied that people living in good society cannot write philosophically, or, it would seem, even well. I suppose of course the critic speaks of persons who live only in good society; and though the remark is not true, as it happens, singularly enough, that the best and most philosophical prose writers, in England especially, have been gentlemen, and lived for the most part, as a matter of course among their equals, yet I shall content myself with saying, that the remark, true or false, in this case by no means applies to me, who have

For any occasional retaliation on critics, enemies, or Scotchmen—(with me, for the most part, they have been found three appellations for the same thing,) for many very hard words, and very smart hits against myself—I offer no excuse:—my retaliation is in the spirit of English warfare—blows at one moment, and good humour the next.—As for Scotchmen, I am not quite sure that they have been yet able to expel from my breast the lurking kindness which it once bore towards them.—It is not an easy matter seriously to dislike, however ingeniously one may rail against, the country that has produced Burns, and Scott, and Campbell—a country too, by the way, with which you claim a connexion, and of which the distinguished friend I have mentioned in this epistle is a native.—I return, only, gently enough at present, the first blows with which they have assailed me; I know what to expect in return, and shall scarcely be the one

“Who first cries ‘Hold, enough!’”

But, speaking dispassionately, our good fellow-subjects on the other side of the Tweed have one little unpleasant foible which makes them less charming than they otherwise might be—they lose their temper the moment an Englishman gains a singular advantage—they become preposterously angry if we get ever so small a name, nay ever so small a fortune in our own country;—they seem to imagine that God Almighty had made them a present of England to do exactly what they please with, and that the Englishman who interferes with their monopoly commits the very worst species of blasphemy.—Whenever we rise the least little step in the world, we are, it is true, sure to be abused; but I fancy, we shall find, on inquiry, that nine times out of ten, the abuse has been uttered in broad Scotch!

It has been made an objection to this book, that the style of the first volume differs from the style of the second and third: this difference was an

seen quite as much of the lowest orders as of any other, and who scarcely ever go into what is termed ‘the world.’ By the way, the Critic alluded to having been pleased in a very pointed manner to consider me the hero as well as author of my own book (Pelham), I am induced to say a few words on the subject. The year before Pelham appeared, I published “Falkland,” in which the hero was essentially the gloomy, romantic, cloud-like order; in short, Sir Reginald Glenville out-Glenvilled. The matter-of-fact gentry who say “We,” and call themselves Critics, declared that “Falkland” was evidently a personation of the author: next year out came “Pelham,”—the moral antipodes of “Falkland,”—and the same gentry said exactly the same thing of “Pelham.” Will they condescend to reconcile this contradiction? The fact is, that the moment any prominence, any corporeal reality is given to a hero, and the hero (mark this) is not made constitutionally good, (not I say I was like Mordaunt)—then the hero and the Author are the same person! This is one reason why heroes nowadays are made such poor creatures. Authors, a quiet set of people, rarely like to be personally mixed up with their own creations. For my own part, though I might have an especial cause of complaint in this respect, since I have never even drawn two heroes alike, but made each, Falkland, Pelham, Mordaunt, and Devereux, essentially different; yet I am perfectly willing, if it gives the good people the least pleasure, that my Critics should confound me with Pelham. Nay, if Pelham be at all what he was meant to be, viz. a practical satire on the exaggerated, and misanthropical romance of the day—a human being whose real good qualities put to shame the sickly sentimentalism of Blue skies and hare-breasts, and mire coxcombries and interesting villainies; if he be at all like this, I am extremely proud to be mistaken for him. For though he is certainly a man who bathes and “lives cleanly,” (two essential charges preferred against him by Messrs. the Great Unwashed,) yet he is also brave, generous, just: a true friend, an active citizen—perfect in accomplishments—unshakable in principle!—What, is this my portrait—my fac-simile, Gentleman?—Upon my word, I am extremely obliged to you. Pray go on—I would not interrupt you for the world!

especial object with me in writing the work. Scenes in society essentially contrasted, appear to require language suitable to the contrast, and I cannot but think that one of the great and ordinary faults in fiction, is the narrating all events, and describing all varieties, with the same monotony and unmodulating tone.

The Hero of the story is an attempt to portray an individual of a species of which the country is now happily rid, but which seem to me to have possessed as many of the real properties of romance, especially comic and natural romance, as the foreign Carbonari and exotic pirates whom it has pleased English writers, in search of captivating villains, to import to their pages. For my part, I will back an English highwayman, masked, armed, mounted, and trotting over Hounslow Heath, against the prettiest rascal the Continent ever produced.

In conclusion, let me add that I have endeavoured to take warning from the errors of my preceding works. Perhaps it will be found that, in this the story is better conducted, and the interest more uniformly upheld, than in my other productions. I have outlived the *Reclus's* desire to be didactic, and have avoided alike essay-writing and digression;—in a word, I have studied more than in my two last works to write a tolerably entertaining novel. I have admitted only one episode of importance—the History of Augustus Tomlinson; and I have only admitted that exception, because the history is no episode in the moral and general design, though it is in the current of narration.

And now, my dear friend, it is high time that I should end an Epistle already too long, even for your patience. Whatever be the fate of this book, or of those which have preceded it; whether they have arisen like the insects kindled from the Sicilian fountain—quicken with one moment, and perishing with the next,—or whether in spite of a thousand faults which no one can detect easier than myself, something, betokening, perhaps, a thoughtless or irreverent inattention to the varieties of Nature, and no unkindly disposition towards her offspring, may detain them on the public mind yet a little while beyond the brief season which gave them birth;—one gratification I have at least secured!—I have associated this novel, which I incline to hope may not be considered my worst, and which possibly may be my last, with such remembrances as will survive defeat, or ender success.

Adieu, my dear
Wishing you all health and happiness
Believe me your very
Affectionate Friend,

E. L. B.

Hertford-street, April, 1830.

NOTE.

One or two Notes on, or allusions to, *Moore's Life of Byron*, will be found in these pages. Since they were written, the subject has grown a little hackneyed, and the remarks they embody have been in some measure forestalled. At the time of composition, they were, however, new, and appeared to me called for.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

Say ye oppress'd by home fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose,
Who press the downy couch while slaves advance
With timid eye to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure;
How would you bear in real pain to lie
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched paves the way to death?
CRABBE.

It was a dark and stormy night, the rain fell in torrents—except at occasional intervals, when it was checked by a violent gust of wind which swept up the streets (for it is in London that our scene lies), rattling along the house-tops, and fiercely agitating the scanty flame of the lamps that struggled against the darkness. Through one of the obscurest quarters of London, and among haunts little loved by the gentlemen of the police, a man evidently of the lowest orders was wending his solitary way. He stopped twice or thrice at different shops and houses of a description correspondent with the appearance of the *quartier* in which they were situated,—and tended inquiry for some article or another which did not seem easily to be met with. All the answers he received were couched in the negative; and as he turned from each door, he muttered to himself, in no very elegant phraseology, his disappointment and discontent. At length, at one house, the landlord, a sturdy butcher, after rendering the same reply the inquirer had hitherto received, added,—“But if *his vill* do as vell, Dummie, it is quite at your service!” Pausing reflectively for a moment, Dummie responded, that he thought the thing proffered *right* do as well; and thrusting it into his ample pocket he strode away with as rapid a motion as the wind and the rain would allow. He soon came to a nest of low and dingy buildings, at the entrance to which, in half-effaced characters, was written “Thames Court.” Halting at the most conspicuous of these buildings, an inn or ale-house, through the half-closed windows of which blazed out a ruddy comfort the beams of the hospitable hearth, he knocked hastily at the door. He was admitted by a lady of a certain age, and endowed with a comely rotundity of face and person.

“Hast got it, Dummie?” said she quickly, as he closed the door on the guest.

“Noa, noa! not exactly—but I thinks as ow _____”

“Pish, you fool!” cried the woman interrupting him, peevishly: “Vy, it is no use desaving of me. You knows you has only stepped from my coosing ken to another, and you has not been arter the book at all. So, there’s the poor cretur a-raving and a-dying, and you—”

“Let I speak!” interrupted Dummie in his turn. “I tells you, I vent first to Mother Buss-

blone’s, who, I knows, chops the whiners morning and evening to the young ladies, and I axes there for a Bible, and she says, says she, ‘I ’as only a “Companion to the Halter!” but you’ll get a bible, I thinks, at Master Talkins,—the cobbler—as preaches.’ So I goes to Master Talkins, and he says, says he, ‘I ’as no call for the Bible,’ cause vy, I ’as a call without; but mayhap you’ll be a-getting it at the butcher’s hover the way—cause vy!—the butcher’ll be damned!’ So I goes hover the way, and the butcher says, says he, ‘I ’as not a Bible; but I ’as a book of plays bound for all the world just like ’un, and mayhap the poor cretur mayn’t see the difference.’ So I takes the plays, Mrs. Margery, and here they be surely!—And how’s poor Judy?”

“Fearsome! she’ll not be over the night; I’m a-thinking.”

“Vell, I’ll track up the dancers!”

So saying, Dummie ascended a doorless staircase, across the entrance of which a blanket, stretched angularly from the wall to the chimney, afforded a kind of screen; and presently he stood within a chamber, which the dark and painful genius of Crabbe might have delighted to portray. The walls were white-washed, and at sundry places strange figures and grotesque characters had been traced by some mirthful inmate in such sable outline as the end of a smoked stick, or the edge of a piece of charcoal is wont to produce. The wan and flickering light afforded by a farthing candle gave a sort of grimness and menace to these achievements of pictorial art, especially as they more than once received embellishment from portraits of Satan, such as he is accustomed to be drawn. A low fire burned gloomily in the sooty grate; and on the hob hissed “the still small voice” of an iron kettle. On a round deal-table were two vials, a cracked cup, a broken spoon of some dull metal, and upon two or three mutilated chairs were scattered various articles of female attire. On another table, placed below a high, narrow shutterless casement, (athwart which, instead of a curtain, a checked apron had been loosely hung, and now waved fitfully to and fro in the gusts of wind that made easy ingress through many a chink and cranny,) were a looking-glass, sundry appliances of the toilet, a box of coarse rouge, a few ornaments of more show than value; and a watch, the regular and calm clink of which produced that indescribably painful feeling which, we fear, many of our readers who have heard the sound in a sick chamber can easily recall. A large tester-bed stood opposite to this table, and the looking-glass partially reflected curtains of a faded stripe, and ever and anon, (as the position of the sufferer followed the restless emotion of a disordered mind) glimpses of the face of one on whom Death was rapidly hastening. Beside this bed now stood Dummie, a small, thin man, dressed in a tattered plush jerkin, from which the rain-drops slowly dripped, and with a thin, yellow, cunning physi-

ognomy, grotesquely hideous in feature but not positively villanous in expression. On the other side of the bed stood a little boy of about three years old, dressed as if belonging to the better classes, although the garb was somewhat tattered and discoloured. The poor child trembled violently, and evidently looked with a feeling of relief on the entrance of Dummie. And now there slowly, and with many a phthisical sigh, heaved toward the foot of the bed the heavy frame of the woman who had accosted Dummie below, and had followed him, *hand passibus equis*, to the room of the sufferer; she stood with a bottle of medicine in her hand, shaking its contents up and down, and with a kindly yet timid compassion spread over a countenance crimsoned with habitual libations. This made the scene; save that on a chair by the bed-side lay a profusion of long glossy golden ringlets, which had been cut from the head of the sufferer when the fever had begun to mount upwards; but which, with a jealousy that portrayed the darling littleness of a vain heart, she had seized and insisted on retaining near her; and save that, by the fire, perfectly inattentive to the event about to take place within the chamber, and to which we of the biped race attach so awful an importance, lay a large grey cat curled in a ball, and dozing with half-shut eyes, and ears that now and then denoted by a gentle inflection, the jar of a louder or nearer sound than usual upon her lethargic senses. The dying woman did not at first attend to the entrance either of Dummie or the female at the foot of the bed; but she turned herself round toward the child, and grasping his arm fiercely, she drew him toward her, and gazed on his terrified features with a look in which exhaustion and an exceeding wanness of complexion were even horribly contrasted by the glare and energy of delirium.

"If you are like *him*," she muttered, "I will strangle you,—I will!—ay—tremble! you ought to tremble, when your mother touches you, or when *he* is mentioned. You have his eyes,—you have! Out with them, out!—the Devil sits laughing in them! Oh! you weep, do you, little one! Well now, be still, my love,—be hushed! I would not harm thee! harm—O God, *he is* my child after all!"—and at these words she clasped the boy passionately to her breast, and burst into tears!

"Coom now, coom!" said Dummie soothingly. "Take the stuff, Judith, and then we'll talk hover the hurchin!"

The mother relaxed her grasp of the boy, and turning towards the speaker, gazed at him for some moments with a bewildered stare: at length she appeared slowly to remember him, and said, as she raised herself on one hand, and pointed the other toward him with an inquiring gesture—

"Thou hast brought the book?"

Dummie answered by lifting up the book he had brought from the honest butcher's.

"Clear the room, then!" said the sufferer, with that air of mock command so common to the insane. "We would be alone!"

Dummie winked at the good woman at the foot of the bed; and she (though generally no easy person to order or to persuade) left, without reluctance, the sick chamber.

"If she be a-going to pray!" murmured our landlady, (for that office did the good matron hold,)

"I may indeed as well take myself off, for it's not

werry comfortable like, to those who be old, to hear all that 'ere!"

With this pious reflection the hostess of the "Mug," so was the hostelry called, heavily descended the creaking stairs.

"Now, man!" said the sufferer sternly,— "swear that you will never reveal,—swear, I say! and by the great God, whose angels are about this night, if ever you break the oath, I will come back and haunt you to your dying day!"

Dummie's face grew pale, for he was superstitiously affected by the vehemence and the language of the dying woman, and he answered as he kissed the pretended Bible,—that he swore to keep the secret, as much as he knew of it, which, she must be sensible, he said, was very little. As he spoke, the wind swept with a loud and sudden gust down the chimney, and shook the roof above them so violently as to loosen many of the crumbling tiles, which fell one after the other, with a crashing noise, on the pavement below. Dummie started in affright; and perhaps his conscience smote him for the trick he had played with regard to the false Bible. But the woman, whose excited and unstrung nerves led her astray from one subject to another with preternatural celerity, said with a hysterical laugh, "See, Dummie, they come in state for me,—give me the cap—yonder! and bring the looking-glass!"

Dummie obeyed, and the woman, as she in a low tone uttered something about the unbecoming colour of the ribbons, adjusted the cap on her head; and then saying in a regretful and petulant voice, "Why should they have cut off my hair!—such a disfigurement!" bade Dummie desire Mrs. Margery once more to ascend to her.

Left alone with her child, the face of the wretched mother softened as she regarded him, and all the levities and all the vehemences,—if we may use the word,—which, in the turbulent commotion of her delirium, had been stirred upward to the surface of her mind, gradually now sunk, as death increased upon her,—and a mother's anxiety rose to the natural level from which it had been disturbed and abased. She took the child to her bosom, and clasping him in her arms, which grew weaker with every instant, she soothed him with the sort of chant which nurses sing over their untoward infants; but the voice was cracked and hollow, and as she felt it was so, the mother's eyes filled with tears.—Mrs. Margery now re-entered; and, turning towards the hostess with an impressive calmness of manner which astonished and awed the person she addressed, the dying woman pointed to the child, and said—

"You have been kind to me, very kind, and may God bless you for it! I have found that those whom the world calls the worst, are often the most human. But I am not going to thank you as I ought to do, but to ask of you a last and exceeding favour. Protect my child till he grows up,—you have often said you loved him,—you are childless yourself,—and a morsel of bread and a shelter for the night, which is all I ask of you to give him, will not impoverish more legitimate claimants!"

Poor Mrs. Margery fairly sobbing, vowed she would be a mother to the child, and that she would endeavour to rear him honestly, though a public house was not, she confessed, the best place for good examples!

"Take him!" cried the mother hoarsely, as her

vice, failing her strength, rattled indistinctly, and almost died within her. "Take him,—rear him as you will, as you can!—any example, any roof better than—" Hence the words were inaudible.—And oh! may it be a curse, and a!—Give me the medicine, I am dying."

The hostess, alarmed, hastened to comply, but ere she returned to the bedside the sufferer was insensible,—nor did she again recover speech or motion. A low and rare moan only testified continued life, and within two hours that ceased, and the spirit was gone. At that time our good hostess was herself beyond the things of this outer world, having supported her spirits during the vigils of the night with so many little liquid excitations, that they finally ended in that torpor which generally succeeds excitement. Taking, perhaps, advantage of the opportunity the immobility of the patient afforded him, Dummie, by the expiring ray of the candle that burnt in the death chamber, stealthily opened a huge box (which was generally concealed under the bed, and contained the wardrobe of the deceased,) and turned with irreverent hand over the linens and the silks, until quite at the bottom of the trunk he discovered some packets of letters;—these he seized, and buried in the conveniences of his dress; he then rising and rescuing the box, cast a longing eye toward the stool on the toilet-table, which was of gold; but withdrew his gaze, and with a long, querulous sigh, observed to himself, "The old blane kens o' at, od rat her! but, howsomever, I'll take this; he knows but it may be of service—*carries to-morrow may be smash to-morrow!*" and he laid his nerve hand on the golden and silky treasures we have described,—"*'Tis a rum business, and puzzle I; but mum's the word, for my own little squarren.*"

With this brief soliloquy, Dummie descended the stairs, and let himself out of the house.

CHAPTER II.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place.
Deserted Village.

THERE is little to interest in a narrative of early childhood, unless indeed one were writing on education. We shall not therefore linger over the fancy of the motherless boy left to the protection of Mrs. Margery Lobkins, or as she was sometimes familiarly called, Peggy or Piggy Lob. The good dame, drawing a more than sufficient income from the profits of a house, which, if situated in an obscure locality, enjoyed very general and lucrative repute; and being a lone widow without kith or kin, had no temptation to break her word to the deceased, and she suffered the orphan to wax in strength and understanding until the age of twelve, a period at which we are now about to reintroduce him to our readers.

The boy evinced great hardihood of temper, and no inconsiderable quickness of intellect. In whatever he attempted, his success was rapid, and

Meaning what is of no value now, may be precious
after.
Colquharren—*scab.*

a remarkable strength of limb and muscle seconded well the dictates of an ambition turned, it must be confessed, rather to physical than mental exertion. It is not to be supposed, however, that his boyish life passed in unbroken tranquillity. Although Mrs. Lobkins was a good woman on the whole, and greatly attached to her *protégé*, she was violent and rude in temper, or, as she herself more flatteringly expressed it, "her feelings were uncommonly strong," and alternate quarrel and reconciliation constituted the chief occupations of the *protégé's* domestic life. As previous to his becoming the ward of Mrs. Lobkins, he had never received any other appellation than "the child," the duty of christening him devolved upon our hostess of "The Mug;" and, after some deliberation, she blest him with the name of Paul,—it was a name of happy omen, for it had belonged to Mrs. Lobkins' grandfather, who had been three times transported, and twice hanged, (at the first occurrence of the latter description, he had been restored by the surgeons, much to the chagrin of a young anatomist who was to have had the honour of cutting him up.) The boy did not seem likely to merit the distinguished appellation he bore, for he testified no remarkable predisposition to the property of other people. Nay, although he sometimes emptied the pockets of any stray visitor to the coffee-room of Mrs. Lobkins, it appeared an act originating rather in a love of the frolic, than a desire of the profit; for after the plundered person had been sufficiently tormented by the loss, haply of such utilities as a tobacco-box or a handkerchief; after he had, to the secret delight of Paul, searched every corner of the apartment, stamped, and fretted, and exposed himself by his petulance to the bitter objurgation of Mrs. Lobkins, our young friend would quietly and suddenly contrive, that the article missed should return of its own accord to the pocket from which it had disappeared. And thus, as our readers have doubtless experienced, when they have disturbed the peace of a whole household for the loss of some portable treasure which they themselves are afterwards discovered to have mislaid; the unfortunate victim of Paul's honest ingenuity, exposed to the collected indignation of the spectators, and sinking from the accuser into the convicted, secretly cursed the unhappy lot which not only vexed him with the loss of his property, but made it still more annoying to recover it.

Whether it was that, on discovering these pranks, Mrs. Lobkins trembled for the future bias of the address they displayed, or whether she thought that the folly of thieving without gain required speedy and permanent correction, we cannot decide; but the good lady became at last extremely anxious to secure for Paul the blessings of a liberal education. The key of knowledge (the art of reading) she had, indeed, two years prior to the present date, obtained for him, but this far from satisfied her conscience: nay, she felt that, if she could not also obtain for him the discretion to use it, it would have been wise even to have withheld a key, which the boy seemed perversely to apply to all locks but the right one. In a word, she was desirous that he should receive an education far superior to those whom he saw around him. And attributing, like most ignorant persons, too great advantages to learning, she conceived that, in order to live as discreetly as the parson of the

parish, it was only necessary to know as much Latin.

One evening in particular, as the dame sat by her cheerful fire, this source of anxiety was unusually active in her mind, and ever and anon she directed unquiet and restless glances towards Paul, who sat on a form at the opposite corner of the hearth, diligently employed in reading the *Life and Adventures of the celebrated Richard Turpin*. The form on which the boy sat was worn to a glassy smoothness, save only in certain places, where some ingenious idler or another had amused himself by carving sundry names, epithets, and epigrammatic niceties of language. It is said, that the organ of carving upon wood is prominently developed on all English skulls; and the sagacious Mr. Coombe has placed this organ at the back of the head, in juxtaposition to that of destructiveness, which is equally large among our countrymen, as is notably evinced upon all railings, seats, temples, and other things—belonging to other people.

Opposite to the fire-place was a large deal-table, at which Dummie, surnamed Dunnaker, seated near the dame, was quietly ruminating over a glass of hollands and water. Farther on, at another table in the corner of the room, a gentleman with a red wig, very rusty garments, and linen which seemed as if it had been boiled in saffron, smoked his pipe, apart, silent, and apparently plunged in meditation. This gentleman was no other than Mr. Peter Mac Grawler, the editor of a magnificent periodical, entitled the "*Asineum*," which was written to prove, that whatever is popular is necessarily bad,—a valuable and recondite truth which the *Asineum* had satisfactorily demonstrated by ruining three printers, and demolishing a publisher. We need not add, that Mr. Mac Grawler was Scotch by birth, since we believe it is pretty well known that *all* the periodicals of this country have, from time immemorial, been monopolized by the gentlemen of the land of cakes—we know not how it may be the fashion to eat the said cakes in Scotland; but *here* the good emigrants seem to like them carefully buttered on both sides. By the side of the editor stood a large pewter tankard, above him hung an engraving of the "wonderfully fat boar, formerly in the possession of Mr. Fatten, Grazier." To his left rose the dingy form of a thin, upright clock in an oaken case; beyond the clock, a spit and a musket were fastened in parallels to the wall. Below those twin emblems of war and cookery were four shelves, containing plates of pewter and delf, and terminating, centaur-like, in a sort of dresser. At the other side of these domestic conveniences was a picture of Mrs. Lobkins, in a scarlet body, and a hat and plume. At the back of the fair hostess stretched the blanket we have before mentioned. As a relief to the monotonous surface of this simple screen, various ballads and learned legends were pinned to the blanket. There might you read in verses, pathetic and unadorned, how,

"Sally loved a sailor lad
As fought with famous Shovel!"

There might you learn, if of two facts so instructive you were before unconscious, that

"Ben the toper loved his bottle—
Charley only loved the lasses!"

When of these, and various other poetical effusions, you were somewhat wearied, the literary

fragments, in humbler prose, afforded you equal edification and delight: There might you fully enlighten yourself as to the "Strange and Wonderful News from Kensington, being a most full and true relation, how a Maid there is supposed to have been carried away by an Evil Spirit, on Wednesday, 15th of April last, about Midnight." There too, no less interesting and no less various, was that uncommon anecdote, touching the chief of many-throned powers, entitled, "*The Divell of Mascon; or the true relation of the Chief Things which an Unclean Spirit did and said at Mascon, in Burgundy, in the house of one Mr. Francis Peseaud, now made English by One that hath a Particular Knowledge of the Truth of the Story.*"

Nor were these materials for Satanic History the only prosaic and faithful chronicles which the bibliothecal blanket afforded: equally wonderful, and equally indisputable, was the account of "a young lady, the daughter of a duke, with three legs, and the face of a porcupine." Nor less so, "*The Awful Judgment of God upon Swearers, as exemplified in the case of John Stiles, who Dropped down Dead after swearing a Great Oath, and on stripping the unhappy man they found 'Swear at all' written on the Tail of his Shirt!*"

Twice had Mrs. Lobkins heaved a long sigh: as her eyes turned from Paul to the tranquil countenance of Dummie Dunnaker, and now, resting herself in her chair, as a motherly anxiety gathered over her visage—

"Paul, my ben call," said she, "what gibbinest hast got there?"

"Turpin, the great highwayman!" answered the young student, without lifting his eyes from the page, through which he was spelling his instructive way.

"Oh! he be's a chip of the right block, dame!" said Mr. Dunnaker, as he applied his pipe to an illumined piece of paper. "He'll ride a oar foad by a hacorn yet, I varrants!"

To this prophecy the dame replied only with a look of indignation, and rocking herself to and fro in her huge chair, she remained for some moments in silent thought. At last she again wistfully eyed the hopeful boy, and calling him to her side, communicated some order, in a dejected whisper. Paul, on receiving it, disappeared behind the blanket, and presently returned with a bottle and a wine-glass. With an abstracted gesture, and an air that betokened continued meditation, the good dame took the inspiring cordial from the hand of her youthful Cupbearer,

"And ere a man had power to say 'Behold!
The jaws of Lobkins had devoured it up,
So quick bright things come to confusion!"

The nectarean beverage seemed to operate cheerily on the matron's system; and placing her hand on the boy's curling head, she said, (like *Andromache dakruen gelasasa*, or, as Scott hath it, 'With a smile in her cheek, but a tear in her eye.')

"Paul, thy heart be good!—thy heart be good!—Thou didst not spill a drop of the tape! Tell me, my honey, why didst thou lick Tom Tobyson?"

"Because," answered Paul, "he said as how you ought to have been hanged long ago!"

"Tom Tobyson is a-good-for-naught," returned the dame, "and *deserves to shove the tumbler!*"

• He whipped at the cartwheel.

at, oh my child! be not too venturesome in taking up the sticks for a blowen. It has been the sin of many a man afore you, and when two men goes to quarrel for a 'cainan, they doesn't know the natur of the thing they quarrels about;—mind thy latter end, Paul, and reverence the d, without axing what they has been before they used into the wale of years;—thou may'st get me my pipe, Paul,—it is up stairs, under the allow."

While Paul was accomplishing this errand, the dy of the Mug, fixing her eyes upon Mr. Dunnaker, said, "Dummie, Dummie, if little Paul should me to be scragged!"

"Whish!" muttered Dummie, glancing over his oulder at Mac Grawler,—“Mayhap that German,”—how his voice became scarcely audible even Mrs. Lobkins; but his whisper seemed to imply a insinuation, that the illustrious editor of the sinum might be either an informer, or one of those heroes on whom an informer subsists.

Mrs. Lobkins' answer, couched in the same key, appeared to satisfy Dunnaker, for, with a look of great contempt, he chuckled up his head, and said, "Oho! that be all, be it!"

Paul here re-appeared with the pipe, and the me, having filled the tube, leaned forward, and ighted the Virginian weed from the blower of Mr. Dunnaker. As in this interesting occupation the heads of the hostess and the guest approached each other, the glowing light playing cheerily on the countenance of each, there was an honest simplicity in the picture that would have merited the racy and vigorous genius of a Crankshank. As soon as the Prometheus spark had been fully communicated to the lady's tube, Mrs. Lobkins, still possessed by the gloomy idea she had conjured up, repeated—

"Ah, Dummie, if little Paul should be scragged!" Dummie, withdrawing the pipe from his mouth, carved a sympathizing puff, but remained silent; and Mrs. Lobkins, turning to Paul, who stood with mouth open and ears erect at this boding ejaculation, said—

"Dost think, Paul, they'd have the heart to hang thee?"

"I think they'd have the rope, dame!" returned the youth.

"But you need not go for to run your neck into the noose!" said the matron; and then, inspired by the spirit of moralizing, she turned round to the youth, and gazing upon his attentive countenance, accosted him with the following admonitions.

"Mind thy kittychism, child, and reverence old age. Never steal, 'specially when any one be in the way. Never go snacks with them as be older than you,—'cause why? the older a cove be, the more he cares for his self, and the less for his partner. At twenty, we diddles the public—at forty, we diddles our cronies! Be modest, Paul, and stick to your situation in life. Go not with the tobymen, who burn out like a candle wot has a thief in it,—all flare, and gone in a whiffy! Leave liquor to the aged, who can't do without it. 'ape often proves a halter, and there be's no ruin like blue ruin! Read your Bible, and talk like a pious 'un. People goes more by your words than your actions. If you wants what is not your own, try and do without it; and if you cannot do without it, take it away by insinuation, not bluster.

They as swindles, does more and risks less than they as robs; and if you cheats toppingly, you may laugh at the topping cheat;* and—now go play."

Paul seized his hat, but lingered; and the dame guessing at the signification of the pause, drew forth, and placed in the boy's hand the sum of five halfpence and one farthing. "There, boy," quoth she, and she stroked his head fondly when she spoke. "You does right not to play for nothing, it's loss of time! but play with those as be less than yourself, and then you can go for to beat 'em, if they says you go for to cheat!"

Paul vanished; and the dame, laying her hand on Dummie's shoulder, said—

"There be nothing like a friend in need, Dummie; and somehow or other, I thinks as how you knows more of the herigin of that 'ere lad than any of us!"

"Me, dame!" exclaimed Dummie, with the broad gaze of astonishment.

"Ah, you! you knows as how the mother saw more of you just afore she died, than she did of 'ere one of us. Noar, now,—noar now! tell us all about 'un. Did she steal 'un, think ye?"

"Lauk, mother Margery! dost think I knows? wot put such a crotchet in your ead?"

"Well!" said the dame with a disappointed sigh, "I always thought as how you were more knowing about it than you owns. Dear, dear, I shall never forgit the night when Judith brought the poor cretur here,—you knows she had been some months in my house afore ever I see'd the urchin, and when she brought it, she looked so pale and ghostly, that I had not the heart to say a word, so I stared at the brat, and it stretched out its wee little hands to me. And the mother frowned at it, and throwed it into my lap!"

"Ah! she was a hawful voman, that 'ere!" said Dummie, shaking his head. "But howsomever, the hurchin fell into good hands; for I be's sure you 'as been a better mother to 'un than the real 'un!"

"I was always a fool about childer," rejoined Mrs. Lobkins, "and I thinks as how little Paul was sent to be a comfort to my latter end!—fill the glass, Dummie."

"I 'as heard as ow Judith was once blowen to a great lord!"

"Like enough!" returned Mrs. Lobkins—"like enough! she was always a favourite of mine, for she had a spuret (spirit) as big as my own; and she paid her rint like a decent body, for all she was out of her senses, or nation like it."

"Ay, I knows as how you liked her,—'cause vy? 'tis not your vay, to let a room to a voman! you says as ow 'tis not respectable, and you only likes men to wisit the Mug!"

"And I doesn't like all of them as comes here!" answered the dame: "'specially for Paul's sake; but what can a lone 'oman do! Many's the gentlemen highwaymen wot comes here, whose money is as good as the clerk's of the parish. And when a bob† is in my hand, what does it signify whose hand it was in afore?"

"That's what I calls being sainsible and practical," said Dummie, approvingly. "And arter all, though you 'as a mixture like, I does not know a haleouse, vere a cove is better entertained, nor

ments of a Sunday more iligent company, than the Mug!"

Here the conversation, which the reader must know had been sustained in a key inaudible to a third person, received a check from Mr. Peter Mac Grawler, who, having finished his reverie and his tankard, now rose to depart. First, however, approaching Mrs. Lobkins, he observed that he had gone on credit for some days, and demanded the amount of his bill. Glancing toward certain chalk hieroglyphics inscribed on the wall at the other side of the fireplace, the dame answered, that Mr. Mac Grawler was indebted to her for the sum of one shilling and ninepence three farthings.

After a short preparatory search in his waistcoat pockets, the critic hunted into one corner a solitary half-crown, and having caught it between his finger and thumb, he gave it to Mrs. Lobkins, and requested change.

As soon as the matron felt her hand anointed with what has been called by some ingenious Johnson of St. Giles's "the oil of palms," her countenance softened into a complacent smile; and when she gave the required change to Mr. Mac Grawler, she graciously hoped as how he would recommend the Mug to the public.

"That you may be sure of," said the editor of the *Asinnum*. "There is not a place where I am so much at home."

With that the learned Scotsman buttoned his coat and went his way.

"How spiteful the world be!" said Mrs. Lobkins after a pause, "'specially if a 'oman keeps a fashionable sort of a public! When Judith died, Joe, the dog's-meat man said I war all the better for it, and that she left I a treasure to bring up the urchin. One would think a thumper makes a man richer,—'cause why? every man *thumps*! I got nothing more than a watch and ten guineas, when Judy died, and sure, that scarce paid for the burrel (burial)."

"You forgits the two *quids*," I giv' you for the hold box of rags,—much of a treasure I found there!" said Dummie, with sycophantic archness.

"Ay," cried the dame laughing, "I fancies you war not pleased with the bargain. I thought you war too old a rag-merchant to be so free with the blunt: howsomever, I supposes it war the tinsel petticoat as took you in!"

"As it has many a visier man than the like of I," rejoined Dummie, who to his various secret professions added the ostensible one of a rag-merchant and dealer in broken glass.

The recollection of her good bargain in the box of rags opened our landlady's heart.

"Drink, Dummie," said she good-humouredly,—"drink, I scores to score lush to a friend."

Dummie expressed his gratitude, refilled his glass, and the hospitable matron knocking out from her pipe the dying ashes, thus proceeded—

"You sees, Dummie, though I often beats the boy, I loves him, as much as if I war his real mother—I wants to make him an honor to his country and an ixception to my family!"

"Who all flashed their ivories at Surgeons' Hall!" added the metaphorical Dummie.

"True!" said the lady,—“they died game, and I ben't ashamed of 'em. But I owes a duty to Paul's mother, and I wants Paul to have a long

life. I would send him to school, but you know as how the boys only corrupt one another. And so, I should like to meet with some decent man as a tutor, to teach the lad Latin and virtue!"

"My eyes!" cried Dummie, aght at the grandeur of this desire.

"The boy is 'cute enough, and he loves reading," continued the Dame. "But I does not think the books he gets hold of will teach him the way to grow old."

"And ow came he to read anyhow?"

"Ranting Bob, the strolling player, taught him his letters, and said he'd a deal of jannus!"

"And why should not Ranting Bob teach the boy Latin and virtue?"

"'Cause Ranting Bob, peer fellow, war *lagger* for doing a penny!"* answered the dame, dependently.

There was a long silence: it was broken by Mr. Dummie: slapping his thigh with the genitatory vehemence of an Ugo Foscolo, that gentleman exclaimed—

"I'as it—I'as thought of a tutor for little Paul!"

"Who's that? you quite frightens me, you's no marcy on my nerves," said the dame fretfully.

"Vy, it be the gentleman vat writes," said Dummie, putting his finger to his nose,—“the gentleman vot payed you so flashly!"

"What! the Scotch gentleman!"

"The werry same!" returned Dummie.

The dame turned in her chair, and refilled her pipe. It was evident from her manner that Mr. Dummie's suggestion had made an impression on her. But she recognized two doubts as to its feasibility,—one, whether the gentleman proposed would be adequate to the task,—the other, whether he would be willing to undertake it.

In the midst of her meditations on this matter the dame was interrupted by the entrance of certain claimants on her hospitality; and Dummie soon after taking his leave, the suspense of Mrs. Lobkins' mind touching the education of little Paul, remained the whole of that day and night utterly unrelieved.

CHAPTER III.

I own that I am envious of the pleasure you will have in finding yourself more learned than other boys—even than who are older than yourself! What honour this will do you! What distinctions, what applauses will follow wherever you go!

—*LORD CHESTERFIELD'S Letters to his Son.*

Example, my boy—example is worth a thousand precepts.
—*Maximilian Robespierre.*

TARPEIA was crushed beneath the weight of ornaments! The language of the vulgar is a sort of Tarpeia! We have therefore relieved it of as many gems as we were able; and in the foregoing scene, presented it to the gaze of our readers, *simpler munditiis*. Nevertheless, we could hardly imagine some gentler beings of the softer sex rather displeased with the tone of the dialogue we have given, did we not recollect how delighted they are with the provincial barbarities of the sister kingdom, whenever they meet them poured over the pages of some Scottish story-teller. As, in

* Guineas.

* Transported for stupidity.

apply for mankind, *broad Scotch* is not yet the universal language of Europe, we suppose our countrywomen will not be much more unacquainted with the dialect of their own lower orders, than with that which breathes nasal melodies over the paradise of the North.

It was the next day, at the hour of twilight, when Mrs. Margery Lobkins, after a satisfactory *re-a-tete* with Mr. Mac Grawler, had the happiness of thinking that she had provided a tutor for the Paul. The critic having recited to her a considerable portion of *Propria quæ Maribus*, the good lady had no longer a doubt of his capacities for teaching; and, on the other hand, when Mrs. Lobkins entered on the subject of remuneration, the Scotsman professed himself perfectly willing to teach any and every thing that the most exacting guardian could require. It was finally settled that Paul should attend Mr. Mac Grawler two hours a day; that Mr. Mac Grawler should be entitled to such animal comforts of meat and drink, as the fug afforded; and, moreover, to the weekly stipend of two shillings and sixpence,—the shillings for instruction in the classics, and the sixpence for all other humanities; or, as Mrs. Lobkins expressed it, “two bobs for the Latin, and a sice for the artue!”

Let not thy mind, gentle reader, censure us for deviation from probability, in making so excellent and learned a gentleman as Mr. Peter Mac Grawler the familiar guest of the lady of the Mug.—First, thou must know that our story is cast in a tried antecedent to the present, and one in which the old jokes against the circumstances of author and of critic had their foundation in truth;—secondly, thou must know, that by some curious constipation of circumstances, neither bailiff nor squire’s man was ever seen within the four walls of the apartment of Mrs. Margery Lobkins;—thirdly, the fug was nearer than any other house of public resort to the abode of the critic;—fourthly, it afforded excellent porter;—and fifthly,—O reader, thou dost Mrs. Margery Lobkins a grievous wrong, if thou supposest that her door was only open to those mercurial gentry who are afflicted with the morbid curiosity to pry into the mysteries of their neighbours’ pockets,—other visitors of fair reputation were not unoften partakers of the good matron’s hospitality; although it must be owned that they generally occupied the private room in preference to the public one. And sixthly, sweet reader, (we grieve to be so prolix,) we would just hint to thee, that Mr. Mac Grawler was one of those vast-minded sages who, occupied in contemplating morals in the great scale, do not fritter down their intellects by a base attention to minute details. So that, if the descendant of Langfanger did sometimes cross the venerable Scot in his visit to the Mug, the apparition did not revolt that benevolent moralist so much as, were it not for the above hint, thy ignorance might lead thee to imagine.

It is said, that Athenodorus the Stoic contributed greatly by his conversation to amend the faults of Augustus, and to effect the change visible in that fortunate man, after his accession to the Roman empire. If this be true, it may throw a new light on the character of Augustus, and, instead of being the hypocrite, he was possibly the convert. Certain it is, that there are few vices which cannot be conquered by wisdom; and yet, melancholy to relate, the instructions of Peter Mac Grawler pro-

duced but slender amelioration in the habits of the youthful Paul. That ingenious stripling had, we have already seen, under the tuition of Ranting Rob, mastered the art of reading; nay, he could even construct and link together certain curious pot-hooks, which himself and Mrs. Lobkins were wont graciously to term “writing.” So far, then, the way of Mac Grawler was smoothed and prepared.

But, unhappily, all experienced teachers allow that the main difficulty is not to learn, but to unlearn; and the mind of Paul was already occupied by a vast number of heterogeneous miscellanies, which stoutly resisted the ingress either of Latin or of virtue. Nothing could wean him from an ominous affection for the history of Richard Turpin: it was to him what, it has been said, the Greek authors should be to the Academician,—a study by day, and a dream by night. He was docile enough during lessons, and sometimes even too quick in conception for the stately march of Mr. Mac Grawler’s intellect. But it not unfrequently happened, that when that gentleman attempted to rise, he found himself, like the lady in *Comus*, adhering to

“A venomous seat

Smear’d with gums of glutinous heat;”

or his legs had been secretly united under the table, and the tie was not to be broken without overthrow to the superior powers; these, and various other little sportive machinations wherewith Paul was wont to relieve the monotony of literature, went far to disgust the learned critic with his undertaking. But ‘the tape’ and the treasury of Mrs. Lobkins re-smoothed, as it were, the irritated bristles of his mind, and he continued his labours with this philosophical reflection—“Why fret myself?—if a pupil turn out well, it is clearly to the credit of his master; if not, to the disadvantage of himself.” Of course, a similar suggestion never forced itself into the mind of Dr. Keate. At Eton, the very soul of the honest head-master is consumed by his zeal for the welfare of little gentlemen in stiff cravats.

But to Paul, who was predestined to enjoy a certain quantum of knowledge, circumstances happened, in the commencement of the second year of his pupilage, which prodigiously accelerated the progress of his scholastic career.

At the apartment of Mac Grawler, Paul one morning encountered Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, a young man of great promise, who pursued the peaceful occupation of making for a leading newspaper, “Horrid Murders,” “Enormous Melons,” and “Remarkable Circumstances.” This gentleman, having the advantage of some years’ seniority over Paul, was slow in unbending his dignity; but observing at last the eager and respectful attention with which the stripling listened to a most veracious detail of five men being inhumanly murdered in Canterbury Cathedral by the Reverend Zedekiah Fooks Barnacle, he was touched by the impression he had created, and shaking Paul graciously by the hand, he told him, there was a deal of natural shrewdness in his countenance; and that Mr. Augustus Tomlinson did not doubt but that he (Paul) might have the honour to be murdered himself one of these days.—“You understand me!” continued Mr. Augustus,—“I mean murdered in effigy,—assassinated in type,—while you yourself, unconscious of the circumstance, are quietly enjoying what you imagine to be your existence. We

never kill common persons: to say truth, our chief spite is against the Church;—we destroy bishops by wholesale. Sometimes, indeed, we knock off a leading barrister or so; and express the anguish of the junior counsel at a loss so destructive to their interests. But that is only a stray hit; and the slain barrister often lives to become attorney-general, renounce Whig principles, and prosecute the very press that destroyed him. Bishops are our *proper* food: we send them to heaven on a sort of flying griffin, of which the back is an apoplexy, and the wings are puffa. The Bishop of——, whom we dispatched in this manner the other day, being rather a facetious personage, wrote to remonstrate with us thereon: observing, that though heaven was a very good translation, for a bishop, yet that, in such cases, he preferred ‘the original to the translation.’ As we murder bishops, so is there another class of persons whom we only afflict with letiferous diseases. This latter tribe consists of his Majesty and his Majesty’s ministers. Whenever we cannot abuse their measures, we always fall foul on their health. Does the King pass any popular law,—we immediately insinuate that his constitution is on its last legs. Does the minister act like a man of sense,—we instantly observe, with great regret, that his complexion is remarkably pale. There is one manifest advantage in *diseasing* people, instead of absolutely destroying them. The public may flatly contradict us in one case, but it never can in the other:—it is easy to prove that a man is alive; but utterly impossible to prove that he is in health. What if some opposing newspaper take up the cudgels in his behalf, and assert that the victim of all Pandora’s complaints, whom we send tottering to the grave, passes one-half the day in knocking up a “distinguished company” at a shooting-party, and the other half in outdoing the same “distinguished company” after dinner! What if the afflicted individual himself write us word that he never was better in his life,—we have only mysteriously to shake our heads, and observe, that to contradict is not to prove,—that it is little likely that our authority should have been mistaken, and—(we are very fond of an historical comparison)—beg our readers to remember, that when Cardinal Richelieu was dying, nothing enraged him so much as hinting that he was ill. In short, if Horace is right, we are the very princes of poets; for I dare say, Mr. Mac Grawler, that you,—and you, too, my little gentleman, perfectly remember the words of the wise old Roman,—

‘Ille per extensum finem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inanker angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet.’”

Having uttered this quotation with considerable self-complacency, and thereby entirely completed his conquest over Paul, Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, turning to Mac Grawler, concluded his business with that gentleman, which was of a literary nature, namely, a joint composition against a man who, being under five-and-twenty, and too poor to give dinners, had had the impudence to write a sacred poem. The critics were exceedingly bitter at this; and having very little to say against the poem, the Court journals called the author ‘a coccumb,’ and the liberal ones ‘the son of a pantaloon!’

There was an ease,—a spirit,—a life about Mr.

Augustus Tomlinson, which captivated the senses of our young hero: then, too, he was exceedingly smartly attired; wore red heels and a bag; had what seemed to Paul quite the air of a ‘man of fashion;’ and, above all, he spouted the Latin with a remarkable grace!

Some days afterwards, Mac Grawler sent our hero to Mr. Tomlinson’s lodgings, with his share of the joint abuse upon the poet.

Doubly was Paul’s reverence for Mr. Augustus Tomlinson increased by a sight of his abode. He found him settled in a polite part of the town, in a very spruce parlour, the contents of which manifested the universal genius of the inhabitant. It hath been objected unto us by a most discerning critic, that we are addicted to the drawing of ‘universal geniuses.’ We plead Not Guilty in former instances; we allow the soft impeachment in the instance of Mr. Augustus Tomlinson. Over his fireplace were ranged boxing gloves and fencing foils. On his table lay a cremona and a flageolet. On one side of the wall were shelves containing the Covent Garden Magazine, Burn’s Justice, a pocket Horace, a Prayer-book, *Excerpta ex Tacito*, a volume of Plays, Philosophy made Easy, and a Key to all Knowledge. Furthermore, there was on another table a riding whip, and a driving whip, and a pair of spurs, and three guineas, with a line mountain of loose silver. Mr. Augustus was a tall, fair young man, with a freckled complexion; green eyes and red eyelashes; a smiling mouth, rather underjawed; a sharp nose; and a prodigiously large pair of ears. He was robed in a good damask dressing-gown; and he received the tender Paul most graciously.

There was something very engaging about our hero. He was not only good-looking, and frank in aspect, but he had that appearance of briskness and intellect which belong to an embryo regent. Mr. Augustus Tomlinson professed the greatest regard for him,—asked him if he could box,—made him put on a pair of gloves,—and, very condescendingly, knocked him down three times successively. Next he played him, both upon his flageolet and his cremona, some of the most modest airs. Moreover, he sang him a little song of his own composing. He then, taking up the driving whip, flung a fly from the opposite wall, and throwing himself (naturally fatigued with his numerous exertions,) on his sofa, he observed, in a careless tone, that he and his friend Lord Dunsinners were universally esteemed the best whips in the metropolis. “I,” quoth Mr. Augustus, “am the best on the road—but my Lord is a devil at turning a corner.”

Paul, who had hitherto lived too unsophisticated a life to be aware of the importance of which a lord would naturally be in the eyes of Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, was not so much struck with the grandeur of the connexion as the murderer of the journals had expected. He merely observed, by way of compliment, that Mr. Augustus and his companion seemed to be “rolling kiddies.”

A little displeased with this metaphorical remark,—for it may be observed that “rolling kiddy” is, among the learned in such lore, the customary expression for “a smart thief,”—the universal Augustus took that liberty to which, by his age and station, so much superior to those of Paul, he imagined himself entitled, and gently reproved our hero for his indiscriminate use of flash phrases.

"A lad of your parts," said he,—“for I see you are clever by your eye,—ought to be ashamed of using such vulgar expressions. Have a nobler spirit,—a loftier emulation, Paul, than that which distinguishes the little ragamuffins of the street. Now that, in this country, genius and learning try every thing before them; and if you behave yourself properly, you may, one day or another, be as high in the world as myself.”

At this speech Paul looked wistfully round the prize parlour, and thought what a fine thing it would be to be lord of such a domain, together with the appliances of flageolet and crenena, boxing-gloves, books, fly-flanking flagellum, three guineas, with the little mountain of silver, and the reputation—shared only with Lord Dunsinane—of being the best whip in London.

“Yes!” continued Tomlinson, with conscious pride,—“I owe my rise to myself. Learning is better than house or land. ‘*Doctrina sed vim*,’ &c.—You know what old Horace says!—Why, sir, you would not believe it; but I was the man who killed his Majesty the King of Sardinia, in our yesterday’s paper. Nothing is too arduous for genius. Peg hard, my boy, and you may rival—the thing, though difficult, may not be impossible—Augustus Tomlinson!”

At the conclusion of this harangue, a knock at the door being heard, Paul took his departure, and met in the hall a fine-looking person dressed in the height of the fashion, and wearing a pair of prodigiously large buckles in his shoes. Paul looked, and his heart swelled. “I may rival,” thought he—those were his very words—“I may rival,—for the thing, though difficult is not impossible—Augustus Tomlinson!” Absorbed in meditation, he went silently home. The next day the memoirs of the great Turpin were committed to the flames, and it was noticeable that henceforth Paul observed a choicer propriety of words, that he assumed a more refined air of dignity, and that he paid considerably more attention than heretofore to the lessons of Mr. Peter Mac Grawler. Although it must be allowed, that our young hero’s progress in the learned languages was not astonishing, yet an early passion for reading growing stronger and stronger by application, repaid him at last with a tolerable knowledge of the mother-tongue. We must however add, that his more favourite and cherished studies were scarcely of that nature which a prudent preceptor would have greatly commended. They lay chiefly among novels, plays, and poetry, which last he affected to that degree that he became somewhat of a poet himself. Nevertheless, these literary avocations, profitless as they seemed, gave a certain refinement to his tastes, which they were not likely otherwise to have acquired at ‘The Mug;’ and while they aroused his ambition to see something of the gay life they depicted, they imparted to his temper a tone of enterprise and of thoughtless generosity, which perhaps contributed greatly to counteract those evil influences towards petty vice, to which the examples around him must have exposed his tender youth. But, alas! a great disappointment to Paul’s hope of assistance and companionship in his literary labours befel him. Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, one bright morning, disappeared, leaving word with his numerous friends, that he was going to accept a lucrative situation in the North of England. Notwithstanding the shock this occasioned to the

affectionate heart and aspiring temper of our friend Paul, it abated not his ardour in that field of science, which it seemed that the distinguished absentee had so successfully cultivated. By little and little, he possessed himself (in addition to the literary stores we have alluded to) of all it was in the power of the wise and profound Peter Mac Grawler to impart unto him: and at the age of sixteen he began (O the presumption of youth!) to fancy himself more learned than his master.

CHAPTER IV.

He had now become a young man of extreme fashion, and as much repanda in society as the utmost and most exigent coveter of London celebrity could desire. He was, of course, a member of the clubs, &c. &c. &c. He was in short of that oft-described set before whom all minor beaux sink into insignificance, or among whom they eventually obtain a subaltern grade, by a sacrifice of a due portion of their fortune.

Alma's Revised.

By the soul of the great Malebranche, who made “A Search after Truth,” and discovered every thing beautiful except that which he searched for;—by the soul of the great Malebranche, whom Bishop Berkeley found suffering under an inflammation in the lungs, and very obligingly *talked to death*,—an instance of conversational powers, worthy the envious emulation of all great metaphysicians and arguers;—by the soul of that illustrious man, it is amazing to us what a number of truths there are broken up into little fragments, and scattered here and there through the world. What a magnificent museum a man might make of the precious minerals, if he would but go out with his basket under his arm, and his eyes about him! We, ourself, picked up, this very day, a certain small piece of truth, with which we propose to explain to thee, fair reader, a sinister turn in the fortunes of Paul.

“Wherever,” says a living sage, “you see dignity, you may be sure there is expense requisite to support it.” So was it with Paul. A young gentleman who was heir-presumptive to the Mug, and who enjoyed a handsome pension with a cultivated mind, was necessarily of a certain station in society, and an object of respect in the eyes of the manoeuvring mammas in the vicinity of Thames Court. Many were the parties of pleasure to Deptford and Greenwich which Paul found himself compelled to attend; and we need not refer our readers to novels upon fashionable life to inform them, that, in good society, the gentlemen *always pay for the ladies!* Nor was this all the expense to which his expectations exposed him. A gentleman could scarcely attend these elegant festivities without devoting some little attention to his dress; and a fashionable tailor plays the deuce with one’s yearly allowance.

We, who reside, be it known to you, reader, in Little Brittany, are not very well acquainted with the manners of the better classes in St. James’s. But there was one great vice among the fine people about Thames Court, which we make no doubt does not exist anywhere else, viz. these fine people were always in an agony to seem finer than they were; and the more airs a gentleman or a

lady gave him or her—self, the more important they became. Joe, the dog's-meat man, had indeed got into society, entirely from a knack of saying impertinent things to every body; and the smartest exclusives of the place, who seldom visited any one where there was not a silver teapot, used to think Joe had a great deal in him because he trundled his cart with his head in the air, and one day gave the very beadle of the parish "the cut direct."

Now this desire to be so exceedingly fine not only made the society about Thames Court unpleasant, but expensive. Every one vied with his neighbour; and as the spirit of rivalry is particularly strong in youthful bosoms, we can scarcely wonder that it led Paul into many extravagancies. The evil of all circles that profess to be select is high play,—and the reason is obvious: persons who have the power to bestow on another an advantage he covets, would rather sell it than give it; and Paul, gradually increasing in popularity and *ton*, found himself, despite of his classical education, no match for the finished, or, rather finishing gentlemen with whom he began to associate. His first admittance into the select coterie of these men of the world was formed at the house of Bachelor Bill, a person of great notoriety among that portion of the *élite* which emphatically entitles itself "Flash!" However, as it is our rigid intention in this work to portray *at length* no episodic characters whatsoever, we can afford our readers but a slight and rapid sketch of Bachelor Bill.

This personage was of Devonshire extraction. His mother had kept the pleasantest public-house in town, and at her death Bill succeeded to her property and popularity. All the young ladies in the neighbourhood of Fidler's Row, where he resided, set their caps at him: all the most fashionable *prêt-à-porter*, or *soymen*, sought to get him into their set; and the most crack *blowens* in London would have given her ears at any time for a loving word from Bachelor Bill. But Bill was a long-headed, prudent fellow, and of a remarkably cautious temperament. He avoided marriage and friendship, viz. he was neither plundered nor cornuted. He was a tall, aristocratic crew, of a devilish neat address, and very gallant, in an honest way, to the *blowens*. Like most single men, being very much the gentleman so far as money was concerned, he gave them plenty of "feeds," and from time to time a very agreeable "hop." His "bingo" was unexceptionable; and as for his "stark naked,"† it was voted the most brilliant thing in nature. In a very short time, by his blow-out and his bachelorship,—for single men always arrive at the apex of *haut ton* earlier than married,—he became the very glass of fashion; and many were the tight apprentices, even at the west end of the town, who used to turn back in admiration of Bachelor Bill, when, of a Sunday afternoon, he drove down his varment gig to his snug little box on the borders of Turnham Green. Bill's happiness was not, however, wholly without alloy. The ladies of pleasure are always so excessively angry when a *man* does not make love to them, that there is nothing they will not say against him; and the fair matrons in the vicinity of Fidler's Row spread all manner of unfounded reports against poor Bache-

lor Bill. By degrees, however,—for, as Tacitus has said, doubtless with a prophetic eye to Bachelor Bill, "the truth gains by delay,"—these reports began to die insensibly away; and Bill, now waxing near to the confines of middle age, his friends comfortably settled for him, that he would be Bachelor Bill all his life. For the rest, he was an excellent fellow,—gave his broken victuals to the poor,—professed a liberal turn of thinking,—and in all the quarrels among the *blowens*, (your crack *blowens* are a quarrelsome set!) always took part with the weakest. Although Bill affected to be very select in his company, he was never forgetful of his old friends; and Mrs. Margery Lobkins having been very good to him when he was a little boy in a skeleton jacket, he invariably sent her a card to his services. The good lady, however, had not of late years deserted her chimney-corner. Indeed, the racket of fashionable life was too much for her nerves, and the invitation had become a customary form not expected to be acted upon, but not a whit the less regularly used for that reason. As Paul had now attained his sixteenth year, and was a fine, handsome lad, the dame thought he would make an excellent representative of the Mug's mistress; and that, for her *protege*, a ball at Bill's house would be no bad commencement of "Life in London." Accordingly, she intimated to the Bachelor a wish to that effect, and Paul received the following invitation from Bill.

"Mr. William Duke gives a hop and feed in a quiet way on Monday next, and hope Mr. Paul Lobkins will be of the party. N. B. Gentlemen is expected to come in pumps."

When Paul entered, he found Bachelor Bill leading off the ball, to the tune of "Drops of Brandy," with a young lady to whom,—because she had been a strolling player,—the Ladies Patronesses of Fidler's Row had thought proper to behave with a very cavalier civility. The good Bachelor had no notion, as he expressed it, of such tantrums, and he caused it to be circulated among the finest of the *blowens*, that "he expected all who kicked their heels at his house would behave decent and polite to young Mrs. Dot." This intimation, conveyed to the ladies with all that insinuating polish for which Bachelor Bill was remarkable, produced a notable effect; and Mrs. Dot, being now led off by the flash Bachelor, was overpowered with civilities the rest of the evening.

When the dance was ended, Bill very politely shook hands with Paul, and took an early opportunity of introducing him to some of the most "noted characters" of the town. Among these was the smart Mr. Allfair—the insinuating Henry Finish—the merry Jack Hocky—the knowing Charles Trywit, and various others equally noted for their skill in living handsomely upon their own brains, and the personals of other people. To say truth, Paul, who at that time was an honest lad, was less charmed than he had anticipated by the conversation of these chevaliers of industry. He was more pleased with the clever though self-sufficient remarks of a gentleman with a remarkably fine head of hair, and whom we would more impressively than the rest introduce to our reader under the appellation of Mr. Edward Pepper, generally termed Long Ned. As this worthy was destined afterwards to be an intimate associate of Paul, our main reason for attending the hop at Bachelor Bill's is to note, as the importance of the

* Brandy.

† Gin.

event deserves, the epoch of the commencement of their acquaintance.

Long Ned and Paul happened to sit next to each other at supper, and they conversed together so amicably that Paul, in the hospitality of his heart, expressed a hope that "he should see Mr. Pepper at the Mug!"

"Mug—Mug," repeated Pepper, half shutting his eyes with the air of a dandy about to be impermanent. "Ah—the name of a chapel—is it not? There's a sect called the Mugglestonians, I think?"

"As to that," said Paul, colouring at this innuendo against the Mug, "Mrs. Lobkins has no more religion than her betters; but the Mug is a very excellent house, and frequented by the best possible company."

"Don't doubt it!" said Ned. Remember now that I was once there, and saw one Dummie Dunnaker—is not that the name?—I recollect some years ago, when I first came out, that Dummie and I had an adventure together;—to tell you the truth, it was not the sort of thing I would do now. But, would you believe it, Mr. Paul? this stupid fellow was quite rude to me the only time I ever met him since;—that is to say, the only time I ever entered the Mug. I have no notion of such airs in a merchant—a merchant of rags! These commercial fellows are getting quite intolerable!"

"You surprise me!" said Paul. "Poor Dummie is the last man to be rude.—He is as civil a creature as ever lived."

"Or sold a rag!" said Ned. "Possibly!—I don't doubt his amiable qualities in the least.—He's the bingo, my good fellow.—Stupid stuff, this coming!"

"Devilish stupid!" echoed Harry Finish across the table. "Suppose we adjourn to Fish Lane, and rattle the ivories! What say you Mr. Lobkins?"

Afraid of the "ton's stern laugh, which scarce a proud philosopher can scorn," and not being very partial to dancing, Paul assented to the proposition; and a little party, consisting of Harry Finish, Allfair, Long Ned, and Mr. Hookey, adjourned to Fish Lane, where there was a club celebrated among men who live by their wits, at which "lush" and "baccy" were gratuitously served in the most magnificent manner. Here the evening passed away very delightfully, and Paul went home without a "brad" in his pocket. From that time, Paul's visits to Fish Lane became unfortunately regular, and in a very short period, we grieve to say, Paul became that distinguished character—a gentleman of three out—of pocket, out of elbows, and out of credit."

Only two persons whom he found willing to commodate him with a slight loan, as the advertisements signed X. Y. have it, where Mr. Dummie Dunnaker and Mr. Pepper, surnamed the Mug. The latter, however, while he obliged the other to the Mug, never condescended to enter that place of resort; and the former, whenever he unfortunately opened his purse-strings, did it with great caution to shun the acquaintance of Long Ned.

"A parson," said Dummie, "of wery dangerous morals, and not by no manner of means a fit person for a young-gemman of cracter, like Iestle!" So earnest was this caution, and so especially pointed at Long Ned,—although the caution of Mr. Allfair or Mr. Finish might be said to

be no less prejudicial,—that it is probable that the stately fastidiousness of manner, which Lord Normanby rightly observes, in one of his excellent novels, makes so many enemies in the world, and which sometimes characterised the behaviour of Long Ned, especially toward the men of commerce, was a main reason why Dummie was so acutely and peculiarly alive to the immoralities of that lengthy gentleman. At the same time we must observe, that when Paul, remembering what Pepper had said respecting his early adventure with Mr. Dunnaker, repeated it to the merchant, Dummie could not conceal a certain confusion, though he merely remarked, with a sort of laugh, that it was not worth speaking about; and it appeared evident to Paul that something unpleasant to the man of rags, which was not shared by the unconscious Pepper, lurked in the reminiscence of their past acquaintance. Howbeit, the circumstance glided from Paul's attention the moment afterward; and he paid, we are concerned to say, equally little heed to the cautions against Ned with which Dummie regaled him.

Perhaps (for we must now direct a glance toward his domestic concerns) one great cause which drove Paul to Fish Lane was the uncomfortable life he led at home. For though Mrs. Lobkins was extremely fond of her *protege*, yet she was possessed, as her customers emphatically remarked, "of the devil's own temper;" and her native coarseness never having been softened by those pictures of gay society which had, in many a novel and comic farce, refined the temperament of the romantic Paul, her manner of venting her maternal reproaches was certainly not a little revolting to a lad of some delicacy of feeling. Indeed, it often occurred to him to leave her house altogether, and seek his fortunes alone, after the manner of the ingenious Gil Blas, or the enterprising Roderick Random; and this idea, though conquered and reconquered, gradually swelled and increased at his heart, even as swelleth that hairy ball found in the stomach of some suffering heifer after its decease. Among these projects of enterprise, the reader will hereafter notice, that an early vision of the Green Forest cave, in which Turpin was accustomed, with a friend, a ham, and a wife, to conceal himself, flitted across his mind. At this time he did not, perhaps, incline to the mode of life practised by the hero of the roads; but he certainly clung not the less fondly to the notion of the cave.

The melancholy flow of our hero's life was now however about to be diverted by an unexpected turn, and the crude thoughts of boyhood, to burst "like Ghilan's Giant Palm," into the fruit of a manly resolution.

Among the prominent features of Mrs. Lobkins' mind was a sovereign contempt for the unsuccessful;—the imprudence and ill-luck of Paul occasioned her as much scorn as compassion. And when, for the third time within a week, he stood with a rueful visage and with vacant pockets, by the dame's great chair, requesting an additional supply, the tides of her wrath swelled into overflow.

"Look you, my kinchin cove," said she,—and in order to give peculiar dignity to her aspect, she put on, while she spoke, a huge pair of tin spectacles,—"If so be as how you goes for to think as how I shall go for to supply your wicious neces-

sitings, you will find yourself planted in Queer Street. Blow me tight, if I gives you another mag."

"But I owe Long Ned a guinea," said Paul, "and Dummie Dunnaker lent me three crowns. It ill becomes your heir-apparent, my dear dame, to fight shy of his debts of honour."

"Taradiddle, don't think for to wheedle me with your debts and your honour," said the dame in a passion. "Long Ned is as long in the forks (fingers) as he is in the back: may Old Harry fly off with him! and as for Dummie Dunnaker, I wonders how you, brought up such a swell, and blest with the wery best of hedications, can think of putting up with such vulgar sociates. I tells you what, Paul, you'll please to break with them, smack and at once, or devil a brad you'll ever get from Peg Lobkins!" So saying, the old lady turned round in her chair, and helped herself to a pipe of tobacco.

Paul walked twice up and down the apartment, and at last stopped opposite the dame's chair: he was a youth of high spirit, and though he was warm-hearted, and had a love for Mrs. Lobkins, which her care and affection for him well deserved, yet he was rough in temper, and not constantly smooth in speech: it is true that his heart smote him afterward, whenever he had said any thing to annoy Mrs. Lobkins; and he was always the first to seek a reconciliation; but warm words produce cold respect, and sorrow for the past is not always efficacious in amending the future. Paul then, puffed up with the vanity of his genteel education, and the friendship of Long Ned, (who went to Ranelagh, and wore silver-clocked stockings,) stopped opposite to Mrs. Lobkins' chair, and said with great solemnity—

"Mr. Pepper, madam, says very properly that I must have money to support myself like a gentleman; and if you won't give it me, I am determined, with many thanks for your past favours, to throw myself on the world, and seek my fortune."

If Paul was of no oily and bland temper, dame Margaret Lobkins, it has been seen, had no advantage on that score:—we dare say the reader has observed, that nothing so enrages persons on whom one depends as any expressed determination of seeking independence. Gazing therefore for one moment at the open but resolute countenance of Paul, while all the blood of her veins seemed gathering in fire and scarlet to her enlarging cheeks, Dame Lobkins said—

"Ifeaks, Master Pride-in-duds! seek your fortune yourself, will you? This comes of my bringing you up, and letting you eat the bread of idleness and charity, you toad of a thousand! Take that, and be d——d to you!" and, suiting the action to the word, the tube which she had withdrawn from her mouth, in order to utter her gentle rebuke, whizzed through the air, grazed Paul's cheek, and finished its earthly career by coming in violent contact with the right eye of Dummie Dunnaker, who at that exact moment entered the room.

Paul had winced for a moment to avoid the missive,—in the next he stood perfectly upright; his cheeks glowed, his chest swelled; and the entrance of Dummie Dunnaker, who was thus made the spectator of the affront he had received, stirred his blood into a deeper anger and a more bitter

self-humiliation:—all his former resolutions of departure—all the hard words, the coarse allusions, the practical insults he had at any time received, rushed upon him at once. He merely cast one look at the old woman, whose rage was now half subsided, and turned slowly and in silence to the door.

There is often something alarming in an occurrence, merely because it is that which we least expect: the astute Mrs. Lobkins, remembering the hardy temper and fiery passions of Paul, had expected some burst of rage, some vehement reply; and when she caught with one wandering eye his parting look, and saw him turn so passively and mutely to the door, her heart misgave her, she raised herself from her chair, and made toward him. Unhappily for her chance of reconciliation, she had that day quaffed more copiously of the bowl than usual, and the signs of intoxication visible in her uncertain gait, her meaningless eye, her vacant leer, her ruby cheek, all inspired Paul with feelings which, at the moment, converted resentment into something very much like aversion. He sprang from her grasp to the threshold. "Where be you going, you imp of the world?" cried the dame. "Get in with you, and say no more on the matter: be a bob-cull—drop the bullies, and you shall have the blunt!"

But Paul heeded not this invitation.

"I will eat the bread of idleness and charity no longer," said he sullenly. "Good bye,—and if ever I can pay you what I have cost you, I will!"

He turned away as he spoke; and the dame, kindling with resentment at his unseemly return to her proffered kindness, hallooed after him, and bade that dark-coloured gentleman who keeps the fire-office below, go along with him.

Swelling with anger, pride, shame, and a half joyous feeling of emancipated independence, Paul walked on he knew not whither, with his head in the air, and his legs marshalling themselves into a military gait of defiance. He had not proceeded far, before he heard his name uttered behind him—he turned, and saw the rueful face of Dummie Dunnaker.

Very inoffensively had that respectable person been employed during the last part of the scene we have described, in caressing his afflicted eye, and muttering philosophical observations on the danger incurred by all those who are acquainted with ladies of a choleric temperament: when Mrs. Lobkins, turning round after Paul's departure, and seeing the pitiful person of that Dummie Dunnaker, whose name she remembered Paul had mentioned in his opening speech, and whom, therefore, with an illogical confusion of ideas, she considered a party in the late dispute, exhausted upon him all that rage which it was necessary for her comfort that she should unburthen somewhere.

She seized the little man by the collar—the tenderest of all places in gentlemen similarly circumstanced with regard to the ways of life, and giving him a blow, which took effect on his other and hitherto undamaged eye, cried out, "I'll teach you, you blood-sucker, (*i. e.* parasite) to sponge upon those as has expectations. I'll teach you to cozen the heir of the 'Mug,' you snivelling, whey-faced ghost of a farthing rush-light. What! you'll lend my Paul three crowns, will you? when you knows as how you told me you could not pay me a pitiful tizzy. Oh, you're a queer one, I warrants:

at you won't queer Margery Lobkins. Out of my ken, you cur of the mange—out of my ken; and if ever I claps my sees on you again, or if ever I knows as how you makes a flat of my Paul, I'll hang you, you dog, I will. What! you will answer me, will you?—O you viper, budge, and begone!"

It was in vain that Dummie protested his innocence. A violent *coup de pied* broke off all farther altercation. He made a clear house of the "Mug;" and the landlady thereof, tottering back to her elbow chair, sought out another pipe, and, like all imaginative persons when the world goes wrong with them, consoled herself for the absence of realities by the creations of smoke.

Meanwhile, Dummie Dunnaker, muttering and murmuring bitter fancies, overtook Paul, and accused that youth of having been the occasion of his injuries he had just undergone. Paul was not at that moment in the humour best adapted for his patient bearing of accusations, he answered Mr. Dunnaker very shortly; and that respectable individual still smarting under his bruises, replied with equal tartness. Words grew high, and at length, Paul, desirous of concluding the conference, clenched his fist, and told the redoubted Dummie that he would "knock him down." There is something peculiarly harsh and stunning in those words, hard—winny—sturdy—stubborn monosyllables. Their very sound makes you double your strength—if you are a hero; or your pace, if you are a respectable man. They produced an instant effect upon Dummie Dunnaker, aided as they were by the effect of an athletic and youthful figure, already at approaching to the height of six feet,—a flushed cheek, and an eye that bespoke both passion and resolution. The rag-merchant's voice sank at once, and with the countenance of a wronged Cassius, he whimpered forth—

"Knock me down!—O leetle Paul, vot vicked hide are these! Vot! Dummie Dunnaker as as dandled you on his knee mony's a time and ft: vy, the cove's art is as ard as junk, and as roud as a gardener's dog with a nosegay tied to his tail." This pathetic remonstrance softened Paul's anger.

"Well, Dummie," said he, laughing, "I did not mean to hurt you, and there's an end of it; and I'm very sorry for the Dame's ill conduct; and so wish you a good morning."

"Vy, vere be you trotting to, leetle Paul?" said Dummie, grasping him by the tail of the coat.

"The deuce a bit I know," answered our hero; but I think I shall drop a call on Long Ned."

"Avast there!" said Dummie, speaking under his breath; "if so be as you von't blab, I'll tell you bit of a secret. I heered as ow Long Ned started for Hampshire this werry morning on a toby con-urn!"

"Ha!" said Paul, "then hang me if I know what to do!" As he uttered these words, a more thorough sense of his destitution (if he persevered in leaving the Mug) than he had hitherto felt rushed upon him; for Paul had designed for a while to throw himself on the hospitality of his antagonian friend, and now that he found that friend was absent from London, and on so dangerous an expedition, he was a little puzzled what to

do, with that treasure of intellect and wisdom which he carried about upon his legs. Already he had acquired sufficient penetration—for Charles Trywit and Harry Finish were excellent masters for initiating a man into knowledge of the world)—to perceive, that a person, however admirable may be his qualities, does not readily find a welcome without a penny in his pocket. In the neighbourhood of Thames Court he had, indeed, many acquaintances; but the fineness of his language, acquired from his education, and the elegance of his air, in which he attempted to blend, in happy association, the gallant effrontery of Mr. Long Ned with the graceful negligence of Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, had made him many enemies among those acquaintances; and he was not willing,—so great was our hero's pride,—to throw himself on the chance of their welcome, or to publish, as it were, his exiled and crest-fallen state. As for those boon companions who had assisted him in making a wilderness of his pockets, he had already found, that that was the only species of assistance which they were willing to render him: in a word, he could not for the life of him conjecture in what quarter he should find the benefits of bed and board. While he stood with his finger to his lip, undecided and musing, but fully resolved at least on one thing—not to return to the Mug,—little Dummie, who was a good-natured fellow at the bottom, peered up in his face, and said, "Vy, Paul, my kid, you looks down in the chops: cheer up,—care killed a cat!"

Observing that this appropriate and encouraging fact of natural history did not lessen the cloud upon Paul's brow, the acute Dummie Dunnaker proceeded at once to the grand panacea for all evils, in his own profound estimation:

"Paul, my ben-cull," said he, with a knowing wink, and nudging the young gentleman in the left side, "vot do you say to a drop o' blue ruin? or, as you likes to be conish (genteel,) I doesn't care if I sports you a glass of port!" While Dunnaker was uttering this invitation, a sudden reminiscence flashed across Paul: he bethought him at once of Mac Grawler; and he resolved forthwith to repair to the abode of that illustrious sage, and petition at least for accommodation for the approaching night. So soon as he had come to this determination, he shook off the grasp of the amiable Dummie, and refusing, with many thanks, his hospitable invitation, requested him to abstract from the Dame's house, and lodge within his own, until called for, such articles of linen and clothing as belonged to Paul, and could easily be laid hold of, during one of the matron's evening *siestas*, by the shrewd Dunnaker. The merchant promised that the commission should be speedily executed; and Paul, shaking hands with him, proceeded to the mansion of Mac Grawler.

We must now go back somewhat, in the natural course of our narrative, and observe, that among the minor causes which had conspired with the great one of gambling to bring our excellent Paul to his present situation, was his intimacy with Mac Grawler; for when Paul's increasing years and roving habits had put an end to the sage's instructions, there was thereby lopped off from the preceptor's finances the weekly sum of two shillings and sixpence, as well as the freedom of the Dame's cellar and larder; and as, in the reaction of feeling, and the perverse course of human af-

airs, people generally repent the most of those actions once the most ardently incurred; so poor Mrs. Lobkins, imagining that Paul's irregularities were entirely owing to the knowledge he had acquired from Mac Grawler's instructions, grievously upbraided herself for her former folly, in seeking for a superior education for her *protege*; nay, she even vented upon the sacred head of Mac Grawler himself her dissatisfaction at the results of his instructions. In like manner, when a man who can spell comes to be hanged, the anti-educationists accuse the spelling-book of his murder. High words between the admirer of ignorant innocence and the propagator of intellectual science ensued, which ended in Mac Grawler's final expulsion from the Mug.

There are some young gentlemen of the present day addicted to the adoption of Lord Byron's poetry, with the alteration of new rhymes, who are pleased graciously to inform us, that they are born to be the ruin of all those who love them; an interesting fact, doubtless, but which they might as well keep to themselves. It would seem, by the contents of this Chapter, as if the same misfortune were destined to Paul. The exile of Mac Grawler, —the insults offered to Dummie Dunnaker, —alike occasioned by him, appear to sanction that opinion. Unfortunately, though Paul was a poet, he was not much of a sentimentalist; and he has never given us the edifying ravings of his remorse on those subjects. But Mac Grawler, like Dunnaker, was resolved that our hero should perceive the curse of his fatality; and as he still retained some influence over the mind of his quondam pupil, his accusations against Paul, as the origin of his banishment, were attended with a greater success than were the complaints of Dummie Dunnaker on a similar calamity. Paul, who, like most people who are good for nothing, had an excellent heart, was exceedingly grieved at Mac Grawler's banishment on his account; and he endeavoured to atone for it by such pecuniary consolations as he was enabled to offer. These Mac Grawler (purely, we may suppose, from a benevolent desire to lessen the boy's remorse,) scrupled not to accept; and thus, so similar often are the effects of virtue and of vice, the exemplary Mac Grawler conspired with the unprincipled Long Ned and the heartless Henry Finish, in producing that unenviable state of vacuity, which now saddened over the pockets of Paul.

As our hero was slowly walking toward the Sage's abode, depending on his gratitude and friendship for a temporary shelter, one of those lightning flashes of thought which often illumine the profoundest abyss of affliction, darted across his mind. Recalling the image of the critic, he remembered that he had seen that ornament of the *Asinorum* receive sundry sums for his critical lucubrations.

"Why," said Paul seizing on that fact, and stopping short in the street—"Why should I not turn critic myself?"

The only person to whom one ever puts a question with a tolerable certainty of receiving a satisfactory answer is one's self. The moment Paul started this luminous suggestion, it appeared to him that he had discovered the mines of Potosi. Burning with impatience to discuss with the great Mac Grawler the feasibility of his project, he quickened his pace almost into a run, and in a very few minutes, having only overthrown one chimney-

sweeper and two applewomen by the way, he arrived at the Sage's door.

CHAPTER V.

Ye realms yet unrevealed to human sight
Ye canes athwart the hapless hands that write!
Ye Critic Chiefs—permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state!
VIRGIL, *Æn. B. 4.*

Fortune had smiled upon Mr. Mac Grawler since he first undertook the tuition of Mrs. Lobkins' *protege*. He now inhabited a second-floor and defied the sheriff and his evil spirits. It was at the dusk of evening that Paul found him at home and alone.

Before the mighty man stood a pot of London porter; a candle, with an unregarded wick, shed its solitary light upon his labours; and an infant cat played sportively at his learned feet, beguiling the weary moments with the remnants of the spin cap wherewith, instead of laurel, the critic had hitherto nightly adorned his brow.

So soon as Mac Grawler, piercing through the gloomy mist which hung about the chamber, perceived the person of the intruder, a frown settled upon his brow.

"Have I not told you, youngster?" he growled, "never to enter a gentleman's room without knocking? I tell you, Sir, that manners are as less essential to human happiness than virtue; wherefore, never disturb a gentleman in his avocations, and sit yourself down without molesting the cat?"

Paul, who knew that his respected tutor disliked any one to trace the source of the wonderful spirit which he infused into his critical compositions, affected not to perceive the pewter Hippocrene, and with many apologies for his want of preparatory politeness, seated himself as directed. It was then that the following edifying conversation ensued.

"The ancients," quoth Paul, "were very great men, Mr. Mac Grawler."

"They were so, Sir," returned the critic,—"we make it a rule in our profession to assert the fact!"

"But, Sir," said Paul, "they were wrong now and then."

"Never! Ignoramus, never!"

"They praised poverty, Mr. Mac Grawler," said Paul with a sigh.

"Hem!" quoth the critic, a little staggered, he presently recovering his characteristic acumen, he observed—

"It is true, Paul; but that was the poverty of other people."

There was a slight pause. "Criticism," renewed Paul, "must be a most difficult art."

"A-hem!—and what art is there, Sir, that is not difficult?—at least to become master of."

"True," sighed Paul; "or else——"

"Or else what, boy?" repeated Mr. Mac Grawler, seeing that Paul hesitated either from fear of his superior knowledge, as the critic's vanity suggested, or from (what was equally likely) want of a word to express his meaning.

"Why, I was thinking, Sir," said Paul, with that desperate courage which gives a distinct and

lead intonation to the voice of all who set, or think they set, their fate upon a cast:—"I was thinking that I should like to become a critic myself!"

"W—h—e—w!" whistled Mac Grawler, elevating his eye-brows. "W—h—e—w! great ends have come of less beginnings!"

Encouraging as this assertion was, coming as it did from the lips of so great a man and so great a critic, at the very moment too when nothing short of an anathema against arrogance and presumption was expected to issue from those portals of wisdom: yet, such is the fallacy of all human hopes, that Paul's of a surety would have been a little less elated, had he, at the same time his ears drunk in the hail of these gracious words, been able to have dived into the source whence they emanated.

"Know thyself!" was a precept the sage Mac Grawler had endeavoured to obey; consequently the result of his obedience was, that even by himself he was better known than trusted. Whatever he might appear to others, he had in reality no vain faith in the infallibility of his own talents and resources; as well might a butcher deem himself a perfect anatomist from the frequent amputation of legs of mutton, as the critic of the *Asineum* have laid "the flattering unction to his soul," that he was really skilled in the arts of criticism, or even acquainted with one of its commonest rules, because he could with all speed cut up and disjoint any work, from the smallest to the greatest, from the most superficial to the most superior; and thus it was that he never had the want of candour to deceive himself as to his own talents. Paul's wish, therefore, was no sooner expressed, than a vague but golden scheme of future profit illumined the brain of Mac Grawler; in a word, he resolved that Paul should henceforward share the labour of his critiques; and that he, Mac Grawler, should receive the whole profits in return for the honour thereby conferred on his coadjutor.

Looking, therefore, at our hero with a benignant air, Mr. Mac Grawler thus continued.

"Yea, I repeat,—great ends have come from less beginnings!—Rome was not built in a day,—and I, Paul, I myself was not always the editor of the *Asineum*: you say wisely, criticism is a great science—a very great science, and it may be divided into three branches; viz.—to tickle, to slash, and to plaster." In each of these three, I believe, without vanity, I am a profound adept! I will initiate you into all. Your labours shall begin this very evening. I have three works on my table, they must be dispatched by to-morrow night; I will take the most arduous, I abandon to you the others. The three consist of a Romance, an Epic in twelve books, and an Inquiry into the Human mind, in three volumes; I, Paul, will tickle the Romance, you this very evening shall plaster the Epic, and slash the Inquiry!"

"Heavens, Mr. Mac Grawler!" cried Paul in astonishment, "what do you mean?—I should never be even able to read an Epic in twelve books, and I should fall asleep in the first page of the Inquiry. No, no, leave me the Romance, and take the other two under your own protection!"

Although great genius is always benevolent, Mac Grawler could not restrain a smile of noble contempt at the simplicity of his pupil.

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"Know, young gentleman," said he solemnly, "that the Romance in question must be tickled; it is not given to raw beginners to conquer that great mystery of our science."

"Before we proceed farther, explain the words of the art," said Paul, impatiently.

"Listen, then!" rejoined Mac Grawler, and as he spoke the candle cast an awful glimmering on his countenance. "To slash, is, speaking grammatically, to employ the accusative, or accusing case; you must cut up your book right and left, top and bottom, root and branch. To plaster a book, is to employ the dative, or giving case, and you must bestow on the work all the superlatives in the language, you must lay on your praise thick and thin, and not leave a crevice untrowled. But to tickle, Sir, is a comprehensive word, and it comprises all the infinite varieties that fill the interval between slashing and plastering. This is the nicety of the art, and you can only acquire it by practice; a few examples will suffice to give you an idea of its delicacy.

"We will begin with the encouraging tickle. 'Although this work is full of faults; though the characters are unnatural, the plot utterly improbable, the thoughts hackneyed, and the style ungrammatical, yet we would by no means discourage the author from proceeding; and in the mean while we confidently recommend his work to the attention of the reading public.'

"Take, now, the advising tickle.

"'There is a good deal of merit in these little volumes, although we must regret the evident haste in which they were written. The author might do better—we recommend him a study of the best writers,'—then conclude by a Latin quotation, which you may take from one of the mottoes in the *Spectator*.

"Now, young gentleman, for a specimen of the metaphorical tickle.

"'We beg this poetical aspirant to remember the fate of Pyrenus, who attempting to pursue the Muses, forgot that he had not the wings of the goddesses, flung himself from the loftiest ascent he could reach, and perished.'

"This you see, Paul, is a loftier and more erudite sort of tickle, and may be reserved for one of the *Quarterly Reviews*. Never throw away a simile unnecessarily.

"Now for a sample of the facetious tickle.

"'Mr.—— has obtained a considerable reputation! Some fine ladies think him a great philosopher, and he has been praised in our hearing by some Cambridge Fellows, for his knowledge of fashionable society.'

"For this sort of tickle we generally use the dullest of our tribe, and I have selected the foregoing example from the criticisms of a distinguished writer in the *Asineum*, whom we call, *par excellence*, the Ass.

"There is a variety of other tickles; the familiar the vulgar, the polite, the goodnatured, the bitter; but in general all tickles may be supposed to signify, however disguised, one or the other of these meanings. 'This book would be exceedingly good if it were not exceedingly bad.' Or, 'This book would be exceedingly bad if it were not exceedingly good.'

"You have now, Paul, a general idea of the superior art required by the tickle!"

Our hero signified his assent by a sort of hysterical sound between a laugh and a groan. Mac Grawler continued—

"There is another grand difficulty attendant on this class of criticism,—it is generally requisite to read a few pages of the work; because we seldom tickle without extracting, and it requires some judgment to make the context agree with the extract; but it is not often necessary to extract when you slash or when you plaster; when you slash, it is better in general to conclude with—

"After what we have said, it is unnecessary to add, that we cannot offend the taste of our readers by any quotation from this execrable trash." And when you plaster, you may wind up with, 'We regret that our limits will not allow us to give any extracts from this wonderful and unrivalled work. We must refer our readers to the book itself.'

"And now, Sir, I think I have given you a sufficient outline of the noble science of Scaliger and Mac Grawler. Doubtless you are reconciled to the task I have allotted you; and while I tickle the Romance, you will slash the Inquiry and plaster the Epic!"

"I will do my best, Sir!" said Paul, with that modest yet noble simplicity which becomes the virtuously ambitious;—and Mac Grawler forthwith gave him pen and paper, and set him down to his undertaking.

He had the good fortune to please Mac Grawler, who, after having made a few corrections in style, declared he evinced a peculiar genius in that branch of composition. And then it was that Paul, made conceited by praise, said, looking contemptuously in the face of his preceptor, and swinging his legs to and fro,—“And what, Sir, shall I receive for the plastered Epic and the slashed Inquiry!” As the face of the schoolboy who, when guessing, as he thinks rightly, at the meaning of some mysterious word in Cornelius Nepos, receiveth not the sugared epithet of praise, but a sudden stroke across the *ex amsereve*, even so, blank, puzzled, and thunder-stricken, waxed the face of Mr. Mac Grawler, at the abrupt and astounding audacity of Paul.

"Receive!" he repeated, "receive!—Why you impudent, ungrateful puppy! Would you steal the bread from your old master? If I can obtain for your crude articles an admission into the illustrious pages of the *Asineum*, will you not be sufficiently paid, Sir, by the honour? Answer me that. Another man, young gentleman, would have charged you a premium for his instructions;—and here have I, in one lesson, imparted to you all the mysteries of the science, and for nothing. And you talk to me of 'receive!'—'receive!' Young gentleman, in the words of the immortal bard, 'I would as lief you had talked to me of ratsbane!'"

"In fine, then, Mr. Mac Grawler, I shall get nothing for my trouble," said Paul.

"To be sure not, Sir; the very best writer in the *Asineum* only gets three shillings an article!" Almost more than he deserves, the critic might have added; for he who writes for nobody should receive nothing!

"Then, Sir," quoth the mercenary Paul profanely, and rising, he kicked with one kick, the cat, the epic, and the inquiry, to the other end of the room,—“Then, Sir, you may all go to the devil!"

We do not, O gentle reader, seek to excuse the hasty anathema:—the habits of childhood will sometimes break forth despite of the after-blessings of education. And we set not up Paul for this imitation as that model of virtue and of wisdom, which we design thee to discover in Mac Grawler.

When that great critic perceived Paul had risen, and was retreating in high dudgeon toward the door, he rose also, and repeating Paul's last words, said—"Go to the devil!" Not so quick, young gentleman,—*festina lente*,—all in good time. What though I did, astonished at your premature request, say that you should receive nothing;—yet my great love for you may induce me to bestir myself on your behalf. The *Asineum*, it is true, only gives three shillings an article in general; but I am its editor, and will intercede with the proprietors on your behalf. Yes—yes. I will see what is to be done. Stop a bit, my boy."

Paul, though very irascible, was easily pacified: he rescued himself, and, taking Mac Grawler's hand, said—

"Forgive me for my petulance, my dear sir,—but, to tell you the honest truth, I am very low in the world just at present, and must get money in some way or another; in short, I must either pick pockets or write (not gratuitously) for the *Asineum*."

And without farther preliminary, Paul related his present circumstances to the critic; declared his determination not to return to the Mug; and requested, at least, from the friendship of his old preceptor, the accommodation of shelter for the night.

Mac Grawler was exceedingly disconcerted at hearing so bad an account of his pupil's finances as well as prospects; for he had secretly intended to regale himself that evening with a bowl of punch, for which he purposed that Paul should pay; but as he knew the quickness of parts possessed by the young gentleman, as also the great affection entertained for him by Mrs. Lohkins, who in all probability, would solicit his return the next day, he thought it not unlikely that Paul would enjoy the same good fortune as that presiding over his feline companion, which, though it had just been kicked to the other end of the apartment, was now resuming its former occupation, unhurt, and no less merrily than before. He therefore thought it would be imprudent to discard his quondam pupil, despite of his present poverty; and, moreover, although the first happy project of pocketing all the profits derivable from Paul's industry was now abandoned, he still perceived great facility in pocketing a part of the same receipts. He therefore answered Paul very warmly, that he fully sympathized with him in his present melancholy situation; that, so far as he was concerned, he would share his last *skilling* with his beloved pupil; but, that he regretted at that moment he had only eleven-pence halfpenny in his pocket: that he would, however, exert himself to the utmost in procuring an opening for Paul's literary genius; and that, if Paul liked to take the slashing and plastering part of the business on himself, he would willingly surrender it to him, and give him all the profits, whatever they might be. *Ex attendant*, he regretted that a violent rheumatism prevented his giving up his own bed to his pupil; but that he might, with all the phantasies imaginable, sleep upon the rug before the fire. Paul was so

lected by this kindness in the worthy man, that, though not much addicted to the melting mood, he shed tears of gratitude: he insisted, however, on not receiving the whole reward of his labours; and at length it was settled, though with a noble reluctance on the part of Mac Grawler, that it should be equally shared between the critic and the critic's *rotege*; the half profits being reasonably awarded to Mac Grawler for his instructions and his commendation.

CHAPTER VI.

Bad events peep out o' the tail of good purposes.
Bartholomew Fair.

It was not long before there was a visible improvement in the pages of the *Asinæum*: the slashing part of that incomparable journal was suddenly conceived and carried on with a vigour and spirit which astonished the hallowed few who contributed to its circulation. It was not difficult to see that a new soldier had been enlisted in the service; there was something so fresh and hearty about the buse, that it could never have proceeded from the worn-out acerbity of an old *slasher*. To be sure, a little ignorance of ordinary facts, and an innovating method of applying words to meanings which they never were meant to denote, were now-and-then distinguishable in the criticisms of the new Achilles; nevertheless, it was easy to attribute these peculiarities to an original turn of thinking; and the rise of the paper, upon the appearance of a series of articles upon *Cotemporary Authors*, written by this "eminent hand," was so remarkable, that fifty copies,—a number perfectly unprecedented in the annals of the *Asinæum*,—were absolutely sold in one week: indeed, remembering the principle on which it was founded, one sturdy old writer declared, that the journal would soon do for itself, and become popular. There was a remarkable peculiarity about the literary debutant, who signed himself "Nobilitas." He not only put old words to a new sense, but he used words which had never, among the general run of writers, been used before. This was especially remarkable in the application of hard names to authors. Once, in censuring a popular writer for pleasing the public, and thereby growing rich, the "eminent hand" ended with—"He who surreptitiously accumulates *bustle** is in fact nothing better than a *buzzgloak*!"†

These enigmatical words and recondite phrases imparted a great air of learning to the style of the new critic; and, from the unintelligible sublimity of his diction, it seemed doubtful whether he was a poet from Highgate, or a philosopher from Konigsburg. At all events, the reviewer preserved his incognito, and while his praises were rung at no less than three tea-tables, even glory appeared to him less delicious than disguise.

In this incognito, Reader, thou hast already discovered Paul; and now, we have to delight thee with a piece of unexampled morality in the excellent Mac Grawler. That worthy Mentor, perceiving that there was an inherent turn for dissipation and extravagance in our hero, resolved magnanimously rather to bring upon himself the sins of

treachery and mal-appropriation, than suffer his friend and former pupil to incur those of wastefulness and profusion. Contrary, therefore, to the agreement made with Paul, instead of giving that youth the half of those profits consequent on his brilliant lucubrations, he imparted to him only one-fourth, and with the utmost tenderness for Paul's salvation, applied the other three portions of the same to his own necessities. The best actions are, alas! often misconstrued in this world; and we are now about to record a remarkable instance of that melancholy truth.

One evening, Mac Grawler having "moistened his virtue" in the same manner that the great Cato is said to have done; in the confusion which such a process sometimes occasions in the best regulated heads, gave Paul what appeared to him the outline of a certain article, which he wished to be slashingly filled up, but what in reality was the following note from the editor of a monthly periodical.

"SIR,

"UNDERSTANDING that my friend, Mr. —, proprietor of the *Asinæum*, allows the very distinguished writer whom you have introduced to the literary world, and who signs himself 'Nobilitas,' only five shillings an article, I beg, through you, to tender him double that sum: the article required will be of an ordinary length.

"I am, Sir, &c.

"————"

Now, that very morning, Mac Grawler had informed Paul of this offer, altering only, from the amiable motives we have already explained, the sum of ten shillings to that of four; and no sooner did Paul read the communication we have placed before the reader, than, instead of gratitude to Mac Grawler for his consideration of Paul's moral infirmities, he conceived against that gentleman the most bitter resentment. He did not however vent his feelings at once upon the Scotsman,—indeed, at that moment, as the sage was in a deep sleep under the table, it would have been to no purpose had he unbridled his indignation. But he resolved without loss of time to quit the abode of the critic. "And, indeed," said he, soliloquizing, "I am heartily tired of this life, and shall be very glad to seek some other employment. Fortunately, I have hoarded up five guineas and four shillings, and with that independence in my possession, since I have forsworn gambling, I cannot easily starve."

To this soliloquy succeeded a misanthropical reverie upon the faithlessness of friends; and the meditation ended in Paul's making up a little bundle of such clothes, &c. as Dummie had succeeded in removing from the "Mug," and which Paul had taken from the rag-merchant's abode one morning when Dummie was abroad.

When this easy task was concluded, Paul wrote a short and upbraiding note to his illustrious preceptor, and left it unsealed on the table. He then, upsetting the ink-bottle on Mac Grawler's sleeping countenance, departed from the house, and strode away he cared not whither.

The evening was gradually closing as Paul, chewing the cud of his bitter fancies, found himself on London Bridge. He paused there, and, leaning over the bridge, gazed wistfully on the

* Money.

† Pickpocket.

gloomy waters that rolled onward, caring not a minnow for the numerous charming young ladies who have thought proper to drown themselves in those merciless waves, thereby depriving many a good mistress of an excellent housemaid, or an invaluable cook, and many a treacherous Phaon of letters, beginning with "Parjured Villen," and ending with "Your affectionot but molancolly Molly."

While thus musing, he was suddenly accosted by a gentleman in boots and spurs, having a riding-whip in one hand, and the other hand stuck in the pocket of his inexpressibles. The hat of the gallant was gracefully and carefully put on, so as to derange as little as possible a profusion of dark curls which, steaming with unguents, fell low not only on either side of the face, but on the neck, and even the shoulders of the owner. The face was saturnine and strongly marked, but handsome and striking. There was a mixture of frippery and sternness in its expression;—something between Madame Vestris and T. P. Cooke, or between "lovely Sally" and a "Captain bold of Halifax." The stature of this personage was remarkably tall, and his figure was stout, muscular, and well-knit. In fine, to complete his portrait, and give our readers of the present day an exact idea of this hero of the past, we shall add that he was altogether that sort of gentleman one sees swaggering in the Burlington Arcade, with his hair and hat on one side, and a military cloak thrown over his shoulders;—or prowling in Regent Street, toward the evening, *whiskered* and *cigarred*.

Laying his hand on the shoulder of our hero, this gentleman said, with an affected intonation of voice, "How dost, my fine fellow!—long since I saw you!—dammee, but you look the worse for wear. What hast thou been doing with thyself?"

"Ha!" cried our hero, returning the salutation of the stranger, "and is it Long Ned whom I behold! I am, indeed, glad to meet you; and I say, my friend, I hope what I heard of you is not true!"

"Hist!" said Long Ned, looking round fearfully, and sinking his voice,—“never talk of what you hear of gentlemen, except you wish to bring them to their last dying speech and confession. But come with me, my lad, there is a tavern hard by, and we may as well discuss matters over a pint of wine. You look cursed seedy, to be sure, but I can tell Bill the waiter—famous fellow, that Bill! that you are one of my tenants, come to complain of my steward, who has just distrained you for rent, you dog!—No wonder you look so worn in the rigging. Come, follow me. I can't walk *with* thee. It would look too like Northumberland House and the Butcher's abode next door, taking a stroll together."

"Really, Mr. Pepper," said our hero, colouring, and by no means pleased with the ingenious comparison of his friend, "if you are ashamed of my clothes, which I own might be newer, I will not wound you with my ———"

"Pooh! my lad—pooh," cried Long Ned, interrupting him, "never take offence. I never do. I never take any thing but money,—except, indeed, watches. I don't mean to hurt your feelings;—all of us have been poor once. 'Gad, I remember when I had not a dud to my back, and now, you see me—you see me, Paul!—But come, 'tis only

through the streets you need separate from me. Keep a little behind—very little—that will do.—Ay, that will do," repeated Long Ned, muttering to himself, "they'll take him for a bailiff. It looks handsome now-a-days to be so attended. It shows one *had* credit once!"

Meanwhile Paul, though by no means pleased with the contempt expressed for his personal appearance by his lengthy associate, and impressed with a keener sense than ever of the crimes of his coat and the vices of his other garment—(it breathe not its name!)—followed doggedly and sullenly the strutting steps of the coxcombical Mr. Pepper. That personage arrived at last at a small tavern, and arresting a waiter who was running across the passage into the coffee-room with a dish of hung-beef, demanded (no doubt from a pleasant anticipation of a similar pendulous catastrophe) a plate of the same excellent cheer, to be carried in company with a bottle of port, into a private apartment. No sooner did he find himself alone with Paul, than, bursting into a loud laugh, Mr. Ned surveyed his comrade from head to foot through an eye-glass which he wore fastened to his button-hole by a piece of blue ribbon.

"Well—'gad now," said he, stopping ever anon, as if to laugh the more heartily—"Stap my vitals, but you are a comical quiz; I wonder what the women would say, if they saw the doctor Edward Pepper, Esquire, walking arm in arm with thee at Ranelagh or Vauxhall. Nay, I can never be downcast; if I laugh at thee, it is only to make thee look a little merrier thyself. What thou lookest like a book of my grandfather's called 'Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy;' and, faith, a shabbier bound copy of it I never saw."

"These jests are a little hard," said Paul, struggling between anger and an attempt to smile, and then recollecting his late literary occupation and the many extracts he had taken from "Gleanings of the Belles Lettres," in order to impart elegance to his criticisms, he threw out his line theatrically, and spouted with a solemn face—

"Of all the grēfs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest!"

"Well now, prithee forgive me," said Long Ned, composing his features; "and just tell me what you have been doing the last two months."

"Slashing and plastering!" said Paul, with conscious pride!

"Slashing and what! the boy's mad,—what do you mean, Paul?"

"In other words," said our hero, speaking very slowly, "know, O very Long Ned, that I have been critic to the Asinæum."

If Paul's comrade laughed at first, he now laughed ten times more merrily than ever. He threw his length of limb upon a neighbouring sofa, and literally rolled with cachinnatory convulsions: not did his risible emotions subside until the entrance of the hung-beef restored him to recollection. Seeing, then, that a cloud lowered over Paul's countenance, he went up to him, with something like gravity; begged his pardon for his want of politeness; and desired him to wash away all unkindness in a bumper of port. Paul, whose excellent dispositions we have before had occasion to remark, was not impervious to his friend's apologies. He assured Long Ned, that he quite forgave him for his ridicule of the high situation he (Paul) had enjoyed in the literary world; that it was the duty

of a public dinner to bear no notice; and that he would be very glad to take his share in the interest of the hung-beef.

The pair now sat down to their repast, and Paul, who had fared but meagrely in that Temple of Athena over which Mac Grawler presided, did ample justice to the viands before him. By degrees, as he ate and drank, his heart opened to his companion; and, laying aside that Asiatic dignity which he had at first thought it incumbent on him to assume, he entertained Pepper with all the particulars of the life he had lately passed. He narrated to him his breach with Dame Lobkins; his agreement with Mac Grawler; the glory he had acquired, and the wrongs he had sustained; and he concluded, as now the second bottle made its appearance, by stating his desire of exchanging, or some more active profession, that sedentary career which he had so promisingly begun.

This last part of Paul's confessions secretly delighted the soul of Long Ned; for that experienced collector of the highways—(Ned was, indeed, of no less noble a profession)—had long fixed an eye upon our hero, as one whom he thought likely to be an honour to that enterprising calling which he espoused, and an useful assistant to himself. He had not, in his earlier acquaintance with Paul, when the youth was under the roof and the surveillance of the practised and wary Mrs. Lobkins, deemed it prudent to expose the exact nature of his own pursuits, and had contented himself by gradually ripening the mind and the finances of Paul into that state when the proposition of a leap from the hedge would not be likely greatly to revolt the person to whom it was made. He now thought that time near at hand; and filling our hero's glass up to the brim, thus artfully addressed him:—

“Courage, my friend!—your narration has given me a sensible pleasure; for curse me if it has not strengthened my favourite opinion, that every thing is for the best. If it had not been for the meanness of that pitiful fellow, Mac Grawler, you might till be inspired with the paltry ambition of earning a few shillings a-week, and vilifying a parcel of poor devils in the what-d’ye-call-it, with a hard name; whereas now, my good Paul, I trust I shall be able to open to your genius a new career, in which guineas are had for the asking,—in which you may wear fine clothes, and ogle the ladies at Lancelagh; and when you are tired of glory and liberty, Paul, why you have only to make your bow to an heiress, or a widow with a spanking simiture, and quit the hum of men like a Cincinnati!”

Though Paul's perception into the abstruser branches of morals was not very acute,—and at that time the port wine had considerably confused the few notions he possessed upon “the beauty of virtue,”—yet he could not but perceive, that Mr. Pepper's insinuated proposition was far from being one which the bench of bishops, or a synod of moralists, would conscientiously have approved; he consequently remained silent; and Long Ned, after a pause, continued—

“You know my genealogy, my good fellow?—I was the son of Lawyer Pepper, a shrewd old dog, but as hot as Calcutta; and the grandson of Sexton Pepper, a great author, who wrote verses on tombstones, and kept a stall of religious tracts in Carlisle. My grandfather, the sexton, was the best temper of the family; for all of us were a little

inclined to be hot in the mouth. Well, my fine fellow, my father left me his blessing, and this devilish good-head of hair. I lived for some years on my own resources. I found it a particularly inconvenient mode of life, and of late I have taken to live on the public. My father and grandfather did it before me, though in a different line. 'Tis the pleasantest plan in the world. Follow my example, and your coat shall be as spruce as my own.—Master Paul, your health!”

“But, O longest of mortals!” said Paul, refilling his glass, “though the public may allow you to eat your mutton off their backs for a short time, they will kick up at last, and upset you and your banquet; in other words,—(pardon my metaphor, dear Ned, in remembrance of the part I have lately maintained in the Asineum, that most magnificent and metaphorical of journals!)—in other words, the police will nab thee at last; and thou wilt have the distinguished fate, as thou already hast the distinguishing characteristic—of Absalom!”

“You mean that I shall be hanged,” said Long Ned. “That may or may not be; but he who fears death never enjoys life. Consider, Paul, that though hanging is a bad fate, starving is a worse; wherefore fill your glass, and let us drink to the health of that great donkey, the people, and may we never want saddles to ride it!”

“To the great donkey,” cried Paul, tossing off his bumper, “may, your (y) ears be as long! But I own to you, my friend, that I cannot enter into your plans. And as a token of my resolution, I shall drink no more, for my eyes already begin to dance in the air; and if I listen longer to your resistless eloquence, my feet may share the same fate!”

So saying, Paul rose; nor could any entreaty, on the part of his entertainer, persuade him to resume his seat.

“Nay, as you will,” said Pepper, affecting a nonchalant tone, and arranging his cravat before the glass. “Nay, as you will. Ned Pepper requires no man's companionship against his liking; and if the noble spark of ambition be not in your bosom, 'tis no use spending my breath in blowing at what only existed in my too flattering opinion of your qualities. So, then, you propose to return to Mac Grawler, (the scurvy old cheat,) and pass the inglorious remainder of your life in the mangling of authors, and the murder of grammar? Go, my good fellow, go! scribble again and for ever for Mac Grawler, and let him live upon thy brains, instead of suffering thy brains to —”

“Hold!” cried Paul. “Although I may have some scruples which prevent my adoption of that rising line of life you have proposed to me, yet you are very much mistaken if you imagine me so spiritless, as any longer to subject myself to the hands of that rascal Mac Grawler. No! My present intention is to pay my old nurse a visit. It appears to me passing strange, that though I have left her so many weeks, she has never relented enough to track me out, which one would think would have been no difficult matter: and now you see that I am pretty well off, having five guineas and four shillings, all my own, and she can scarcely think I want her money; my heart melts to her, and I shall go and ask pardon for my haste!”

“Pshaw! sentimental,” cried Long Ned, a little

alarmed at the thought of Paul's gliding from those clutches which he thought had now so firmly closed upon him. "Why, you surely don't mean, after having once tasted the joys of independence, to go back to the boozing ken, and bear all Mother Lotkins' drunken tantarums! Better have staid with Mac Grawler, of the two!"

"You mistake me," answered Paul. "I mean solely to make it up with her, and get her permission to see the world. My ultimate intention is—to travel."

"Right!" cried Ned, "on the high-road—and on horseback, I hope!"

"No, my Colossus of Roads! No! I am in doubt whether or not I shall enlist in a marching regiment,—or (give me your advice on it) I fancy I have a great turn for the stage, ever since I saw Garrick in Richard. Shall I turn stroller!—It must be a merry life."

"O, the devil!" cried Ned. "I myself once did Cassio in a barn, and every one swore I enacted the drunken scene to perfection; but you have no notion what a lamentable life it is to a man of any susceptibility. No, my friend. No! There is only one line in all the old plays worthy thy attention—

"Toby or not toby,* that is the question."

"I forget the rest!"

"Well!" said our hero, answering in the same jocular vein—"I confess, I have 'the actor's high ambition.' It is astonishing how my heart beat, when Richard cried out, 'Come bustle,† bustle!'—Yes, Pepper avant!—

'A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.'"

"Well, well," said Long Ned, stretching himself, "since you are so fond of the play, what say you to an excursion thither to-night!—Garrick acts!"

"Done!" cried Paul.

"Done!" echoed lazily Long Ned, rising with that *blase* air which distinguishes the matured man of the world from the enthusiastic tyro.—"Done! and we will adjourn afterward to the White Horse."

"But stay a moment," said Paul, "if you remember, I owed you a guinea when I last saw you,—here it is!"

"Nonsense," exclaimed Long Ned, refusing the money,—"*nonsense!* you want the money at present; pay me when you are richer. Nay, never be coy about it,—debts of honour are not paid now as they used to be. We lads of the Fish-Lane Club have changed all that. Well, well, if I must."

And Long Ned, seeing that Paul insisted, pocketed the guinea. When this delicate matter had been arranged,

"Come," said Pepper—"come, get your hat; but, bless me! I have forgotten one thing."

"What?"

"Why, my fine Paul, consider, the play is a bang-up sort of a place,—look at your coat, and your waistcoat, that's all!"

Our hero was struck dumb with this *argumentum ad hominem*. But Long Ned, after enjoying his perplexity, relieved him of it, by telling him that he knew of an honest tradesman who kept a

ready-made shop, just by the theatre, and who would fit him out in a moment.

In fact, Long Ned was as good as his word; he carried Paul to a tailor, who gave him for the sum of thirty shillings, half ready money, half on credit, a green coat with a tarnished gold lace, a pair of red inexpressibles, and a pepper-and-salt waistcoat,—it is true, they were somewhat of the largest, for they had once belonged to no less a person than Long Ned himself: but Paul did not then regret those niceties of apparel, as he was subsequently taught to do by Gentleman George, (a personage hereafter to be introduced to our reader,) and he went to the theatre, as well satisfied with himself as if he had been Mr. T——, or the Comte de M——.

Our adventurers are now quietly seated in the theatre, and we shall not think it necessary to detail the performances they saw, nor the observations they made. Long Ned was one of those superior beings of the road, who would not for the world have condescended to appear any where but in the boxes, and accordingly the friends procured a couple of places in the dress-tier. In the next box to the one our adventurers adorned, they seated more especially than the rest of the audience, a gentleman and a young lady seated next each other; the latter, who was about thirteen years old, was so uncommonly beautiful, that Paul, despite his dramatic enthusiasm, could scarcely divert his eyes from her countenance to the stage. Her hair, of a bright and fair auburn, hung in profuse ringlets about her neck, shedding a soft shade upon a complexion in which the rose seemed just budding, as it were, into blush. Her eyes large, blue, and rather languishing than brilliant, were curtained by the darkest lashes; her mouth seemed literally girt with smiles, so numberless were the dimples that, every time she fell, ripe, dewy lips were parted, rose into sight, and the enchantment of the dimples was aided by two rows of teeth more dazzling than the richest pearls that ever glittered on a bride. But the chief charm of the face was its exceeding and touching air of innocence, and girlish softness; you might have gazed for ever upon that first unspeakable bloom, that all untouched and stainless dawn, which seemed as if a very breath could mar it. Perhaps the face might have wanted animation; but, perhaps also, it borrowed from that want an attraction; the repose of the features was so soft and gentle, that the eye wandered there with the same delight, and left it with the same reluctance, which it experiences in dwelling on, or in quitting, those hues which are found to harmonize the most with its vision. But while Paul was feeding his gaze on this young beauty, the keen glance of Long Ned had found an object no less fascinating, in a large gold watch, which the gentleman who accompanied the damsel, ever and anon brought to his eye, as if he were waxing a little weary of the length of the pieces or the lingering progression of time.

"What a beautiful face!" whispered Paul.

"Is the face gold then, as well as the back?" whispered Long Ned in return.

Our hero stared,—frowned, and, despite the gigantic stature of his comrade, told him very angrily, to find some other subject for jesting. Ned in his turn stared, but made no reply.

Meanwhile Paul, though the lady was rather too

* The highway.

† Bustle.

ing to fall in love with, began wondering what relationship her companion bore to her. Though the gentleman altogether was handsome, yet his features, and the whole character of his face, were vastly different from those on which Paul gazed with such delight. He was not, seemingly, above twenty and forty, but his forehead was knit into many fine and furrow; and in his eyes, the light, though searching, was more sober and steady than came his years. A disagreeable expression played out the mouth, and the shape of the face, which is long and thin, considerably detracted from the possessing effect of a handsome aquiline nose, white teeth, and a dark, manly, though callow complexion. There was a mingled air of shrewdness and distraction in the expression of his face. He seemed to pay very little attention to the play, or to anything about him; but he testified very considerable alacrity, when the play was over, in putting his cloak around his young companion, and in leading their way through the thick crowd that the boxes were now pouring forth.

Paul and his companion silently, and each with very different motives from the other, followed them. They were now at the door of the theatre.

A servant stepped forward, and informed the gentleman that his carriage was a few paces distant; but that it might be some time before it could drive up to the theatre.

"Can you walk to the carriage, my dear?" said the gentleman to his young charge, and, she answering in the affirmative, they both left the house, preceded by the servant.

"Come on!" said Long Ned, hastily, and walking in the same direction which the strangers had taken. Paul readily agreed; they soon overtook the strangers.—Long Ned walked the nearest to the gentleman, and brushed by him in passing. Presently, a voice cried "Stop thief!" and Long Ned, saying to Paul—"Shift for yourself—run!" darted from our hero's side into the crowd, and vanished in a twinkling. Before Paul could recover his amaze, he found himself suddenly seized by the collar; he turned abruptly, and saw the dark face of the young lady's companion.

"Rascal!" cried the gentleman, "my watch!"

"Watch!" repeated Paul, bewildered; and only for the sake of the young lady refraining from looking down his arrester.—"Watch!"

"Ay, young man!" cried a fellow in a great coat, who now suddenly appeared on the other side of Paul; "this gentleman's watch—please your honour, (addressing the complainant) I be a watchman—shall I take up this chap?"

"By all means," cried the gentleman; "I would not have lost my watch for twice its value. I can swear I saw this fellow's companion snatch it from my fob. The thief's gone; but we have at least the accomplice. I give him in strict charge of you, watchman; take the consequences if you let him escape."

The watchman answered sullenly, that he did not want to be threatened, and he knew how to discharge his duty.

"Don't answer me, fellow," said the gentleman roughly; "do as I tell you!" and after a little colloquy, Paul found himself suddenly marched off between two tall fellows who looked prodigiously inclined to eat him. By this time, he had recovered his surprise and dismay; he did not want the penetration to see that his companion had really

committed the offence for which he was charged; and he also foresaw that the circumstance might be attended with disagreeable consequences to himself. Under all the features of the case, he thought that an attempt to escape would not be an imprudent proceeding on his part; accordingly, after moving a few paces very quietly, and very passively, he watched his opportunity, wrenched himself from the gripe of the gentleman on his left, and brought the hand thus released, against the cheek of the gentleman on his right, with so hearty a good will, as to cause him to relinquish his hold, and retreat several paces toward the arena in a slanting position. But that round-about sort of blow with the left fist is very unfavourable toward the preservation of a firm balance; and before Paul had recovered sufficiently to make an effectual "bolt," he was prostrated to the earth by a blow from the other and undamaged watchman, which utterly deprived him of his senses; and when he recovered those useful possessions (which a man may reasonably boast of losing, since it is only the minority who have them to lose), he found himself stretched on a bench in the watchhouse.

CHAPTER VII

Begin with many a gallant slave,
Appell'd as becomes the brave,
Old Glaffer sat in his Divan!

* * * * *

Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
Will one day work me more annoy.

Bride of Abydos.

THE learned and ingenious John Schweighauser—(a name facile to spell and mellifluous to pronounce)—hath been pleased, in that *Appendix continens particulam doctrinae de mente humanae*, which closeth the volume of his *Opuscula Academica*, to observe—(we translate from memory,)—that, "in the infinite variety of things which, in the theatre of the world, occur to a man's survey, or in some manner or another affect his body or his mind, by far the greater part are so contrived as to bring to him rather some sense of pleasure than of pain or discomfort." Assuming that this holds generally good, in well-constituted frames, we point out a notable example in the case of the incarcerated Paul; for, although that youth was in no agreeable situation at the time present,—and although nothing very encouraging smiled upon him from the prospects of the future, yet, as soon as he had recovered his consciousness, and given himself a rousing shake, he found an immediate source of pleasure in discovering, first, that several ladies and gentlemen bore him company in his imprisonment; and, secondly, in perceiving a huge jug of water within his reach, which, as his awaking sensation was that of burning thirst, he delightedly emptied at a draught. He then, stretching himself, looked around with a wistful earnestness, and discovered a back turned toward him, and recumbent on the floor, which, at the very first glance, appeared to him familiar. "Surely," thought he, "I know that frieze coat, and the peculiar turn of those narrow shoulders." Thus soliloquizing, he raised himself, and, putting out his leg, he gently kicked the reclining form. "Muttering strange oaths," the form turned round, and, raising itself upon that

inhospitable part of the body in which the introduction of foreign feet is considered any thing but an honour, it fixed its dull blue eyes upon the face of the disturber of its slumbers, gradually opening them wider and wider, until they seemed to have enlarged themselves into proportions fit for the swallowing of the important truth that burst upon them, and then from the mouth of the creature issued—

"Queer my gills, if that ben't little Paul!"

"Ay, Dumnie, here I am!—Not been long without being laid by the heels, you see!—Life is short; we must make the best use of our time!"

Upon this, Mr. Dunnaker—(it was no less respectable a person) scrambled up from the floor, and, seating himself on the bench beside Paul, said, in a pitying tone—

"Vy, Lave-a-me! if you ben't knocked o' the head!—your poll's as bloody as Murphy's face* ven his throat's out!"

"Tis only the fortune of war, Dumnie, and a mere trifle: the heads manufactured at Thames Court are not easily put out of order.—But tell me, how comes your here?"

"Vy, I had been lushing heavy vet —"

"Till you grew light in the head, eh! and fell into the kennel."

"Yea."

"Mine is a worse business than that, I fear," and therewith Paul, in a lower voice, related to the trusty Dumnie the train of accidents which had conducted him to his present asylum. Dumnie's face elongated as he listened: however, when the narrative was over, he endeavoured such consolatory palliatives as occurred to him. He represented, first, the possibility that the gentleman might not take the trouble to appear; secondly, the certainty that no watch was found about Paul's person; thirdly, the fact that, even by the gentleman's confession, Paul had not been the actual offender; fourthly, if the worst came to the worst, what were a few weeks' or even months' imprisonment?

"Blow me tight!" said Dumnie, "if it ben't as good a vay of passing the time as a cove as is fond of snuggery need desire?"

This observation had no comfort for Paul, who recoiled, with all the maiden coyness of one to whom such unions are unfamiliar, from a matrimonial alliance with the snuggery of the House of Correction. He rather trusted to another source for consolation; in a word, he encouraged the flattering belief, that Long Ned, finding that Paul had been caught instead of himself, would have the generosity to come forward and exculpate him from the charge. On hinting this idea to Dumnie, that accomplished "man about town" could not for some time believe that any simpleton could be so thoroughly unacquainted with the world, as seriously to entertain so ridiculous a notion; and, indeed, it is somewhat remarkable that such a hope should ever have told its flattering tale to one brought up in the house of Mrs. Margaret Lobkins. But Paul, we have seen, had formed many of his notions from books; and he had the same fine theories of your "moral rogue," that possess the minds of young patriots when they first

leave college for the House of Commons, and think integrity a prettier thing than office.

Mr. Dunnaker urged Paul, seriously, to dismiss vague and childish a fancy from his head, and rather to think of what line of defence it would be best for him to pursue. This subject being at length exhausted, Paul resorted to Mrs. Lobkins and inquired whether Dumnie had lately honoured that lady with a visit.

Mr. Dunnaker replied that he had, though with much difficulty, appeased her anger against him for his supposed abatement of Paul's crime, and that of late she had held sundry conversations with Dumnie respecting our hero himself. Upon questioning Dumnie further, Paul learnt the good matron's reasons for not enforcing that solicitude for his return which our hero had reasonably anticipated. The fact was, that she, having no confidence whatsoever in his own resources independent of her, had not been sorry of an opportunity effectually, as she hoped, to humble that pride which had so revolted her; and she planned her vanity by anticipating the time when Paul, striven into submission, would gladly, and penitently, seek the shelter of her roof, and, tamed as it was by experience, would never again kick against the yoke which her maternally prudence thought it fitting to impose upon him. She contented herself then with obtaining from Dumnie the intelligence, that our hero was under Mac Garveler's roof, and therefore, out of all absolute evil; and, as she could not foresee the ingenious exertions of intellect by which Paul had converted himself into the 'Nebittus' of the 'Asinum', and thereby saved himself from utter penny, she was perfectly convinced, from her knowledge of character, that the illustrious Mac Garveler would not long continue that protection to his rebellious protegee, which, in her opinion, was his only preservative from picking pockets or famishing. To the former decent alternative she knew Paul's great and jejune aversion, and she consequently had little fear for his morals or his safety, in thus abandoning him for a while to chance. Any anxiety too that she might otherwise have keenly experienced was deadened by the habitual intoxication now increasing upon the good lady with age, and which, though at times she could be excited to all her characteristic vehemence, kept her senses for the most part plunged into a lethargic stupor, or, to speak more courteously, in a poetical abstraction from the things of the external world.

"But," said Dumnie, as by degrees he imparted the solution of the Dame's conduct to the listening ear of his companion—"But I open as ow ven you be out of this ere scrape, little Paul, you vill take warning, and drop Meester Pepper's acquaintance, (vich, I must say, I vas always a sorry to see you hencourage,) and go home to the Mug, and him grasp the old mort, for she has not been like the same cretur ever since you vent. She's a delicate-arsed ooman, that Piggy Lob!"

So appropriate a panegyric on Mrs. Margaret Lobkins might, at another time, have excited Paul's visible muscles; but at that moment he really felt compunction for the unceremonious manner in which he had left her, and the softness of regretful affection imbued in its hallowing colour even the image of Piggy Lob.

In conversation of this intellectual and domestic

* "Murphy's face," unlearned reader, appeareth, in Irish phrase, to mean "pig's head."

description, the night and ensuing morning passed away, till Paul found himself in the awful presence of Justice Burnflat. Several cases were disposed of before his own, and among others Mr. Dummie Dunnaker obtained his release, though not without a severe reprimand for his sin of inebriety, which no doubt sensibly affected the ingenuous spirit of that noble character. At length Paul's turn came. He heard, as he took his station, a general buzz. At first he imagined it was of his own interesting appearance, but raising his eyes, he perceived that it was at the entrance of the gentleman who was to become his accuser.

"Hush," said some one near him, "'tis Lawyer Brandon. Ah, he's a 'cute fellow! It will go hard with the person he complains of."

There was a happy fund of elasticity of spirit about our hero, and though he had not the good fortune to have "a mighty heart," a circumstance which, by the poets and philosophers of the present day, is supposed to inspire a man with wonderful courage, and make him impervious to all misfortunes; yet he bore himself up with wonderful courage under his present trying situation, and was far from overwhelmed, though he was certainly a little damped, by the observation he had just heard.

Mr. Brandon was indeed a barrister of considerable reputation, and in high esteem in the world, not only for talent, but also for a great austerity of manners, which, though a little mingled with sternness and acerbity for the errors of other men, was naturally thought the more praiseworthy on that account; there being, as persons of experience are doubtless aware, two divisions in the first class of morality: imprimis, a great hatred for the vices of one's neighbour; secondly, the possession of virtues in one's self.

Mr. Brandon was received with great courtesy by Justice Burnflat, and as he came, watch in hand, (a borrowed watch) saying that his time was worth five guineas a moment, the Justice proceeded immediately to business.

Nothing could be clearer, shorter, or more satisfactory, than the evidence of Mr. Brandon. The corroborative testimony of the watchman followed; and then Paul was called upon for his defence. His was equally brief with the charge;—but, alas! it was not equally satisfactory. It consisted in a plain declaration of his innocence. His comrade, he confessed, might have stolen the watch, but he humbly suggested that that was exactly the very reason why he had *not* stolen it.

"How long, fellow," asked Justice Burnflat, "have you known your companion?"

"About half a year!"

"And what is his name and calling?"

Paul hesitated, and declined to answer.

"A sad piece of business!" said the Justice, in melancholy tone, and shaking his head portentously.

The lawyer acquiesced in the aphorism; but with great magnanimity observed, that he did not wish to be hard upon the young man. His youth was in his favour, and his offence was probably the consequence of evil company. He suggested, therefore, that as he must be perfectly aware of the address of his friend, he should receive a full pardon, if he would immediately favour the magistrate with that information. He concluded by remarking, with singular philanthropy, that it was not the

punishment of the youth, but the recovery of his watch that he desired.

Justice Burnflat, having duly impressed upon our hero's mind the disinterested and Christian mercy of the complainant, and the everlasting obligation Paul was under to him for its display, now repeated, with double solemnity, those queries respecting the habitation and name of Long Ned, which our hero had before declined to answer.

Grieved are we to confess, that Paul, ungrateful for, and wholly untouched by, the beautiful benignity of Lawyer Brandon, continued firm in his stubborn denial to betray his comrade, and with equal obduracy he continued to insist upon his own innocence and unblemished respectability of character.

"Your name, young man?" quoth the Justice. "Your name, you say is Paul,—Paul what? you have many an *alias*, I'll be bound."

Here the young gentleman again hesitated: at length he replied—

"Paul Lobkins, your Worship."

"Lobkins?" repeated the Judge—"Lobkins! come hither, Saunders—have not we that name down in our black books?"

"So please your Worship," quoth a little stout man, very useful in many respects to the Fustas of the Police, "there is one Peggy Lobkins, who keeps a public-house, a sort of flash-ken, called the Mug, in Thames Court, not exactly in our beat, your Worship."

"Ho, ho!" said Justice Burnflat, winking at Mr. Brandon, "we must sift this a little. Pray, Mr. Paul Lobkins, what relation is the good landlady of the Mug, in Thames Court, to yourself?"

"None at all, Sir," said Paul, hastily,—"*she's* only a friend!"

Upon this there was a laugh in the court.

"Silence," cried the justice, "and I dare say, Mr. Paul Lobkins, that this friend of yours will vouch for the respectability of your character, upon which you are pleased to value yourself."

"I have not a doubt of it, Sir," answered Paul; and there was another laugh.

"And is there any other equally weighty and praiseworthy friend of yours who will do you the like kindness?"

Paul hesitated; and at that moment, to the surprise of the court, but above all to the utter and astounding surprise of himself, two gentlemen dressed in the height of the fashion pushed forward, and, bowing to the Justice, declared themselves ready to vouch for the thorough respectability, and unimpeachable character of Mr. Paul Lobkins, whom they had known, they said, for many years, and for whom they had the greatest respect. While Paul was surveying the persons of these kind friends, whom he never remembered to have seen before in the course of his life, the lawyer, who was a very sharp fellow, whispered to the magistrate, and that dignitary nodding as in assent, and eyeing the new comers, inquired the names of Mr. Lobkins' witnesses.

"Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert, and Mr. William Howard Russell," were the several replies.

Names so aristocratic produced a general sensation. But the impenetrable Justice calling the same Mr. Saunders he had addressed before, asked him to examine well the countenances of Mr. Lobkins' friends.

As the Alguazil eyed the features of the memorable Don Raphael and the illustrious Manuel Morales, when the former of those accomplished personages thought it convenient to assume the travelling dignity of an Italian Prince, son of the Sovereign of the valleys which lie between Switzerland, the Milanese, and Savoy, while the latter was contented with being servant to *Monsieur le Prince*; even so, with far more earnestness than respect, did Mr. Saunders eye the features of those high-born gentlemen, Messrs. Eustace Fitzherbert, and William Howard Russell; but, after a long survey, he withdrew his eyes, made an unsatisfactory and unrecognizing gesture to the magistrate, and said,—“Please your Worship, they are none of my flock; but Bill Troutling knows more of this sort of genteel chaps than I do.”

“Bid Bill Troutling appear!” was the laconic order.

At that name, a certain modest confusion might have been visible in the faces of Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert and Mr. William Howard Russell, had not the attention of the court been immediately directed to another case. A poor woman had been committed for seven days to the House of Correction on a charge of *disrespectability*. Her husband, the person most interested in the matter, now came forward to disprove the charge; and by help of his neighbours he succeeded.

“It is all very true,” said Justice Burnflat; “but as your wife, my good fellow, will be out in five days, it will be scarcely worth while to release her now.”*

So judicious a decision could not fail of satisfying the husband; and the audience became from that moment enlightened as to a very remarkable truth—viz.; that five days out of seven bear a peculiarly small proportion to the remaining two; and that people in England have so prodigious a love for punishment, that though it is not worth while to release an innocent woman from prison five days sooner than one would otherwise have done, it is exceedingly well worth while to commit her to prison for seven!

When the husband, drawing his rough hand across his eyes, and muttering some vulgar impertinence or another, had withdrawn, Mr. Saunders said,—

“Hark be Bill Troutling, your Worship?”

“Oh, well,” quoth the Justice,—“and now Mr. Eustace Fitz—Hello, how’s this! where are Mr. William Howard Russell, and his friend Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert?”

“Echo, answered,—Where?”

Those noble gentlemen, having a natural dislike to be confronted with so low a person as Mr. Bill Troutling had, the instant public interest was directed from them, silently disappeared from a scene where their rank in life seemed so little regarded. If, reader, you should be anxious to learn from what part of the world the transitory visitants appeared, know, that they were spirits sent by that inimitable magician, Long Ned, partly to report how matters fared in the court; for Mr. Pepper,—in pursuance of that old policy which teaches that the nearer

the fox is to the hunters, the more chance he has of being overlooked,—had, immediately on his abrupt departure from Paul, dived into a house in the very street where his ingenuity had displayed itself, and in which oysters and ale nightly allured and regaled an assembly that, to speak impartially, was more numerous than select: there had he learnt how a pickpocket had been seized for unlawful affection to another man’s watch, and there, while he quietly seasoned his oysters, had he, with his characteristic acuteness, satisfied his mind, by the conviction that that arrested unfortunate was no other than Paul. Partly therefore as a precaution for his own safety, that he might receive early intelligence, should Paul’s defence make a change of residence expedient, and partly (out of the friendliness of fellowship) to back his companion with such aid as the favourable testimony of two well-dressed persons, little known “about town,” might confer, he had despatched those celestial beings, who had appeared under the mortal name of Eustace Fitzherbert, and William Howard Russell, to the imperial court of Justice Burnflat. Having thus accounted for the apparition, (the *disapparition* requires no commentary)—of Paul’s ‘friends,’ we return to Paul himself.

Despite of the perils with which he was yet, our young hero fought out to the last, but the Justice was not by any means willing to displace Mr. Brandon; and observing that an incredulous and biting sneer remained stationary on that gentleman’s lip, during the whole of Paul’s defence, he could not but shape his decision according to the well-known acuteness of the celebrated lawyer. Paul was accordingly sentenced to retire for three months to that country-house situated at Bridewell, to which the ungrateful functionaries of justice often banish their most active citizens.

As soon as the sentence was passed, Brandon, whose keen eyes saw no hope of recovering his lost treasure, declared that the rascal had perfectly the Old-Bailey-cut of countenance, and that he did not doubt but, if ever he lived to be a judge, he should also live to pass a very different description of sentence on the offender.

So saying, he resolved to lose no more time, and very abruptly left the office, without any other comfort than the remembrance that, at all events, he had sent the boy to a place where, let him be ever so innocent at present, he was certain to come out as much inclined to be guilty, as his friends could desire; joined to such moral reflection as the tragedy of *Bombastes Furioso* might have afforded to himself in that sententious and terse line—

“Thy watch is gone,—watches are made to go!”

Meanwhile, Paul was conducted in state to his retreat, in company with two other offenders, one a middle-aged man, though a very old ‘*fil*,’ who was sentenced for getting money under false pretences, and the other a little boy, who had been found guilty of sleeping under a colonnade: it being the especial beauty of the English law, to make no fine-drawn and nonsensical shades of difference between vice and misfortune; and its peculiar method of protecting the honest being, to make as many rogues as possible in as short a space of time.

* A fact, occurring in the month of January last, 1830.—*See the Morning Herald.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Common Sense.—What is the end of punishment, as regards the individual punished?

Custom.—To make him better.

Common Sense.—How do you punish young offenders who are (from their youth) peculiarly alive to example, and on whom it is therefore more easy either to ruin or reform, than on the matured?

Custom.—We send them to the House of Correction, to associate with the damndest rascals in the country!

Dialogue between Common Sense and Custom.—
(*Very scarce.*)

As it was rather late in the day when Paul made his first *entrée* at Bridewell, he passed that night in the "receiving-room." The next morning, as soon as he had been examined by the surgeon, and clothed in the customary uniform, he was ushered, according to his classification, among a good company who had been considered guilty of that compendious offence, 'a misdemeanour.' Here a tall gentleman marched up to him, and addressed him in a certain language, which might be called the free-masonry of flash; and which Paul, though he did not comprehend verbatim, rightly understood to be an inquiry whether he was a thorough rogue and an entire rascal. He answered half in confusion, half in anger—and his reply was so detrimental to any favourable influence he might otherwise have exercised over the interrogator,—that the latter personage, giving him a pinch in the ear, shouted out, "Ramp, ramp!" and, at that significant and awful word, Paul found himself surrounded in a trice by a whole host of ingenious tormentors. One pulled this member, another pinched that; one cuffed him before, and another thrashed him behind. By way of interlude to this pleasing occupation, they tripped him of the very few things that in his change of dress he had retained. One carried off his handkerchief, a second his neckcloth, and a third, luckier than either, possessed himself of a pair of cornelian shirt-buttons, given to Paul as a *gage d'amour* by a young lady who sold oranges near the Tower. Happily, before this initiatory recess, technically termed "ramping," and exercised upon all new comers who seem to have a spark of decency in them, had reduced the bones of Paul, who fought tooth-and-nail in his defence, to the state of magnesia; a man of a grave aspect, who had hitherto plucked his oakum in quiet, suddenly rose, thrust himself between the victim and the assailants, and desired the latter, like one having authority, to leave the lad alone, and go and be h—d.

This proposal to resort to another place for amusement, though uttered in a very grave and tranquil manner, produced that instantaneous effect which admonitions from great rogues generally work upon little. Messieurs the "rampers" ceased from their amusements, and the ringleader of the gang, thumping Paul heartily on the back, declared he was a capital fellow, and it was only a bit of a *spreec* like, which he hoped had not given him any offence.

Paul, still clenching his fist, was about to answer in no pacific mood, when a turnkey, who did not care in the least how many men he looked up for an offence, but who did not at all like the trouble of looking after any one of his flock, to see that the offence was not committed, now suddenly appeared among the set; and, after scolding them for the excessive plague they were to him, carried

off two of the poorest of the mob to solitary confinement. It happened of course that *these* two had not taken the smallest share in the disturbance. This scene over, the company returned to picking oakum,—the tread-mill, that admirably just invention, by which a strong man suffers no fatigue, and a weak one loses his health for life, not having been then introduced in our excellent establishments for correcting crime. Bitterly, and with many dark and wrathful feelings, in which the sense of injustice at punishment alone bore him up against the humiliations to which he was subjected—bitterly, and with a swelling heart, in which the thoughts that lead to crime were already forcing their way through a soil suddenly warmed for their growth, did Paul bend over his employment. He felt himself touched on the arm, he turned, and saw that the gentleman who had so kindly delivered him from his tormentors, was now sitting next to him. Paul gazed long and earnestly upon his neighbour, struggling with the thought, that he had beheld that sagacious countenance in happier times—although, now, alas! it was altered, not only by time and vicissitude, but by that air of gravity which the cares of mankind spread gradually over the face of the most thoughtless,—until all doubt melted away: and he exclaimed—

"Is that you, Mr. Tomlinson?—how glad I am to see you here!"

"And I," returned the quondam murderer for the newspapers, with a nasal twang, "should be very glad to see myself any where else!"

Paul made no answer, and Augustus continued.

"To a wise man all places are the same,"—so it has been said. I don't believe it, Paul,—I don't believe it.—But a truce to reflection. I remembered you the moment I saw you, though you are surprisingly grown. How is my friend Mac Grawler?—still hard at work for the Asineum?"

"I believe so," said Paul sullenly, and hastening to change the conversation; "but tell me, Mr. Tomlinson, how came you hither? I heard you had gone down to the North of England to fulfil a lucrative employment."

"Possibly! the world always misrepresents the actions of those who are constantly before it!"

"It is very true," said Paul, "and I have said the same thing myself a hundred times in the Asineum,—for we were never too lavish of our truths in that magnificent journal. 'Tis astonishing what a way we made three ideas go,"

"You remind me of myself and my newspaper labours," rejoined Augustus Tomlinson: "I am not quite sure that I had so many as three ideas to spare; for, as you say, it is astonishing how far that number may go, properly managed. It is with writers as with strolling players,—the same three ideas that did for Turks in one scene, do for Highlanders in the next:—but you must tell me your history one of these days, and you shall hear mine."

"I should be excessively obliged to you for your confidence," said Paul, "and I doubt not but your life must be excessively entertaining. Mine, as yet, has been but insipid. The lives of literary men are not fraught with adventure; and I question whether every writer in the Asineum has not led pretty nearly the same existence as that which I have sustained myself."

In conversation of this sort, our newly restored

friends passed the remainder of the day, until the hour of half-past four, when the prisoners are to suppose night has begun, and be locked up in their bed-rooms. Tomlinson then, who was glad to re-find a person who had known him in his *beaux-jours*, spoke privately to the turnkey; and the result of the conversation was the coupling Paul and Augustus in the same chamber, which was a sort of stone box, that generally accommodated three, and was—for we have measured it, as we would have measured the cell of the prisoner of Chillon,—just eight feet by six.

We do not intend, reader, to indicate by broad colours and in long detail, the moral deterioration of our hero; because we have found, by experience, that such pains on our part do little more than make thee blame our stupidity instead of lending our intention. We shall therefore only work out our moral by subtle hints and brief comments; and we shall now content ourselves with reminding thee, that hitherto thou hast seen Paul honest in the teeth of circumstances. Despite the contagion of the Mug,—despite his associates in Fish Lane,—despite his intimacy with Long Ned, thou hast seen him brave temptation, and look forward to some other career than that of robbery or fraud. Nay, even in his destitution, when driven from the abode of his childhood, thou hast observed how, instead of resorting to some more pleasurable or libertine road of life, he betook himself at once to the dull roof and insipid employments of Mac Grawler, and preferred honestly earning his subsistence by the sweat of his brain, to recurring to any of the numerous ways of living on others with which his experience among the worse part of society must have teemed, and which, to say the least of them, are more alluring to the young and the adventurous, than the barren paths of literary labour. Indeed, to let thee into a secret, it had been Paul's daring ambition to raise himself into a worthy member of the community. His present circumstances, it may hereafter be seen, made the cause of a great change in his desires; and the conversation he held that night with the ingenious and skilful Augustus, went more towards fitting him for the hero of this work, than all the habits of his childhood, or the scenes of his earlier youth. Young people are apt, erroneously, to believe, that it is a bad thing to be exceedingly wicked. The House of Correction is so called, because it is a place where so ridiculous a notion is invariably corrected.

The next day, Paul was surprised, by a visit from Mrs. Lobkins, who had heard of his situation, and its causes, from the friendly Dammie, and who had managed to obtain from Justice Burnflat, an order of admission. They met, Pyramus and Thisbe like, with a wall, or rather an iron gate, between them; and Mrs. Lobkins, after an ejaculation of despair at the obstacle, burst weeping into the pathetic reproach—

"O Paul, thou hast brought thy pigs to a fine market!"

"Tis a market proper for pigs, dear Dame," said Paul, who, though with a tear in his eye, did not refuse a joke as bitter as it was inelegant; "for, of all others, it is the spot where a man learns to take care of his bacon."

"Hold your tongue!" cried the Dame angrily. "What business has you to gabble on so while you are in limbo?"

"Ah, dear Dame," said Paul, "we can't help these rubs and stumbles on our road to preferment!"

"Road to the scragging-post!" cried the Dame. "I tell you, child, you'll live to be hanged in spite of all my care and 'tention to you, though I dedicated you as a scholar, and always hoped as how you would grow up to be an honour to your —"

"King and country," interrupted Paul. "We always say honour to king and country, which means getting rich and paying taxes. 'The more tances a man pays, the greater honour he is to both,' as Augustus says.—Well, dear Dame, all in good time."

"What! you is merry—is you? Why does not you weep! Your heart is as hard as a brickbat. It looks quite unnatural and hymnalike, to be a *devil-me-cordish*!" So saying, the good Dame's tears gushed forth with the bitterness of a despairing Parisina.

"Nay, nay," said Paul, who, though he suffered far more intensely, bore the suffering far more easily than his patroness, "we cannot mend the matter by crying. Suppose you see what can be done for me. I dare say you may manage to soften the Justice's sentence by a little 'oil of palms;' and if you can get me out before I am quite corrupted,—a day or two longer in this infernal place will do the business,—I promise you, that I will not only live honestly myself, but with people who live in the same manner."

"Bless me, Paul," said the tender Mrs. Lobkins, "bless me, oh! but I forgot the gate!"—"I'll see what can be done. And here, my lad, here's summat for you in the meanwhile. A drop o' the cretur to preach comfort to your poor stomach.—Hush! smuggle it through, or they'll see you."

Here the Dame endeavoured to push a stone bottle through the bars of the gate; but, alas! though the neck past through, the body refused, and the Dame was forced to retract the "cretur." Upon this, the kind-hearted woman renewed her sobbings; and so absorbed was she in her grief, that, seemingly quite forgetting for what purpose she had brought the bottle, she applied it to her own mouth, and consoled herself with that *effrit* which she had originally designed for Paul.

This somewhat restored her; and after a most affecting scene, the Dame reeled off with the vacillating steps natural to wo, promising, as she went, that, if love or money could shorten Paul's confinement neither should be wanting. We are rather at a loss to know the exact influence which the former of these arguments, urged by the lovely Margaret, might have had with Justice Burnflat.

When the good Dame had departed, Paul hastened to repick his oakum and rejoin his friend. He found the worthy Augustus privately selling little elegant luxuries, such as tobacco, gin, and rations of daintier viands than the prison allowed; for Augustus, having more money than the rest of his companionship, managed, through the friendship of the turnkey, to purchase secretly, and to re-sell at about four hundred per cent. such comforts as the prisoners especially coveted.*

* A very common practice at the Bridewells. The Governor at the Cold-Bath-Fields, seemingly a very intelligent and active man, every way fitted for a most arduous undertaking, informed us, in the only conversation we have had the honour to hold with him, that he thought he had nearly or quite, destroyed in his jurisdiction this illegal method

"A proof," said Augustus drily to Paul, "that, by prudence and exertion, even in those places where a man cannot turn himself, he may manage to turn a penny!"

CHAPTER IX.

Relate at large, my godlike guest, she said,
The Grecian stratagems,—the town betrayed!
DAYDEN'S *Virgil*, B. II. *Æn.*

Descending thence, they 'scaped!

Ibid.

A GREAT improvement had taken place in the character of Augustus Tomlinson, since Paul had first encountered that illustrious man. Then, Augustus had affected the man of pleasure,—the learned loungeur about town,—the all-accomplished scribbler of the Papers—now quoting Horace—now striking a fly from the leader of Lord Dunblun; in a word, a sort of human half-way house between Lord Dudley and the Marquis of Worcester. Now, a graver, yet not a less supercilious air had settled upon his features; the pretence of fashion had given way to the pretence of wisdom; and, from the man of pleasure, Augustus Tomlinson had grown to the philosopher. With this elevation of tone, too, he was not content: he united the philosopher with the politician; and the ingenious local was pleased especially to pique himself upon being,—A moderate Whig!—"Paul," he was wont to observe, "believe me, moderate Whiggism is a most excellent creed. It adapts itself to every possible change, to every conceivable variety of circumstance. It is the only politics for us who are the aristocrats of that free body who rebel against tyrannical laws! for, hang it, I am one of your democrats. Let there be dungeons and turnkeys for the low rascals who strip clothes from the hedge where they hang to the wall, or steal down an area in quest of silver spoons; Houses of Correction are not made for men who have received an enlightened education,—who abhor your petty thefts as much as a justice of peace can do,—who ought never to be termed dishonest in their dealings, but, if they are found to be so, 'unlucky in their speculations!'" A pretty brag, indeed, that there should be distinctions of rank among other members of the community, and none among us! Where's your boasted British Institution? I should like to know—where are the privileges of aristocracy, if I, who am a gentleman born, know Latin, and have lived in the highest society, should be thrust into this abominable cell with a dirty fellow, who was born in a cellar, and could never earn more at a time than would purchase a sausage?—No, no! none of your selling principles for me! I am liberal, Paul, I love liberty; but, thank Heaven, I despise your democracies!"

Thus, half in earnest,—half veiling a natural aversion to sarcasm, would this moderate Whig run on for the hour together, during those long nights,

commerce, gloriously profitable to the Turnkey; and before, doubtless, (on that excellent principle of the British Constitution, that the more the governors make, the better for the governed,) highly salutary to the public. A phrase applied to a noted defaulter of the public mo-

commencing at half-past four, in which he and Paul bore each other company.

One evening, when Tomlinson was so bitterly disposed to be prefix that Paul felt himself somewhat wearied by his eloquence, our hero, desirous of a change in the conversation, reminded Augustus of his promise to communicate his history; and the philosophical Whig, nothing loth to speak of himself, cleared his throat, and began.

HISTORY OF AUGUSTUS TOMLINSON.

"Never mind who was my father, nor what was my native place! My first ancestor was Tommy Linn—(his heir became Tom Linn's son:)—you have heard the ballad made in his praise—

"Tommy Linn is a Scotchman born,
His head is bald, and his beard is shorn;
He had a cap made of a hare skin
An elder man is Tommy Linn!" &c.*

"There was a sort of prophecy respecting my ancestor's descendants darkly insinuated in the concluding stanza of this ballad:

"Tommy Linn, and his wife, and his wife's mother,
They all fell into the fire together;
They that lay undermost got a hot skin:—
'We are not enough!' said Tommy Linn.†

"You see the prophecy; it is applicable both to gentlemen rogues and to moderate Whigs; for both are *undermost* in the world, and both are perpetually bawling out '*We are not enough!*'"

"I shall begin my own history by saying, I went to a North country school; where I was noted for my aptness in learning, and my skill at 'prisoner's base:—Upon my word I purposed no pun. I was intended for the Church: wishing, betimes, to instruct myself in its ceremonies, I persuaded my schoolmaster's maid-servant to assist me toward promoting a christening. My father did not like this premature love for the sacred rites. He took me home; and, wishing to give my clerical ardour a different turn, prepared me for *writing* sermons, by *reading* me a dozen a day. I grew tired of this, strange as it may seem to you. 'Father,' said I, one morning, 'it is no use talking, I will not go into the Church—that's positive. Give me your blessing, and a hundred pounds, and I'll go up to London, and get a *living* instead of a curacy.' My father stormed, but I got the better at last. I talked of becoming a private tutor; swore I had heard nothing was so easy,—the only things wanted were—pupils; and the only way to get them—was to go to London, and let my learning be known. My poor father!—well, he's gone, and I am glad of it now!—(the speaker's voice faltered)—I got the better, I say, and I came to town, where I had a relation a bookseller. Through his interest, I wrote a book of *Travels in Æthiopia*, for an earl's son, who wanted to become a lion; and a *Treatise on the Greek Particle*, dedicated to the prime minister, for a dean, who wanted to become a bishop,—Greek being, next to interest, the best road to the mitre. These two achievements were liberally paid; so I took a lodging in a first floor, and resolved to make a bold stroke for a wife. What do you think I did?—nay, never guess, it would be hopeless. First, I went to the best tailor, and had my clothes sewn on my back; secondly, I got the peerage and its genealogies by heart;

* See Ritson's *North-Country Chorister*.

† *Ibid.*

thiedly, I marched one night, with the coolest deliberation possible, into the house of a duchess, who was giving an immense rout! The newspapers had inspired me with this idea. I had read of the vast crowds which a lady 'at home' sought to win to her house. I had read of staircases impassable, and ladies carried out in a fit; and common sense told me how impossible it was that the fair receiver should be acquainted with the legality of every importation. I therefore resolved to try my chance, and—entered the body of Augustus Tomlinson, as a piece of stolen goods. Faith! the first night I was shy,—I stuck to the staircase, and ogled an old maid of quality, whom I had heard announced as Lady Margaret Sinclair. Doubtless, she had never been ogled before; and she was evidently enraptured with my glances. The next night I read of a ball at the Countess of ——. My heart beat as if I were going to be whipped; but I plucked up courage, and repaired to her ladyship's. There I again beheld the divine Lady Margaret; and, observing that she turned yellow, by way of a blush, when she saw me, I profited by the port I had drunk as an encouragement to my *entre*, and lounging up in the most modish way possible, I reminded her ladyship of an introduction with which *I said* I had once been honoured at the Duke of Dashwell's, and requested her hand for the next cotillon. Oh Paul! fancy my triumph! the old damsel said with a sigh, 'She remembered me very well,' ha! ha! ha! and I carried her off to the cotillon like another Theseus bearing away a second Ariadne. Not to be prolix on this part of my life, I went night after night to balls and routs, for admission to which half the fine gentlemen in London would have given their ears. And I improved my time so well with Lady Margaret, who was her own mistress, and had five thousand pounds,—a devilish bad portion for some, but not to be laughed at by me,—that I began to think *when* the happy day should be fixed. Meanwhile, as Lady Margaret introduced me to some of her friends, and my lodgings were in a good situation, I had been honoured with some real invitations. The only two questions I ever was asked were (carelessly), 'Was I the only son?' and on my veritable answer 'Yes!' 'What,' (this was more warmly put,)—'what was my county?—luckily, my county was a wide one,—Yorkshire; and any of its inhabitants whom the fair interrogators might have questioned about me could only have answered, 'I was not in their part of it.'

"Well, Paul, I grew so bold by success, that the devil one day put it into my head to go to a great dinner-party at the Duke of Dashwell's.—I went, dined,—nothing happened: I came away, and the next morning I read in the papers—

"'Mysterious affair,—person lately going about,—first houses—most fashionable parties—nobody knows—Duke of Dashwell's yesterday. Duke not like to make disturbance—as—Royalty present!'

"The journal dropped from my hands. At that moment, the girl of the house gave me a note from Lady Margaret,—alluded to the paragraph;—wondered who was 'The Stranger';—hoped to see me that night at Lord A——'s, to whose party I said I had been asked;—speak then more fully on those matters I had touched on!—in short, dear Paul, a tender epistle! All great men are fatalists: I am

one now: fate made me a madman: in the very face of this ominous paragraph, I mustered up courage, and went that night to Lord A——'s. The fact is, my affairs were in confusion—I was greatly in debt: I knew it was necessary to finish my conquest over Lady Margaret as soon as possible; and Lord A——'s seemed the best place for the purpose. Nay, I thought delay so dangerous after the cursed paragraph, that a day might unmask me, and it would be better therefore not to lose an hour in finishing the play of 'The Stranger,' with the farce of the 'Honey Moon.' Behold me then at Lord A——'s, leading off Lady Margaret to the dance. Behold me whispering the sweetest of things in her ear. Imagine her approving my suit, and gently chiding me for talking of Gretchen Green. Conceive all this, my dear fellow, and just at the height of my triumph dilate the eyes of your imagination, and behold the stately form of Lord A——; my noble host, marching up to me, with a voice that, though low and quiet as an evening breeze, made my heart sink into my shoes, saying, 'I believe, Sir, you have received no invitation from Lady A——?'

"Not a word could I utter, Paul,—not a word. Had it been the high road instead of a ball-room, I could have talked loudly enough, but I was under a spell. 'Ehem!' I faltered at last: 'E—h—e—m.' Some mistake, I—I.' There I stopped. 'Sir,' said the Earl, regarding me with a grave sternness, 'you had better withdraw!'

"'Bless me! what's all this?' cried Lady Margaret, dropping my palsied arm, and gazing at me as if she expected me to talk like a hero.

"'Oh,' said I, 'Eh—e—m, eh—e—m. I will explain to-morrow, ehem, e—h—e—m.' I ran to the door; all the eyes in the room seemed turned into burning-glasses, and blistered the very skin of my face. I heard a gentle shriek as I left the apartment; Lady Margaret fainting, I suppose. There ended my courtship and my adventures in 'the best society.' I fell melancholy at the failure of my scheme. You must allow, it was a magnificent project. What moral courage! I admire myself when I think of it. Without an introduction, without knowing a soul, to become all by my own resolution, free of the finest houses in London, dancing with Earls' daughters, and carrying off an Earl's daughter myself as my wife. If I had, the friends *must* have done something for me; and Lady Margaret Tomlinson might perhaps have introduced the youthful groom of her Augustus to Parliament or the Ministry. Oh what a fall was there! yet faith, ha! ha! ha! I could not help laughing, despite of my chagrin when I remembered that for three months I had imposed on these 'delicate exclusives,' and been literally invited by many of them, who would not have asked the younger sons of their own country; merely because I lived in a good street, styled myself an only child, and talked of my property in Yorkshire! Ha! ha! how bitter the memory! dupes must have felt, when the discovery was made! what a pill for the good matrons who had received my image with that of some filial Mary or Jane.—ha! ha! ha! the triumph was almost worth the mortification. However, as I said before, I fell melancholy on it, especially as my duns became menacing. So, I went to consult with my friend the bookseller; he recommended me to call for the journals, and obtained me an offer. I went

to work very patiently for a short time, and contracted some agreeable friendships with gentlemen whom I met at an ordinary in St. James's. Still, my duns, though I paid them by dribblets, were the plague of my life: I confessed as much to one of my new friends. 'Come to Bath with me,' quoth he, 'for a week, and you shall return as rich as a Jew.' I accepted the offer, and went to Bath in my friend's chariot. He took the name of Lord Dunshunner, an Irish peer who had never been out of Galway, and was not therefore likely to be known at Bath. He took also a house for a year, filled it with wines, books, and a sideboard of plate: as he talked vaguely of setting up (at the next Parliament) in the town, he bought these goods of the townspeople, in order to encourage their trade; I managed secretly to transport them to London and sell them; and as we disposed of them fifty per cent. under cost price, our customers the pawnbrokers were not very inquisitive. We lived a jolly life at Bath for a couple of months, and departed one night, leaving our housekeeper to answer all interrogatories. We had taken the precaution to wear disguises, stuffed ourselves out, and changed the hues of our hair: my noble friend was an adept at these transformations, and though the police did not sleep on the business,—they never stumbled on us. I am especially glad we were not discovered, for I liked Bath excessively, and I intend to return here some of these days and retire from the world on an heiress!

"Well, Paul, shortly after this adventure, I made my acquaintance. I continued ostensibly my literary profession, but only as a mask for the hours I did not profess. A circumstance obliged me to leave London rather precipitately. Lord Dunshunner joined me in Edinburgh. Damn it, instead of doing any thing there, we were done! The veriest urchin that ever crept through the High Street is more than a match for the most scientific of Englishmen. With us it is art; with the Scotch it is nature. "They pick your pockets, without using their fingers for it; and they prevent reprisal, by having nothing for you to pick."

"We left Edinburgh with very long faces, and at Carlisle we found it necessary to separate. For my part, I went as a valet to a Nobleman who had just lost his last servant at Carlisle by a fever: my friend gave me the best of characters! My new master was a very clever man. He astonished people at dinner by the impromptus he had pronounced at breakfast;—in a word, he was a wit. He soon saw, for he was learned himself, that I had received a classical education, and he employed me in the confidential capacity of finding quotations for him. I classed these alphabetically, and under three heads: 'Parliamentary, Literary, Dining out.' These were again subdivided, into 'Fine,'—'Learned' and 'Jocular;' so that my master knew at once where to refer for genius, wisdom, and wit. He was delighted with my management of his intellects. In compliment to him, I paid more attention to politics than I had done before, for he was a "great Whig," and uncommonly liberal in every thing,—but money! Hence, Paul, the origin of my political principles; and, I thank Heaven, there is not now a rogue in England who is a better, that is to say, more of a moderate, Whig than your humble servant!—I continued with him nearly a year. He discharged me for a fault worthy of my train,—other servants may lose the watch or the

coat of their master; I went at nether game, and lost him—his *private character*!

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I was enamoured of a lady who would not have looked at me as Mr. Tomlinson; so I took my master's clothes, and occasionally his carriage, and made love to my nymph, as Lord ———. Her vanity made her indiscreet. The Tory papers got hold of it; and my master, in a change of Ministers, was declared by George the Third to be 'too gay for a Chancellor of the Exchequer.' An old gentleman who had had fifteen children by a wife like a Gorgon was chosen instead of my master; and although the new Minister was a fool in his public capacity, the moral public were perfectly content with him; because of his *private virtues*!

"My master was furious, made the strictest inquiry, found me out, and turned me out too!"

"A Whig not in place has an excuse for disliking the Constitution. My distress almost made me a republican; but, true to my creed, I must confess that I would only have levelled upwards. I especially disaffected the inequality of riches: I looked moodily on every carriage that passed: I even frowned like a second Catiline, at the steam of a gentleman's kitchen! My last situation had not been lucrative; I had neglected my perquisites, in my ardour for politics. My master too refused to give me a character:—who would take me without one?"

"I was asking myself this melancholy question one morning, when I suddenly encountered one of the fine friends I had picked up at my old haunt, the ordinary in St. James's. His name was Pepper."

"Pepper!" cried Paul.

Without heeding the exclamation, Tomlinson continued.

"We went to a tavern and drank a bottle together. Wine made me communicative; it also opened my comrade's heart. He asked me to take a ride with him that night towards Hounslow: I did so, and found a purse."

"How fortunate! Where?"

"In a gentleman's pocket.—I was so pleased with my luck, that I went the same road twice a-week, in order to see if I could pick up any more purses. Fate favoured me, and I lived for a long time the life of the blest. Oh, Paul, you know not—you know not what a glorious life is that of a highwayman; but you shall taste it one of these days. You shall, on my honour."

"I now lived with a club of honest fellows: we called ourselves 'The Exclusives,' for we were mighty reserved in our associates, and only those who did business on a grand scale were admitted into our set. For my part, with all my love for my profession, I liked ingenuity still better than force, and preferred what the vulgar called swindling, even to the high-road. On an expedition of this sort, I rode once into a country town, and saw a crowd assembled in one corner,—I joined it, and,—guess my feelings! behold my poor friend, Viscount Dunshunner, just about to be hanged! I rode off as fast as I could,—I thought I saw Jack Ketch at my heels. My horse threw me at a hedge, and I broke my collar-bone. In the confinement that ensued, gloomy ideas floated before me. I did not like to be hanged; so I reasoned against my errors, and repented. I recovered

slowly, returned to town, and repaired to my cousin the bookseller. To say truth, I had played him a little trick; collected some debts of his by a mistake—very natural in the confusion incident on my distresses. However, he was extremely unkind about it; and the mistake, natural as it was, had cost me his acquaintance.

"I went now to him with the penitential aspect of the prodigal son, and, 'faith, he would not have made a bad representation of the fatted calf about to be killed on my return; so corpulent looked he, and so dejected!' 'Graceless reprobate!' he began; 'your poor father is dead!' I was exceedingly shocked; but—never fear, Paul, I am not about to be pathetic. My father had divided his fortune among all his children; my share was 500*l*. The possession of this sum made my penitence seem much more sincere in the eyes of my good cousin; and after a very pathetic scene, he took me once more into favour. I now consulted with him as to the best method of laying out my capital and recovering my character. We could not devise any scheme at the first conference; but the second time I saw him, my cousin said with a cheerful countenance, 'Cheer up, Augustus, I have got thee a situation. Mr. Asgrave, the banker, will take thee as a clerk. He is a most worthy man; and having a vast deal of learning, he will respect thee for thy acquirements.' The same day I was introduced to Mr. Asgrave, who was a little man with a fine bald benevolent head; and after a long conversation which he was pleased to hold with me, I became one of his quill-drivers. I don't know how it was, but by little and little I rose in my master's good graces: I propitiated him, I fancy, by disposing of my 500*l*. according to his advice; he laid it out for me, on what he said was famous security, on a landed estate. Mr. Asgrave was of social habits,—he had a capital house and excellent wines. As he was not very particular in his company, nor ambitious of visiting the great, he often suffered me to make one of his table, and was pleased to hold long arguments with me about the ancients. I soon found out that my master was a great moral philosopher; and being myself in weak health, satiated of the ordinary pursuits of the world, in which my experience had forestalled my years, and naturally of a contemplative temperament, I turned my attention to the moral studies which so fascinated my employer. I read through nine shelves full of metaphysicians, and knew exactly the points in which these illustrious thinkers quarrelled with each other to the great advance of the science. My master and I used to hold many a long discussion about the nature of good and evil; and as by help of his benevolent forehead and a clear dogged voice, he always seemed to our audience to be the wiser and better man of the two; he was very well pleased with our disputes. This gentleman had an only daughter, an awful shrew with a face like a hatchet; but philosophers overcome personal defects: and thinking only of the good her wealth might enable me to do to my fellow-creatures, I secretly made love to her. You will say, that was playing my master but a scurvy trick in return for his kindness—not at all, my master himself had convinced me, that there was no such virtue as gratitude. It was an error of vulgar moralists. I yielded to his arguments, and at length privately espoused his daughter. The day after this took place, he summoned me to

his study. 'So, Augustus,' said he very mildly 'you have married my daughter: nay, never be confused; I saw a long time ago that you were resolved to do so, and I was very glad of it.'

"I attempted to falter out something like thanks. 'Never interrupt me!' said he. 'I had two reasons for being glad;—1st. Because my daughter was the plague of my life, and I wanted some one to take her off my hands;—2ndly, Because I required your assistance on a particular point, and I could not venture to ask it of any one but my son-in-law. In fine, I wish to take you into partnership!!!'

"'Partnership!' cried I, falling on my knees. 'Noble—generous man!'

"'Stay a bit,' continued my father-in-law. 'What funds do you think requisite for the carrying on a bank? You look puzzled! Not a shilling! You will put in just as much as I do. You will put in rather more; for you once put in five hundred pounds, which has been spent long ago. I don't put in a shilling of my own. I live on my clients, and I very willingly offer you half of them!'

"Imagine, dear Paul, my astonishment, my dismay! I saw myself married to a hideous shrew—son-in-law to a pennyless scoundrel, and cheated out of my whole fortune! Compare the view of the question with that which had blazed on me when I contemplated being son-in-law to the rich Mr. Asgrave. I stormed at first. Mr. Asgrave took up 'Bacon on the Advancement of Learning,' and made no reply till I was cooled by explosion. You will perceive, that when pain subsided, I necessarily saw that nothing was left for me but adopting my father-in-law's proposal. Thus, by the fatality which attended me, at the very time I meant to reform I was forced into scoundrelism, and I was driven into defrauding a vast number of persons by the accident of being son-in-law to a great moralist. As Mr. Asgrave was an indolent man, who passed his mornings in speculations on virtue, I was made the active partner. I spent the day at the counting-house; and when I came home for recreation, my wife scratched my eyes out."

"But were you never recognized as 'the stranger,' or 'the adventurer,' in your new capacity?"

"No; for of course I assumed, in all my changes, both Aliases and Disguises. And, to tell you the truth, my marriage so altered me, that with a snuff-coloured coat, and a brown straw wig, with a pen in my right ear, I looked the very picture of staid respectability. My face grew an inch longer every day. Nothing is so respectable as a long face! and a subdued expression of countenance is the surest sign of commercial propriety. Well, we went on splendidly enough for about a year. Meanwhile I was wonderfully improved in philosophy. You have no idea how a scolding wife sublimates and rarifies one's intellect. Thunder clears the air, you know! At length, unhappily for my fame, (for I contemplated a magnificent moral history of man, which, had she lived a year longer, I should have completed) my wife died in child-bed. My father-in-law and I were talking over the event, and finding fault with civilization by the enervating habits of which, women die of their children, instead of bringing them forth without being even conscious of the circumstance:—when a bit of paper, sealed awry, was given to my

partner: he looked over it—finished the discussion, and then told me our bank had stopped payment. 'Now, Augustus,' said he, lighting his pipe with the bit of paper, 'you see the good of having nothing to lose!'

"We did not pay quite sixpence in the pound; but my partner was thought so unfortunate that the British public raised a subscription for him, and he retired on an annuity, greatly respected and very much compassionated. As I had not been so well known as a moralist, and had not the prepossessing advantage of a bald benevolent head, nothing was done for me, and I was turned once more on the wide world, to moralize on the vicissitudes of fortune. My cousin the bookseller was no more, and his son cut me. I took a garret in Warwick Court, and with a few books, my only consolation, I endeavoured to nerve my mind to the future. It was at this time, Paul, that my studies really availed me. I meditated much, and became a true philosopher, viz. a practical one. My actions were henceforth regulated by principle; and at some time or other I will convince you that the road of true morals never avoids the pockets of your neighbour. So soon as my mind had made the grand discovery which Mr. Asgrave had made before me, that one should live according to a system,—for if you do wrong, it is then your system that errs, not you,—I took to the road, without any of those stings of conscience which had hitherto annoyed me in such adventures. I formed one of a capital knot of 'Free Agents,' whom I will introduce to you some day or other, and I soon rose to distinction among them. But about six weeks ago, not less than formerly preferring by-ways to high-ways, I attempted to possess myself of a carriage, and sell it at discount. I was acquitted on the felony; but sent hither by Justice Burnflat on the misdemeanor. Thus far, my young friend, hath as yet proceeded the life of Augustus Tomlinson."

The history of this gentleman made a deep impression on Paul. The impression was strengthened by the conversation subsequently holden with Augustus. That worthy was a dangerous and able persuader. He had really read a good deal of history, and something of morals; and he had an ingenious way of defending his rascally practices by syllogisms from the latter, and examples from the former. These theories he clenched, as it were, by a reference to the existing politics of the day. Cheaters of the public, on false pretences, he was pleased to term "*moderate Whigs*;" and the young demanders of your purse were "*high Tories*;" and thieving in gangs was "*the effect of spirit of party*." There was this difference between Augustus Tomlinson and Long Ned: Ned was the acting knave; Augustus the reasoning one; and we may see therefore, by a little reflection, that Tomlinson was a far more perilous companion than Pepper, for showy theories are always more attractive to the young and clever than suasive examples, and the vanity of the youthful makes him better pleased by being convinced of a thing, than by being enticed to it.

Two days or two after the narrative of Mr. Tomlinson, Paul was again visited by Mrs. Lobkins; the regulations against frequent visitors were then so strictly enforced as we understand to be now; and the good dame came to de-

plore the ill success of her interview with Justice Burnflat.

We spare the tender-hearted reader a detail of the affecting interview that ensued. Indeed, it was but a repetition of the one we have before narrated. We shall only say, as a proof of Paul's tenderness of heart, that when he took leave of the good matron, and bade "God bless her," his voice faltered, and the tears stood in his eyes,—just as they were wont to do in the eyes of George the Third, when that excellent monarch was pleased graciously to encore "God save the King!"

"I'll be hanged," soliloquized our hero, as he slowly bent his course towards the subtle Augustus,—"*I'll be hanged* (humph! the denunciation is prophetic,) if I don't feel as grateful to the old lady for her care of me as if she had never ill-used me. As for my parents, I believe I have little to be grateful for, or proud of, in that quarter. My poor mother, by all accounts, seems scarcely to have had even the brute virtue of maternal tenderness; and in all human likelihood I shall never know whether I had one father or fifty. But what matters it! I rather like the better to be independent; and, after all, what do nine-tenths of us ever get from our parents but an ugly name, and advice which, if we follow, we are wretched,—and if we neglect, we are disinherited!"

Comforting himself with these thoughts, which perhaps took their philosophical complexion from the conversations he had lately held with Augustus, and which broke off into the muttered air of

"Way should we quarrel for riches!"

Paul repaired to his customary avocations.

In the third week of our hero's captivity, Tomlinson communicated to him a plan of escape that had occurred to his sagacious brain. In the yard appropriated to the amusements of the gentlemen "*misdemeanors*," there was a water-pipe that, skirting the wall, passed over a door, through which, every morning, the pious captives passed, in their way to the chapel. By this, Tomlinson proposed to escape; for to the pipe which reached from the door to the wall, in a slanting and easy direction, there was a sort of skirting-board; and a dexterous and nimble man might readily, by the help of this board, convey himself along the pipe, until the progress of that useful conductor (which was happily very brief) was stopped by the summit of the wall, where it found a sequel in another pipe, that descended to the ground on the opposite side of the wall. Now, on this opposite side was the garden of the prison; in this garden was a watchman; and this watchman was the hobgoblin of Tomlinson's scheme; "for, suppose us safe in the garden," said he, "what shall we do with this confounded fellow?"

"But that is not all," added Paul, "for even were there no watchman, there is a terrible wall, which I noted especially last week, when we were set to work in the garden, and which has no pipe, save a perpendicular one, that a man must have the legs of a fly to be able to climb!"

"Nonsense!" returned Tomlinson: "I will show you how to climb the stubbornest wall in Christendom, if one has but the coast clear: it is the watchman—the watchman, we must——"

"What?" asked Paul, observing his comrade did not conclude the sentence.

It was some time before the sage Augustus replied; he then said, in a musing tone—

"I have been thinking, Paul, whether it would be consistent with virtue, and that strict code of morals by which all my actions are regulated, to—slay the watchman!"

"Good heavens!" cried Paul, horror-stricken.

"And I have decided," continued Augustus solemnly, without regard to the exclamation, "that the action would be perfectly justifiable!"

"Villain!" exclaimed Paul, recoiling to the other end of the stone box—(for it was night)—in which they were cooped.

"But," pursued Augustus, who seemed soliloquizing, and whose voice, sounding calm and thoughtful, like Young's in the famous monologue in *Hamlet*, denoted that he heeded not the uncourteous interruption—"but opinion does not always influence conduct; and although it may be virtuous to murder the watchman, I have not the heart to do it. I trust, in my future history I shall not, by discerning moralists, be too severely censured for a weakness, for which my physical temperament is alone to blame!"

"Despite the turn of the soliloquy, it was a long time before Paul could be reconciled to farther conversation with Augustus; and it was only from the belief, that the moralist had leaned to the jesting vein, that he at length resumed the consultation.

The conspirators did not, however, bring their scheme, that night, to any ultimate decision. The next day, Augustus, Paul, and some others of the company, were set to work in the garden; and Paul then observed that his friend, wheeling a barrow close by the spot where the watchman stood, overturned its contents. The watchman was good-natured enough to assist him in refilling the barrow; and Tomlinson profited so well by the occasion, that, that night, he informed Paul, that they would have nothing to dread from the watchman's vigilance. "He has promised," said Augustus, "for certain *con-si-de-ra-ti-ons*, to allow me to knock him down: he has also promised to be so much hurt, as not to be able to move, until we are over the wall. Our main difficulty now, then, is, the first step,—namely, to climb the pipe unperceived!"

"As to that," said Paul, who developed, through the whole of the scheme, organs of sagacity, boldness, and invention, which charmed his friend, and certainly promised well for his future career;—"as to that, I think we may manage the first ascent with less danger than you imagine: the mornings, of late, have been very foggy; they are almost dark at the hour we go to chapel. Let you and I close the file: the pipe passes just above the door; our hands, as we have tried, can reach it; and a spring of no great agility will enable us to raise ourselves up to a footing on the pipe and the skirting-board. The climbing, then, is easy; and, what with the dense fog, and our own quickness, I think we shall have little difficulty in gaining the garden. The only precautions we need use are, to wait for a very dark morning, and to be sure that we are the last of the file, so that no one behind may give the alarm——"

"Or attempt to follow our example, and spoil the pie by a superfluous plum!" added Augustus, "Your counsel admirably; and one of these days, if you are not hung in the meat while, will, I venture to argue, be a great legislator."

The next morning was clear and frosty; but the day after was, to use Tomlinson's simile, "as dark as if all the negroes of Africa had been stowed down into air." "You might have cut the fog with a knife," as the proverb says. Paul and Augustus could not even see how significantly each looked at the other.

It was a remarkable trait of the daring temperament of the former, that, young as he was, it was fixed that he should lead the attempt. At the hour, then, for chapel—the prisoners passed as usual through the door. When it came to Paul's turn, he drew himself by his hands to the pipe, and then creeping along its sinuous course, gained the wall before he had even fetched his breath. Rather more clumsily, Augustus followed his friend's example; once his foot slipped, and he was all but over. He extended his hands involuntarily, and caught Paul by the leg. Happily our hero had then gained the wall to which he was clinging, and for once in a way, one man raised himself without throwing over another. Behold Tomlinson and Paul now seated for an instant on the wall to recover breath! the hour then,—the descent to the ground was not very great,—letting his body down by his hand dropped into the garden.

"Hurt?" asked the prudent Augustus in a hoarse whisper before he descended from his "high eminence," being even willing

"To bear those ills he had;
Than to fly to others that he knew not of,"—

without taking every previous precaution in his power.

"No!" was the answer in the same voice, as Augustus dropped.

So soon as this latter worthy had recovered the shock of his fall, he lost not a moment in running to the other end of the garden: Paul followed. By the way Tomlinson stopped at a heap of rubbish, and picked up an immense stone; when they came to the part of the wall they had agreed to scale, they found the watchman, about whom they needed not, by the by, to have concerned themselves; for had it not been arranged that he was to have met them, the deep fog would have effectually prevented him from seeing them: this faithful guardian Augustus knocked down, not with the stone, but with ten guineas; he then drew forth from his dress a thickish cord which he had procured some days before of the turnkey, and fastening the stone firmly to one end, threw that end over the wall. Now the wall had (as walls of great strength mostly have) an overhanging sort of battlement on either side, and the stone, when swung over and drawn to the tether of the cord to which it was attached, necessarily hitched against this projection; and thus the cord was, as it were, fastened to the wall, and Tomlinson was enabled by it to draw himself up to the top of the barrier. He performed this feat with gymnastic address, like one who had often practised it; albeit, the discreet adventurer had not mentioned in his narrative to Paul any previous occasion for the practice. As soon as he had gained the top of the wall, he threw down the cord to his companion, and in consideration of Paul's inexperience in that manner of climbing, gave the fastening of the rope an additional security by holding it himself. With slowness and labour Paul hoisted himself up; and

man, by transferring the stone to the other side of the wall, where it made of course a similar notch, our two adventurers were enabled successively to slide down, and consummate their escape from the House of Correction.

"Follow me now!" said Augustus, as he took to his heels; and Paul pursued him through a labyrinth of alleys and lanes, through which he shot and dodged with a variable and shifting celerity that, had not Paul kept close upon him, would very soon (combined with the fog) have snatched him from the eyes of his young ally. Happily the samaritanism of the morning, the obscurity of the streets passed through, and, above all, the extreme darkness of the atmosphere, prevented that detection and arrest which their prisoners' garb would otherwise have ensured them. At length, they found themselves in the fields; and, skulking along hedges, and diligently avoiding the high road, they continued to fly onward, until they had advanced several miles into "the bowels of the land." At that time "the bowels" of Augustus Tomlinson began to remind him of their demands, and he accordingly suggested the *desirability* of their seizing the first peasant they encountered, and causing him to exchange clothes with one of the fugitives, who would thus be enabled to enter a public-house and provide for their mutual necessities. Paul agreed to this proposition, and accordingly they watched their opportunity and caught a ploughman. Augustus stripped him of his frock, hat, and worsted stockings; and Paul, hardened by necessity and companionship, helped to tie the poor ploughman to a tree. They then continued their progress for about an hour, and, as the shades of evening fell around them, they discovered a public-house. Augustus entered, and returned in a few minutes laden with bread and cheese, and a bottle of beer. Prison fare cures a man of daintiness, and the two fugitives dined on these unseasoned viands with considerable complacency. They then resumed their journey, and at length, wearied with exertion, they arrived at a lonely haystack, where they resolved to repose for an hour or two.

CHAPTER X.

Unlike the ribald whose licentious jest
Pollutes his banquet, and insults his guest;
From wealth and grandeur easy to descend,
Thou joy'st to lose the master in the friend;
We round thy board the cheerful menials see,
Gay with the smile of bland equality;
No social care the gracious lord disdains;
Love prompts to love, and reverence reverence gains.
*Translation of Lucan to Pico, prefixed to
the twelfth Paper of The Rambler.*

CORLY shone down the bashful stars upon our adventurers, as, after a short nap behind the haystack, they stretched themselves, and looking at each other, burst into an involuntary and hilarious laugh at the prosperous termination of their exploit.

Hitherto they had been too occupied, first by their flight, then by hunger, then by fatigue, for self-gratulation; now they rubbed their hands, and joked like runaway-schoolboys, at their escape.

By degrees their thoughts turned from the past to the future; and "Tell me, my dear fellow," said

Augustus, "what you intend to do. I trust I have long ago convinced you, that it is no sin 'to serve our friends' and to 'be true to our party;' and therefore, I suppose, you will decide upon taking to the road!"

"It is very odd," answered Paul, "that I should have any scruples left after your lectures on the subject; but I own to you frankly, that, somehow or other, I have doubts whether thieving be really the honestest profession I could follow."

"Listen to me, Paul," answered Augustus; and his reply is not unworthy of notice. "All crime and all excellence depend upon a good choice of words.—I see you look puzzled, I will explain. If you take money from the public, and say you have robbed, you have indubitably committed a great crime; but if you do the same and say you have *been relieving the necessities of the poor*, you have done an excellent action: if, in afterward dividing this money with your companions, you say you have been sharing booty, you have committed an offence against the laws of your country; but if you observe that *you have been sharing with your friends the gains of your industry*, you have performed one of the noblest actions of humanity. To knock a man on the head is neither virtuous nor guilty, but it depends upon the language applied to the action to make it murder or glory.* Why not say, then, that you have testified '*the courage of a hero*,' rather than '*the atrocity of the ruffian*?' This is perfectly clear, is it not?"

"It seems so," answered Paul.

"It is so self-evident, that it is the way all governments are carried on. If you want to rectify an abuse, those in power call you *disaffected*. *Oppression* is '*order*,' *extortion* is '*religious establishment*,' and *taxes* are the '*blessed Constitution*.' Wherefore, my good Paul, we only do what all other legislators do. We are never rogues so long as we call ourselves honest fellows, and we never commit a crime, so long as we can term it a virtue! What say you now?"

Paul smiled, and was silent a few moments before he replied:

"There is very little doubt but that you are wrong; yet if you are, so are all the rest of the world. It is of no use to be the only white sheep of the flock. Wherefore, my dear Tomlinson, I will in future be an excellent citizen, *relieve the necessities of the poor*, and *share the gains of my industry with my friends*."

"Bravo," cried Tomlinson, "and now that that is settled, the sooner you are inaugurated the better. Since the starlight has shone forth, I see that I am in a place I ought to be very well acquainted with; or, if you like to be suspicious, you may believe that I have brought you purposely in this direction; but first let me ask if you feel any great desire to pass the night by this haystack, or whether you would like a song and the punch-bowl almost as much as the open air, with the chance of being eat up in a pinch of hay by some strolling cow?"

* We observe in a paragraph from an American paper, copied without comment into the Morning Chronicle of to-day, a singular proof of the truth of Tomlinson's philosophy. "Mr. Rowland Stephenson (so runs the extract), the celebrated English Banker, has just purchased a considerable tract of land, &c." Most philosophical of Paragraphists! "*Celebrated English Banker*!" that sentence is a better illustration of verbal fallacies, than all Bentham's treatises put together.—"*celebrated*!" O Mercury, what a dexterous epithet!

"You may conceive my choice," answered Paul.

"Well, then, there is an excellent fellow near here, who keeps a public-house, and is a firm ally and generous patron of the lads of the cross. At certain periods they hold weekly meetings at his house: this is one of the nights. What say you? shall I introduce you to the club?"

"I shall be very glad if they will admit me!" returned Paul, whom many and conflicting thoughts rendered laconic.

"Oh, no fear of that, under my auspices. To tell you the truth, though we are a tolerant sect, we welcome every new proselyte with enthusiasm.—But are you tired?"

"A little; the house is not far, you say?"

"About a mile off," answered Tomlinson. "Lean on me."

Our wanderers now leaving the haystack, struck across part of Finchley Common, for the abode of the worthy publican was felicitously situated, and the scene in which his guests celebrated their festivities was close by that on which they often performed their exploits.

As they proceeded, Paul questioned his friend touching the name and character of "mine host;" and the all-knowing Augustus Tomlinson answered him, Quaker-like, by a question.

"Have you never heard of Gentleman George?"

"What! the noted head of a flash public-house in the country? To be sure I have, often; my poor nurse, Dame Lobkins, used to say he was the best-spoken man in the trade!"

"Ay so he is still. In his youth, George was a very handsome fellow, but a little too fond of his lass and his bottle to please his father, a very staid old gentleman, who walked about on Sundays with a bob-wig and a gold-headed cane, and was a much better farmer on week days than he was head of a public-house. George used to be a remarkably smart-dressed fellow, and so he is to this day. He has a great deal of wit, is a very good whist-player, has a capital cellar, and is so fond of seeing his friends drunk, that he bought some time ago a large pewter measure in which six men can stand upright. The girls, or rather the old women, to whom he used to be much more civil of the two, always liked him; they say, nothing is so fine as his fine speeches, and they give him the title of 'Gentleman George.' He is a nice kind-hearted man in many things, but he is breaking fast now. Pray Heaven we shall have no cause to miss him when he departs. And I do not think we shall either, for his brother, who, poor fellow, has been a long time in the Fleet, is a sensible dog in his way, and will succeed him. At all events Bill Squareyards or Mariner Bill (so is the brother called,) will, I fancy, be more scrupulous about the public stock than Gentleman George, who, to say truth, takes a most gentlemanlike share of our common purse."

"What! is he avaricious?"

"Quite the reverse; but he's so cursedly fond of building, he invests all *his* money (and wants us to invest all *ours*) in houses; and there's one confounded dog of a bricklayer, who runs him up terrible bills,—a fellow called 'Cunning Nat,' who is equally adroit in spoiling ground and improving ground rent."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale. But we are near the place now, you will see a curious set."

As Tomlinson said this, the pair approached a house standing alone, and seemingly without any other abode in the vicinity. It was of curious and grotesque shape, painted white, with a gable chimney, a Chinese sign post, (on which was depicted a gentleman fishing, with the words, "The Jolly Angler," written beneath,) and a porch that would have been Grecian, if it had not been Dutch. It stood in a little field, with a hedge behind it, and the common in front! Augustus stopped at the door, and, while he paused, bursts of laughter rang cheerily within.

"Ah, the merry boys!" he muttered: "I long to be with them!" and then with his clenched fist he knocked four times on the door. There was a sudden silence, which lasted about a minute, and was broken by a voice within, asking who was there. Tomlinson answered by some cabalistic word; the door was opened, and a little boy presented himself.

"Well, my lad," said Augustus, "and how's your master? stout and hearty, if I may judge by his voice?"

"Ay, Master Tommy, ay, he's boozing away a fine rate in the back-parlour, with Mr. Pepper and Fighting Attie, and half a score more of them. He'll be woundy glad to see you, I'll be bound."

"Show this gentleman into the bar," rejoined Augustus, "while I go and pay my respects to honest Geordie!"

The boy made a sort of a bow, and leading our hero into the bar, consigned him to the care of a buxom bar-maid, who reflected credit on the nose of the landlord, and who received Paul with marked distinction and a gill of brandy.

Paul had not long to play the amiable, before Tomlinson rejoined him with the information, that Gentleman George would be most happy to see him in the back-parlour, and that he would there find an old friend in the person of Mr. Pepper.

"What! is he here?" cried Paul, "the very knave! to let me be caged in his stead!"

"Gently, gently, no misapplication of terms," said Augustus; "that was not knavery, that was *prudence*, the greatest of all virtues, and the most — But come along, and Pepper shall *explain* to-morrow."

Threading a gallery or passage, Augustus preceded our hero, opened a door, and introduced him into a long low apartment, where sat, round a table spread with pipes and liquor, some ten or a dozen men, while at the top of the table, in an arm-chair, presided Gentleman George. The dignitary was a portly and comely gentleman, with a knowing look, and a Welsh wig, worn, as the Morning Chronicle says of his Majesty's hair, "in a *degage* manner, on one side." Being afflicted with the gout, his left foot reclined on a stool; and the attitude developed, despite of a lamb's-wool stocking, the remains of an exceedingly good leg.

As Gentleman George was a person of majestic dignity among the Knights of the Cross, we trust we shall not be thought irreverent in applying a few of the words by which the fore-said Morning Chronicle depicted his Majesty, on the day he laid the first stone of his father's monument, to the description of Gentleman George. "He had an

* A certain melancholy event having deprived us of Gentleman George, this sketch will now, no doubt, be regarded with the interest of history rather than of gossip. W.

handsome blue coat, and a white waistcoat; moreover, "he laughed most good-humouredly," and, turning to Augustus Tomlinson, he saluted him with—

"So, this is the youngster you present to us. —Welcome to the 'Jolly Angler!' Give us thy name, young Sir;—I shall be happy to blow a loud with thee."

"With all due submission," said Mr. Tomlinson, "I think it may first be as well to introduce my pupil and friend to his future companions."

"You speak like a leary cove," cried Gentleman George, and turning round in his elbow-chair, he generally introduced his guests to Paul—

"Here," said he, pointing to a hearty-looking man in his professional dress, with a pleasant and English countenance, "here, this be my brother Bill; he'll succeed to the 'Jolly Angler.' You need not look so smirking about it, Bill—'tis a bit of a plague—the care of a public, I can tell you, when the novelty like of the thing be over. But here, younker, here's a fine chap at my right hand"—(the person thus designated was a thin military-looking figure, in a shabby riding-frock, and with a commanding, bold, aquiline countenance, a little worse for wear)—"an old soldier; Fighting Attie we calls him: he's a devil on the road. Halt—deliver—must and shall—can't and shan't—do as I bid you, or go to the devil,"—that's all Fighting Attie's palaver; and, 'sdeath, it has a wonderful way of coming to the point! Howsom-ever, the high-flyers doesn't like him; and when he takes people's money, he need not be quite so cross about it!—Attie, let me introduce a new one to you." Paul made his bow—

"Stand at ease, man!" quoth the veteran, without taking the pipe from his mouth.

Gentleman George then continued; and, after pointing out four or five of the company (among whom our hero discovered, to his surprise, his old friends, Mr. Eustace Fitzherbert, and Mr. William Howard Russell), came, at length, to one with a very red face, and a lusty-frame of body. "That gentleman," said he, "is Scarlet Jem; a dangerous fellow for a *press*, though he says he likes bobbing alone now, for a general press is not half such a good thing as it used to be formerly. You see no idea what a hand at disguising himself Scarlet Jem is. He has an old wig which he generally does business in; and you would not go far to know him again, when he conceals himself under the wig. Oh, he's a precious rogue, is Scarlet Jem!—As for the cove on t'other side," continued the host of the 'Jolly Angler,' pointing to Long Ned, "all I can say of him, good, bad, or indifferent, is, that he has an unkimmon fine head of hair: and now, youngster, as you knows him, pose you goes and sits by him, and he'll introduce you to the rest; for, split my wig!—(Gentleman George was a bit of a swearer)—if I ben't tired, and so here's to your health; and if so be as your name's Paul, may you alway rob *Peter** in order to pay *Paul*!"

should, indeed, have conceived it more decorous to have raised the description altogether, had not the extreme sorrow of all the Knights of the Cross for the loss of Gentleman George been instantly succeeded by their extreme joy at the accession of Bill Squareyards. We reserve for our next pages a character of the former. *There*, at least, shall I find a view of the past which does not squint lecherously to the future,

* *Peter*: a portmanteau.

VOL. I.

This witticism of mine host's being exceedingly well received, Paul went, amidst the general laughter, to take possession of the vacant seat beside Long Ned. That tall gentleman, who had hitherto been cloud-compelling (as Homer calls Jupiter) in profound silence, now turned to Paul with the warmest cordiality, declared himself overjoyed to meet his old friend once more, and congratulated him alike on his escape from Bridewell, and his admission to the councils of Gentleman George. But Paul, mindful of that exertion of "prudence" on the part of Mr. Pepper, by which he had been left to his fate and the mercy of Justice Burnflat, received his advances very sullenly. This coolness so incensed Ned, who was naturally choleric, that he turned his back on our hero, and being of an aristocratic spirit, muttered something about "upstart, and vulgar clyfakers being admitted to the company of swell Tobymen." This murmur called all Paul's blood into his cheek; for though he had been punished as a clyfaker, (or pickpocket,) nobody knew better than Long Ned whether or not he was innocent; and a reproach from him came therefore with double injustice and severity. He seized, in his wrath, Mr. Pepper by the ear, and telling him he was a shabby scoundrel, challenged him to fight.

So pleasing an invitation not being announced *sette voce*, but in a tone suited to the importance of the proposition, every one around heard it; and before Long Ned could answer, the full voice of Gentleman George thundered forth—

"Keep the peace there, you youngster. What! are you just admitted into our merry-makings, and must you be wrangling already? Harkye, Gemmen, I have been plagued enough with your quarrels before now, and the first cove as breaks the present quiet of the 'Jolly Angler,' shall be turned out neck and drop—shan't he, Attie?"

"Right about, march," said the hero.

"Ay, that's the word Attie," said Gentleman George: "and now, Mr. Pepper, if there be any ill blood 'twixt you and the lad there wash it away in a bumper of bingo, and let's hear no more what-somever about it."

"I'm willing," cried Long Ned, with the deferential air of a courtier, and holding out his hand to Paul. Our hero, being somewhat abashed by the novelty of his situation and the rebuke of Gentleman George, accepted, though with some reluctance, the proffered courtesy.

Order being thus restored, the conversation of the convivialists began to assume a most fascinating bias. They talked with infinite *gout* of the sums they had levied on the public, and the peculations they had committed for what one called the "*good of the community*," and another, the "*established order*,"—meaning themselves. It was easy to see in what school the discerning Augustus Tomlinson had learnt the value of words.

There was something edifying in hearing the rascals!—So, nice was their language, and so honest their enthusiasm for their own interests, you might have imagined you were listening to a coterie of cabinet ministers conferring on taxes, or debating on perquisites.

"Long may the *Commons* flourish!" cried punning Georgie, filling his glass; "it is by the commons we're fed, and may they never know cultivation!"

"Three times three!" shouted Long Ned; and the toast was drunk as Mr. Pepper proposed.

"A little, moderate, cultivation of the commons, to speak frankly," said Augustus Tomlinson modestly, "might not be amiss; for it would decoy people into the belief that they might travel safely; and, after all, a hedge or a barley-field, is as good for us as a barren heath, where we have no shelter if once pursued."

"You talks nonsense, you spooney!" cried a robber of note, called Bagshot; who, being aged, and having been a lawyer's footboy, was sometimes designated "Old Bags."

"You talks nonsense; these innowating ploughs are the ruin of us. Every blade of corn in a common is an encroachment on the constitution and rights of the Gummens Highwaymen. I'm old and mayn't live to see these things; but, mark my words, a time will come when a man may go from Lannun to Johnny Groat's without losing a penny by one of us; when Hounslow will be safe, and Finchley secure. My eyes, what a sad thing for me that 'ill be!"

The venerable old man became suddenly silent, and the tears started to his eyes. Gentleman George had a great horror of blue devils, and particularly disliked all disagreeable subjects.

"Thunder and Oons, Old Bags!" quoth mine Host of the Jolly Angler, "this will never do: we're all met here to be merry, and not to listen to your mullancolly tara tarantarums. I says, Ned Pepper, spose you tips us a song, and I'll beat time with my knuckles."

Long Ned, taking the pipe from his mouth, attempted, like Lady Heron, one or two pretty excuses: these being drowned by an universal shout, the handsome purloiner gave the following song, to the tune of "Time has not thinned my flowing hair."

LONG NED'S SONG.

I.

Oh, if my hands adhere to cash,
My gloves at least are clean,
And rarely have the gentry flash
In sprucer clothes been seen.

II.

Sweet Public, since your coffers must
Afford our wants relief,
Oh! soothes it not to yield the dust
To such a charming thief?

III.

I never robbed a single coach
But with a lover's air;
And though you might my courses reproach,
You never could my hair.

IV.

John Bull, who loves a harmless joke,
Is apt at me to grin,
But why he cross with laughing folk,
Unless they laugh and win?

V.

John Bull has money in his box;
And though his wit's divine,
Yet let me laugh at Johnny's locks—
And John may laugh at mine!

"And John may laugh at mine, excellent!" cried Gentleman George, lighting his pipe and winking at Attie, "I hears as how you be a famous fellow with the lasses."

Ned smiled and answered,— "No man should boast; but—" Pepper paused significantly, and then glancing at Attie, said—"Talking of lasses,

it is my turn to knock down a gentleman in a song, and I knock down fighting Attie.

"I never sing," said the waverer.

"Treason, treason," cried Pepper; "it is the law, and you must obey the law;—so begin."

"It is true, Attie," said Gentleman George.

There was no appeal from the honest public's fiat; so, in a quick and laconic manner, it being Attie's favourite dogma, that the least said is the soonest mended, the warrior sang as follows—

FIGHTING ATTIE'S SONG.

Air.—"He was famed for deeds of arms."

"Rise at six—dine at two—
Rob your man without ado—
Such my maxims if you doubt
Their wisdom—to the right about!"

(Signing to a sallow gentleman on the same side of the table to send up the brandy bowl.)

"Pass round the bingo,—of a gun,
You musky, dinky, husky son!"

(The sallow gentleman, in a low voice.)

"Attie—the bingo's now with me,
I can't resign it yet, d'ye see?"

(Attie seizing the bowl.)

"Resign, resign it—cease your dust!"

(Wresting it away, and fiercely guarding the sallow gentleman.)

"You have resign'd it—and you must.

CHORUS.

"You have resign'd it—and you must!"

While the chorus, laughing at the discomforted tippler, yelled forth the emphatic words of the heroic Attie, that personage emptied the brunt at a draught, resumed his pipe, and in as few words as possible, called on Bagshot for a song. The excellent old highwayman, with great diffidence, obeyed the request, cleared his throat, and struck off with a ditty somewhat to the tune of "The Old Woman."

OLD BAGS'S SONG.

"Are the days then gone, when on Hounslow Heath
We flash'd our bags?

When the stoutest becomes quell'd beneath
The voice of Bags?

Ne'er was my work half undone, least
I should be nabb'd:

Slow was old Bags, but he never ceas'd
'Till the whole was grabb'd.

CHORUS.

"Till the whole was grabb'd."

"When the slow coach pass'd—and the gummens start'd
I bore the brunt—

And the only sound which my grave lips form'd
Was 'blunt'—still 'blunt'!

Oh! those jovial days are ne'er forgot!—
But the tape lags—

When I be's dead, you'll drink one pot
To poor old Bags!

CHORUS.

"To poor old Bags!"

"Ay, that we will, my dear Bagshot," cried Gentleman George, affectionately; but, observing a tear in the fine old fellow's eye, he added, "Cheer up. What, ho! Cheer up! Times will improve, and Providence may yet send us one good year, when you shall be as well off as ever! You shakes your poll. Well, don't be humbugged, but knock down a gentleman."

Dashing away the drop of sensibility, the veteran knocked down Gentleman George himself.

"Oh, dang it!" said George, with an air of dignity, "I ought to skip, since I find the lark; but nowsomover here goes."

GENTLEMAN GEORGE'S SONG.

Air.—"Old King Cole."

"I be's the cove—the merry old cove,
Of whose max all the Rufflers sing.
And a lushing cove, I think, by Jove,
Is as great as a sober king!

CHORUS.

"Is as great as a sober king."

"Whatever the noise, as is made by the boys,
At the bar as they lush away;
The devil a noise my peace alloys,
As long as the rascals pay!

CHORUS.

"As long as the rascals pay!

"What if I sticks, my stones and my bricks
With mortar, I takes from the snobbish,
All who can feel for the public weal,
Likes the public house to be bobbish."

CHORUS.

"Likes the public house to be bobbish."

"There, gemmen!" said the publican, stopping short, "that's the pith of the maker, and split my rig but I'm short of breath now. So, send round me brandy, Augustus,—you sly dog—you keeps all to yourself."

By this time the whole conclave were more than half seas over, or, as Augustus Tomlinson expressed it, "their more austere qualities were relaxed by a pleasing and innocent indulgence." Paul's eyes reeled, and his tongue ran loose. By degrees the room swam round, the faces of his comrades altered, the countenance of Old Bags assumed an awful and menacing air. He thought long Ned insulted him, and that Old Bags took no part of the assailant, doubled his fists, and threatened to put the plaintiff's nob into chancery, he disturbed the peace of the meeting. Various other imaginary evils beset him. He thought he had robbed a mail-coach, in company with Pepper; that Tomlinson informed against him, and that Gentleman George ordered him to be hanged; in short, he laboured under a temporary delirium, occasioned by a sudden reverse of fortune—from water to brandy; and the last thing of which he retained any recollection, before he sunk under the table, in company with Long Ned, Scarlet em, and Old Bags, was, the bearing his part in the burthen, of what appeared to him a chorus of just dying speeches and confessions, but what, in reality, was a song made in honour of Gentleman George, and sung by his grateful guests as a finale to the festivities. It ran thus—

THE ROBBER'S GRAND TOAST.

"A tumbler of blue ruin, fill, fill for me!
Red tape those as likes it may drain,
But whatever the lark, it a bumper must be,
If we ne'er drinks a bumper again!
Now—now in the crib, where a ruffler may lie,
Without fear that the traps should distress him,
With a drop in the mouth, and a drop in the eye,
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!
God bless him—God bless him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!

"Among the pals of the Prince, I have heard it's the go,
Before they have tumbled enough,
To smarten their punch with the best curagoa,
More comish to render the stuff!
I trust not such lark!—but whoever his glass
Does not like—[I'll be damn'd if I press him!—
Upstartin' g, my kiddle—round, round let it pass!

Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!

God bless him—God bless him!

Here's to Gentleman George—God bless him!

"See—see—the fine fellow grows weak on the stumps,
Assist him, ye rascals, to stand!
Why, ye air not a peg!—Are you all in the dumps!—
Fighting Attie, go, lend him a hand!

(The robbers crowd around Gentleman George, each, under pretence of supporting him, pulling him first one way and then another.)

"Come, lean upon me—at your service I am!
Get away from his elbow, you whelp!—him
You'll only upset!—them 'ere fellows but sham!—
Here's to Gentleman George—God help him!
God help him—God help him!
Here's to Gentleman George—God help him!"

CHAPTER XL.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, Oh, Nature! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in day-light truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathise?
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blest his noonday walk—she was his only child.
Gertrude of Wyoming.

O TIME, thou hast played strange tricks with us! and we bless the stars that made us a novelist, and permit us now to retaliate. Leaving Paul to the instructions of Augustus Tomlinson, and the festivities of the Jolly Angler, and suffering him, by slow but sure degrees, to acquire the graces and the reputation of the accomplished and perfect appropriator of other men's possessions, we shall pass over the lapse of years with the same heedless rapidity with which they have glided over us, and summon our reader to a very different scene from those which would be likely to greet his eyes, were he following the adventures of our new Telemachus. Nor wilt thou, dear reader, whom we make the umpire between ourself and those who never read—the critics;—thou who hast, in the true spirit of gentle breeding, gone with us among places where the novelty of the scene has, we fear, scarcely atoned for the coarseness, not giving thyself the airs of a dainty Abigail;—not prating lackey-like on the low company thou hast met;—nor wilt thou, dear and friendly reader, have cause to dread that we shall weary thy patience by a "damnable iteration" of the same localities. Pausing for a moment to glance over the divisions of our story which lies before us like a map, we feel that we may promise in future to conduct thee among aspects of society, more familiar to thy habits;—where the Unquested Events flow to their allotted gulf through landscapes of more pleasing variety, and among tribes of a more luxurious civilization.

Upon the banks of one of fair England's fairest rivers, and about fifty miles distant from London, still stands an old-fashioned abode—which we shall here term Warlock Manor-House. It is a building of brick, varied by stone copings, and covered in great part with ivy and jasmine. Around it lie the ruins of the elder part of the fabric, and these are sufficiently numerous in extent, and important in appearance, to testify that the mansion was once not without pretensions to the magnificent. These remains of power, some of which bear date as far back as the reign of Henry

the Third, are sanctioned by the character of the country immediately in the vicinity of the old manor-house. A vast track of waste land, interspersed with groves of antique pollards, and here and there irregular and sinuous ridges of green mound, betoken to the experienced eye the evidence of a dismantled chase or park, which must originally have been of no common dimensions. On one side of the house, the lawn slopes toward the river, divided from a terrace, which forms the most important embellishment of the pleasure grounds, by that fence to which has been given the ingenious and significant name of "ha! ha!" A few scattered trees of giant growth are the sole obstacles that break the view of the river, which has often seemed to us, at that particular passage of its course, to glide with unusual calmness and serenity. On the opposite side of the stream, there is a range of steep hills, celebrated for nothing more romantic than their property of imparting to the flocks that browse upon their short and seemingly stinted herbage, a flavour peculiarly grateful to the lovers of that pastoral animal which changes its name into mutton after its decease. Upon these hills the vestige of human habitation is not visible; and at times, when no boat defaces the lonely smoothness of the river, and the evening has stilled, as it were, the sounds of labour and of life, we know few scenes so utterly tranquil, so steeped in quiet, as that which is presented by the old, quaint-fashioned house and its antique grounds,—the smooth lawn, the silent and (to speak truly, though disparagingly) the somewhat sluggish river, together with the large hills (to which we know, from simple, though metaphysical causes, how entire an idea of quiet, and even immovability peculiarly attaches itself,) and the white herds,—those most peaceful of God's creatures,—that stud in white and fleecy clusters the ascent.

In Warlock House, at the time we refer to, lived a gentleman of the name of Brandon. He was a widower, and had attained his fiftieth year, without casting much regret on the past, or feeling much anxiety for the future. In a word, Joseph Brandon was one of those careless, quiescent, indifferent men, by whom a thought upon any subject is never recurred to without a very urgent necessity. He was good-natured, inoffensive, and weak; and if he was not an incomparable citizen, he was, at least, an excellent vegetable. He was of a family of high antiquity, and formerly of considerable note. For the last four or five generations, however, the proprietors of Warlock House, gradually losing something alike from their acres and their consequence, had left to their descendant no higher rank than that of a small country squire. One had been a Jacobite, and had drunk out half a dozen farms in honour of Charley over the water; Charley over the water was no very dangerous person, but Charley over the wine was rather more ruinous; the next Brandon had been a fox-hunter, and fox-hunters live as largely as patriotic politicians: Pausanias tells us, that the same people who were the most notorious for their love of wine, were also the most notorious for their negligence of affairs. Times are not much altered since Pausanias wrote, and the remark holds as good with the English as it did with the Phigalei. After this Brandon, came one who, though he did not scorn the sportsman, rather assumed the fine gentleman. He married an heiress, who, of course, assisted to ruin

him: wishing no assistance in so pleasing an occupation, he overthrown her, (perhaps not on purpose,) in a new sort of carriage which he was learning to drive, and the good lady was killed on the spot. She left the fine gentleman two sons, Joseph Brandon, the present thane, and a brother, some years younger. The elder, being of a fitting age, was sent to school, and somewhat escaped the contagion of the paternal mansion. But the younger Brandon, having only reached his fifth year at the time of his mother's decease, was retained at home. Whether he was handsome, or clever, or impertinent, or like his father about the eyes, (that greatest of all merits,) we know not; but the widower became so fond of him, that it was at a late period, and with great reluctance, that he finally entrusted him to the providence of a school.

Among harlots, and gamblers, and lords, and sharpers, and gentlemen of the Guards, together with their frequent accompaniments—guards of the gentlemen—viz. bailiffs, William Brandon passed the first stages of his boyhood. He was about thirteen when he was sent to school; and being a boy of remarkable talents, he recovered his lost time so well, that when, at the age of nineteen, he adjourned to the university, he had scarcely resided there a single term before he had borne off two of the highest prizes awarded to academical men. From the university he departed on the "grand tour," at that time thought so necessary to complete the gentleman; he went in company with a young nobleman, whose friendship he had won at the university, stayed abroad more than two years, and on his return he settled down to the profession of the law.

Meanwhile his father died, and his fortune, as a younger brother, being literally next to nothing, and the family estate (for his brother was *unwilling* to assist him) being terribly involved, it was believed that he struggled for some years with very embarrassed and penurious circumstances. During this interval of his life, however, he was absent from London, and by his brother supposed to have returned to the Continent: at length, it seems, he profited by a renewal of his friendship with the young nobleman who had accompanied him abroad, reappeared in town, and obtained through his noble friend, one or two legal appointments of reputable emolument; soon afterward he got a brief on some cause where a Major had been raising a corps to his brother officer, with the better consent of the brother officer's wife than of the brother officer himself. Brandon's abilities here, for the first time in his profession, found an adequate vent; his reputation seemed made at once, he rose rapidly in his profession, and, at the time we now speak of, he was sailing down the full tide of fame and wealth, the envy and the oracle of all young Templars and barristers, who having been starved themselves for ten years, began now to calculate on the possibility of starving their clients. At the very first commencement of his career, he had, through the good offices of the nobleman we have mentioned, obtained a seat in the House of Commons; and though his eloquence was of an order much better suited to the Bar than the Senate, he had nevertheless acquired a very considerable reputation in the latter, and was looked upon by many as likely to win to the same brilliant fortunes as the courtly Mansfield—a great man.

those political principles and urbane address Brandon was supposed especially to affect as his own model. Of unblemished integrity in public life—for as he supported all things that exist with the most unbending rigidity, he could not be accused of inconsistency—William Brandon was (as we have said in a former place of unhappy memory our hero) esteemed in private life the most honourable, the most moral, even the most austere of men; and his grave and stern repute on this score, joined to the dazzle of his eloquence and forensic powers, had baffled in great measure the rancour of party hostility, and obtained for him a character of virtues almost as high and as enviable as that which he had acquired for abilities.

While William was thus treading a noted and a honourable career, his elder brother, who had married into a clergyman's family, and soon lost his consort had, with his only child, a daughter named Lucy, resided in his paternal mansion in undisturbed obscurity. The discreditable character and habits of the preceding lords of Warlock, which had sunk their respectability in the county, as well as curtailed their property, had rendered the surrounding gentry little anxious to cultivate the intimacy of the present proprietor; and the heavy mind and retired manners of Joseph Brandon were not calculated to counterbalance the faults of his forefathers, or to reinstate the name of Brandon in its ancient popularity and esteem. Though dull and little cultivated, the squire was not without his "proper pride;" he attempted not to intrude himself where he was unwelcome, avoided county meetings and county balls, smoked his pipe with the parson, and not unoften with the surgeon and the solicitor, and suffered his daughter Lucy to educate herself, with the help of the parson's wife, and to ripen (for Nature was more favourable to her than Art) into the very prettiest girl that the whole county—we long to say the whole country—at that time could boast of. Never did glass give back a more lovely image than that of Lucy Brandon at the age of nineteen. Her auburn hair fell in the richest luxuriance over a brow never ruffled, and a cheek where the blood never slept; with every instant the colour varied, and at every variation that smooth, pure, virgin cheek seemed still more lovely than before. She had the most beautiful laugh that one who loved music could imagine,—silvery, low, and yet so full of joy! all her movements, as the old Parson said, seemed to keep time to that laugh; for mirth made a great part of her innocent and childish temper; and yet the mirth was feminine, never loud, nor like that of young ladies who have received the last finish at Highgate seminaries. Every thing joyous affected her, and at once;—air,—flowers,—sunshine,—butterflies. Unlike heroines in general, she very seldom cried, and she saw nothing charming in having the vapours. But she never looked so beautiful as in sleep! and as the light breath came from her parted lips, and the ivory lids closed over those eyes which only in sleep were silent—and her attitude in her sleep took that ineffable grace belonging solely to childhood, or the fresh youth into which childhood merges,—she was just what you might imagine a sleeping Margaret, before that most simple and gentle of all a poet's visions of womanhood had met with Faust, and ruffled her slumbers with a dream of love.

We cannot say much for Lucy's intellectual acquirements; she could, thanks to the parson's wife, spell indifferently well, and write a tolerable hand; she made preserves and sometimes riddles—it was more difficult to question the excellence of the former than to answer the queries of the latter. She worked to the admiration of all who knew her, and we beg leave to say that we deem that "an excellent thing in woman." She made caps for herself and gowns for the poor, and now and then she accomplished the more literary labour of a stray novel that had wandered down to the Manor House, or an abridgement of ancient history, in which was omitted every thing but the proper names. To these attainments she added a certain modicum of skill upon the spinet, and the power of singing old songs with the richest and sweetest voice that ever made one's eyes moisten, or one's heart beat.

Her moral qualities were more fully developed than her mental. She was the kindest of human beings; the very dog that had never seen her before, knew that truth at the first glance, and lost no time in making her acquaintance. The goodness of her heart reposed upon her face like sunshine, and the old wife at the lodge said poetically and truly of the effect it produced, that "one felt warm when one looked on her." If we could abstract from the description a certain chilling transparency, the following exquisite verses of a forgotten poet* might express the purity and lustre of her countenance—

* Her face was like the milky way 't the sky
A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

She was surrounded by pets of all kinds, ugly and handsome, from Ralph the raven to Beauty the pheasant, and from Bob, the sheep-dog without a tail, to Beau, the Blenheim with blue ribbons round his neck; all things loved her, and she loved all things. It seemed doubtful at that time whether she would ever have sufficient steadiness and strength of character. Her beauty and her character appeared alike so essentially sexual, soft, yet lively, buoyant, yet caressing, that you could scarcely place in her that moral dependence, that you might in a character less amiable, but less yieldingly feminine. Time, however, and circumstance, which alters and hardens, were to decide whether the inward nature did not possess some latent, and yet undiscovered properties. Such was Lucy Brandon in the year —, and in that year, on a beautiful autumnal evening, we first introduced her personally to our readers.

She was sitting on a garden-seat by the river side, with her father, who was deliberately conning the evening paper of a former week, and gravely seasoning the ancient news with the inspirations of that weed which so bitterly excited the royal indignation of our British Solomon. It happens, unfortunately for us—for outward peculiarities are scarcely worthy the dignity to which comedy, whether in the drama or the narrative, aspires,—that Squire Brandon possessed so few distinguishing traits of mind, that he leaves his delineator little whereby to designate him, save a confused and parenthetical habit of speech, by which he very often appeared to those who did not profit by long experience, or close observation, to say exactly, and somewhat ludicrously, that which he did not mean to convey.

"I say, Lucy," observed Mr. Brandon, but without lifting his eyes from the paper;—"I say, corn has fallen—think of that, girl, think of that. Three times, in my opinion, (ay, and in the opinion of wiser heads than mine, though I do not mean to say that I have not some experience in these matters, which is more than can be said of *all our neighbours*,) are very curious and, even dangerous."

"Indeed, Papa!" answered Lucy.

"And I say, Lucy, dear," resumed the Squire after a short pause, "there has been (and very strange it is, too, when one considers the crowded neighbourhood—Bless me! what times these are!) a shocking murder committed upon (the tobacco-stepper—there it is)—think, you know, girl—just by Epping!—an old gentleman!"

"Dear, how shocking! by whom?"

"Ay, that's the question! The Coroner's inquest has (what a blessing it is to live in a civilized country, where a man does not die without knowing the why and the wherefore,) sat on the body, and declared (it is very strange, but they don't seem to have made much discovery; for why! we know as much before,) that the body was found (it was found on the floor, Lucy,) murdered; murderer or murderers (in the bureau, which was broken open, they found the money left quite untouched,)—unknown!"

Here there was again a slight pause, and passing to another side of the paper, Mr. Brandon resumed in a quicker tone,—

"Ha! well, now this is odd! but he's a deuced clever fellow, Lucy! (that brother of mine has, and in a very honourable manner too, which I am sure is highly creditable to the family, though he has not taken too much notice of me lately;—a circumstance which, considering I am his elder brother, I am a little angry at;)—distinguished himself in a speech, remarkable, the paper says—for its great legal—(I wonder, by the by, whether William could get me that agistment-money! 'tis a heavy thing to lose; but going to law, as my poor father used to say, is like fishing for gudgeons [not a bad little fish, *we can have some for supper,*] with guineas)—knowledge, as well as its splendid and overpowering—(I do love Will for keeping up the family honour; I am sure it is more than I have done—heigh-ho!)—eloquence!"

"And on what subject has he been speaking, Papa?"

"Oh, a very fine subject; what you call a—(it is astonishing that in this country there should be such a wish for taking away people's characters, which, for my part, I don't see is a bit more entertaining than what you are always doing—playing with those stupid birds)—Libel!"

"But is not my uncle William coming down to see us? He promised to do so, and it made you quite happy, Papa, for two days. I hope he will not disappoint you; and I am sure that it is not his fault if he ever seems to neglect you. He spoke of you to me, when I saw him, in the kindest and most affectionate manner. I do think, my dear father, that he loves you very much."

"Ahem!" said the Squire, evidently flattered, and yet not convinced. "My brother Will is a very acute fellow, and I make no—my dear little girl—question, but that—(when you have seen as much of the world as I have, you will grow suspicious,)—he thought that any good word said of

me to my daughter, would—(you see, Lucy, I am as clear-sighted as my neighbours, though I don't give myself all their airs; which I very well might do, considering my great great great grandfather Hugo Brandon had a hand in detecting the Gunpowder plot,)—be told to me again!"

"Nay, but I am quite sure my uncle never spoke of you to me with that intention."

"Possibly, my dear child; but when (the evenings are much shorter than they were!) did you talk with your uncle about me?"

"Oh, when staying with Mrs. Warner, in London; to be sure, it is six years ago, but I remember it perfectly. I recollect in particular, that he spoke of you very handsomely to Lord Mauleverer, who dined with him one evening when I was there, and when my uncle was so kind as to take me to the play. I was afterward quite sorry that he was so good-natured, as he lost—(you remember I told you the story)—a very valuable watch."

"Ay, ay, I remember all about that, and how long friendship lasts with some people!—Lord Mauleverer dined with William. What a fine thing it is for a man—(it is what I never did, indeed, I like being what they call 'Cock of the Walk'—let me see, now I think of it, Pillum came to-night to play a bit at backgammon)—to mix friends with a great man early in (yet Will did not do it very early, poor fellow! he struggled first with a great deal of sorrow—hardship that is ———) life! It is many years now, since Will has been hand-and-glove with my (tis a bit of a puppy) Lord Mauleverer,—what did you think of his Lordship?"

"Of Lord Mauleverer! Indeed I scarcely observed him, but he seemed a handsome man, and was very polite. Mrs. Warner said he had been a very wicked person when he was young, but he seems good-natured enough now, Papa."

"By the by," said the Squire, "his Lordship has just been made—(this new ministry seem very unlike the old! which rather puzzles me; for I think it my duty, d'ye see, Lucy, always to vote for his Majesty's Government; especially seeing that old Hugo Brandon had a hand in detecting the Gunpowder plot; and it is a little odd, at least, at first, to think that good now, which one has always before been thinking abominable) Lord Lieutenant of the county."

"Lord Mauleverer our Lord Lieutenant!"

"Yes, child; and since his Lordship is such a friend of my brother's, I should think, considering especially what an old family in the county we are,—not that I wish to intrude myself where I am not thought as fine as the rest,—that he would be more attentive to us than Lord ——— was: But that, my dear Lucy, puts me in mind of Pillum, and so, perhaps, you would like to walk to the Parson's, as it is a fine evening. John shall come for you at nine o'clock with—(the moon is not up then)—the lantern."

Leaning on his daughter's willing arm, the good old man then rose and walked homeward; and as soon as she had wheeled round his easy-chair, placed the backgammon-board on the table, and wished the old gentleman an easy victory over his expected antagonist the Apothecary, Lucy tied down her bonnet, and took her way to the Rectory.

When she arrived at the clerical mansion, and entered the drawing-room, she was surprised to find the Parson's wife a good, homely, lethargic

ld lady, run up to her, seemingly in a state of great nervous agitation, and crying.

"Oh, my dear Miss Brandon! which way did you come? Did you meet nobody by the road? Oh, I am so frightened! Such an accident to our dear Doctor Slopperton. Stopped in the King's highway—robbed of some tithe-money he had just received from Farmer Slowforth; if it had not been for that dear angel, good, young man, I do not only know whether I might not have been a inconsolate widow by this time."

While the affectionate matron was thus running on, Lucy's eye glancing round the room, discovered in an arm-chair; the round and oily little person of Doctor Slopperton, with a countenance from which all the earnestness hitherto, save in one circular excrescence on the nasal member that was left, like the last rose of summer, blooming alone, were faded into an aspect of miserable pallor; the little man tried to conjure up a smile while his wife was narrating his misfortune, and to mutter forth some syllable of unconcern; but he looked, for all his ravelled, so exceedingly scared, that Lucy would, in spite of herself, have laughed outright, had not her eye rested upon the figure of a young man who had been seated beside the reverend gentleman, but who had risen at Lucy's entrance, and who now stood gazing upon her intently, but with an air of great respect. Blushing deeply, and involuntarily, she turned her eyes hastily away, and approaching the good Doctor, made her inquiries into the present state of his nerves, in a graver tone than she had a minute before imagined it possible that she should have been enabled to command.

"Ah, my good young lady," said the Doctor, squeezing her hand, "I—nay, I may say the Church—for am I not its minister!—was in imminent danger;—but this excellent gentleman prevented the sacrilege, at least in great measure. I only lost some of my dues—my rightful dues—for which I console myself with thinking that the infamous and abandoned villain will suffer hereafter."

"There cannot be the least doubt of that," said the young man: "had he only robbed the mail coach, or broken into a gentleman's house, the offence might have been expiable;—but to rob a clergyman, and a rector, too! Oh, the sacrilegious dog!"

"Your warmth does you honour, Sir," said the Doctor, beginning now to recover, "and I am very proud to have made the acquaintance of a gentleman of such truly religious opinions!"

"Ah!" cried the stranger, "my faith, Sir—if I may so speak—is a sort of enthusiastic fervour for the Protestant Establishment—Nay, Sir, I never came across the very nave of the church, without feeling an indescribable emotion—a kind of sympathy, as it were,—with—with—you understand me, Sir—I fear I express myself ill."

"Not at all, not at all!" exclaimed the Doctor: "such sentiments are uncommon in one so young."

"Sir, I learned them early in life from a friend and preceptor of mine, Mr. McGrawler, and I trust they may continue with me to my dying day."

Here the Doctor's servant entered with (we borrow a phrase from the novel of " ") "the ca-equipage," and Mrs. Slopperton betaking herself to its superintendence, inquired with more

composure than hitherto had belonged to her demeanour, what sort of a looking creature the ruffian was?

"I will tell you, my dear—I will tell you, Miss Lucy, all about it. I was walking home from Mr. Slowforth's, with his money in my pocket, thinking, my love, of buying you that topaz cross you wished to have."

"Dear good man!" cried Mrs. Slopperton; "what a fiend it must have been to rob so excellent a creature!"

"And," resumed the Doctor, "it also occurred to me, that the Madeira was nearly out—the Madeira, I mean, with the red seal; and I was thinking it might not be amiss to devote part of the money to buy six dozen more; and the remainder, my love, which would be about one pound eighteen, I thought I would divide,—for he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord!—among the thirty poor families on the Common; that is, if they behaved well, and the apples in the back garden were not feloniously abstracted!"

"Excellent! charitable man!" ejaculated Mrs. Slopperton.

"While I was thus meditating, I lifted my eyes, and saw before me two men; one of prodigious height, and with a great profusion of hair about his shoulders; the other was smaller, and wore his hat slouched over his face; it was a very large hat. My attention was arrested by the singularity of the tall person's hair, and while I was smiling at its luxuriance; I heard him say to his companion,—'Well, Augustus, as you are such a moral dog, he is in your line, not mine, so I leave him to you.'—Little did I think those words related to me. No sooner were they uttered, than the tall rascal leaped over a gate and disappeared; the other fellow then marching up to me, very smoothly asked me the way to the church, and while I was explaining to him to turn first to the right and then to the left, and so on—for the best way is, you know, exceedingly crooked—the hypocritical scoundrel seized me by the collar, and cried out—'Your money, or your life!'—I do assure you, that I never trembled so much; not, my dear Miss Lucy, so much for my own sake, as for the sake of the thirty poor families on the Common, whose wants it had been my intention to relieve. I gave up the money, finding my prayers and expostulations were in vain; and the dog then, brandishing over my head an enormous bludgeon, said—what abominable language!—I think, Doctor, I shall put an end to an existence derogatory to yourself and useless to others.' At that moment the young gentleman beside me sprang over the very gate by which the tall ruffian had disappeared, and cried—'Hold, villain!' On seeing my deliverer, the coward started back, and plunged into a neighbouring wood. The good young gentleman pursued him for a few minutes, but then returning to my aid conducted me home; and, as we used to say at school,

'Te reditasse incolumem gaudeo.'

Which being interpreted, means,—(Sir, excuse a pun, I am sure so great a friend to the Church understands Latin,)—that I am very glad to get back safe to my tea. He, he! And now, Miss Lucy, you must thank that young gentleman for having saved the life of your pastoral teacher, which act will no doubt be remembered at the Great Day!"

As Lucy, looking toward the stranger, said something in compliment, she observed a vague, and, as it were, covert smile upon his countenance, which immediately, and as if by sympathy, conjured one to her own. The hero of the adventure, however, in a very grave tone, replied to her compliment, at the same time bowing profoundly —

"Mention it not, Madam! I were unworthy of the name of a Briton, and a man, could I pass the highway without relieving the distressed, or lightening the burthen, of a fellow-creature. And," continued the stranger, after a momentary pause, colouring while he spoke, and concluding, in the high-flown gallantry of the day,—"Methinks it were sufficient reward, had I saved the whole Church, instead of one of its most valuable members, to receive the thanks of a lady, whom I might reasonably take for one of those celestial beings, to whom we have been piously taught that the Church is especially the care!"

Though there might have been something really ridiculous in this overstrained compliment, coupled as it was with the preservation of Dr. Slopperton, yet, coming from the mouth of one whom Lucy thought the very handsomest person she had ever seen, it appeared to her any thing but absurd; and, for a very long time afterward, her heart thrilled with pleasure when she remembered that the cheek of the speaker had glowed, and his voice had trembled, as he spoke it.

The conversation now turning from robbers in particular, dwelt upon robberies in general. It was edifying to hear the honest indignation with which the stranger spoke of the lawless depredators with whom the country, in that day of Macheatha, was infested.

"A pack of infamous rascals!" said he, in a glow; "who attempt to justify their misdeeds by the example of honest men; and who say, that they do no more than is done by lawyers and doctors, soldiers, clergymen, and ministers of state. Pitiful delusion, or rather, shameless hypocrisy!"

"It all comes of educating the poor," said the Doctor. "The moment they pretend to judge the conduct of their betters—there's an end of all order! They see nothing sacred in the laws, though we hang the dogs ever so fast; and the very peers of the land, spiritual and temporal, cease to be venerable in their eyes."

"Talking of peers," said Mrs. Slopperton, "I hear that Lord Mauleverer is to pass by this road to-night, on his way to Mauleverer Park. Do you know his Lordship, Miss Lucy? he is very intimate with your uncle."

"I have only seen him once," answered Lucy.

"Are you sure that his Lordship will come this road?" asked the stranger, carelessly: "I heard something of it this morning, but did not know it was settled."

"Oh, quite so!" rejoined Mrs. Slopperton. "His Lordship's gentleman wrote for post-horses to meet his Lordship at Wyburn, about three miles on the other side of the village, at ten o'clock to-night. His Lordship is very impatient of delay."

"Pray," said the Doctor, who had not much heeded this turn in the conversation, and was now 'on hospitable cares intent';—"Pray, Sir, if not impertinent, are you visiting, or lodging in the neighbourhood; or, will you take a bed with us?"

"You are extremely kind, my dear Sir, but I fear I must soon wish you good evening. I have

to look after a little property I have some miles hence, which, indeed, brought me down into this part of the world."

"Property—in what direction, Sir, if I may ask?" quoth the Doctor; "I know the country for miles."

"Do you, indeed!—where's my property, you say? Why, it is rather difficult to describe it, and it is, after all, a mere trifle; it is only some common-land near the high-road, and I came down to try the experiment of *hedging and draining*."

"'Tis a good plan, if one has capital, and does not require a speedy return."

"Yes; but one likes a good interest for the love of principle, and a speedy return is always desirable; although, alas! it is often attended with risk!"

"I hope, Sir," said the Doctor, if you must leave us so soon, that your property will often bring you into our neighbourhood."

"You overpower me with so much unexpected goodness," answered the stranger. "To tell you the truth, nothing can give me greater pleasure than to meet those again who have once obliged me."

"Whom you have obliged, rather!" cried Mrs. Slopperton, and then added, in a loud whisper to Lucy—"How modest! but it is always so with true courage!"

"I assure you, Madam," returned the benevolent stranger, "that I never think twice of the little favours I render my fellow-men—my only hope is, that they may be as forgetful as myself."

Charmed with so much unaffected goodness of disposition, the Doctor and Mrs. Slopperton now set up a sort of duet in praise of their guest: after enduring their commendations and compliments for some minutes with much grimace of disavowal and diffidence, the stranger's modesty seemed at last to take pain at the excess of their gratitude; and accordingly, pointing to the clock, which was within a few minutes of nine, he said,

"I fear, my respected host, and my admired hostess, that I must now leave you; I have far to go."

"But are you yourself not afraid of the highwaymen?" cried Mrs. Slopperton, interrupting him.

"The highwaymen!" said the stranger, smiling. "No! I do not fear *them*; besides, I have little about me worth robbing."

"Do you superintend your property yourself?" said the Doctor; who fanned his own globe, and who, unwilling to part with so charming a guest, seized him now by the button.

"Superintend it myself!—why, not exactly. There is a *bailiff*, whose views of things don't agree with mine, and who now and then gives me a good deal of trouble!"

"Then why don't you discharge him altogether?"

"Ah! I wish I could: but 'tis a necessary evil. We, landed proprietors, my dear Sir, must always be plagued with something of the sort. For my part, I have found those cursed bailiffs would take away, if they could, all the little property one has been trying to accumulate. But," abruptly changing his manner into one of great softness, "could I not proffer my services and my companionship to this young lady? Would she allow me to conduct her home, and, indeed, stamp this day upon my memory, as one of the few delightful ones I have ever known?"

"Thank you, dear Sir," said Mrs. Sloperton, answering at once for Lucy; "it is very considerate of you; and I am sure, my love, I could not think of letting you go home alone with old John, after such an adventure to the poor dear Doctor."

Lucy began an excuse which the good lady would not hear. But as the servant whom Mr. Brandon was to send with a lantern to attend his daughter home, had not arrived, and as Mrs. Sloperton, despite her prepossessions in favour of her husband's deliverer, did not for a moment contemplate his accompanying, without any other attendance, her young friend across the fields at that unreasonable hour; the stranger was forced, for the present, to re-assume his seat; an open harpsichord at one end of the room, gave him an opportunity to make some remark upon music, and this introducing an elogium on Lucy's voice, from Mrs. Sloperton, necessarily ended in a request to Miss Brandon to indulge the stranger with a song. Never had Lucy, who was not a shy girl—she was too innocent to be bashful—felt nervous hitherto in singing before a stranger; but now, she hesitated and faltered, and went through a whole series of little natural fluctuations before she complied with the request. She chose a song composed somewhat after the old English school, which at that time was reviving to fashion. The song though conveying a sort of conceit, was not, perhaps, altogether without tenderness;—it was a favourite with Lucy, she scarcely knew why, and ran thus:—

LUCY'S SONG.

Why sleep, ye flowers, ah, why
When the sweet eve is falling,
And the stars drink the tender sigh
Of winds to the fairies calling?

Calling with pining note,
Most like a ringdove chiding,
Or a flute from some distant boat
O'er the glass of a still sea gliding.

Why sleep, ye flowers, ah, why,
What time we most must miss you?
Like a bride, see, the loving sky,
From your churlish sleep would kiss you.

Soft things, the dew, the breeze,
All soft things, are about you;
Awake, fair flowers, for scarcely these
Fill the yearning sense without you!

Wake ye not yet? Alas!
The silver time is fleeing!
—Fond idler, cease! those flowers but glass
The doom of thy changeless being!

Yea, ever when the hours
As now seem the divinest,
Thou callest, I know, on some sleeping flowers,
And finding no answer—pinnest!

When Lucy ended, the stranger's praise was as loud than either the Doctor's or his lady's; it how far more sweet it was; and for the first time in her life Lucy made the discovery, that men can praise as well as lips. For our part, we have often thought that that discovery is an epoch in life.

It was now that Mrs. Sloperton declared her thorough conviction that the stranger himself could sing—"He had that about him," she said, which made her sure of it."

"Indeed, dear Madam, said he, with his usual undefinable, half-frank, half-latent smile, "my vice is but so so, and my memory so indifferent, that even in the easiest passages, I soon come to stand. My best notes are in the falsetto, and for my execution—but we won't talk of that."

"Nay, nay; you are so modest," said Mrs. Sloperton; "I am sure you could oblige us if you would."

"Your command," said the stranger, moving to the harpsichord, "is all-sufficient: and since you, Madam," (turning to Lucy,) "have chosen a song after the old school, may I find pardon if I do the same? My selection is, to be sure, from a lawless song-book, and is supposed to be a ballad by Robin Hood, or, at least, one of his merry men; a very different sort of outlaws from the knaves who attacked you, Sir?"

With this preface, the stranger sung to a wild yet jovial air, with a tolerable voice, the following effusion:—

THE LOVE OF OUR PROFESSION; OR, THE ROBBER'S LIFE.

On the stream of the World, the Robber's life
Is borne on the blithest wave;
Now it bounds into light in a gladsome strife,
Now it laughs in its hiding cave.

At his maiden's lattice he stays the rein,
How still is his courser proud!
(But still as a wind when it hangs o'er the main
In the breast of the boding cloud)—

With the champed bit and the arched crest,
And the eye of a listening deer,
And the spirit of fire that pines at its rest,
And the limbs that laugh at fear.

Fit slave to a Lord whom all else refuse
To save at his desperate need;
By my troth! I think one whom the world pursues,
Hath a right to a gallant steed.

"Away, my beloved, I hear their feet!"
"I blow thee a kiss, my fair,
And I promise to bring thee, when next we meet,
A braid for thy bonny hair.

"Hurra! for the booty!—my Steed, hurra!
Thorough bush, thorough brake go we;
And the coy Moon smiles on our merry way,
Like my own love—timidly."

The Parson he rides with a jingling peach,
How it blabs of the rifled poor!
The Courtier he lolls in his gilded coach,
How it smacks of a sinecure!

The Lawyer revolves in his whirling chaise
Sweet thoughts of a mischief done;
And the Lady that knoweth the card she plays
Is counting her guineas won!

"Ho, Lady!—What, hollo, ye sinless man!
My claim ye can scarce refuse;
For when honest folk live on their neighbours, then
They encroach on the Robber's dues!"

The Lady changed cheek like a bashful maid,
The Lawyer talk'd wondrous fair,
The Parson blasphemed, and the Courtier pray'd,
And the Robber bore off his share.

"Hurra! for the revel! my steed, hurra!
Thorough bush, thorough brake go we!
It is ever a virtue when others pay
To ruffle it merrily!"

Oh! there never was a life like the Robber's—so
Jolly, and bold, and free;
And it's end!—why, a cheer from the crowd below,
And a leap from a leafless tree!

This very moral lay being ended, Mrs. Sloperton declared it was excellent; though she confessed she thought the sentiments rather loose. Perhaps the gentleman might be induced to favour them with a song of a more refined and modern turn—something sentimental, in short. Glancing toward Lucy, the stranger answered, that he only knew one song of the kind Mrs. Sloperton specified, and it was so short, that he should scarcely weary her patience by granting her request.

At this moment, the river, which was easily

descried from the windows of the room, glimmered in the starlight, and directing his looks toward the water, as if the scene had suggested to him the verses he sung, he gave the following stanzas in a very low sweet tone, and with a far purer taste than, perhaps, would have suited the preceding and ruder song.

THE WISH.

As sleeps the dreaming Eve below,
Its holiest star keeps ward above,
And yonder wave begins to glow,
Like Friendship bright'ning into Love!

Ah! would thy bosom were that stream
Ne'er woo'd save by the virgin air!—
Ah! would I were that star, whose beam
Looks down and finds its image there!

Scarcely was the song ended, before the arrival of Miss Brandon's servant was announced, and her destined escort starting up, gallantly assisted her with her cloak and her hood, happy, no doubt, to escape in some measure, the overwhelming compliments of his entertainer.

"But," said the Doctor, as he shook hands with his deliverer, "by what name shall I remember and"—(lifting his reverend eyes)—"pray for the gentleman to whom I am so much indebted?"

"You are very kind," said the stranger; "my name is Clifford. Madam," (turning to Lucy,) "may I offer my hand down the stairs?"

Lucy accepted the courtesy, and the stranger was half-way down the staircase, when the Doctor, stretching out his little neck, exclaimed,

"Good evening, Sir! I do hope we shall meet again."

"Fear not," said Mr. Clifford, laughing gaily, "I am too great a traveller to make that hope a matter of impossibility.—Take care, Madam—one step more."

The night was calm and tolerably clear, though the moon had not yet risen, as Lucy and her companion passed through the fields, with the servant preceding them at a little distance with the lantern.

After a pause of some length, Clifford said, with a little hesitation, "Is Miss Brandon related to the celebrated barrister of her name?"

"He is my uncle," said Lucy; "do you know him?"

"Only your uncle?" said Clifford, with vivacity, and evading Lucy's question—"I feared—hem!—hem!—that is, I thought he might have been a nearer relation." There was another, but a shorter pause, when Clifford resumed, in a low voice, "Will Miss Brandon think me very presumptuous if I say, that a countenance like her's once seen, can never be forgotten; and I believe, some years since, I had the honour to see her in London, at the theatre. It was but a momentary and distant glance that I was then enabled to gain; and yet," he added significantly, "it sufficed!"

"I was only once at the theatre while in London, some years ago," said Lucy a little embarrassed; "and, indeed, an unpleasant occurrence which happened to my uncle, with whom I was, is sufficient to make me remember it."

"Ha!—and what was it?"

"Why, in going out of the playhouse, his watch was stolen by some dexterous pickpocket."

"Was the rogue caught?" asked the stranger.

"Yes; and was sent the next day to Bridewell. My uncle said he was extremely young, and yet quite hardened. I remember that I was foolish

enough, when I heard of his sentence, to beg very hard that my uncle would intercede for him: but in vain."

"Did you, indeed, intercede for him?" said the stranger, in so earnest a tone that Lucy coloured for the twentieth time that night, without seeing any necessity for the blush. Clifford continued in a gayer tone, "Well, it is surprising how rogues hang together. I should not be greatly surprised if the person who despoiled your uncle, were one of the same gang as the rascal who so terrified your worthy friend the Doctor. But is this handsome old place, your home?"

"This is my home," answered Lucy; "but it is an old-fashioned, strange place; and few people, to whom it was not endeared by associations, would think it handsome."

"Pardon me!" said Lucy's companion, stopping, and surveying, with a look of great interest, the quaint and Elizabethan pile, which now stood close before them; its dark bricks, gable-ends, and ivied walls, tinged by the starry light of the sky, and contrasted by the river, which rolled in silence below. The shutters to the large oriel window of the room, in which the Squire usually sat, were still unclosed, and the steady and warm light of the apartment shone forth, casting a glow, even to the smooth waters of the river: at the same moment, too, the friendly bark of the house-dog was heard as in welcome; and was followed by the note of the great bell, announcing the hour for the last meal of the old-fashioned and hospitable family.

"There is a pleasure in this!" said the stranger, unconsciously, and with a half-sigh: "I wish I had a home!"

"And have you not a home?" said Lucy with *naivete*.

"As much as a bachelor can have, perhaps," answered Clifford, recovering without an effort his gaiety and self-possession. "But you know we wanderers are not allowed the same boast as the more fortunate Benedicts; we send our hearts in search of a home, and we lose the one without gaining the other. But I keep you in the cold, and we are now at your door."

"You will come in of course!" said Miss Brandon, "and partake of our evening cheer."

The stranger hesitated for an instant, and then said in a quick tone,

"No! many—many thanks; it is already late. Will Miss Brandon accept my gratitude for her condescension, in permitting the attendance of one unknown to her?" As he thus spoke, Clifford bowed profoundly over the hand of his beautiful charge; and Lucy wishing him good-night, hastened with a light step, to her father's side.

Meanwhile, Clifford, after lingering a minute, when the door was closed on him, turned abruptly away; and muttering to himself, repaired with rapid steps, to whatever object he had then in view.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Uprouse ye then
My merry, merry men!"

JOANNA BAILLY

WHEN the Moon rose that night, there was one spot upon which she palely broke, about ten miles

stant from Warlock, which the forewarned traveller would not have been eager to pass, but which might not have afforded a bad study to such artists as have caught from the savage painter of the Apennines a love for the wild and the adventurous. Dark trees scattered far and wide over a broken, but verdant sward made the back ground; the moon shimmered through the boughs as she came slowly forth from her pavilion of cloud, and poured a broader beam on two figures just advanced beyond the trees. More plainly brought into light by her rays than his companion, here a horseman, clad in a short cloak that barely covered the crupper of the steed, was looking to the priming of a large pistol which he had just taken from his holster. A louched hat, and a mask of black crape, conspired with the action, to throw a natural suspicion on the intentions of the rider. His horse, a beautiful dark grey, stood quite motionless, with arched neck, and its short ears quickly moving to and fro, demonstrative of that sagacious and anticipative attention which characterizes the noblest of all named animals: you would not have perceived the impatience of the steed, but for the white foam that gathered round the bit, and for an occasional and infrequent toss of the head. Behind this horseman, and partially thrown into the dark shadow of the trees, another man, similarly clad, was busied in tightening the girths of a horse, of great strength and size. As he did so, he hummed, with no unmusical murmur, the air of a popular drinking song.

"'Sdeath, Ned," said his comrade, who had for some time been plunged in a silent reverie,—"'Sdeath! why can you not stifle your love for the fine arts, at a moment like this? That hum of thine grows louder every moment, at last I expect it will burst out into a full roar; recollect we are not at Gentleman George's now!"

"The more 's the pity, Augustus," answered Ned. "Soho, Little John! woaho, Sir! a nice long night like this, is made on purpose for drinking—Will you, Sir? keep still then!"

"Man never is, but always to be blest," said the moralizing Tomlinson; "you see you sigh for other scenes even when you have a fine night and the chance of a God-send before you."

"Ay, the night is fine enough," said Ned, who was rather a grumbler, as, having finished his roomlike operation, he now slowly mounted. Damn it, Oliver* looks out as broadly as if he were going to blab. For my part, I love a dark night with a star here and there winking at us, as much as to say, 'I see you, my boys, but I won't say a word about it,' and a small, pattering, drizzling, mizzling rain that prevents Little John's coofs being heard, and covers one's retreat, as it were. Besides, when one is a little wet, it is always necessary to drink the more, to keep the cold from one's stomach when one gets home."

"Or in other words," said Augustus, who loved a maxim from his very heart; "light wet cherishes heavy wet!"

"Good!" said Ned, yawning; "hang it, I wish the captain would come. Do you know what 'clock it is?—Not far short of eleven, I suppose?"

"About that!—hist, is that a carriage?—no—it is only a sudden rise in the wind."

"Very self-sufficient in Mr. Wind to allow him-

self to be raised without our help!" said Ned; "by the way, we are of course to go back to the Red Cave."

"So, Captain Lovett says—Tell me, Ned, what do you think of the new tenant Lovett has put into the cave?"

"Oh, I have strange doubts there," answered Ned, shaking the hairy honours of his head; "I don't half like it; consider, the cave is our strong hold, and ought only to be known——"

"To men of tried virtue," interrupted Tomlinson. "I agree with you; I must try and get Lovett to discard his singular *protege*, as the French say."

"'Gad, Augustus, how came you by so much learning? you know all the Poets by heart, to say nothing of Latin and French."

"Oh, hang it, I was brought up like the captain, to a literary way of life."

"That's what makes you so thick with him, I suppose. *He* writes (and sings too) a tolerable song, and is certainly a deuced clever fellow. What a rise in the world he has made! Do you recollect what a poor sort of way he was in when you introduced him at Gentleman George's? and now he's the Captain Crank of the gang."

"The gang! the company you mean. Gang indeed! One would think you were speaking of a knot of pickpockets. Yes, Lovett is a clever fellow; and, thanks to me, a very decent philosopher!" It is impossible to convey to our reader the grave air of importance with which Tomlinson made his concluding laudation. "Yes," said he, after a pause, "he has a bold, plain way of viewing things, and, like Voltaire, he becomes a philosopher, by being a Man of Sense! Hist! see my horse's ears! some one is coming, though I don't hear him! keep watch!"

The robbers became silent, the sound of distant hoofs was indistinctly heard, and as it came nearer, there was a crash of boughs, as if a hedge had been ridden through; presently the moon gleamed picturesquely on the figure of a horseman, approaching through the copse in the rear of the robbers. Now he was half seen among the sinuosities of his forest-path; now in full sight, now altogether hid; then his horse neighed impatiently; now he again came in sight, and in a moment more, he had joined the pair! The new comer was of a tall and sinewy frame, and in the first bloom of manhood. A frock of dark green, edged with a narrow silver lace, and buttoned from the throat to the middle, gave due effect to an upright mien, a broad chest, and a slender, but rounded waist, that stood in no need of the compression of the tailor. A short riding-cloak clasped across the throat with a silver buckle, hung picturesquely over one shoulder, while his lower limbs were cased in military boots, which, though they rose above the knee, were evidently neither heavy nor embarrassing to the vigorous sinews of the horseman. The caparisons of the steed—the bit, the bridle, the saddle, the holster—were according to the most approved fashion of the day; and the steed itself was in the highest condition, and of remarkable beauty. The horseman's air was erect and bold; a small but coal-black mustachio heightened the resolute expression of his short, curved lip; and from beneath the large hat which overhung his brow, his long locks escaped, and waved darkly in the keen night air. Altogether, horseman and horse exhibited a

* The moon.

gallant, and even a chivalrous appearance, which the hour and the scene heightened to a dramatic and romantic effect.

"Ha! Lovett."

"How are you, my merry men!" were the salutations exchanged.

"What news?" said Ned.

"Brave news! look to it. My lord and his carriage will be by in ten minutes at most."

"Have you got any thing more out of the parson I frightened so gloriously?" asked Augustus.

"No; more of that hereafter. Now for our new prey!"

"Are you sure our noble friend will be so soon at hand?" said Tomlinson, patting his steed, that now pawed in excited hilarity.

"Sure! I saw him change horses; I was in the stable-yard at the time; he got out for half an hour, to eat, I fancy;—be sure that I played him a trick in the meanwhile."

"What force?" asked Ned.

"Self and servant."

"The post-boys?"

"Ay, I forgot them. Never mind, you must frighten them."

"Forward!" cried Ned, and his horse sprang from his armed heel.

"One moment," said Lovett; "I must put on my spack—echo—Robin, echo! Now for it—forward!"

As the trees rapidly disappeared behind them, the riders entered, at a hand gallop, on a broad track of waste land interspersed with dykes and occasionally fences of hurdles, over which their horses bounded like quadrupeds well accustomed to such exploits.

Certainly at that moment, what with the fresh air, the fitful moonlight now breaking broadly out, now lost in a rolling cloud, the exciting exercise, and that racy and dancing stir of the blood, which all action, whether evil or noble in its nature, raises in our veins; what with all this, we cannot but allow the fascination of that lawless life;—a fascination so great that one of the most noted *gentlemen highwaymen* of the day, one too, who had received an excellent education, and mixed in no inferior society, is reported to have said when the rope was about his neck, and the good Ordinary was exhorting him to repent of his ill-spent life, "*Ill-spent, you dog!—God! (smacking his lips,) it was delicious!*"

"Fie! fie! Mr. ———, raise your thoughts to Heaven!"

"But a canter across a common—oh!" muttered the criminal; and his soul cantered off to eternity.

So briskly leaped the heart of the leader of the three, that as they now came in view of the main road, and the distant wheel of a carriage whirled on the ear; he threw up his right hand with a joyous gesture, and burst into a boyish exclamation of hilarity and delight.

"Whist, Captain!" said Ned, checking his own spirits, with a mock air of gravity, "let us conduct ourselves like gentlemen; it is only your low fellows who get into such confoundedly high spirits; men of the world like us, should do every thing as if their hearts were broken."

"Melancholy* ever cronies with sublimity, and

courage is sublime!" said Augustus with the pomp of a maxim-maker.

"Now for the hedge!" cried Lovett, wheeling his comrades, and his horse sprang into the road.

The three men now were drawn up quite still and motionless by the side of the hedge. The broad road lay before them curving out of sight either side; the ground was hardening under an early tendency to frost, and the clear ring of approaching hoofs sounded on the ear of the robbers, ominous, haply, of the chinks of "more attractive metal," about, if Hope told no flattering tale, to be their own.

Presently the long-expected vehicle made its appearance at the turn of the road, and it rolled rapidly on behind four fleet post-horses.

"You, Ned, with your large steed, stop the horses; you Augustus, bully the post-boys; leave me to do the rest," said the Captain.

the distinguished biographer makes a similar assertion: that of the sage Augustus; "When did ever a notion thought spring up in the soul that Melancholy was not to be found, however latent, in its neighbourhood?" Now, with due deference to Mr. Moore, this is a very sickly, and of nonsense, that has not even an atom of truth to stand on. "God said let there be light, and there was light," we should like to know where lies the melancholy of the sublime sentence. "Truth," says Plato, "is the body of God, and Light is his shadow." In the name of common sense, in what possible corner, in the vicinity of that lofty language, lurks the jaundiced face of this eternal *dele melle* of Mr. Moore's? Again, in that sublimest passage in the substance of the Latin poets (Lucretius), which bursts forth in honour of Epicurus,* is there any thing redolent of sadness? On the contrary, in the three passages we have referred to, especially in the two first quoted, there is something splendidly luminous and cheering. Joy is often a great part of the sublime; the suddenness of its ventings would suffice to make it so. What can be more sublime than the triumphant Psalms of David, intoxicated as they are with an almost delirium of transport? Even in the gloomiest passages of the poets, where we recognise sublimity, we do not often find melancholy. We are stricken by terror, we are by awe, but seldom softened into sadness. In fact, Melancholy rather belongs to another class of feelings than the excited by a sublime passage or those which engender a composition. On one hand, in the loftiest flights of Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare, we will challenge a critic to discover this "green sickness" which Mr. Moore would convert into the magnificence of the plague. On the other hand, where is the evidence that Melancholy made the habitual temperaments of those divine men? Of Homer we know nothing; of Shakspeare and Milton, we have reason to believe the ordinary temperament was consistently cheerful. The latter boasts of it. A thousand instances of contradiction to an assertion it were not worth while to recite, were it not so generally popular, so highly mentioned, and so eminently pernicious to every thing that is manly and noble in literature, rush to our memory. If we think we have already quoted enough to disprove the sentence, which the illustrious biographer has himself proved in more than twenty passages which, if he is pleased to forget, we thank Heaven, posterity never will. Now we are on the subject of this Life, so excellent in many respects, we cannot but observe that we think the whole scope of his philosophy utterly unworthy of the accomplished mind of the writer; the philosophy consists of an unperdonable distorting of general truths, to suit the peculiarities of an individual, noble indeed, but proverbially morbid, and eccentric. A striking instance of this occurs in the laboured assertion that poets make but sorry domestic characters. What! because Lord Byron is said to have been a bad husband, was (to go no farther back for examples), was Walter Scott a bad husband? or was Campbell? or is Mr. Moore himself? Why, in the name of justice, should it be insinuated that Milton was a bad husband when, as far as any one can judge of the matter, it was Mrs. Milton who was the bad wife? And why, oh! why should we be told by Mr. Moore, a man who, to judge by (act), is a Rock and the Epicurean, wants neither learning nor diligence—why are we to be told, with peculiar emphasis, that Lord Bacon never married, when Lord Bacon not only married, but his marriage was so advantageous as to be an absolute epoch in his career? Really, really one begins to believe that there is not such a thing as a fact in the world.

* A maxim which would have pleased Madame de Staël, who thought that philosophy consisted in fine sentiments. In the Life of Lord Byron, just published by Mr. Moore,

* "Primum Gravitas homo mortalis tollere contra, &c." To these instances we might especially add the case of Pindar, Horace, and Campbell.

"As agreed," returned Ned, laconically. "Now, look at me!" and the horse of the vain highwayman sprang from its shelter. So instantaneous were the operations of these experienced tacticians, that Lovett's orders were almost executed in a trice, a trice less time than it had cost him to give them.

The carriage being stopped, and the post-boys white and trembling, with two pistols (levelled by Augustus and Pepper) cocked at their heads, Lovett dismounting, threw open the door of the carriage, and in a very civil tone, and with a very bland address, accosted the inmate.

"Do not be alarmed, my Lord, you are perfectly safe; we only require your watch and purse."

"Really," answered a voice still softer than that of the robber, while a marked and somewhat French countenance, crowned with a fur cap, peered forth at the arrester,—“Really, Sir, your request is so modest, that I were worse than cruel to refuse you. My purse is not very full, and you may as well have it as one of my rascally duns—but my watch, have a love for—and—”

"I understand you, my Lord," interrupted the highwayman. "What do you value your watch at?"

"Humph—to you it may be worth some twenty guineas."

"Allow me to see it!"

"Your curiosity is extremely gratifying," returned the nobleman, as with great reluctance he drew forth a gold repeater, set, as was sometimes the fashion of that day, in precious stones. The highwayman looked slightly at the bauble.

"Your Lordship," said he with great gravity, "was too modest in your calculation—your taste reflects greater credit on you: allow me to assure you, that your watch is worth fifty guineas, to us at the least—to show you that I think so most sincerely, I will either keep it, and we will say no more on the matter; or I will return it to you upon your word of honour, that you will give me a cheque for fifty guineas payable by your *real* bankers to 'bearer for self.' Take your choice; it is quite immaterial to me!"

"Upon my honour, Sir," said the traveller with some surprise struggling to his features, "your coolness and self-possession are quite admirable—see you know the world."

"Your Lordship flatters me!" returned Lovett, smiling. "How do you decide?"

"Why, is it possible to write drafts without ink, pen, or paper?"

Lovett drew back, and while he was searching in his pockets for writing implements, which he always carried about him, the traveller seized the opportunity, and suddenly snatching a pistol from the pocket of the carriage, levelled it full at the head of the robber. The traveller was an excellent and practised shot—he was almost within arm's-length of his intended victim—his pistols were the envy of all his Irish friends. He pulled the trigger—the powder flashed in the pan, and the highwayman, not even changing countenance, drew forth a small ink-bottle, and placing a steel pen in it, handed it to the nobleman, saying, with incomparable *sang froid*, "Would you like, my Lord, to try the other pistol? if so, oblige me by a quick aim, as you must see the necessity of despatch. If not, here is the back of a letter, on which you can write the draft."

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The traveller was not a man apt to become embarrassed in any thing—save his circumstances; but he certainly felt a little discomposed and confused, as he took the paper, and uttering some broken words, wrote the cheque. The highwayman glanced over it, saw it was writ according to form, and then with a bow of cool respect, returned the watch, and shut the door of the carriage.

Meanwhile the servant had been shivering in front—boxed up in that solitary convenience termed, not euphoniously, a dicky. Him the robber now briefly accosted.

"What have you got about you belonging to your master?"

"Only his pills, your Honour! which I forgot to put in the—"

"Pills!"—throw them down to me!" The valet tremblingly extracted from his side-pocket a little box, which he threw down and Lovett caught in his hand.

He opened the box, counted the pills—

"One,—two,—four,—twelve,—Aha!" He re-opened the carriage door.

"Are these your pills, my Lord?"

The wondering peer, who had begun to re-settle himself in the corner of his carriage, answered, "that they were!"

"My Lord, I see you are in a high state of fever: you were a little delirious just now when you snapped a pistol in your friend's face. Permit me to recommend you a prescription—swallow off all these pills!"

"My God!" cried the traveller, startled into earnestness: "What do you mean!—twelve of those pills would kill a man."

"Hear him!" said the robber, appealing to his comrades who roared with laughter, "What, my Lord, would you rebel against your doctor!—Fie, fie! be persuaded."

And with a soothing gesture he stretched the pill-box towards the recoiling nose of the traveller. But, though a man who could as well as any one make the best of a bad condition, the traveller was especially careful of his health, and so obstinate was he where that was concerned, that he would rather have submitted to the effectual operation of a bullet, than incurred the chance operation of an extra-pill. He, therefore, with great indignation, as the box was still extended toward him, snatched it from the hand of the robber, and flinging it across the road, said, with dignity—

"Do your worst, rascals! But if you leave me alive, you shall repent the outrage you have offered to one of his Majesty's Household!" Then, as if becoming sensible of the ridicule of affecting too much in his present situation, he added in an altered tone; "And now, for God's sake, shut the door! and if you must kill somebody, there's my servant on the box—he's paid for it."

This speech made the robbers laugh more than ever; and Lovett, who liked a joke even better than a purse, immediately closed the carriage-door, saying—

"Adieu! my Lord; and let me give you a piece of advice: whenever you get out at a country-inn, and stay half-an-hour while your horses are changing, take your pistols with you, or you may chance to have the charge drawn."

With this admonition the robber withdrew; and seeing that the valet held out to him a long green purse, he said, gently shaking his head,

"Rogues should not prey on each other, my good fellow. You rob your master—so do we—let each keep what he has got."

Long Ned and Tomlinson then backing their horses, the carriage was freed; and away started the post-boys at a pace which seemed to show less regard for life than the robbers themselves had evinced.

Meanwhile the Captain remounted his steed, and the three confederates bounding in gallant style over the hedge through which they had previously gained the road, galloped off in the same direction they had come, the moon, ever and anon, bringing into light their flying figures, and the sound of many a joyous peal of laughter, ringing through the distance along the frosty air.

CHAPTER XV.

What is here?—

Gold?

Thus much of this will make black white—foul fair.
Timon of Athens.

Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom.

Henry the Fourth.

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius? He reads much.
He is a great observer; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.
Often he smiles; but smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself or scorned his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Julius Cæsar.

The next day, late at noon, as Lucy was sitting with her father, not as usual engaged either in work or in reading, but seemingly quite idle, with her pretty foot upon the Squire's gouty stool, and her eyes fixed on the carpet, while her hands (never were hands so soft and so small as Lucy's, though they may have been eclipsed in whiteness) were lightly clasped together and reposed listlessly on her knees,—the surgeon of the village abruptly entered with a face full of news and horror. Old Squire Brandon was one of those persons who always hear news, whatever it may be, later than any of their neighbours, and it was not till all the gossips of the neighbourhood had picked the bone of the matter quite bare, that he was now informed, through the medium of Mr. Pillum, that Lord Mauleverer had on the preceding night been stopped by three highwaymen in his road to his country seat, and robbed to a considerable amount.

The fame of the worthy Doctor Slopperton's mal-adventure having, long ere this, been spread far and wide, the whole neighbourhood was naturally thrown into great consternation. Magistrates were sent to, large dogs borrowed, blunderbusses cleaned, and a subscription made throughout the parish for the raising of a patrol. There seemed little doubt but that the offenders, in either case, were members of the same horde; and Mr. Pillum in his own mind was perfectly convinced, that they meant to encroach upon his trade, and destroy all the surrounding householders who were worth the trouble.

The next week passed in the most diligent endeavours, on the part of the neighbouring magistrates and yeomanry, to detect and seize the robbers, but their labours were utterly fruitless; and

one justice of peace, who had been particularly active, was himself entirely "cleaned out" by an old gentleman, who, under the name of Mr. Bagshot—rather an ominous cognomen—offered to conduct the unsuspecting magistrate to the very spot where the miscreants might be seized. No sooner, however, had he drawn the poor justice away from his comrades into a lonely part of the road, than he stripped him to his shirt. He did not even leave his worship his flannel drawers, though the weather was as bitter as the dog days of eighteen-hundred and twenty-nine.

"'Tis not my way," said the hoary ruffian, when the justice petitioned at least for the latter article of attire; "'tis not my way—I be's slow about my work, but I does it thorough—so off with your rags, Old 'un."

This was, however, the only additional instance of aggression in the vicinity of Warlock Manor-house; and by degrees, as the autumn declined, and no farther enormities were perpetrated, people began to look out for a new topic of conversation. This was afforded them by a piece of unexpected good fortune to Lucy Brandon.

Mrs. Warner, an old lady to whom she was slightly related, and with whom she had been residing during her brief and only visit to London, died suddenly, and in her will declared Lucy to be her sole heiress. The property which was in the Funds, and which amounted to sixty-thousand pounds, was to be enjoyed by Miss Brandon immediately on her attaining her twenty-first year; meanwhile, the executors to the will were to pay to the young heiress the annual sum of six hundred pounds. The joy which this news created in Warlock Manor-house, may easily be conceived. The Squire projected improvements here, and repairs there; and Lucy, poor girl, who had no idea of money for herself, beyond the purchase of a new poney, or a gown from London, seconded with affectionate pleasure all her father's suggestions, and delighted herself with the reflection, that those fine plans which were to make the Brandons greater than the Brandons ever were before, were to be realized by her own,—own money! It was at this identical time that the surrounding gentry made a simultaneous and grand discovery—viz. of the astonishing merits and great good sense of Mr. Joseph Brandon. It was a pity, they observed, that he was of so reserved and shy a turn—it was not becoming in a gentleman of so ancient a family. But why should they not endeavour to draw him from his retirement into those more public scenes which he was doubtless well calculated to adorn?

Accordingly, as soon as the first month of mourning had expired, several coaches, chaises, and horses, which had never been seen at Warlock Manor-house before, arrived there one after the other in the most friendly manner imaginable. Their owners admired every thing—the house was such a fine relic of old times!—for their parts they liked an oak-staircase!—and those nice old windows!—and what a beautiful peacock!—and, God save the mark! that magnificent chestnut-tree was worth a forest!—Mr. Brandon was requested to make one of the county hunt, not that he any longer hunted himself, but that his name would give such consequence to the thing!—Miss Lucy must come to pass a week with her dear friends the Honourable Misses Sanstere!—

Augustus, their brother, had *such* a sweet lady's horse!—In short, the customary change which takes place in people's characters after the acquisition of a fortune, took place in the characters of Mr. and Miss Brandon; and when people become suddenly amiable, it is no wonder that they should suddenly gain a vast accession of friends.

But Lucy, though she had seen so little of the world, was not quite blind; and the squire, though rather obtuse, was not quite a fool. If they were not rude to their new visitors, they were by no means overpowered with gratitude at their condescension. Mr. Brandon declined subscribing to the hunt; and Miss Lucy laughed in the face of the Honourable Augustus Sansterre. Among their new guests, however, was one who to great knowledge of the world joined an extreme and even brilliant polish of manners, which at least prevented deceit from being disagreeable, if not wholly from being un-*seen*—this was the new Lieutenant of the county, Lord Mauleverer.

Though possessed of an immense property in that district, Lord Mauleverer had hitherto resided but little on his estates. He was one of those gay birds who are now somewhat uncommon in this country after mature manhood is attained, who live an easy and rakish life, rather among their parasites than their equals, and who yet, by aid of an agreeable manner, natural talents, and a certain graceful and light cultivation of mind, (not the less pleasant for its being universally coloured with worldliness, and an amusing rather than offensive regard for self), never lose their legitimate station in society; who are oracles in dress, equipages, cookery, and beauty, and, having no character of their own, are able to fix by a single word a character upon any one else. Thus while Mauleverer rather lived the dissolute life of a young nobleman, who prefers the company of agreeable demi-mopps to that of wearisome Duchesses, than maintained the decorous state befitting a mature age, and an immense interest in the country,—he was quite as popular at Court, where he held a situation in the Household, as he was in the green-room, where he enchanted every actress on the right side of forty. A word from him in the legitimate quarters of power went farther than a parangue from another; and even the prudes,—at least, all those who had daughters,—confessed that his Lordship was a very interesting character." Like Brandon, his familiar friend, he had risen in the world (from the Irish Baron to the English Earl) without having ever changed his politics, which were ultra-Tory; and we need not observe that he was deemed, like Brandon, a model of public integrity. He was possessed of two places under Government, six votes in the House of Commons, and eight livings in the Church; and we must add, in justice to his loyal and religious principles, that there was not in the three kingdoms a firmer friend to the existing establishment.

Whenever a nobleman does not marry, people try to take away his character. Lord Mauleverer had never married; the Whigs had been very bitter on the subject; they even alluded to it in the House of Commons, that chaste assembly, where he never-failing subject of reproach against Mr. Pitt was the not being of an amorous temperament; but they had not hitherto prevailed against

the stout Earl's celibacy. It is true that if he was devoid of a wife, he had secured to himself plenty of substitutes; his profession was that of a man of gallantry; and though he avoided the daughters, it was only to make love to the mothers. But his Lordship had now attained a certain age, and it was at last circulated among his friends that he intended to look out for a Lady Mauleverer.

"Spare your caresses," said his Toad-in-chief, to a certain Duchess who had three portionless daughters, "Mauleverer has sworn that he will not choose among your order; you know his high politics, and you will not wonder at his declaring himself averse in matrimony as in morals to a *community of goods*."

The announcement of the Earl's matrimonial design, and the circulation of this anecdote, set all the clergymen's daughters in England on a blaze of expectation; and when Mauleverer came to —shire, upon obtaining the honour of the Lieutenancy, to visit his estates and court the friendship of his neighbours, there was not an old young lady of forty, who worked in broad-stitch, and had never been to London above a week at a time, who did not deem herself exactly the sort of person sure to fascinate his Lordship.

It was late in the afternoon when the travelling chariot of this distinguished person, preceded by two outriders in the Earl's undress livery of dark green, stopped at the hall door of Warlock House. The Squire was at home actually and metaphorically, for he never dreamt of denying himself to any one, gentle or simple. The door of the carriage being opened, there descended a small slight man, richly dressed, (for lace and silk vestments were not then quite discarded, though gradually growing less the mode,) and of an air prepossessing, and *distinguished*, rather than *dignified*. His years,—for his countenance, though handsome, was deeply marked, and evinced the tokens of dissipation,—seemed more numerous than they really were; and though not actually past middle age, Lord Mauleverer might fairly have received the unpleasant epithet of elderly. However, his step was firm, his gait upright, and his figure was considerably more youthful than his physiognomy. The first compliments of the day having passed, and Lord Mauleverer having expressed his concern that his long and frequent absence from the county had hitherto prevented his making the acquaintance of Mr. Brandon, the brother of one of his oldest and most esteemed friends, conversation became on both sides rather an effort. Mr. Brandon first introduced the subject of the weather, and the turnips—inquired whether his Lordship was not very fond—(for his part he used to be, but lately the rheumatism had disabled him, he hoped his Lordship was not subject to *that complaint*)—*of shooting*!"

Catching only the last words,—for besides the awful complexity of the Squire's sentences, Mauleverer was slightly afflicted by the aristocratic complaint of deafness—the Earl answered with a smile,

"The complaint of shooting!—very good indeed, Mr. Brandon; it is seldom that I have heard so witty a phrase. No, I am not in the least troubled with that epidemic. It is a disorder very prevalent in this county."

"My Lord!" said the Squire, rather puzzled—

and then observing that Mauleverer did not continue, he thought it expedient to start another subject.

"I was exceedingly grieved to hear that your Lordship, in travelling to Mauleverer Park—(that is a very ugly road across the waste land; the roads in this county are in general pretty good—for my own part, when I was a magistrate I was very strict in that respect)—was robbed. You have not yet I believe detected—(for my part, though I do not profess to be much of a politician, I do think that in affairs of robbery there is a great deal of remissness in *the ministers*)—*the villains*!"

"Our friend is disaffected!" thought the Lord Lieutenant, imagining that the last opprobrious term was applied to the respectable personages specified in the parenthesis. Bowing with a polished smile to the Squire, Mauleverer replied aloud, that he was extremely sorry, that their conduct (meaning the ministers) did not meet with Mr. Brandon's approbation.

"Well," thought the Squire, "that is playing the courtier with a vengeance!" "Meet with my approbation!" said he, warmly: "how could your Lordship think me—(for though I am none of your Saints, I am, I hope, a good Christian; an excellent one, judging from your words, *your Lordship must be!*)—*so partial to crime!*"

"*I partial to crime!*" returned Mauleverer, thinking he had stumbled unawares on some outrageous democrat, yet, smiling as softly as usual; "you judge me harshly, Mr. Brandon, you must do me more justice, and you can only do that by knowing me better."

Whatever unlucky answer the Squire might otherwise have made, was cut off by the entrance of Lucy: and the Earl, secretly delighted at the interruption, rose to render her his homage and to remind her of the introduction he had formerly been so happy as to obtain to her through the friendship of Mr. William Brandon—"a friendship," said the gallant nobleman, "to which I have often before been indebted, but which was never more agreeably excited on my behalf."

Upon this Lucy, who, though she had been so painfully bashful during her meeting with Mr. Clifford, felt no overpowering diffidence in the presence of so much greater a person, replied laughingly, and the Earl rejoined by a second compliment. Conversation was now no longer an effort; and Mauleverer, the most consummate of epicures, whom even Royalty trembled to ask without preparation, on being invited by the unconscious Squire to partake of the family dinner, eagerly accepted the invitation. It was long since the knightly walls of Warlock had been honoured by the presence of a guest so courtly. The good Squire heaped his plate with a profusion of boiled beef, and while the poor Earl was contemplating in dismay the alps upon alps which he was expected to devour, the grey-headed butler, anxious to serve him with alacrity, whipped away the overloaded plate, and presently returned it, yet more astoundingly surcharged with an additional world of a composition of stony colour and sudorific aspect, which, after examining in mute attention for some moments, and carefully removing, as well as he was able, to the extreme edge of his plate, the Earl discovered to be suet pudding.

"You eat nothing, my Lord!" cried the Squire;

"let me give you (this is more undolent;)" holding between blade and fork in middle air a honest fragment of scarlet, shaking its gory locks,—*another slice.*"

Swift at the word dropped upon Mauleverer's plate the harpy finger and ruthless thumb of the grey-headed butler.

"Not a morsel more," cried the Earl, struggling with the murderous domestic. "My dear Sir, excuse me; I assure you I have never eat such a dinner before—never!"

"Nay now!" quoth the Squire, expectant, "you really—(and this air is so keen that your Lordship should indulge your appetite, if you *follow the physician's advice*,) eat nothing."

Again Mauleverer was at fault.

"The physicians are right, Mr. Brandon," said he, "very right, and I am forced to live abstemiously; indeed I do not know whether, if I were to exceed at your hospitable table, and attack all that you would bestow upon me, I should ever recover it. You would have to seek a new lieutenant for your charming county, and on the tomb of the late Mauleverer the hypocritical and unrelated bar would inscribe 'Died of the visitation of beef, John Earl, &c.'"

Plain as the meaning of this speech might have seemed to others, the Squire only laughed at the effeminate appetite of the speaker, and inclined to think him an excellent fellow for jesting so good-humouredly on his own physical infirmity. But Lucy had the tact of her sex, and taking pity on the Earl's calamitous situation, though she certainly never guessed at its extent, entered with so much grace and ease into the conversation which he sought to establish between them, that Mauleverer's gentleman, who had hitherto been pushed aside by the zeal of the grey-headed butler, found an opportunity, when the Squire was laughing and the butler staring, to steal away the overburdened plate unsuspected and unseen.

Despite, however, of these evils of board and lodgment, Mauleverer was exceedingly well pleased with his visit, nor did he terminate it till the shades of the night had begun to close, and the distance from his own residence conspired with experience to remind him that it was possible for a highwayman's audacity to attack the equipage even of Lord Mauleverer. He then reluctantly re-entered his carriage, and bidding the postilion drive as fast as possible, wrapped himself in his *requiem*, and divided his thoughts between Lucy Brandon, and the *Homard au gratin* with which he proposed to console himself immediately on his return home. However, Fate, which mocks our most cherished hopes, ordained that on arriving at Mauleverer Park the owner should be suddenly afflicted with a loss of appetite, a coldness in the limbs, a pain in the chest, and various other ungracious symptoms of portending malady. Lord Mauleverer went straight to bed; he remained there for some days, and when he recovered, his physicians ordered him to Bath. The Whig Methodists, who hated him, ascribed his illness to Providence; and his Lordship was firmly of opinion that it should be ascribed to the beef and pudding. However this be, there was an end, for the present, to the hopes of young ladies of forty, and to the intended festivities at Mauleverer Park. "Good God!" said the Earl, as his carriage wheels turned

on his gates, "what a loss to country tradesmen may be occasioned by a piece of underdone beef, specially if it be boiled!"

About a fortnight had elapsed since Manleverer's steric visit to Warlock House, when the Squire received from his brother the following epistle:—

"MY DEAR JOSEPH,

"You know my numerous avocations, and aid the press of business which surrounds me, ill, I am sure, forgive me for being a very negligent and remiss correspondent. Nevertheless, I assure you, no one can more sincerely sympathize with that good fortune which has befallen my charming niece, and of which your last letter informed me, than I do. Pray give my best love to her, and tell her how complacently I look forward to the brilliant sensation she will create, when her beauty is enthroned upon that rank which, I am quite sure, it will one day or other command.

"You are not aware, perhaps, my dear Joseph, that I have for some time been in a very weak and declining state of health. The old nervous complaint in my face has of late attacked me grievously, and the anguish is sometimes so great that I am scarcely able to bear it. I believe the great demand which my profession makes upon a frame of body never strong, and now beginning prematurely to feel the infirmities of time, is the real cause of my maladies. At last, however, I must resolutely punish my pocket, and indulge my inclinations by a short respite from toil. The doctors—sworn friends, you know, to the lawyers—once they make common cause against mankind, have peremptorily ordered me to lie by, and to take a short course of air, exercise, social amusements, and the waters of Bath. Fortunately this is vacation time, and I can afford to lose a few weeks of emolument, in order, perhaps, to secure many years of life. I purpose then, early next week, repairing to that melancholy reservoir of gayety, where persons dance out of life, and are flung across the Styx. In a word, I shall make use of the adventures after health, who seek the fountains at King Bladud's pump-room. Will you let dear Lucy join me there? I ask it of your friendship, and I am quite sure that neither of you will shrink aghast at the proposal of solacing your invalid relation. At the same time that I am recovering health, my pretty niece will be avenging me, by consigning to his dominions many a taller and younger hero in my stead. And it will be a double pleasure to me to see all the hearts, which I break off, for what can I say on that subject which the little coquette does not anticipate? It is high time that Lucy should see the world; though there are many at Bath, above all others, to whom the heiress will be an object of interested attentions, yet there are also many in that crowded city by no means undeserving her notice. What say you, dear Joseph? But I know already; you will not refuse to keep company with me in my little holiday, and Lucy's eyes are already sparkling at the idea of new bonnets, Milsom Street, a thousand adorers, and the Pump-room.

'Ever, dear Joseph,

Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BRANDON."

P. S. I find that my friend Lord Manleverer is at Bath; I own that is an additional reason to urge me thither; by a letter from him, received the

other day, I see that he has paid you a visit, and he now raves about his host and the heiress. Ah, Miss Lucy, Miss Lucy! are you going to conquer him whom all London has, for years more than I care to tell, (yet not many, for Manleverer is still young,) assailed in vain? Answer me!"

This letter created a considerable excitement in Warlock House. The old Squire was extremely fond of his brother, and grieved to the heart, to find that he spoke so discouragingly of his health. Nor did the Squire for a moment hesitate at accepting the proposal to join his distinguished relative at Bath. Lucy also,—who had for her uncle, possibly from his profuse yet not indelicate flattery, a very great regard and interest, though she had seen but little of him,—urged the Squire to lose no time in arranging matters for their departure, so as to precede the barrister, and prepare every thing for his arrival. The father and daughter being thus agreed, there was little occasion for delay; an answer to the invalid's letter was sent by return of post, and on the fourth day from their receipt of the said epistle, the good old Squire, his daughter, a country girl, by way of abigail—the grey-headed butler, and two or three live pets, of the size and habits most convenient for travelling, were impelled along in the huge womb of the family coach, on their way to that city, which at that time was gay at least, if somewhat less splendid, than the metropolis.

On the second day of their arrival at Bath, Brandon, (as in future, to avoid confusion, we shall call the younger brother, giving to the elder his patriarchal title of Squire,) joined them.

He was a man seemingly rather fond of parade, though at heart he disrelished and despised it. He came to their lodging, which had not been selected in the very best part of the town, in a carriage and six, but attended only by one favourite servant.

They found him in better looks and better spirits than they had anticipated; few persons, when he liked it, could be more agreeable than William Brandon; but at times there mixed with his conversation a bitter sarcasm, probably a habit acquired in his profession, or an occasional tinge of morose and haughty sadness, possibly the consequence of his ill-health. Yet his disorder, which was somewhat approaching to that painful affliction, the *tic dolo-reux*, though of fits more rare in occurrence than those of that complaint ordinarily are, never seemed even for an instant to operate upon his mood, whatever that might be. That disease worked unseen; not a muscle of his face appeared to quiver; the smile never vanished from his mouth, the blandness of his voice never grew faint as with pain, and in the midst of intense torture, his resolute and stern mind conquered every external indication, nor could the most observant stranger have noted the moment when the fit attacked or released him. There was something inscrutable about the man. You felt that you took his character upon trust, and not on your own knowledge. The acquaintance of years would have left you equally dark as to his vices or his virtues. He varied often, yet in each variation he was equally undiscoverable. Was he performing a series of parts, or was it the ordinary changes of a man's true temperament, that you beheld in him? Commonly smooth, quiet, attentive, flatter-

ing in social intercourse; he was known in the senate and courts of law, for a cold asperity, and a caustic venom—scarcely rivalled even in those areas of contention. It seemed as if the bitterer feelings he checked in private life, he delighted to indulge in public. Yet, even there, he gave not way to momentary petulance or gushing passion, all seemed with him systematic sarcasm, or habitual sternness. He outraged no form of ceremonial, or of society. He stung, without appearing conscious of the sting; and his antagonist writhed not more beneath the torture of his satire, than the crushing contempt of his self-command.—Cool, ready, armed and defended on all points, sound in knowledge, unfailing in observation, equally consummate in sophistry when needed by himself, and instantaneous in detecting sophistry in another; scorning no art, however painful—begrudging no labour, however weighty—minute in detail, yet not the less comprehending the whole subject in a grasp; such was the legal and public character William Brandon had established, and such was the fame he joined to the unsullied purity of his moral reputation. But to his friends, he seemed only the agreeable, clever, lively, and, if we may use the phrase *innocently*, the *worldly* man—never affecting a superior sanctity, or an over-anxiety to forms, except upon great occasions; and rendering his austerity of manners the more admired, because he made it seem so unaccompanied by hypocrisy.

"Well," said Brandon, as he sat after dinner alone with his relations, and had seen the eyes of his brother close in diurnal slumber,—“tell me, Miss Lucy, what you think of Lord Mauleverer; do you find him agreeable?”

"Very; too much so, indeed!"

"Too much so! that is an uncommon fault, Lucy; unless you mean to insinuate that you find him too agreeable for your peace of mind."

"Oh, no! there is little fear of that; all that I meant to express was, that he seems to make it the sole business of his life to be agreeable; and that one imagines he had gained that end by the loss of certain qualities which one would have liked better."

"Umph! and what are they?"

"Truth, sincerity, independence, and honesty of mind."

"My dear Lucy, it has been the professional study of my life to discover a man's character, especially so far as truth is concerned, in as short a time as possible; but you excel me by intuition, if you can tell whether there be sincerity in a courtier's character at the first interview you have with him."

"Nevertheless, I am sure of my opinion," said Lucy, laughing; "and I will tell you one instance I observed among a hundred. Lord Mauleverer is rather deaf, and he imagined, in conversation, that my father said one thing—it was upon a very trifling subject—the speech of some member of Parliament, (the lawyer smiled,)—when in reality he meant to say another. Lord Mauleverer, in the warmest manner in the world, chimed in with him, appeared thoroughly of his opinion, applauded his sentiments, and wished the whole country of his mind. Suddenly my father spoke, Lord Mauleverer bent down his ear, and found that the sentiments he had so lauded were exactly those my father the least favoured. No sooner did he

make this discovery, than he wheeled round again, dexterously and gracefully, I allow; condemned all that he had before extolled, and extolled all that he had before abused!"

"And is that all, Lucy!" said Brandon, with a keener sneer on his lip than the occasion warranted. "Why, that is what every one does; only some more gravely than others. Mauleverer is society; I, at the bar; the minister in Parliament; friend to friend; lover to mistress; mistress to lover; half of us are employed in saying white is black, and the other half in swearing that black is white. There is only one difference, my pretty niece, between the clever man and the fool; the fool says what is false while the colours stare in his face and give him the lie; but the clever man takes, as it were, a brush, and literally turns the black into white, and the white into black, before he makes the assertion, which is then true. The fool changes, and is a liar; the clever man makes the colours change, and is a genius. But this is not for your young years yet, Lucy."

"Yet, I can't see the necessity of seeming to agree with people," said Lucy, simply; "surely they would be just as well pleased if you differed from them civilly, and with respect."

"No, Lucy," said Brandon, still sneering; "to be liked, it is not necessary to be any thing but compliant; lie, cheat, make every word a snare, and every act a forgery—but never contradict. Agree with people, and they make a couch for you in their hearts. You know the story of Dante and the buffoon. Both were entertained at the court of the vain pedant, who called himself Prince Scaliger; the former poorly, the latter sumptuously.—'How comes it,' said the buffoon to the Poet, 'that I am so rich and you so poor?'—'I shall be as rich as you,' was the stinging and true reply—'whenever I can find a patron as like myself as Prince Scaliger is like you!'"

"Yet my birds," said Lucy, caressing the goldfinch, which nestled to her bosom, "are not like me, and I love them. Nay, I often think I could love those better who differ from me the most. I feel it so in books;—when, for instance, I read a novel or a play; and you, uncle, I like almost in proportion to my perceiving in myself nothing in common with you."

"Yes," said Brandon, "you have, in common with me, a love for old stories of Sir Hugo, and Sir Rupert, and all the other 'Sirs' of our mothered and by-gone race. So you shall sing me the ballad about Sir John de Brandon, and the dragon he slew in the Holy Land. We will adjourn to the drawing-room, not to disturb your father."

Lucy agreed, took her uncle's arm, repaired to the drawing-room, and, seating herself at the harpsichord, sang to an inspiring, yet somewhat rude air, the family ballad her uncle had demanded.

It would have been amusing to note, in the rigid face of the hardened and habitual man of peace and parchments, a certain enthusiasm which even and anon crossed his cheek, as the verses of the ballad rested on some allusion to the Knightly House of Brandon, and its old renown. It was an early prejudice, breaking out despite of himself—a flash of character, stricken from the hard fossil in which it was embedded. One would have supposed that the silliest of all prejudices, (for the pride of money, though meaner, is less sensuous,) finally

broken my nightly slumbers, except for something of real importance—the discovery of a new beauty, or the invention of a new dish.”

“Neither the one nor the other could you have expected from me, my dear Lord,” rejoined Brandon; “you know the dry trifles in which a lawyer’s life wastes itself away, and beauties and dishes have no attraction for us, except the former be damaged, deserted, and the latter patents invaded. But my news, after all, is worth hearing, unless you have heard it before.”

“Not I! but I suppose I shall hear it in the course of the day; pray Heaven I be not sent for, to attend some plague of a council. Begin!”

“In the first place, Lord Duberly resolves to resign, unless this negotiation for peace be made a cabinet question!”

“Pshaw! let him resign. I have opposed the peace so long, that it is out of the question. Of course, Lord Wanstead will not think of it—and he may count on my boroughs. A peace! shameful, disgraceful, dastardly proposition!”

“But, my dear Lord, my letter says, that this unexpected firmness on the part of Lord Duberly has produced so great a sensation, that seeing the impossibility of forming a durable cabinet without him, the King has consented to the negotiation, and Duberly stays in!”

“The devil!—what next!”

“Raffden and Sternhold go out in favour of Baldwin and Charlton; and in the hope that you will lend your aid to——”

“I!” said Lord Mauleverer, very angrily; “I! lend my aid to Baldwin, the Jacobin, and Charlton, the son of a brewer!”

“Very true!” continued Brandon, “but in the hope that you might be persuaded to regard the new arrangements with an indulgent eye, you are talked of instead of the Duke of —— for the vacant garter and the office of Chamberlain.

“You don’t mean it!” cried Mauleverer, starting from his bed.

“A few other (but, I hear, chiefly legal) promotions are to be made. Among the rest, my learned brother, the democrat Saraden, is to have a silk gown; Cromwell is to be Attorney-general, and, between ourselves,—they have offered me a Judgeship.”

“But the garter!” said Mauleverer, scarcely hearing the rest of the lawyer’s news,—“the whole object, aim, and ambition, of my life. How truly kind in the King! After all,” continued the Earl laughing, and throwing himself back, “Opinions are variable—truth is not uniform—the times change, not we—and we must have peace instead of war!”

“Your maxims are indisputable, and the conclusion you come to is excellent,” said Brandon.

“Why, you and I, my dear fellow,” said the Earl, “who know men, and who have lived all our lives in the world, *must* laugh behind the scenes at the cant we wrap in tinsel, and send out to stalk across the stage. We know that our Coriolanus of Tory integrity, is a corporal kept by a prostitute; and the Brutus of Whig liberty, is a lackey turned out of place for stealing the spoons,—but we must not tell this to the world. So, Brandon, you must write me a speech for the next session—and be sure it has plenty of general maxims, and concludes with ‘my bleeding country!’”

The lawyer smiled. “You consent then to the expulsion of Sternhold and Raffden? for, after all, that is the question. Our British vessel, as the damned metaphor-mongers call the state, carries the public good safe in the hold like brandy, and it is only when fear, storm or the devil makes the rogues quarrel among themselves, and break up the casks, that one gets above a thimble-full at a time. We should go on fighting with the rest of the world for ever, if the ministers had not taken to fight among themselves.”

“As for Sternhold,” said the Earl, “’tis a vulgar dog, and voted for economical reform—besides, don’t know him;—he may go to the devil, so aught I care; but Raffden must be dealt handsomely with, or, despite the garter, I will fall bad among the Whigs, who, after all, give tolerable dinners.”

“But why, my Lord, must Raffden be treated better than his brother recusant?”

“Because he sent me in the handsomest manner possible, a pipe of that wonderful Madeira, which you know I consider the chief grace of my cellar, and he gave up a canal navigation bill which would have enriched his whole county, when he knew that it would injure my property. No, Brandon, curse public cant, we know what that is. But we are gentlemen, and our private friends must not be thrown to the devil, unless, at least, we do it in the civillest manner we can.”

“Fear not,” said the lawyer; “you have only to say the word, and the cabinet can cook up an embassy to Owhyhee, and send Raffden there with a stipend of five thousand a-year.”

“Ah! that’s well thought of; or we might give him a grant of a hundred thousand acres in one of the colonies, or let him buy crown-land at a discount of eighty per cent. So that’s settled.”

“And now, my dear friend,” said Brandon, “will tell you frankly why I come so early; I am required to give a hasty answer to the proposal I have received, namely of the Judgeship. Your opinion?”

“A Judgeship! you a Judge! What! forsake your brilliant career for so petty a dignity!—you jest!”

“Not at all,—listen. You know how bitterly I have opposed this peace, and what hot enemies I have made among the new friends of the administration: on the one hand, these enemies insist on sacrificing me; and on the other, if I were to stay in the Lower House and speak for what I have before opposed, I should forfeit the support of a great portion of my own party; hated by one body, and mistrusted by the other, a seat in the House of Commons ceases to be an object. It is proposed that I should retire on the dignity of a Judge, with the positive and pledged, though secret, promise of his Majesty and the Premier, to give me the first vacancy among the chiefs. The place of Chief Justice or Chief Baron is indeed the only fair remuneration for my surrender of the gains of my profession, and the abandonment of my parliamentary and legal career; the title might go (at least, by an exertion of interest) to the eldest son of my niece, in case she married a commoner:—or,” added he after a pause, “her second son in case she married a peer.”

“Ha—true!” said Mauleverer quickly, and as if struck by some sudden thought, “and your charming niece, Brandon, would be worthy of any

honour either to her children or herself. You do not know how struck I was with her; there is something so graceful in her simplicity; and in her manner of smoothing down the little rugosities of Warlock House, there was so genuine and so easy a dignity, that I declare, I almost thought myself young again and capable of the self-cheat of believing myself in love. But, oh! Brandon, imagine me at your brother's board!—me, for whom ortolans are too substantial, and who feel, when I tread, the slightest inequality in the carpets of Tournay!—imagine me, dear Brandon, in a black-wainscot room, hung round with your ancestors in brown wigs with posies in their button-holes,—an immense fire on one side and a thorough draught on the other,—a huge circle of beef before me, smoking like Vesuvius, and twice as large,—a plateful (the plate was pewter, is there not a metal so called?) of this mingled flame and lava sent under my very nostril, and upon pain of ill-breeding to be dispatched down my proper gullet—then an old gentleman in fustian-breeches and worn stockings, by way of a butler filling me a glass of ale,—and your worthy brother asking me if I would not prefer port,—a lean footman in a livery (such a livery, ye gods!) scarlet, blue, yellow, and green, a rainbow ill made! on the opposite side of the table looking at 'the Lord' with eyes and mouth equally open, and large enough to swallow me,—and your excellent brother himself at the head of the table glowing through the joints of the beef, like the rising sun in a sign-post,—and then, Brandon, turning from this image, behold beside me the fair, delicate, aristocratic, yet simple loveliness of your niece, and—but you look angry—I have offended you."

It was high time for Mauleverer to ask that question; for, during the whole of the Earl's recital, the dark face of his companion had literally burnt with rage: and here we may observe, how generally selfishness, which makes the man of the world, prevents its possessor, by a sort of paradox, from being consummately so. For Mauleverer, occupied by the pleasure he felt at his own wit, and never having that magic sympathy with others, which creates the incessantly keen observer, had not, for a moment, thought that he was offending to the quick the hidden pride of the lawyer. Nay, so little did he suspect Brandon's real weaknesses, that he thought him a philosopher, who would have laughed alike at principles and people, however near to him might be the latter, and however important the former. Mastering by a single effort, which restored his cheek to its usual steady hue, the outward signs of his displeasure, Brandon rejoined,

"Offend me! by no means, my dear Lord. I do not wonder at your painful situation in an old country gentleman's house, which has not for centuries offered scenes fit for the presence of so distinguished a guest. Never, I may say, since the time when Sir Charles de Brandon entertained Elizabeth at Warlock; and your ancestor, (you know my old musty studies on those points of obscure antiquity,) John Mauleverer, who was a noted goldsmith of London, supplied the plate for the occasion."

"Fairly retorted," said Mauleverer, smiling; for though the Earl had a great contempt for low birth, set on high places, in other men, he was utterly void of pride for his own family.—"Fairly

retorted! but I never meant any thing else but a laugh at your brother's housekeeping; a joke, surely, permitted to a man whose own fastidiousness on these matters is so standing a jest. But, by heavens, Brandon, to turn from these subjects, your niece is the prettiest girl I have seen for twenty years; and if she would forget my being the descendant of John Mauleverer, the noted goldsmith of London, she may be Lady Mauleverer as soon as she pleases."

"Nay, now let us be serious, and talk of the judgeship," said Brandon, affecting to treat the proposal as a joke.

"By the soul of Sir Charles de Brandon, I am serious!" cried the Earl; "and as a proof of it, I hope you will let me pay my respects to your niece to-day—not with my offer in my hand, yet—for it must be a love-match on both sides," and the Earl, glancing toward an opposite glass, which reflected his attenuated but comely features, beneath his velvet night-cap, trimmed with *mechlin*, laughed half-triumphantly as he spoke.

A sneer just passed the lips of Brandon, and as instantly vanished; while Mauleverer continued:—

"And as for the judgeship, dear Brandon, I advise you to accept it, though you know best; and I do think no man will stand a fairer chance of the Chief-Justiceship, or, though it be somewhat unusual for "commen" lawyers, why not the Woolsack itself? As you say, the second son of your niece might inherit the dignity of the peerage!"

"Well, I will consider of it favourably," said Brandon, and soon afterwards he left the nobleman to renew his broken repose.

"I can't laugh at that man," said Mauleverer to himself, as he turned round in his bed, "though he has much, that I should laugh at in another; and faith, there is one little matter I might well scorn him for, if I were not a philosopher. 'Tis a pretty girl, his niece, and with proper instructions might do one credit; besides, she has 60,000*l.* ready money; and faith, I have not a shilling for my own pleasure, though I have, or, alas! had, fifty thousand a-year for that of my establishment! In all probability, she will be the lawyer's heiress, and he must have made, at least, as much again as her portion; nor is *he*, poor devil, a very good life. Moreover if he rise to the peerage! and the second son—Well, well! it will not be such a bad match for the goldsmith's descendant either."

With that thought, Lord Mauleverer fell asleep. He rose about noon, dressed himself with unusual pains, and was just going forth on a visit to Miss Brandon, when he suddenly remembered that her uncle had not mentioned her address, or his own. He referred to the lawyer's note of the preceding evening; no direction was inscribed on it; and Mauleverer was forced, with much chagrin, to forego for that day the pleasure he had promised himself.

In truth, the wary lawyer, who, as we have said, despised show and outward appearances as much as any man, was yet sensible of their effect even in the eyes of a lover; and moreover, Lord Mauleverer was one, whose habits of life were calculated to arouse a certain degree of vigilance on points of household pomp, even in the most unobservant. Brandon therefore resolved that Lucy should not be visited by her admirer, till the removal to their new abode was affected; nor was it

till the third day from that on which Mauleverer had held with Brandon the interview we have recorded, that the Earl received a note from Brandon, seemingly turning only on political matters, but inscribed with the address and direction in full form.

Mauleverer answered it in person. He found Lucy at home, and more beautiful than ever; and from that day his mind was made up, as the mamma say, and his visits became constant.

CHAPTER XVII.

The blessing of an hereditary nobility—the honourable profession of the law.—*Common Phrases.*

There is a festival where knights and dames,
And aught that wealth or lofty lineage claims,
Appear.

* * * * *

'Tis he—how came he thence—what doth he here?
Lara.

THERE are two charming situations in life for a woman: one, the first freshness of heiress-ship and beauty, the other, youthful widowhood with a large jointure. It was at least Lucy's fortune to enjoy the first. No sooner was she fairly launched into the gay world, than she became the object of universal idolatry. Crowds followed her wherever she moved: nothing was talked of, or dreamt of, toasted, or betted on, but Lucy Brandon; even her simplicity and utter ignorance of the arts of fine life, enhanced the *eclat* of her reputation. Somehow or other, young people of the gentler sex are rarely ill-bred, even in their eccentricities; and there is often a great deal of grace in inexperience. Her uncle, who accompanied her everywhere, himself no slight magnet of attraction, viewed her success with a complacent triumph which he suffered no one but her father or herself to detect. To the smooth coolness of his manner, nothing would have seemed more foreign than pride at the notice gained by a beauty, or exultation at any favour won from the caprices of fashion. As for the good old Squire, one would have imagined him far more the invalid than his brother. He was scarcely ever seen; for though he went everywhere, he was one of those persons who sink into a corner the moment they enter a room. Whoever discovered him in his retreat, held out their hands, and exclaimed, "God bless me!—you here! we have not seen you for this age!" Now and then, if in a very dark niche of the room a card-table had been placed, the worthy gentleman toiled through an obscure rubber, but more frequently he sat with his hands clasped, and his mouth open, counting the number of candles in the room, or calculating "When that d——d music would be over."

Lord Mauleverer, though a polished and courteous man, whose great object was necessarily to ingratiate himself with the father of his intended bride, had a horror of being bored, which surpassed all other feelings in his mind. He could not, therefore persuade himself to submit to the melancholy duty of listening to the Squire's "linked *speeches* long drawn out." He always glided by the honest man's station, seemingly in an exceeding hurry, with a, "Ah, my dear Sir, how do you do! How delighted I am to see you!—and your incomparable daughter!—Oh, there she is!—pardon me, dear Sir—you see my attraction—*au plaisir!*"

Lucy, indeed, who never forgot any one, (except herself occasionally,) sought her father's retreat as often as she was able; but her engagements were so incessant, that she no sooner lost one partner, than she was claimed and carried off by another. However, the Squire bore his solitude with tolerable cheerfulness, and always declared that "he was very well amused; although balls and concerts were necessarily a little dull to one who came from a fine old place like Warrington Manor-house, and it was not the same thing that pleased young ladies (for to them, that fiddling and giggling till two o'clock in the morning might be a very pretty way of killing time,) and that *papas!*"

What considerably added to Lucy's celebrity was the marked notice and admiration of a man so high in rank and ton as Lord Mauleverer. That personage, who still retained much of a youthful mind and temper, and who was in his nature more careless than haughty, preserved little or no state in his intercourse with the social revels of Bath. He cared not whither he went, so that he was in the train of the young beauty; and the most fastidious nobleman of the English Court was seen in every second and third rate set of a great watering-place, the attendant, the flirt, and often the ridicule of the daughter of an obscure and almost insignificant country Squire. Despite the honour of so distinguished a lover, and despite all the novelties of her situation, the pretty heiress of Lucy Brandon was as yet, however, perfectly unturned; and as for her heart, the only impression that it had ever received, was made by that wandering guest of the village rector, whom she had never again seen, but who yet clung to her imagination, invested not only with all the graces which in right of a singularly handsome person he possessed,—but with those to which he never could advance a claim,—more dangerous to her peace from the very circumstance of their origin in his fancy, not his merits.

They had now been some little time at Bath and Brandon's brief respite was pretty nearly expired, when a public ball of uncommon and manifold attraction was announced. It was to be graced not only by the presence of all the surrounding families, but also by that of Royalty itself; it being an acknowledged fact that people dance much better, and eat much more supper, when any relative to a King is present.

"I must stay for this ball, Lucy," said Brandon, who, after spending the day with Lord Mauleverer, returned home in a mood more than usually cheerful. "I must stay for this one ball, Lucy, and witness your complete triumph, even though it will be necessary to leave you the very next morning."

"So soon!" cried Lucy.

"So soon!" echoed the uncle with a sigh: "how good you are to speak thus to an old valetudinarian, whose company must have fatigued you to death; nay, no pretty denials! But the great object of my visit to this place is accomplished: I have seen you, I have witnessed your *debut* in the great world, with, I may say, more than a father's exultation, and I go back to my dry pursuits with the satisfaction of thinking our old and withered genealogical tree has put forth one blossom worthy of its freshest day."

"Uncle!" said Lucy, reprovingly, and holding

up her taper finger with an arch smile, mingling with a blush, in which the woman's vanity spoke unknown to herself.

"And why that look, Lucy?" said Brandon.

"Because—because—well, no matter! you have been bred to that trade in which, as you say yourself, men tell untruths for others, till they lose all truth for themselves. But, let us talk of you, not me; are you really well enough to leave us?"

Simple, and even cool as the words of Lucy's question, when written, appear; in her mouth, they took so tender, so anxious a tone, that Brandon, who had no friend, nor wife, nor child, nor any one in his household, in whom interest in his health or welfare was as a thing of course; and who was consequently wholly unaccustomed to the accent of kindness, felt himself of a sudden touched and stricken.

"Why, indeed Lucy," said he, in a less artificial voice than that in which he usually spoke, "I should like still to profit by your cares, and forget my infirmities and pains in your society; but I cannot:—the tide of events, like that of nature, waits not our pleasure!"

"But we may take our own time for setting sail!" said Lucy.

"Ay, this comes of talking in metaphor," rejoined Brandon, smiling; "They who begin it, always get the worst of it. In plain words, dear Lucy, I can give no more time to my own ailments. A lawyer cannot play truant in terms without—"

"Losing a few guineas!" said Lucy, interrupting him.

"Worse than that—his practice and his name!"

"Better those than health, and peace of mind."

"Out on you—No!" said Brandon, quickly, and almost fiercely;—"We waste all the greenness and pith of our life in striving to gain a distinguished slavery; and when it is gained, we must not think that an humble independence would have been better! If we ever admit that thought, what fools—what lavish fools we have been!"—"No!" continued Brandon, after a momentary pause, and in a tone milder and gayer, though not so characteristic of the man's stubbornness of will. "After losing all youth's enjoyments and manhood's leisure, in order that in age, the mind—the all-conquering mind, should break its way at once into the applauding opinions of men, I should be an effeminate idler, indeed, did I suffer,—so long as its jarring parts hold together, or so long as I have the power to command its members,—a weak body to frustrate the labour of its better and nobler portion, and command that which it is ordained to serve."

Lucy knew not while she listened, half in fear, half in admiration, to her singular relation, that at every moment he thus spoke his disease was lying upon him in one of its most relentless moods, without the power of wringing from him a single outward token of his torture. But she noted nothing to increase her pity and affection for a man who, in consequence, perhaps, of his binary surface of worldly, and cool properties of temperament, never failed to leave an indelible impression on all who had ever seen that temperamental broken through by deeper, though often by more evil feelings.

"Shall you go to Lady ———'s rout?" asked

Brandon, easily sliding back into common topics—"Lord Mauleverer requested me to ask you."

"That depends on you and my father!" said Lucy.

"If on me, I answer, yes!" said Brandon; "I like hearing Mauleverer, especially among persons who do not understand him; there is a refined and subtle sarcasm running through the common places of his conversation, which cuts the good fools, like the invisible sword in the fable, that lopped off heads, without occasioning the owners any other sensation than a pleasing and self-complacent titillation. How immeasurably superior he is in manner and address to all we meet here; does it not strike you?"

"Yes—no—I can't say that it does exactly," rejoined Lucy.

"Is that confusion tender?" thought Brandon.

"In a word," continued Lucy, "Lord Mauleverer is one whom I think pleasing, without fascination; and amusing, without brilliancy. He is evidently accomplished in mind, and graceful in manner; and withal, the most uninteresting person I ever met."

"Women have not often thought so!" said Brandon.

"I cannot believe that they can think otherwise."

A certain expression, partaking of scorn, played over Brandon's hard features. It was a noticeable trait in him, that while he was most anxious to impress Lucy with a favourable opinion of Lord Mauleverer, he was never quite able to mask a certain satisfaction at any jest at the Earl's expense, or any opinion derogatory to his general character for pleasing the opposite sex; and this satisfaction was no sooner conceived, than it was immediately combated by the vexation he felt, that Lucy did not seem to share his own desire that she should become the wife of the courtier. There appeared, as if in that respect there was a contest in his mind between interest on one hand, and private dislike, or contempt, on the other.

"You judge women wrongly!" said Brandon. "Ladies never know each other; of all persons, Mauleverer is best calculated to win them, and experience has proved my assertion. The proudest lot I know for a woman, would be the thorough conquest of Lord Mauleverer; but it is impossible. He may be gallant, but he will never be subdued. He defies the whole female world, and with justice and impunity. Enough of him. Sing to me, dear Lucy."

The time for the ball approached, and Lucy, who was a charming girl, and had nothing of the angel about her, was sufficiently fond of gaiety, dancing, music, and admiration, to feel her heart beat high at the expectation of the event.

At last, the day itself came. Brandon dined alone with Mauleverer, having made the arrangement, that he, with the Earl, was to join his brother and niece at the ball. Mauleverer, who hated state, except on great occasions, when no man displayed it with a better grace, never suffered his servants to wait at dinner when he was alone, or with one of his peculiar friends. The attendants remained without, and were summoned at will by a bell laid beside the host.

The conversation was unrestrained.

"I am perfectly certain, Brandon," said Lord

Mauleverer, "that if you were to live tolerably well, you would soon get the better of your nervous complaints. It is all poverty of blood, believe me.—Some more of the fins, eh?—No!—oh, hang your abstemiousness, it is d——d unfriendly to eat so little!—Talking of fins and friends—Heaven defend me from ever again forming an intimacy with a pedantic epicure, especially if he puns!"

"Why—what has a pedant to do with fins?"

"I will tell you—(Ah, this Madeira!)—I suggested to Lord Dareville, who affects the gourmand, what a capital thing a dish all fins,—(turbot's fins)—might be made." "Capital!" said he, in a rapture, 'dine on it with me to-morrow.' '*Volontiers!*' said I:—the next day, after indulging in a pleasing reverie all the morning, as to the manner in which Dareville's cook, who is not without genius, would accomplish the grand idea, I betook myself punctually to my engagement. Would you believe it! when the cover was removed, the sacrilegious dog of an Amphytrion had put into the dish Cicero de *finibus*. 'There is a work all fins!' said he."

"Atrocious jest!" exclaimed Brandon, solemnly.

"Was it not? Whenever the Gastronomists set up a religious inquisition, I trust they will roast every impious rascal who treats the divine mystery with levity. Pun upon cooking, indeed! Apropos of Dareville, he is to come into the administration."

"You astonish me!" said Brandon, "I never heard that; I don't know him. He has very little power; has he any talent?"

"Yes, one very great one, *acquired* though!"

"What is it?"

"A pretty wife!"

"My Lord!" exclaimed Brandon, abruptly, and half rising from his seat.

Mauleverer looked up hastily, and, on seeing the expression of his companion's face, coloured deeply; there was a silence for some moments.

"Tell me," said Brandon, indifferently, helping himself to vegetables, for he seldom touched meat, and a more amusing contrast can scarcely be conceived, than that between the earnest epicurism of Mauleverer, and the careless contempt of the sublime art manifested by his guest;—"tell me, you who necessarily know every thing, whether the cabinet really is settled,—whether you are to have the garter, and I—(mark the difference!)—the judgeship."

"Why so, I imagine, it will be arranged, viz.; if you will consent to hang up the rogues, instead of living by the fools?"

"One may unite both!" returned Brandon, "but I believe, in general, it is *vice versa*; for we live by the rogues, and it is only the fools we are able to hang up. You ask me if I will take the judgeship. I would not—no, I would rather cut my hand off,—(and the lawyer spoke with great bitterness,)—forsake my present career, despite of all the obstacles that now encumber it; did I think that this miserable body would suffer me, for two years longer, to pursue it."

"You shock me!" said Mauleverer, a little affected, but nevertheless applying the cayenne to his cucumber with his usual unerring nicety of tact: "you shock me, but you are considerably better than you were."

"It is not!" continued Brandon, who was ra-

ther speaking to himself than to his friend—"it is not that I am unable to conquer the pain, and to master the recreant nerves; but I feel myself growing weaker and weaker beneath the continual exertion of my remaining powers, and I shall die before I have gained half my objects, if I do not leave the labours which are literally tearing me to pieces."

"But," said Lord Mauleverer, who was the idlest of men, "the judgeship is not an easy acquirement."

"No! but there is less demand on the mind in that station, than in my present one," and Brandon paused before he continued. "Candidly, Mauleverer, you do not think they will deceive me! you do not think they mean to leave me: this political death without writing '*Resurgam*' over the hatchment?"

"They dare not!" said Mauleverer, quaffing his fourth glass of Madeira.

"Well! I have decided on my change of life," said the lawyer with a slight sigh.

"So have I on my change of opinion," chimed in the Earl. "I will tell you what opinions seem to me like."

"What?" said Brandon abstractedly.

"*Trees!*" answered Mauleverer, quaintly; "if they can be made serviceable by standing, don't part with a stick; but when they are of that growth that sells well, or whenever they shed out a *fine prospect*, cut them down, and pack them off by all manner of means!—and now for the second course."

"I wonder!" said the Earl, when our political worthies were again alone, "whether there ever existed a minister who cared three straws for his people—*many* care for *their party*, but as for the country——"

"It is all fiddlestick!" added the lawyer, with more significance than grace.

"Right; it is all fiddlestick, as you tersely express it. King, Constitution, and Church, for ever! which being interpreted, means first, King, or Crown influence, judgeships, and garters;—secondly, Constitution, or fees to the lawyer—places to the statesman—laws for the rich, and *Game Laws* for the poor;—thirdly, Church, or livings for our younger sons, and starvings for the curates!"

"Ha, ha!" said Brandon, laughing sardonically: "we know human nature!"

"And how it may be gulled!" quoth the courtier. "Here's a health to your niece! and may it not be long before you hail her as your friend's bride!"

"Bride, *etcetera*," said Brandon with a sneer, meant only for his own satisfaction. "But, mark me, my dear Lord, do not be too sure of her—she is a singular girl, and of more independence than the generality of women. She will not think of your rank and station in estimating you; she will think only of their owner; and pardon me if I suggest to you, who know the sex so well, one plan that it may not be unadvisable for you to pursue—Don't let her fancy you entirely her's; rouse her jealousy, pique her pride—let her think you unconquerable, and unless she is unlike all women, she will want to conquer you."

The Earl smiled. "I must take my chance!" said he with a confident tone.

"The hoary coxcomb!" muttered Brandon be-

een his teeth: "now will his own folly spoil
" And that reminds me," continued Manleverer,
hat time wanes, and dinner is not over; let us
t hurry, but let us be silent, to enjoy the more
these truffles in champagne—do taste them, they
uld raise the dead."

The lawyer smiled, and accepted the kindness,
ugh he left the delicacy untouched; and Mau-
erer, whose soul was in his plate, saw not the
rtless rejection.

Meanwhile, the youthful beauty had already en-
ed the theatre of pleasure, and was now seated
h the Squire, at the upper end of the half-filled
room.

A gay lady of the fashion of that time, and of
half and half rank to which belonged the aris-
acy of Bath,—one of those curious persons we
t with in the admirable novels of Miss Burney,
ppertaining to the order of fine ladies,—made
trio with our heiress and her father, and point-
ut to them by name the various characters that
red the apartments. She was still in the full
of scandal, when an unusual sensation was
ble in the environs of the door; three strangers
arked mien, gay dress, and an air which, though
ring in each, was in all alike remarkable for a
of "dashing" assurance, made their *entre*.
was of uncommon height, and possessed of
xceedingly fine head of hair; another was of a
quiet and unpretending aspect, but neverthe-
he wore upon his face a supercilious, yet not
amoured expression; the third was many years
nger than his companions, strikingly handsome
ice and figure, altogether of a better taste in
s, and possessing a manner that, though it had
d ease, was not equally noticeable for impu-
e and swagger.

Who can those be?" said Lucy's female friend
wondering tone, "I never saw them before—
must be great people—they have all *the airs*
persons of quality!—Dear, how odd that I
uld not know them!"

While the good lady, who, like all good ladies
at stamp, thought people of quality had airs,
thus lamenting her ignorance of the new
ers, a general whisper of a similar import was
dy circulating round the room;—"Who are
?" and the universal answer was, "Can't tell
ever saw them before!"

ur strangers seemed by no means displeased
the evident and immediate impression they
made. They stood in the most conspicuous part
he room, enjoying, among themselves, a low
ersation, frequently broken by fits of laughter;
ns, we need not add, of their supereminently
breeding. The beautiful figure of the young-
tranger, and the simple and seemingly uncon-
is grace of his attitudes, were not, however,
orthy of the admiration he excited; and even
laughter, rude as it really was, displayed so
ling a set of teeth, and was accompanied by
brilliant eyes, that before he had been ten
ites in the room, there was scarcely a young
under thirty-nine not disposed to fall in love
him.

pparently heedless of the various remarks which
ed their ears, our strangers, after they had
their station sufficiently surveyed the beauties
e ball, strolled arm-in-arm through the rooms,
ing sauntered through the ball and card-rooms,
OL. I.

they passed the door that led to the entrance pas-
sage, and gazed with other loiterers, upon the new
comers ascending the stairs. Here the two
younger strangers renewed their whispered con-
versation, while the tallest one, carelessly leaning
against the wall, employed himself for a few
moments in thrusting his fingers through his hair.
In finishing this occupation, the peculiar state of
his ruffles forced itself upon the observation of our
gentleman, who, after gazing for some moments
on an envious rent in the right ruffle, muttered some
indistinct words, like, "the cock of that confound-
ed pistol," and then tucked up the mutilated or-
nament with a peculiarly nimble motion of the
fingers of his left hand: the next moment, diverted
by a new care, the stranger applied his digital mem-
bers to the arranging and caressing of a remark-
ably splendid brooch, set in the bosom of a shirt,
the rude texture of which formed a singular con-
trast with the magnificence of the embellishment,
and the fineness of the one ruffle suffered by our
modern Hyperion to make its appearance beneath
his cinnamon-coloured coat sleeve. These little
personal arrangements completed, and a dazzling
snuff-box released from the confinement of a side-
pocket, tapped thrice and lightened of two pinches
of its titillating luxury, the stranger now, with the
guardian eye of friendship, directed a searching
glance to the dress of his friends. There, all ap-
peared meet for his strictest scrutiny, save, indeed,
that the supercilious-looking stranger having just
drawn forth his gloves, the lining of his coat-pocket
—which was rather soiled into the bargain—had
not returned to its internal station; the tall stranger
seeing this little inelegance, kindly thrust three fin-
gers with a sudden and light dive into his friend's
pocket, and effectually repulsed the forwardness of
the intrusive lining. The supercilious stranger no
sooner felt the touch, than he started back and
whispered his officious companion,

"What! among friends, Ned! fie now; curb
the nature in thee for one night, at least."

Before he of the flowing locks had time to an-
swer, the master of the ceremonies, who had for
the last three minutes been eyeing the strangers
through his glass, stepped forward with a sliding
bow, and the handsome gentleman, taking upon
himself the superiority and precedence over his
comrades, was the first to return the courtesy.
He did this with so good a grace, and so pleasing
an expression of countenance that the censor of
bows was charmed at once, and with a second and
more profound salutation, announced himself and
his office.

"You would like to dance, probably, gentle-
men?" he asked, glancing at each, but directing
his words to the one who had prepossessed him.

"You are very good," said the comely stranger,
and for my part, I shall be extremely indebted to
you for the exercise of your powers in my behalf;
allow me to return with you to the ball-room, and
I can there point out to you the objects of my es-
pecial admiration."

The Master of the ceremonies bowed as before,
and he and his new acquaintance strolled into the
ball-room, followed by the two comrades of the
latter.

"Have you been long in Bath, Sir?" inquired
the monarch of the rooms.

"No, indeed! we only arrived this evening!"

"From London?"

"No; we made a little tour across the country."

"Ah! very pleasant this fine weather."

"Yes; especially in the evening."

"Oho!—romantic!" thought the man of balls, as he rejoined aloud, "Why, the nights *are* agreeable, and the moon is particularly favourable to us."

"Not always!" quoth the stranger.

"True—true—the night before last was dark; but in general, surely the moon has been very bright."

The stranger was about to answer, but checked himself, and simply bowed his head as in assent.

"I wonder who they are?" thought the Master of the ceremonies. "Pray, Sir," said he in a low tone, "is that gentleman, that *tall* gentleman, any way related to Lord ———? I cannot but think I see a family likeness."

"Not in the least related to his Lordship," answered the stranger; but he is of a family that have made a noise in the world; though he (as well as my other friend) is merely a commoner!" laying a stress on the last word.

"Nothing, Sir, can be more respectable than a commoner of family," returned the polite Mr. * * *, with a bow.

"I agree with you, Sir," answered the stranger, with another. "But, heavens!" and the stranger started, for at that moment his eye caught for the first time, at the far end of the room, the youthful and brilliant countenance of Lucy Brandon,—
"do I see rightly? or is that Miss Brandon?"

"It is, indeed, that lovely young lady," said Mr. ———. "I congratulate you on knowing one so admired. I suppose that you, being blessed with her acquaintance, do not need the formality of my introduction."

"Umph!" said the stranger, rather shortly and uncourteously—"No! Perhaps you had better present me!"

"By what name, shall I have that honour, Sir?" discreetly inquired the nomenclator.

"Clifford?" answered the stranger; "Captain Clifford!"

Upon this, the prim Master of the ceremonies, threading his path through the now fast-filling room, approached toward Lucy to obey Mr. Clifford's request. Meanwhile, that gentleman, before he followed the steps of the tutelary Spirit of the Place, paused, and said to his friends, in a tone careless, yet not without command, "Hark ye, Gentlemen, oblige me by being as civil and silent as ye are able, and don't thrust yourselves upon me, as you are accustomed to do, whenever you see *no* opportunity of indulging me with that honour with the least show of propriety!" So saying, and waiting no reply, Mr. Clifford hastened after the Master of the ceremonies.

"Our friend grows mighty imperious!" said Long Ned, whom our readers have already recognized in the tall stranger.

"'Tis the way with your rising geniuses," answered the moralizing Augustus Tomlinson; "suppose we go to the card-room, and get up a rubber?"

"Well thought of," said Ned, yawning,—a thing he was very apt to do in society; "and I wish nothing worse to those who try our *rubbers*, than that they may be well cleaned by them." Upon this witticism the Colossus of Roads glancing toward the glass, strutted off, arm in arm with his companion to the card-room.

During this short conversation the re-introduction of Mr. Clifford, (the stranger of the Rectory and deliverer of Dr. Slopperton) to Lucy Brandon had been effected, and the hand of the heiress was already engaged (according to the custom of the time) for the *two* ensuing dances.

It was about twenty minutes after the above presentation had taken place, that Lord Mauleverer and William Brandon entered the room, and the buzz created by the appearance of the noted Peer, and the distinguished lawyer, had scarcely subsided, before the Royal Personage expected to grace "the festive scene," (as the newspapers say of a great room with plenty of miserable-looking people in it) arrived. The most agreeable and the most attractive persons in Europe may be found among the Royal Family of England. His present Majesty, for instance, among the one class; and as for the other, we say you to his Royal Highness the Duke of * * * ; a man who, without flattery, may be said to unite the appearance of the Hun with the soul of the Vandal. The great personage then, as he belonged to the more pleasing class of Royalty, and in consequence of certain political intrigues he wished, at that time especially, to make himself as popular as possible. Having gone the round of the old ladies, and assured them, as the *Quarterly Journal* assures the old ladies at this day, that they were "morning stars," and "swan-like women," the Individual espied Brandon, and immediately beckoned to him with a familiar gesture. The smooth but saturnine lawyer approached the Royal presence with the manner that peculiarly distinguished him, and which blended, in no ungainly mixture, a species of stiffness, that passed with the crowd for native independence, with a supple dissimulation, that was usually deemed the token of latent benevolence of heart. There was something, indeed, in Brandon's address, that always pleased the Great; and they liked him the better, because though he stood on no idle political points, and differences in the view taken of a hairbreadth—such as a corn law, or a Catholic bill; alteration in the church, or a reform in parliament; yet he invariably talked so like a man of honour—(even when with Mauleverer)—that his urbanity secured attachment to individuals, and his concessions of power, sacrifices of private opinion for the sake of obliging his friends.

"I am very glad indeed," said the Royal Personage, "to see Mr. Brandon looking so much better. Never was the Crown in greater want of his services, and, if rumour speak true, they will soon be required in another department of his profession."

Brandon bowed, and answered:—

"So please your Royal Highness, that I will always be at the command of a King from whom I have experienced such kindness—in any capacity for which His Majesty may deem them fitting."

"It is true then!" said His Royal Highness significantly—"I congratulate you! The gravity of the bench must seem to you a great change, after a career so busy and restless!"

"I fear I shall feel it so at first, your Royal Highness," answered Brandon, "for I like even the toil of my profession, and at this moment when I am in full practice—it more than ever—but—(checking himself at once)—His Majesty's wishes

and my satisfaction in complying with them, are more than sufficient to remove any momentary regret I might otherwise have felt in quitting those coils which have now become to me a second nature."

"It is possible," rejoined the Royal Individual, that His Majesty took into consideration the delicate state of health, which, in common with the whole public, I grieve to see, the papers have attributed to one of the most distinguished ornaments of the bar."

"So please your Royal Highness," answered Brandon, coolly—and with a smile which the most piercing eye could not have believed the mask to be agony then gnawing at his nerves,—“It is the interest of my rivals to exaggerate the little ailments of a weak constitution. I thank Providence that I am now entirely recovered, and at no time of my life have I been less unable to discharge—so far as my *native* and *mental* incapacities will allow—the duties of any occupation, however arduous. Nay, as the brute grows accustomed to the mill, so have I grown wedded to business—and even the brief relaxation I have now allowed myself, seems to me rather irksome than pleasurable."

"I rejoice to hear you speak thus;" answered His Royal Highness, warmly—"and I trust for many years, and," added he in a lower tone—"in higher offices more *immediately* connected with the State, that we may profit by your talents. The times are those in which many occasions occur, that oblige all true servants of the Constitution to quit minor employments for that great constitutional one that concerns us all, the highest, and the nearest; and—(the royal voice sunk still lower)—I feel justified in assuring you, that the office of Chief Justice alone is not considered by his Majesty as a sufficient reward for your generous sacrifice of present ambition to the difficulties of government."

Brandon's proud heart swelled, and at that moment the veriest pains of Hell would scarcely have been felt."

While the aspiring schemer was thus agreeably engaged, Mauleverer, sliding through the crowd with that grace which charmed every one, old and young, and addressing to all he knew some lively affectionate remark, made his way to the dancers, among whom he had just caught a glimpse of Lucy.—“I wonder,” he thought, “whom she is dancing with? I hope it is that ridiculous fellow, Blossop, who tells a good story against himself; or that handsome ass, Belmont, who looks at his own legs, instead of seeming to have eyes for no one but his partner. Ah! if Tarquin had but known women as well as I do, he would have had no reason to be rough with Lucretia. 'Tis a thousand pities, that experience comes to us in women, as in the world, just when it begins to be no longer of use to us!"

As he made these moral reflections, Mauleverer gained the dancers, and beheld Lucy listening with downcast eyes, and cheeks that *evidently* blushed, to a young man, whom Mauleverer acknowledged at once to be one of the best-looking fellows he had ever seen. The stranger's countenance, despite an extreme darkness of complexion, was, to be sure, from the great regularity of the features, rather effeminate; but on the other hand, his figure, though slender and graceful, betrayed to an experienced eye, an extraordinary proportion of sinew

and muscle: and even the dash of effeminacy in the countenance, was accompanied by so manly and frank an air, and was so perfectly free from all coxcombry or self-conceit, that it did not in the least decrease the prepossessing effect of his appearance. An angry and bitter pang shot across that portion of Mauleverer's frame which the Earl thought fit, for want of another name, to call his heart. “How cursedly pleased she looks!” muttered he. “By heaven! that stolen glance under the left eyelid, dropped as suddenly as it is raised!—and *he*—*ha*!—how firmly he holds that little hand. I think I see him paddle with it; and then the dog's earnest, intent look—and she all blushes! though she dare not look up to meet his gaze, feeling it by intuition.—Oh! the demure, modest, shamefaced hypocrite! How silent she is!—She can prate enough to *me*. I would give my promised garter, if she would but talk to him. Talk—talk—laugh—prattle—only simper, in God's name, and I shall be happy! But that bashful, blushing silence—it is insupportable. Thank Heaven the dance is over! Thank Heaven, again! I have not felt such pains since the last nightmare I had, after dining with her father!"

With a face all smiles, but with a mien in which more dignity than he ordinarily assumed, was worn, Mauleverer now moved toward Lucy, who was leaning on her partner's arm. The Earl, who had ample tact where his consummate selfishness did not warp it, knew well how to act the lover, without running ridiculously into the folly of seeming to play the hoary dangler. He sought rather to be lively than sentimental; and beneath the wit to conceal the suitor.

Having paid, then, with a careless gallantry his first compliments, he entered into so animated a conversation, interspersed with so many *naïve* yet palpably just observations on the characters present, that perhaps he had never appeared to more brilliant advantage. At length, as the music was about to recommence, Mauleverer, with a careless glance at Lucy's partner, said, “Will Miss Brandon now allow me the agreeable duty of conducting her to her father?"

“I believe,” answered Lucy, and her voice suddenly became timid, “that according to the laws of the rooms, I am engaged to this gentleman for another dance."

Clifford, in an assured and easy tone, replied in assent.

As he spoke, Mauleverer honoured him with a more accurate survey than he had hitherto bestowed on him; and whether or not there was any expression of contempt or superciliousness in the survey, it was sufficient to call up the indignant blood to Clifford's cheek. Returning the look with interest, he said to Lucy “I believe, Miss Brandon, that the dance is about to begin;" and Lucy obeying the hint, left the aristocratic Mauleverer to his own meditations.

At that moment, the Master of the ceremonies came bowing by, half afraid to address so great a person as Mauleverer, but willing to show his respect by the profoundness of his salutation.

“Aha! my dear Mr. ———!" said the Earl, holding out both his hands to the Lycurgus of the rooms; “how are you? Pray can you inform me, who that young ——— man is, now dancing with Miss Brandon?"

“It is,—let me see—Oh! it is a Captain Clifford."

my Lord! a very fine young man, my Lord! Has your Lordship never met him?"

"Never! who is he? one under your more especial patronage?" said the Earl, smiling.

"Nay, indeed!" answered the Master of the ceremonies, with a simper of gratification; "I scarcely know who he is yet; the Captain only made his appearance here to-night for the first time. He came with two other gentlemen: Ah! there they are!" and he pointed to the Earl's scrutinizing attention, the elegant forms of Mr. Augustus Tomlinson, and Mr. Ned Pepper, just emerging from the card-rooms. The swagger of the latter gentleman was so peculiarly important, that Mauleverer, angry as he was could scarcely help laughing. The Master of the ceremonies noted the Earl's countenance, and remarked, that "that fine-looking man seemed disposed to give himself airs!"

"Judging from the gentleman's appearance," said the Earl drily, (Ned's face, to say truth, did betoken his affection for the bottle,) "I should imagine that he was much more accustomed to give himself *thorough draughts*."

"Ah!" renewed the *arbiter elegantiarum*,—who had not heard Mauleverer's observation, which was uttered in a very low voice,—“Ah! they seem real dashers!"

"Dashers!" repeated Mauleverer; "true, *haberdashers*!"

Long Ned, now having in the way of his profession acquitted himself tolerably well at the card-table, thought he had purchased the right to parade himself through the rooms, and show the ladies what stuff a Pepper could be made of.

Leaning with his left hand on Tomlinson's arm, and employing the right in fanning himself furiously with his huge *chapeau bras*, the lengthy adventurer stalked slowly along—now setting out one leg jauntily—now the other—and ogling "the ladies" with a kind of Irish look, viz. a look between a wink and a stare.

Released from the presence of Clifford, who kept a certain check on his companions, the apparition of Ned became glaringly conspicuous; and wherever he passed, a universal whisper succeeded.

"Who can he be?" said the widow Matamore; "'tis a droll creature, but what a head of hair!"

"For my part," answered the spinster Sneerall, "I think he is a linen-draper in disguise; for I heard him talk to his companion of 'tape.'"

"Well, well," thought Mauleverer, "it would be but kind to seek out Brandon, and hint to him in what company his niece seems to have fallen!" And so thinking, he glided to the corner where, with a grey-headed old politician, the astute lawyer was conning the affairs of Europe.

In the interim, the second dance had ended, and Clifford was conducting Lucy to her seat, each charmed with the other, when he found himself abruptly tapped on the back, and turning round in alarm—for such taps were not unfamiliar to him—he saw the cool countenance of Long Ned, with one finger sagaciously laid beside the nose.

"How now?" said Clifford between his ground teeth, "did I not tell thee to put that huge bulk of thine as far from me as possible?"

"Umph!" grunted Ned, "if these are my thanks, I may as well keep my kindness to myself; but know you, my kid, that Lawyer Brandon is here, peering through the crowd at this very moment, in

order to catch a glimpse of that woman's face of thine."

"Ha!" answered Clifford in a very quick tone, "begone then! I will meet you without the room immediately."

Clifford now turned to his partner, and bowing very low, in reality to hide his face from those sharp eyes which had once seen it in the Court of Justice Burnflat, said, "I trust, Madam, I shall have the honour to meet you again;—is it, if I may be allowed, to ask, with your celebrated uncle that you are staying, or—"

"With my father," answered Lucy, concluding the sentence Clifford had left unfinished; "but my uncle has been with us, though I fear he leaves us to-morrow."

Clifford's eyes sparkled; he made no answer, but, bowing again, receded into the crowd, and disappeared. Several times that night did the brightest eyes in Somersetshire rove anxiously round the rooms in search of our Hero, but he was seen no more.

It was on the stairs that Clifford encountered his comrades; taking an arm of each, he gained the door without any adventure worth noting—save that, being kept back by the crowd for a few moments, the moralizing Augustus Tomlinson, who honoured the moderate Whigs by enrolling himself among their number, took up, *pour pointer le sens*, a tall gold-headed cane, and weighing it across his finger with a musing air, said, "Alas! among our supporters we often meet heads as heavy—but of what a different metal!" The crowd now permitting, Augustus was walking away with his companions, and in that absence of mind characteristic of philosophers, unconsciously bearing with him the gold-headed object of his reflection, when a stately footman stepping up to him, said, "Sir, my cane!"

"Cane, fellow!" said Tomlinson. "Ah, I am absent!—here is thy cane—Only think of my crying off the man's cane, Ned! ha! ha!"

"Absent, indeed!" grunted a knowing chairman, watching the receding figures of the three gentlemen: "Body o'me! but it was *the cane* that was about to be absent."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Whackum.—"My dear rogues, dear boys, Blazer and Dingboy! you are the bravest fellows that ever swung yet!"

SEADWELL'S "SCAVENGER."

Cato, the Thessalian, was wont to say, that some things may be done unjustly, that many things may be done *unjustly*.
Lord Bacon, (being a justification of every rascal.)

ALTHOUGH our three worthies had taken up themselves a splendid lodging in Milsom-street, which to please Ned was over a hair-dresser's shop; yet, instead of returning thither, or repairing to such taverns as might seem best befitting their fashion and garb, they struck at once from the far parts of the town, and tarried not till they reached a mean-looking ale-house in a remote suburb.

The door was opened to them by an elderly lady, and Clifford stalking before his companions into an apartment at the back of the house, asked if the other gentlemen were come yet.

"No!" returned the dame. "Old Mr. Bags came in about ten minutes ago; but hearing more work might be done, he went out again."

"Bring the lush and the pipes, old blone!" cried Ned, throwing himself on a bench; "we are never at a loss for company!"

"You, indeed, never can be, who are always inseparably connected with the object of your admiration," said Tomlinson drily, and taking up an old newspaper. Ned, who though choleric was a capital fellow, and could bear a joke on himself, smiled, and drawing forth a little pair of scissors, began trimming his nails.

"Curse me," said he, after a momentary silence, "if this is not a devilish deal pleasanter than playing the fine gentleman in that great room with a rose in one's button-hole! What say you, Master Lovett?"

Clifford, (as henceforth we shall, despite his other aliases, denominate our hero,) who had thrown himself at full length on a bench at the far end of the room, and who seemed plunged into a sullen reverie, now looked up for a moment, and then turning round and presenting the dorsal part of his body to Long Ned, muttered, "Pish!"

"Harkye, Master Lovett!" said Long Ned, colouring, "I don't know what has come over you of late; but I would have you to learn that gentlemen are entitled to courtesy and polite behaviour; and so, d'ye see, if you ride your high horse upon me, splice my extremities, if I won't have satisfaction!"

"Hist, man, be quiet," said Tomlinson, philosophically snuffing the candles—

"For companions to quarrel,
Is extremely immoral.

Don't you see that the Captain is in a reverie? what good man ever loves to be interrupted in his meditations?—even Alfred the Great could not bear it! Perhaps, at this moment, with the true anxiety of a worthy chief, the Captain is designing something for our welfare!"

"Captain, indeed," muttered Long Ned, darting a wrathful look at Clifford, who had not deigned to pay any attention to Mr. Pepper's threat; "for my part, I cannot conceive what was the matter with us, when we chose this green slip of the gallows-tree, for our captain of the district. To be sure, he did very well at first, and that robbery of the old Lord was not ill-planned—but lately —"

"Nay, nay," quoth Augustus, interrupting the gigantic grumbler, "the nature of man is prone to discontent. Allow that our present design of setting up the gay Lothario, and trying our chances at Bath for an heiress, is owing as much to Lovett's promptitude, as to our invention."

"And what good will come of it?" returned Ned, as he lighted his pipe: "answer me that? Was I not dressed as fine as a lord—and did not I walk three times up and down that great room without being a jot the better for it?"

"Ah, but you know not how many secret conquests you may have made: you cannot win a prize by looking upon it."

"Humph!" grunted Ned, applying himself discontentedly to the young existence of his pipe.

"As for the Captain's partner," renewed Tomlinson, who maliciously delighted in exciting the jealousy of the handsome "tax-collector," for that

was the epithet by which Augustus thought proper to entitle himself and companions—"I will turn Tory if she be not already half in love with him; and did you hear the old gentleman who cut into our rubber say what a fine fortune she had? Faith, Ned, it is lucky for us two, that we all agreed to go shares in our marriage speculations; I fancy the worthy Captain will think it a bad bargain for himself."

"I am not so sure of that, Mr. Tomlinson," said Long Ned, sourly eyeing his comrade.

"Some women may be caught by a smooth skin and a showy manner, but *real* masculine beauty, —eyes, colour, and hair,—Mr. Tomlinson, must ultimately make its way—so hand me the brandy and cease your jaw."

"Well, well," said Tomlinson, "I'll give you a toast—'The prettiest girl in England;'—and that's Miss Brandon!"

"You shall give no such toast, Sir!" said Clifford, starting from the bench—"What the devil is Miss Brandon to you?—And now, Ned,"—(seeing that the tall hero looked on him with an unfavourable aspect,)—"here's my hand, forgive me if I was uncivil. Tomlinson will tell you in a maxim, men are changeable. Here's to your health, and it shall not be my fault, gentlemen, if we have not a merry evening!"

This speech, short as it was, met with great applause from the two friends, and Clifford, as president, stationed himself in a huge chair at the head of the table. Scarcely had he assumed this dignity, before the door opened, and half-a-dozen of the gentlemen confederates trooped somewhat noisily into the apartment.

"Softly, softly, Messieurs," said the President, recovering all his constitutional quietude, yet blending it with a certain negligent command—"respect for the chair, if you please! 'tis the way with all assemblies where the public purse is a matter of deferential interest!"

"Hear him!" cried Tomlinson.

"What, my old friend Bags!" said the President, "you have not come empty-handed, I will swear; your honest face is like the table of contents to the good things in your pockets!"

"Ah, Captain Clifford," said the veteran, groaning, and shaking his reverend head, "I have seen the day when there was not a lad in England forked so largely, so comprehensively-like, as I did. But, as King Lear says at Common Garden, 'I be's old now!'"

"But your zeal is as youthful as ever, my fine fellow," said the Captain soothingly; "and if you do not clean out the public as thoroughly as heretofore, it is not the fault of your inclinations."

"No, that it is not!" cried the "Tax-Collectors" unanimously; "And if ever a pocket is to be picked neatly, quietly, and effectually," added the complimentary Clifford, "I do not know to this day, throughout the three kingdoms, a neater, quieter, and more effective set of fingers than Old Bags's!"

The veteran bowed disclaimingly, and took his seat among the heartfelt good wishes of the whole assemblage.

"And now, gentlemen," said Clifford, as soon as the revellers had provided themselves with their wonted luxuries, potatory and fumous, "let us hear your adventures, and rejoice our eyes with their produce. The gallant Attie shall begin—

out first, a toast,—“May those who leap from a hedge never leap from a tree!”

This toast being drunk with enthusiastic applause, Fighting Attie began the recital of his little history.

“You sees, Captain,” said he, putting himself in a martial position, and looking Clifford full in the face, “that I’m not addicted to much blarney. Little cry and much wool is my motto. At ten o’clock, A.M. saw the enemy—in the shape of a Doctor of Divinity. ‘Blow me,’ says I, to Old Bags, ‘but I’ll do his reverence!’—‘Blow me,’ says Old Bags, ‘but you shan’t—you’ll have us scragged if you touches the church.’—‘My grandmother!’ says I. ‘Bags tells the tale—all in a fuss about it—what care I!—I puts on a decent dress, and goes to the Doctor as a decayed soldier, *not* supplies the shops in the Turning line. His reverence—a fat jolly dog as ever you see—was at dinner over a fine roast-pig. So I tells him I have some bargains at home for him. Splice me, if the Doctor did not think he had got a prize! so he puts on his boots and he comes with me to my house. But when I gets him into a lane, out come my pops. ‘Give up, Doctor,’ says I; ‘others must share the goods of the Church now.’ You has no idea what a row he made: but I did the thing, and there’s an end on’t.”

“Bravo, Attie!” cried Clifford, and the word echoed round the board. Attie put a purse on the table, and the next gentleman was called to confession.

“It skills not, boots not,” gentlest of readers, to record each of the narratives that now followed one another. Old Bags, in especial, preserved his well-earned reputation, by emptying six pockets, which had been filled with every possible description of petty valuables. Peasant and prince appeared alike to have come under his hands; and, perhaps, the good old man had done in one town more toward effecting an equality of goods among different ranks, than all the Reformers, from Cornwall to Carlisle. Yet so keen was his appetite for the sport, that the veteran appropriator absolutely burst into tears at not having “forked more.”

“I love a warm-hearted enthusiasm,” cried Clifford, handling the moveables, while he gazed lovingly on the ancient purloiner;—“May new cases never teach us to forget Old Bags!”

As soon as this ‘sentiment’ had been duly drunk, and Mr. Bagshot had dried his tears and applied himself to his favourite drink—which, by the way, was “blue ruin,”—the work of division took place. The discretion and impartiality of the Captain in this arduous part of his duty attracted universal admiration; and each gentleman having carefully pouched his share, the youthful President hemmed thrice, and the society became aware of a purposed speech.

“Gentlemen!” began Clifford, and his main supporter, the sapient Augustus, shouted out ‘Hear!’—“Gentlemen, you all know that when, some months ago, you were pleased,—partly at the instigation of Gentleman George,—God bless him!—partly from the exaggerated good opinion expressed of me by my friends,—to elect me to the high honour of the command of this district; I myself was by no means ambitious to assume that rank, which I knew well was far beyond my merits, and that responsibility, which I knew with equal certainty was too weighty for my powers. Your

voices, however, overruled my own, and as Mr. Muddlepudd, the great metaphysician, in that excellent paper the *Asinæum* was wont to observe, ‘the susceptibilities, innate, extensible, incomprehensible, and eternal,’ existing in my bosom, were infinitely more powerful than the shallow suggestions of reason—that ridiculous thing which all wise men and judicious *Asinæans* sedulously stifle.”

“Plague take the man, what is he talking about!” said Long Ned, who we have seen was of an envious temper, in a whisper to Old Bags. Old Bags shook his head.

“In a word, gentlemen,” renewed Clifford, “your kindness overpowered me; and despite my cooler inclinations, I accepted your flattering proposal. Since then I have endeavoured, so far as I have been able, to advance your interests; I have kept a vigilant eye upon all my neighbours; I have, from county to county, established numerous correspondents; and our exertions have been carried on with a promptitude that has ensured success.

“Gentlemen, I do not wish to boast, but on these nights of periodical meetings, when every quarter brings us to go halves—when we meet private to discuss the affairs of the public—our earnings, as it were, in privy-council, and divide them amicably, as it were, in the cabinet—(‘Hear! hear! from Mr. Tomlinson,’)—it is customary for your Captain for the time being, to remind you of his services, engage your pardon for his deficiencies, and your good wishes for his future exertions.—Gentlemen! has it ever been said of Paul Lovett that he heard of a prize and forgot to tell you of his news?—(‘Never! never!’—cheering.)—Has it ever been said of him that he sent others to seize the booty and stayed at home to think how it should be spent?—(‘No! no!’—repeated cheers.)—Has it ever been said of him that he took less share than his due of your danger and more of your guineas?—(Cries in the nearest accompanied with vehement applause.)—Gentlemen, I thank you for these flattering and authentic testimonials in my favour; but the points on which I have dwelt, however necessary to my honour, would prove but little for my merits; they must be worthy notice in your comrade, you demand more subtle duties in your chief. Gentlemen! has it ever been said of Paul Lovett that he sent brave men on forlorn hopes? that he hazarded your own heads by rash attempts in acquiring pictures of King George’s? that zeal, in short, was greater in him than caution? or that his love of a *quid** ever made him neglectful of your just attention to a *quod*†?—(Unanimous cheering.)

“Gentlemen, since I have had the honour to preside over your welfare, Fortune, which favours the bold, has not been unmerciful to you! But three of our companions have been missed from our peaceful festivities. One, Gentlemen, I myself expelled from our corps for ungentlemanly practices: he picked pockets of *fogles*—it was a vulgar employment. Some of you, Gentlemen, have done the same for amusement—Jack Littlefork did it for occupation. I expostulated with him in public and in private; Mr. Pepper cut society; Mr. Tomlinson read him an essay on the Real Greatness of Soul: all was in vain. He was pumped by the mob for the theft of a bird.

* Quid,—a guinea. † Quod,—a prison. ‡ Handkerchiefs.

wife. The fault I had borne with—the detection was unpardonable: I expelled him.—Who's here so base as would be a *fogle-hunter*? if any, speak, for him have I offended! Who's here so rude as would not be a gentleman? if any, speak, for him have I offended! I pause for a reply! What, none! then none have I offended.—(Loud cheers.)—Gentlemen, I may truly add, that I have done no more to Jack Littlefork than you should do to Paul Lovett! The next vacancy in our ranks was occasioned by the loss of Patrick Blunderbull. You know, Gentlemen, the vehement exertions that I made to save that misguided creature, whom I had made exertions no less earnest to instruct. But he chose to swindle under the name of the 'Honourable Captain Smico'; the Peerage gave him the lie at once; his case was one of aggravation, and he was so remarkably ugly, that he created no interest.' He left us for a foreign exile; and if, as a man, I lament him, I confess to you, Gentlemen, as a 'Tax-collector,' I am easily consoled.

"Our third loss must be fresh in your memory. Peter Popwell, as bold a fellow as ever breathed, is no more!"—(a movement in the assembly)—"Peace be with him! He died on the field of battle; shot dead by a Scotch Colonel, whom poor Popwell thought to rob of nothing with an empty pistol. His memory, Gentlemen—in solemn silence!"

"These make the catalogue of our losses,"—resumed the youthful chief, so soon as the 'red cap had crowned the memory' of Peter Popwell.)—"I am proud, even in sorrow, to think that the name of those losses rests not with me. And now, friends and followers! Gentlemen of the Road, the Street, the Theatre, and the Shop! Trigs, Toby-men, and Squires of the Cross! According to the laws of our Society, I resign into your hands that power which for two quarterly terms you have confided to mine, ready to sink into your ranks as a comrade, not unwilling to reimburse the painful honour I have borne;—borne with much infirmity, it is true; but at least, with sincere desire to serve that cause with which you have entrusted me."

So saying, the Captain descended from his chair, amidst the most uproarious applause; and as soon as the first burst had partially subsided, Augustus Tomlinson rising, with one hand in his breeches' pocket and the other stretched out, said:

"Gentlemen, I move that Paul Lovett be again chosen as our Captain for the ensuing term of three months.—(Deafening cheers.)—Much might I say about his surpassing merits, but why dwell upon that which is obvious? Life is short! Why should speeches be long? Our lives, perhaps, are shorter than the lives of other men: why should not our harangues be of a suitable brevity? Gentlemen, I shall say but one word in favour of my excellent friend; of mine, say I? ay, of mine, of ours. He is a friend to all of us! A prime minister is not more useful to his followers, and more burthensome to the public, than I am proud to say is—Paul Lovett!—(Loud plaudits.)—What I shall urge in his favour is simply this. The man whom opposite parties unite in praising, must have preeminent merit. Of all your companions, gentlemen, Paul Lovett is the only man, who to all merit can advance a claim.—(Applause.)—

You all know, Gentlemen, that our body has long been divided into two factions; each jealous of the other—each desirous of ascendancy—and each emulous which shall put the greatest number of fingers into the public pie. In the language of the vulgar, the one faction would be called 'Swindlers,' and the other 'Highwaymen.' I, Gentlemen, who am fond of finding new names for things, and for persons, and am a bit of a politician, call the one *Whigs*, and the other *Tories*.—(Clamorous cheering.)—Of the former body I am esteemed no influential member; of the latter faction, Mr. Bags is justly considered the most shining ornament. Mr. Attie and Mr. Edward Pepper can scarcely be said to belong entirely to either: they unite the good qualities of both: 'British compounds' some term them: I term them *Liberal Aristocrats*!—(Cheers.)—I now call upon you all, Whig or Swindler; Tory or Highwayman; 'British compounds' or Liberal Aristocrats; I call upon you all, to name me one man whom you will all agree to elect?"

All—"Lovett for ever!"

"Gentlemen!" continued the sagacious Augustus, "that shout is sufficient; without another word, I propose as your Captain, Mr. Paul Lovett."

"And I seconds the motion!" said old Mr. Bags.

Our hero, being now, by the unanimous applause of his confederates, restored to the chair of office, returned thanks in a neat speech, and Scarlet Jem declared, with great solemnity, that it did equal honour to his head and heart.

The thunders of eloquence being hushed, *flashes of lightning*, or, as the vulgar say, 'glasses of gin,' gleamed about. Good old Mr. Bags stuck, however, to his blue ruin, and Attie to the bottle of bingo: some, among whom were Clifford, and the wise Augustus, called for wine; and Clifford, who exerted himself to the utmost in supporting the gay duties of his station, took care that the song should vary the pleasures of the bowl. Of the songs chosen we have only been enabled to preserve two. The first is by Long Ned, and though we confess we can see but little in it, yet (perhaps from some familiar allusion or another, with which we are necessarily unacquainted,) it produced a prodigious sensation,—it ran thus:—

THE ROGUE'S RECIPE.

Your honest fool a rogue to make,
As great as can be seen, Sir,—
Two hackneyed rogues you first must take,
Then place your fool between, Sir.

Virtue's a dunghill cock, ashamed
Of self when pair'd with game ones,
And wildest elephants are tamed
If stuck betwixt two tame ones.

The other effusion with which we have the honour to favour our readers, is a very amusing duet which took place between Fighting Attie and a tall thin robber, who was a dangerous fellow in a mob, and was therefore called Mobbing Francis—it was commenced by the latter.

MOBBING FRANCIS.

The best of all robbers as ever I know'd,
Is the bold Fighting Attie, the pride of the road!—
Fighting Attie, my hero, I saw you to-day
A purse full of yellow-boys seize,
And, as just at present I'm low in the lay,
I'll borrow a quid, if you please.

Oh! bold Fighting Attie—the knowing—the natty—
By us all it must sure be confest,
Though your shoppers and snobbers are pretty good robbers,
A Soldier is always the best.

FIGHTING ATTIE.

* *Stubble your whiskers,*
You wants to trick I!
Lend you my quids?—
Not one, by Dickey!

MOBBING FRANCIS.

Oh, what a beast is a niggardly ruffler,
Nabbing—grabbing all for himself;
Hang it, old fellow, I'll hit you a muffer,
Since you wont give me a pinch of the pelf.
You has not a heart for the *general distress*—
You cares not a rag if our party should fall,
And if Scarlet Jem were not good at a press,
By Gules it would soon be all up with us all!—
Oh! Scarlet Jem, he is trusty and trim,
Like his wig to his poll, sticks his conscience to him!
But I vows I despises the fellow who prizes
More his own ends than the popular stock, Sir,
And the soldier as bones, for himself and his cronies,
Should be bon'd like a traitor himself at the block, Sir.

This severe response of Mobbing Francis's did not in the least ruffle the constitutional calmness of Fighting Attie; but the wary Clifford seeing that Francis had lost his temper, and watchful over the least sign of disturbance among the company, instantly called for another song, and Mobbing Francis sullenly knocked down Old Bags.

The night was far gone, and so were the wits of the honest Tax-gatherers: when the President commanded silence, and the convivialists knew that their chief was about to issue forth the orders for the ensuing term. Nothing could be better timed than such directions,—during merriment, and before oblivion.

"Gentlemen! said the Captain, "I will now, with your leave, impart to you all the plans I have formed for each. You, Attie, shall repair to London: be the Windsor road and the purlieus of Pimlico your especial care. Look you, my Hero, to these letters, they will apprise you of much work; I need not caution you to silence. Like the oyster, you never open your mouth but for something.—Honest Old Bags, a rich grazier, will be in Smithfield on Thursday, his name is Hodges, and he will have somewhat like a thousand pounds in his pouch. He is green, fresh, and avaricious; offer to assist him in defrauding his neighbours in a bargain, and cease not till thou hast done that with him which he wished to do to others. Be—excellent old man!—like the frog-fish which fishes for other fishes with two horns that resemble baits, the prey dart at the horns, and are down the throat in an instant!—For thee, dearest Jem, these letters announce a prize:—fat is Parson Pliant; full is his purse; and he rides from Henley to Oxford on Friday—I need say no more! As for the rest of you, gentlemen, on this paper you will see your destinations fixed. I warrant you, ye will find enough work till we meet again this day three months. Myself, Augustus Tomlinson and Ned Pepper, remain at Bath; we have business in hand, gentlemen, of paramount importance; should you, by accident, meet us, never acknowledge us—we are incog.; striking at high game, and putting on falcon's plumes to do it in character—you understand—but this accident can scarcely occur, for none of you will remain at Bath; by to-morrow night, may the road receive you. And now, gen-

* Hold your tongue.

tlemen, speed the glass, and I'll give you a sentiment by way of a spur to it—

'Much sweeter than honey
Is other man's money!'

Our hero's maxim was received with all the enthusiasm which agreeable truisms usually create. And old Mr. Bags rose to address the chair; unhappily for the edification of the audience, the veteran's foot slipped before he had proceeded farther than "Mr. President," he fell to the earth with a sort of reel—

"Like shooting stars he fell to rise no more!"

His body made a capital footstool for the larricious Pepper. Now Augustus Tomlinson and Clifford, exchanging looks, took every possible pains to promote the hilarity of the evening, and before the third hour of morning had sounded they had the satisfaction of witnessing the effects of their benevolent labours in the prostrate forms of all their companions. Long Ned, naturally more capacious than the rest, succumbed the last.

"As leaves of trees," said the chairman, waving his hand—

"As leaves of trees the race of man is found,
Now fresh with dew, now withering on the ground."

"Well said, my Hector of Highways!" cried Tomlinson, and then helping himself to the wine while he employed his legs in removing the supine forms of Scarlet Jem and Long Ned, he continued the Homeric quotation, with a pompous and self-gratulatory tone.

"So flourish these when those have passed away!"

"We managed to get rid of our friends," began Clifford—

"Like Whigs in place," interrupted the politician.

"Right, Tomlinson, thanks to the milder properties of our drink, and, perchance, to the stronger qualities of our heads; and now tell me, my friend, what think you of our chance of success? Shall we catch an heiress or not?"

"Why really," said Tomlinson, "women are like those calculations in arithmetic which one can never bring to an exact account; for my part, I shall stuff my calves, and look out for a widow. You, my good fellow seem to stand a fair chance with Miss ———."

"Oh, name her not!" cried Clifford, colouring even through the flush which wine had spread over his countenance: "Somehow or other, ours are not the lips by which her name should be breathed; and faith, when I think of her, I do it anxiously."

"What, have you ever thought of her before this evening?"

"Yes, for months," answered Clifford. "I remember some time ago, when we formed the plan for robbing Lord Mauleverer, how, rather for frolic than profit, you robbed Dr. Slopperton of Warlock, while I compassionately walked home with the old gentleman. Well, at the parson's house, I met Miss Brandon;—mind, if I speak of her by name, you must not—and by Heaven!—but I won't swear.—I accompanied her home. You know, before morning we robbed Mauleverer, the affair made a noise, and I feared to endanger you all if I appeared in the vicinity of the robbery. Since then, business diverted my thoughts; we

formed the plan of trying a matrimonial speculation at Bath. I came hither—guess my surprise at seeing her”—

“And your delight,” added Tomlinson, “at hearing she is as rich as she is pretty.”

“No!” answered Clifford, quickly; “that thought gives me no pleasure—you stare. I will try and explain. You know, dear Tomlinson, I’m not much of a canter, and yet my heart shrinks when I look on that innocent face, and hear that soft, happy voice, and think that my love to her can be only ruin and disgrace; nay, that my very address is contamination, and my very glance toward her an insult.”

“Hey day!” quoth Tomlinson, “have you been under my instructions, and learned the true value of words? and can you have any scruples left on so easy a point of conscience? True, you may call your representing yourself to her as an unprofessional gentleman, and so winning her affections, deceit; but why call it deceit when a *genius for intrigue* is so much neater a phrase: in like manner, by marrying the young lady, if you say *you have ruined her*, you justly deserve to be annihilated; but why not say you have *saved yourself*,” and then, my dear fellow, you will have done the most justifiable thing in the world.”

“Pish, man!” said Clifford peevishly; “none of thy sophisms, and sneers!”

“By the soul of Sir Edward Coke, I am serious!—but look you, my friend, this is not a matter here it is *convenient* to have a tender-footed conscience. You see these fellows on the ground!—I’d—d clever, and so forth; but you and I are of different order. I have had a classical education, seen the world, and mixed in decent society; you, so, had not been long a member of our club, before you distinguished yourself above us all. For some smiled on your youthful audacity. You were particular in horses and dress, frequented public haunts, and being a deuced good-looking fellow, with an inborn air of gentility, and some sort of education, you became sufficiently well received, to acquire, in a short time, the manner and one of a———what shall I say,—a gentleman, and the taste to like suitable associates. This is my case too! Despite our labours for the public weal, the ungrateful dogs see that we are above them; a single envious breast is sufficient to give us to the hangman; we have agreed that we are in danger, we have agreed to make an honourable retreat! we cannot do so without money; you now the vulgar distich among our set. Nothing can be truer—

‘Hanging is nation
More nice than starvation!’

“You will not carry off some of the common stock, though I think you justly might, considering how much you have put into it; What, then, shall we do? Work we cannot! Beg we will not! and between you and me we are cursedly extravagant! What remains but marriage?”

“It is true!” said Clifford, with a half sigh.

“You may well sigh, my good fellow; marriage is a lackadaisical proceeding at best; but there is no resource: and now, when you have got a liking to a young lady who is as rich as a she Croesus, and so gilded the pill as bright as a Lord Mayor’s coach, what the devil have you to do with scruples?”

Clifford made no answer, and there was a long pause: perhaps he would not have spoken so frankly as he had done, if the wine had not opened his heart.

“How proud,” renewed Tomlinson, “the good old matron at Thames Court will be if you marry a lady! you have not seen her lately?”

“Not for years,” answered our hero: “Poor old soul! I believe that she is well in health, and I take care that she should not be poor in pocket.”

“But why not visit her? Perhaps, like all great men, especially of a liberal turn of mind, you are ashamed of old friends, eh?”

“My good fellow, is that like me? Why you know the beaux of our set look askant on me for not keeping up my dignity, robbing only in company with well-dressed gentlemen, and swindling under the name of a Lord’s nephew: no, my reasons, are these:—first, you must know that the old dame had set her heart on my turning out an honest man.”

“And so you have!” interrupted Augustus; “honest to your party: what more would you have from either prig or politician?”

“I believe,” continued Clifford, not heeding the interruption, “that my poor mother, before she died, desired that I might be reared honestly; and strange as it may seem to you—Dame Lobkins is a conscientious woman in her own way—it is not her fault if I have turned out as I have done. Now I know well that it would grieve her to the quick to see me what I am. Secondly, my friend, under my new names, various as they are,—Jackson and Howard, Russel and Pigwiggin, Villiers and Goto-bed, Cavendish and Solomons,—you may well suppose that the good persons in the neighbourhood of Thames Court have no suspicion that the adventurous and accomplished Ruffler, at present Captain of this district, under the new appellation of Lovett, is in reality no other than the obscure and surnameless Paul of the Mug. Now you and I, Augustus, have read human nature, though in the *black letter*, and I know well that were I to make my appearance in Thames Court, and were the old lady—(as she certainly would, not from unkindness but insobriety, not that she loves me less but heavy-wet more)—to divulge the secret of that appearance—”

“You know well,” interrupted the vivacious Tomlinson, “that the identity of your former meanness with your present greatness would be easily traced; the envy and jealousy of your early friends aroused; a hint of your whereabouts and your aliases given to the police, and yourself grabbed, with a slight possibility of a hempen consummation.”

“You conceive me exactly!” answered Clifford: “the fact is, that I have observed in nine cases out of ten our bravest fellows have been taken off by the treachery of some early sweetheart or the envy of some boyish friend. My destiny is not yet fixed; I am worthy of better things than a ride in the cart with a nosegay in my hand; and though I care not much about death in itself, I am resolved, if possible, not to die a highwayman; hence my caution, and that prudential care for secrecy and safe asylums, which men less wise than you have so often thought an unnatural contrast to my conduct on the road.”

“Fools!” said the philosophical Tomlinson:

"what has the bravery of a warrior to do with his insuring his house from fire?"

"However," said Clifford, "I send my good nurse a fine gift every now and then to assure her of my safety; and thus, notwithstanding my absence, I show my affection by my *presents*;—excuse a pun!"

"And have you never been detected by any of your quondam associates?"

"Never!—remember in what a much more elevated sphere of life I have been thrown; and who could recognize the scamp Paul with a fustian-jacket in gentleman Paul with a laced-waistcoat? Besides, I have diligently avoided every place where I was likely to encounter those who saw me in childhood. You know how little I frequent flash houses, and how scrupulous I am in admitting new confederates into our band; you and Pepper are the only two of my associates—(save my *protege*, as you express it, who never deserts the cave,)—that possess a knowledge of my identity with the lost Paul; and as ye have both taken that dread oath to silence, which to disobey, until, indeed, I be in the gaol or on the gibbet, is almost to be assassinated, I consider my secret is little likely to be broken, save with my own consent."

"True," said Augustus, nodding; "one more glass, and to-bed, Mr. Chairman."

"I pledge you, my friend; our last glass shall be philanthropically quaffed;—All fools, and may their money be soon parted!"

"All fools!" cried Tomlinson, filling a bumper, "but I quarrel with the wisdom of your toast;—may fools be rich and rogues will never be poor. I would make a better livelihood of a rich fool than a landed estate."

So saying, the contemplative and ever-sagacious Tomlinson, tossed off his bumper, and the pair, having kindly rolled, by pedal applications, the body of Long Ned into a safe and quiet corner of the room, mounted the stairs, arm-in-arm, in search of somnabular accommodations.

CHAPTER XIX.

That contrast of the harden'd and mature,
The calm brow brooding o'er the project dark,
With the clear, loving heart, and spirit pure
Of youth—I love—yet, hating, love to mark!

H. FLETCHER.

ON the forenoon of the day after the ball, the carriage of William Brandon, packed and prepared, was at the door of his abode at Bath; meanwhile, the lawyer was closeted with his brother. "My dear Joseph," said the Barrister, "I do not leave you without being fully sensible of your kindness evinced to me, both in coming hither, contrary to your habits, and accompanying me every where, despite of your tastes."

"Mention it not, my dear William," said the kind-hearted Squire, "for your delightful society is to me the most agreeable—(and that's what I can say of very few people like you; for, for my own part, I generally find the cleverest men *the most unpleasant*)—in the world! And I think lawyers in particular—(very different, indeed, from your tribe you are!)—*perfectly intolerable*!"

"I have now," said Brandon, who with his usual nervous quickness of action was walking with

rapid strides to and fro the apartment, and scarcely noted his brother's compliment.—"I have now another favour to request of you.—Consider this house and these servants yours, for the next month or two, at least. Don't interrupt me—it is no compliment—I speak for our family benefit." And then seating himself next to his brother's arm-chair, for a fit of the gout made the Squire a close prisoner, Brandon unfolded to his brother his cherished scheme of marrying Lucy to Lord Mauleverer. Notwithstanding the constancy of the Earl's attentions to the heiress, the honest Squire had never dreamt of their palpable object: and he was overpowered with surprise when he heard the lawyer's expectations.

"But, my dear brother," he began, "so great a match for my Lucy, the Lord-Lieutenant of the Coun——"

"And what of that?" cried Brandon proudly and interrupting his brother: "is not the race of Brandon, which has matched its scions with royalty, far nobler than that of the upstart stock of Mauleverer?—what is there presumptuous in the hope that the descendant of the Earls of Suffolk should regild a faded name with some of the precious dust of the quondam silversmiths of London?—Besides," he continued after a pause, "Lucy will be rich—very rich—and before two years rank may possibly be of the same order as Mauleverer's!"

The Squire stared; and Brandon, not giving him time to answer, resumed.—It is needless to detail the conversation; suffice it to say, that the able barrister did not leave his brother till he had scored his point—till Joseph Brandon had promised to remain at Bath in possession of the house and establishment of his brother, to throw no impediment on the suit of Mauleverer, to cultivate society before, and, above all, not to alarm Lucy, who evidently did not yet favour Mauleverer exclusively by hinting to her the hopes and expectations of her uncle and father. Brandon, now taking leave of his brother, mounted to the drawing-room in search of Lucy. He found her leaning over the gilt cage of one of her feathered favourites, and speaking to the little inmate in that pretty and playful language in which all thoughts, intense yet fond, should be clothed. So beautiful did Lucy seem, as she was thus engaged in her gentle and caressing employment, and so utterly unlike one meet to be the instrument of ambitious designs, and the sacrifice of worldly calculations, that Brandon paused, suddenly smitten at heart, as he beheld her; he was not, however, slow in recovering himself; he approached, "Happy be," said the man of the world, "for whom caresses and words like these are reserved!"

Lucy turned. "It is ill!" she said, pointing to the bird, which sat with its feathers stiff and mute and heedless even of that voice which was as musical as its own.

"Poor prisoner!" said Brandon, "even cages and sweet tones cannot compensate to the bird for the loss of the air and the wild woods!"

"But," said Lucy anxiously, "it is not confinement which makes it ill! If you think so, I will release it instantly."

"How long have you had it?" asked Brandon.

"For three years!" said Lucy.

"And is it your *chief* favourite?"

"Yes; it does not sing so prettily as the other—but it is far more sensible, and so affectionate."

"Can you release it then?" asked Brandon, smiling; "would it not be better to see it die in your custody, than to let it live and to see it no more?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Lucy eagerly, "when I love any one—any thing—I wish that to be happy, not me!"

As she said this, she took the bird from the cage, and bearing it to the open window, kissed it, and held it on her hand, in the air. The poor bird turned a languid and sickly eye around it, as if the sight of the crowded houses and busy streets presented nothing familiar or inviting; and it was not till Lucy, with a tender courage, shook it gently from her, that it availed itself of the proffered liberty. It flew first to an opposite balcony, and then recovering from a short and, as it were, surprised pause, took a brief circuit above the houses, and after disappearing for a few minutes, flew back, circled the window, and re-entering, settled once more on the fair form of its mistress and nestled into her bosom.

Lucy covered it with kisses. "You see it will not leave me!" said she.

"Who can?" said the uncle warmly, charmed for the moment from every thought, but that of kindness for the young and soft creature before him;—"Who can?" he repeated with a sigh, "but an old and withered ascetic like myself. I must leave you indeed; see, my carriage is at the door! Will my beautiful niece, among the gaieties that surround her, condescend now and then to remember the crabbed lawyer, and assure him by a line of her happiness and health. Though I rarely write any notes, but those upon cases: *you*, at least, may be sure of an answer. And tell me, Lucy, if there be in all this city one so foolish as to think that these idle gems, useful only as a vent for my pride in you, can add a single charm to a beauty above all ornament?"

So saying, Brandon produced a leathern case, and touching a spring, the imperial flash of diamonds which would have made glad many a patrician heart, broke dazzlingly on Lucy's eyes.

"No thanks, Lucy," said Brandon, in answer to his niece's disclaiming and shrinking gratitude; "I do honour to myself, not you; and now bless you, my dear girl. Farewell! Should any occasion present itself in which you require an immediate adviser, at once kind and wise, I beseech you, my dearest Lucy, as a parting request, to have no scruples in consulting Lord Mauleverer. Besides his friendship for me, he is much interested in you, and you may consult him with the more safety and assurance; because" (and the lawyer smiled) "he is perhaps the only man in the world whom my Lucy could not make in love with her. His gallantry may appear adulation, but it is never false to love. Promise me that you will not hesitate in this?"

Lucy gave the promise readily, and Brandon continued in a careless tone: "I hear that you danced last night with a young gentleman whom no one knew, and whose companions bore a very strange appearance. In a place like Bath, society is too mixed, not to render the greatest caution in forming acquaintances absolutely necessary. You must pardon me, my dearest niece, if I remark that a young lady owes it not only to herself, but to her

relations, to observe the most rigid circumspection of conduct. This is a wicked world, and the peach-like bloom of character is easily rubbed away. In these points, Mauleverer can be of great use to you. His knowledge of character—his penetration into men—and his tact in manners—are unerring. Pray be guided by him: whomsoever he warns you against, you may be sure is unworthy of your acquaintance. God bless you! you will write to me often and frankly, dear Lucy; tell me all that happens to you—all that interests, nay, all that displeases."

Brandon then, who had seemingly disregarded the blushes with which, during his speech, Lucy's cheeks had been spread, folded his niece in his arms, and hurried, as if to hide his feelings, into his carriage. When the horses had turned the street, he directed the postilions to stop at Lord Mauleverer's. "Now," said he to himself, "if I can get this clever coxcomb to second my schemes, and play according to my game, and not according to his own vanity, I shall have a Knight of the Garter for my nephew-in-law!"

Meanwhile Lucy, all in tears, for she loved her uncle greatly, ran down to the Squire to show him Brandon's magnificent present.

"Ah!" said the Squire with a sigh, "few men were born with more good, generous, and great qualities—(pity only that his chief desire was to get on in the world; for my part, I think *no motive makes greater and more cold-hearted rogues!*)—*than my brother William!*"

CHAPTER XX.

Why did she love him?—curious fool, be still!
Is human love the growth of human will?
To her he might be gentleness!—LORD BYRON.

In three weeks from the time of his arrival, Captain Clifford was the most admired man in Bath. It is true, that gentlemen who have a quicker tact as to the respectability of their own sex than women, might have looked a little shy upon him, had he not himself especially shunned appearing intrusive, and indeed rather avoided the society of men than courted it; so that after he had fought a duel with a Baronet, (the son of a shoemaker,) who called him *one* Clifford, and had exhibited a flea-bitten horse, allowed to be the finest in Bath, he rose insensibly into a certain degree of respect with the one sex as well as popularity with the other. But what always attracted and kept alive suspicion, was his intimacy with so peculiar and *dashing a looking* gentleman as Mr. Edward Pepper. People could get over a certain frankness in Clifford's address, but the most lenient were astounded by the swagger of Long Ned. Clifford, however, not insensible to the ridicule attached to his acquaintances, soon managed to pursue his occupations alone; nay, he took a lodging to himself, and left Long Ned and Augustus Tomlinson (the latter to operate as a check on the former) to the quiet enjoyment of the hair-dresser's apartments. He himself attended all public gaieties, and his mien, and the appearance of wealth which he maintained, procured him access into several private circles, which pretended to be exclusive. As if English people who had daughters

ever could be exclusive! Many were the kind looks, nor few the inviting letters which he received. And if his sole object had been to marry an heiress, he would have found no difficulty in attaining it. But he devoted himself entirely to Lucy Brandon; and to win one glance from her, he would have renounced all the heiresses in the kingdom. Most fortunately for him, Mauleverer, whose health was easily *deranged*, had fallen ill the very day William Brandon left Bath; and his Lordship was thus rendered unable to watch the movements of Lucy, and undermine, or totally prevent the success of her lover. Miss Brandon, indeed, had at first, melted by the kindness of her uncle, and struck with the sense of his admonition, (for she was no self-willed young lady, who was determined to be in love,) received Captain Clifford's advances with a coldness which, from her manner the first evening they had met at Bath, occasioned him no less surprise than mortification. He retreated, and recoiled on the Squire, who, patient, and bored as usual, was sequestered in his favourite corner. By accident, Clifford trod on the Squire's gouty digital, and in apologizing for the offence, was so struck by the old gentleman's good-nature and peculiarity of expressing himself, that without knowing who he was, he entered into conversation with him. There was an off-hand sort of liveliness and candour, not to say wit, about Clifford, which always had a charm for the elderly; who generally like frankness above all the cardinal virtues; the Squire was exceedingly pleased with him. The acquaintance once begun, was naturally continued without difficulty when Clifford ascertained who was his new friend; and next morning, meeting in the Pump-room, the Squire asked Clifford to dinner. The *entré* to the house thus gained, the rest was easy. Long before Mauleverer recovered his health, the mischief effected by his rival was almost beyond redress; and the heart of the pure, the simple, the affectionate Lucy Brandon, was more than half lost to the lawless and vagrant Cavalier who officiates as the Hero of this tale.

One morning, Clifford and Augustus strolled out together. "Let us," said the latter, who was in a melancholy mood, "leave the busy streets, and indulge in a philosophical conversation on the nature of man, while we are enjoying a little fresh air in the country." Clifford assented to the proposal, and the pair slowly sauntered up one of the hills that surround the city of Bladud.

"There are certain moments," said Tomlinson, looking pensively down at his kerseymere gaiters, "when we are like the fox in the nursery rhyme, 'The fox had a wound he could not tell where'—we feel extremely unhappy and we cannot tell *why*! a dark, and sad melancholy grows over us—we shun the face of man—we wrap ourselves in our thoughts like silkworms—we mutter sag-ends of dismal songs—tears come in our eyes—we recall all the misfortunes that have ever happened to us—we stoop in our gait, and bury our hands in our breeches pockets—we say 'what is life?—a stone to be shied into a horse-pond!'—We pine for some congenial heart—and have an itching desire to talk prodigiously about ourselves: all *other* subjects seem weary, stale, unprofitable—we feel as if a fly could knock us down, and are in a humour to fall in love and make a very sad piece of business of it. Yet with all this weakness we have, at these moments, a finer opinion of ourselves than we ever

had before. We call our megrims, the melancholy of a sublime soul—the yearnings of an indignation we denominate yearnings after immortality—say, sometimes 'a proof of the nature of the soul.' May I find some biographer who understands our sensations well, and may he style those melting emotions the offspring of the poetical character; which, in reality, are the offspring of—a nut chop!"

"You jest pleasantly enough on your low spirits," said Clifford; "but I have a cause for mine."

"What then?" cried Tomlinson. "So mad the easier is it to cure them. The mind can cure the evils that spring from the mind; it is only a fool, and a quack, and a driveller, when it pretends to heal the evils that spring from the body—my blue devils spring from the body—consequently, my mind, which, as you know, is a particularly wise mind, wrestles not against them. Tell me frankly," renewed Augustus, after a pause, "do you ever repent? Do you ever think if you had been a shop-boy with a white apron about your middle, that you would have been a happier and better member of society than you now are?"

"Repent!" said Clifford fiercely, and his answer opened more of his secret heart, its motives, its reasonings, and its peculiarities than were otherwise discernible. "Repent!—that is the idlest word in our language. No,—the moment I repent—the moment I reform! Never can it seem to me an atonement for crime, merely to regret it—my mind would lead me not to regret, but to repair!—Repent!—No,—not yet! The older I grow, the more I see of men, and of the callings of social life—the more I, an open knave, sicken at the glossed and covert dishonesties around. I acknowledge no allegiance to society. From my birth to this hour, I have received no single favour from its customs or its laws;—openly I war against it—and patiently will I meet its revenge. This may be crime; but it looks light in my eyes, when I gaze around, and survey on all sides the masked traitors who acknowledge large debts to society—who profess to obey its laws—adore its institutions—and, above all—oh, how righteously!—attack all those who attack it, and who yet lie, cheat, and defraud, and peculate—publicly reaping all the comforts—privately filching all the profits.—Repent!—of what? I come into the world friendless and poor—I find a body of laws hostile to the friendless and the poor! To those laws hostile to me, then—I acknowledge hostility in my turn. Between us are the conditions of war. Let them expose a weakness—I insist on my right to seize the advantage—let them defeat me, and I allow their right to destroy."†

"Passion," said Augustus coolly, "is the sworn enemy of reason—in your case it is the friend."

* Vide "Moore's Life of Byron."—In which it is satisfactorily shown that, if a man fast forty-eight hours, then eat three lobsters, and drink God knows how many bottles of claret—if, when he wakes the next morning, he sees himself abused as a demon by half the periodicals of the country—if the afternoon be passed in interviews with his creditors or misunderstandings with his wife—if, in a word, he be broken in his health, irregular in his habits, unfortunate in his affairs, unhappy in his home—and if, then, he should be so extremely eccentric as to be low-spirited and melancholy, the low spirits and the melancholy are means to be attributed to the above agreeable circumstances—but God wot—to the "poetical character!"

† The Author need not, he hopes, observe that these sentiments are Mr. Paul Clifford's—not his.

The pair had now gained the summit of a hill which commanded a view of the city below. Here Augustus, who was a little short-winded, paused to recover breath. As soon as he had done so, he pointed with his fore-finger to the scene beneath, and said enthusiastically—"What a subject for contemplation!"

Clifford was about to reply, when suddenly the sound of laughter and voices was heard behind—"Let us fly!" cried Augustus; on this day of spleen man delights me not—nor woman either."

"Stay!" said Clifford, in a trembling accent, for among those voices he recognised one which had already acquired over him an irresistible and bewitching power. Augustus sighed, and reluctantly remained motionless. Presently a winding road brought into view a party of pleasure, some on foot, some on horseback, others in the little vehicles which even at that day haunted watering-places, and called themselves "Flies" or "Swallows."

But among the gay procession Clifford had only eyes for one! Walking with that elastic step which so rarely survives the first epoch of youth, by the side of the heavy chair in which her father was drawn, the fair beauty of Lucy Brandon threw, at least in the eyes of her lover, a magic and a lustre over the whole group. He stood for a moment, filling the heart that leapt at her bright looks and the gladness of her innocent laugh; and then recovering himself, he walked slowly and with a certain consciousness of the effect of his own singularly handsome person, toward the party. The old Squire received him with his usual kindness, and informed him, according to that *lucidus ordo*, which he so especially favoured, of the whole particulars of their excursion. There was something worthy of an artist's sketch in the scene at that moment:—the old Squire in his chair, with his benevolent face turned toward Clifford, and his hands resting on his cane—Clifford himself bowing down his stately head to hear the details of the father;—the beautiful daughter on the other side of the chair, her laugh suddenly stilled, her countenance insensibly more composed, and blush chasing blush over the smooth and peach-like loveliness of her cheek;—the party, of all sizes, ages, and attire, affording ample scope for the caricaturist; and the pensive figure of Augustus Tomlinson (who, by the by, was exceedingly like Liston,) standing apart from the rest, on the brow of the hill where Clifford had left him, and moralizing on the motley procession, with one hand hid in his waistcoat, and the other caressing his chin, which slowly and indulgently with the rest of his head, moved up and down.

As the party approached the brow of the hill, the view of the city below was so striking, that there was a general pause for the purpose of survey. One young lady, in particular, drew forth her pencil, and began sketching, while her mamma looked complacently on, and abstractedly devoured her sandwich. It was at this time, in the general pause, that Clifford and Lucy found themselves—heaven knows how!—next to each other, and at sufficient distance from the Squire and the rest of the party, to feel, in some measure, alone. There was a silence in both which neither dared to break; when Lucy, after looking at, and toying with a flower that she had brought from the place which the party had been to see, accidentally

dropped it; and Clifford and herself stooping at the same moment to recover it, their hands met. Involuntarily, Clifford detained the soft fingers in his own; his eyes that encountered hers, so spell-bound and arrested them, that for once they did not sink beneath his gaze; his lips moved, but many and vehement emotions so suffocated his voice that no sound escaped them. But all the heart was in the eyes of each; that moment fixed their destinies. Henceforth there was an era from which they dated a new existence; a nucleus around which their thoughts, their remembrances, and their passions clung. The great gulf was passed; they stood on the same shore; and felt, that though still apart and disunited, on that shore was no living creature but themselves! Meanwhile, Augustus Tomlinson, on finding himself surrounded by persons eager to gaze and to listen, broke from his moodiness and reserve. Looking full at his next neighbour, and flourishing his right hand in the air, till he suffered it to rest in the direction of the houses and chimneys below; he repeated that moral exclamation, which had been wasted on Clifford, with a more solemn and a less passionate gravity than before.

"What a subject, Ma'am, for contemplation!"

"Very sensibly said, indeed, Sir," said the lady addressed, who was rather of a serious turn.

"I never," resumed Augustus in a louder key, and looking round for auditors,—“I never see a great town from the top of a hill, without thinking of an Apothecary's Shop!"

"Lord, Sir!" said the lady. Tomlinson's end was gained;—struck with the quaintness of the notion, a little crowd gathered instantly around him, to hear it farther developed.

"Of an Apothecary's Shop, Ma'am!" repeated Tomlinson. "There lie your simples, and your purges, and your cordials, and your poisons; all things to heal, and to strengthen, and to destroy. There are drugs enough in that collection to save you, to cure you all; but none of you know how to use them, nor what medicines to ask for, nor what portions to take; so that the greater part of you swallow a wrong dose, and die of the remedy!"

"But if the town be the apothecary's shop, what, in the plan of your idea, stands for the apothecary?" asked an old gentleman, who perceived at what Tomlinson was driving.

"The Apothecary, Sir," answered Augustus, stealing his notion from Clifford, and sinking his voice, lest the true proprietor should overhear him,—Clifford was otherwise employed—"The Apothecary, Sir, is the LAW! It is the Law that stands behind the counter and dispenses to each man the dose he should take. To the poor, it gives bad drugs gratuitously; to the rich, pills to stimulate the appetite: to the latter, premiums for luxury; to the former only speedy refuges from life! Alas! either your Apothecary is but an ignorant quack, or his science itself is but in its cradle. He blunders as much as you would do if left to your own selection. Those who have recourse to him, seldom speak gratefully of his skill. He relieves you, it is true—but of your money, not your malady; and the only branch of his profession in which he is an adept, is that which enables him to bleed you!—Oh, Mankind!" continued Augustus, "what noble creatures you ought to be! You have keys to all sciences, all arts, all myste-

rise, but one! You have not a notion how you ought to be governed! you cannot frame a tolerable law for the life and soul of you! You make yourselves as uncomfortable as you can by all sorts of galling and vexatious institutions, and you throw the blame upon 'Fate.' You lay down rules it is impossible to comprehend, much less to obey; and you call each other monsters, because you cannot conquer the impossibility! You invent all sorts of vices, under pretence of making laws for preserving virtue; and the anomalous artificialities of conduct yourselves produce, you say you are born with;—you make a machine by the perversest art you can think of, and you call it, with a sigh, 'Human Nature.' With a host of good dispositions struggling at your breasts, you insist upon libelling God Almighty, and declaring that he meant you to be wicked. Nay, you even call the man mischievous and seditious who begs and implores you to be one jot better than you are.—Oh, Mankind! you are like a nosegay bought at Covent Garden. The flowers are lovely, the scent delicious;—mark that glorious hue; contemplate that bursting petal; how beautiful, how redolent of health—of nature—of the dew and breath and blessing of Heaven, are you all! But as for the dirty piece of string that ties you together, one would think you had picked it out of the kennel!"

So saying, Tomlinson turned on his heel, broke away from the crowd, and solemnly descended the hill. The party of pleasure slowly followed; and Clifford, receiving an invitation from the Squire to partake of his family dinner, walked by the side of Lucy, and felt as if his spirit were drunk with the airs of Eden.

A brother Squire, who, among the gaieties of Bath, was almost as forlorn as Joseph Brandon himself, partook of the Lord of Warlock's hospitality. When the three gentlemen adjourned to the drawing-room, the two elder sat down to a game at backgammon, and Clifford was left to the undisturbed enjoyment of Lucy's conversation. She was sitting by the window when Clifford joined her. On the table by her side were scattered books, the charm of which (they were chiefly poetry) she had only of late learned to discover; there also were strewn various little masterpieces of female ingenuity, in which the fairy fingers of Lucy Brandon were especially formed to excel. The shades of evening were rapidly darkening over the empty streets: and in the sky, which was cloudless and transparently clear, the stars came gradually out one by one, until,

"As water does a sponge, so *their soft light*
Fill'd the void, hollow, universal air."

Beautiful evening! (if we, as well as Augustus Tomlinson, may indulge in an apostrophe,)—Beautiful evening! for thee all poets have had a song, and surrounded thee with rills and waterfalls, and dews, and flowers, and sheep, and bats, and melancholy, and owls; yet we must confess that to us, who in this very sentimental age are a bustling, worldly, hard-minded person, jostling our neighbours, and thinking of the main chance;—to us, thou art never so charming, as when we meet thee walking in thy gray hood, through the emptying streets, and among the dying sounds of a city. We love to feel the stillness, where all, two hours back, was clamour. We love to see the dingy abodes of Trade and Luxury, those restless patients of earth's constant fever, contrasted and canopied

by a heaven full of purity, and quietness, and peace. We love to fill our thoughts with speculations on man,—even though the man be the muffin-man,—rather than with inanimate objects—hills and streams—things to dream about, not to meditate on. Man is the subject of far nobler contemplation, of far more glowing hope, of a far purer and loftier vein of sentiment, than all the 'floods and fells' in the universe;—and that, sweet evening, is one reason why we like that the earpest and tender thoughts thou excitest within us, should be rather surrounded by the labours and tokens of our species, than by sheep, and bats, and melancholy, and owls. But whether, most blessed evening, thou delightest us in the country or in the town, thou equally disposest us to make and to feel love!—thou art the cause of more marriages and more divorces, than any other time in the twenty-four hours. Eyes, that were common eyes to us before, touched by thy enchanting and magic shadows, become inspired, and preach to us of Heaven. A softness settles on features, that were harsh to us when the sun shone; a mellow "light of love" rises on the complexion, which by day we would have steeped "full fathom five" in a sea of Mrs. Gland's lotion;—and as for the lip!—Ah!

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What then, thou modest hypocrite, to those who *already* and deeply love—what then of danger—and of paradise dost thou bring?

Silent, and stilling the breath which heaved in both quick and fitfully, Lucy and Clifford sat together. The streets were utterly deserted, and the loneliness, as they looked below, made them feel the more intensely not only the emotions which swelled within them, but the undefined and electric sympathy which, in uniting them, divided them from the world. The quiet around was broken by a distant strain of rude music; and as it came nearer, two forms, of no poetical order, grew visible: the one was a poor blind man, who was drawing from his flute tones in which the melancholy beauty of the air compensated for any deficiency (the deficiency was but slight) in the execution. A woman, much younger than the musician, and with something of beauty in her countenance, accompanied him, holding a tattered hat, and looking wistfully up at the windows of the silent street. We said two forms—we did the injustice of forgetfulness to another—a rugged and simple faced man, it is true, but one that both minstrel and wife had many and moving reasons to love. This was a little wirey terrier, with dark, piercing eyes, that glanced quickly and sagaciously in all quarters from beneath the shaggy covert that surrounded them; slowly the animal moved onward, gently against the string by which he was held, and by which he guided his master. Once, as fidelity was tempted, another dog invited him to play, the poor terrier looked anxiously and defiantly round, and then uttering a low growl, as if in denial, pursued

"The noiseless tenour of his way."

The little procession stopped beneath the window where Lucy and Clifford sat; for the quick eye of the woman had perceived them, and she laid her hand on the blind man's arm, and whispered him. He took the hint, and changed by

into one of love. Clifford glanced at Lucy, her cheek was dyed in blushes. The air was over-another succeeded—it was of the same kind; a bird—the burthen was still unaltered—and then Clifford threw into the street a piece of money, and the dog wagged his abridged and dwarfed tail, and darting forward, picked it up in his mouth, and the woman (she had a kind face!) patted the officious friend, even before she thanked the donor, and then she dropped the money with a cheering word or two into the blind man's pocket, and the three wanderers moved slowly on. Presently they came to a place where the street had been mended, and the stones lay scattered about. Here the woman no longer trusted to the dog's guidance, but anxiously hastened to the musician, and led him with evident tenderness and minute watchfulness over the rugged way. When they had passed the danger, the man stopped, and before he released the hand which had guided him, he pressed it gratefully, and then both the husband and the wife stooped down and carressed the dog. This little scene, one of those rough copies of the loveliness of human affections, of which so many are scattered about the highways of the world—both the lovers had involuntarily watched; and now as they withdrew their eyes—those eyes settled on each other—Lucy's swam in tears.

"To be loved and tended by the one I love," said Clifford in a low voice, "I would walk blind and barefoot over the whole earth!"

Lucy sighed very gently, and placing her pretty hands (the one clasped over the other) upon her knee, looked down wistfully on them, but made no answer. Clifford drew his chair nearer, and gazed on her as she sat; the long dark eyelash drooping over her eyes, and contrasting the ivory lids; her delicate profile half turned from him, and borrowing a more touching beauty from the soft light that dwelt upon it, and her full yet still scarcely developed bosom heaving at thoughts which she did not analyse, but was content to feel at once vague and delicious; he gazed, and his lips trembled—he longed to speak—he longed to say but those words which convey what volumes have endeavoured to express, and have only weakened by detail—"I love." How he resisted the yearnings of his heart, we know not—but he did resist—and Lucy, after a confused and embarrassed pause, took up one of the poems on the table, and asked him some questions about a particular passage in an old ballad which he had once pointed to her notice. The passage related to a border chief, one of the Armstrongs of old, who having been seized by the English and condemned to death, vented his last feelings in a passionate address to his own home—his rude tower—and his newly-wedded bride. "Do you believe," said Lucy, as their conversation began to flow, "that one so lawless and eager for bloodshed and strife, as this robber is described to be, could be so capable of soft affections?"

"I do," said Clifford, "because he was not sensible that he was as criminal as you esteem him. If a man cherish the idea that his actions are not evil, he will retain at his heart all its better and gentler sensations as much as if he had never sinned. The savage murders his enemy, and when he returns home, is not the less devoted to his friend, or the less anxious for his children. To harden and embrate the kindly dispositions, we must

not only indulge in guilt, but feel that we are guilty. Oh! many that the world load with their opprobrium are capable of acts—nay, have committed acts, which in others, the world would reverence and adore. Would you know whether a man's heart be shut to the power of love; ask, what he is—not to his foes, but to his friends! Crime, too," continued Clifford, speaking fast and vehemently, while his eyes flashed and the dark blood rushed to his cheek—"Crime—what is crime? men embody their worst prejudices, their most evil passions in a heterogeneous and contradictory code, and whatever breaks this code, they term a crime. When they make no distinction in the penalty—that is to say, in the estimation—awarded both to murder and to a petty theft imposed on the weak will by famine, we ask nothing else to convince us that they are ignorant of the very nature of guilt, and that they make up in ferocity for the want of wisdom.

Lucy looked in alarm at the animated and fiery countenance of the speaker; Clifford recovered himself, after a moment's pause, and rose from his seat with the gay and frank laugh which made one of his peculiar characteristics. "There is a singularity in politics, Miss Brandon," said he, "which I dare say you have often observed; viz. that those who are least important, are always most noisy; and that the chief people who lose their temper, are those who have nothing to gain in return."

As Clifford spoke, the doors were thrown open, and some visitors to Miss Brandon were announced. The good Squire was still immersed in the vicissitudes of his game, and the sole task of receiving and entertaining "the company," as the chambermaids have it, fell, as usual, upon Lucy. Fortunately for her, Clifford was one of those rare persons who possess eminently the talents of society. There was much in his gay and gallant temperament, accompanied as it was with sentiment and ardour, that resembled our *beau ideal* of those chevaliers, ordinarily peculiar to the Continent—heroes equally in the drawing-room and the field. Observant, courteous, witty, and versed in the various accomplishments that combine (that most unfrequent of all unions!) vivacity with grace, he was especially formed for that brilliant world from which his circumstances tended to exclude him. Under different auspices, he might have been—Pooh! We are running into a most pointless common-place;—what might any man be under auspices different from those by which his life has been guided?—Music soon succeeded to conversation, and Clifford's voice was of necessity put into requisition. Miss Brandon had just risen from the harpsichord, as he sat down to perform his part; and she stood by him with the rest of the group while he sung. Only twice his eye stole to that spot which her breath and form made sacred to him; once when he began, and once when he concluded his song. Perhaps the recollection of their conversation inspired him; certainly it dwelt upon his mind at the moment—threw a richer flush over his brow, and infused a more meaning and heartfelt softness into his tone.

STANZAS.

When I leave thee, oh! ask not the world what that heart
Which adores thee, to others may be!
I know that I sin when from thee I depart,
But my guilt shall not light upon thee.

My life is a river which glances a ray
That hath deigned to descend from above;
Whatever the banks that o'ershadow its way,
It mirrors the light of thy love.

Though the waves may run high when the nightwind
awakes,
And hurries the stream to its fall;
Though broken and wild be the billows it makes,
Thine image still trembles on all!

While this ominous love between Clifford and Lucy was thus finding fresh food in every interview and every opportunity, the unfortunate Mauleverer, firmly persuaded that his complaint was a relapse of what he termed the "Warlock Dyspepsia," was waging dire war with the remains of the beef and pudding, which he tearfully assured his physicians "were lurking in his constitution." As Mauleverer, though complaisant—like most men of unmistakable rank—to all his acquaintances, whatever might be their grade,—possessed but very few friends intimate enough to enter his sick-chamber, and none of that few were at Bath; it will readily be perceived that he was in blissful ignorance of the growing fortunes of his rival; and to say the exact truth, illness, which makes a man's thoughts turn very much upon himself, banished many of the most tender ideas usually floating in his mind around the image of Lucy Brandon. His pill superseded his passion; and he felt that there are draughts in the world more powerful in their effects than those in the phials of Alciconia.* He very often thought, it is true, how pleasant it would be for Lucy to smooth this pillow, and Lucy to prepare that mixture; but then, Mauleverer had an excellent valet, who hoped to play the part enacted by Gil Blas toward the honest Licentiate; and to nurse a legacy while he was nursing his master. And the Earl, who was tolerably good-tempered, was forced to confess, that it would be scarcely possible for any one "to know his ways better than Smoothson." Thus, during his illness, the fair form of his intended bride little troubled the peace of the noble adorer. And it was not till he found himself able to eat three good dinners consecutively, with a tolerable appetite, that Mauleverer recollected that he was violently in love. As soon as this idea was fully reinstated in his memory, and he had been permitted by his doctor to allow himself "a little cheerful society," Mauleverer resolved to go to the rooms for an hour or two.

It may be observed that most *Grands Seigneurs* have some favourite place, some cherished Bain, at which they love to throw off their state and to play the amiable instead of the splendid; and Bath at that time, from its gaiety, its ease, the variety of character to be found in its haunts, and the obliging manner in which such characters exposed themselves to ridicule, was exactly the place calculated to please a man like Mauleverer, who loved at once to be admired and to satirize. He was therefore an idolized person at the city of Bladud, and as he entered the rooms he was surrounded by a whole band of imitators and sycophants, delighted to find his Lordship looking so much better and declaring himself so convalescent. As soon as the Earl had bowed and smiled, and shaken hands sufficiently to sustain his reputation, he sauntered toward the dancers in search of Lucy. He found her not only exactly in the same spot in which he

had last beheld her, but dancing with exactly the same partner who had before provoked all the gallant nobleman's jealousy and wrath. Mauleverer, though not by any means addicted to preparing his compliments beforehand, had just been commencing a delicate speech for Lucy; but no sooner did the person of her partner flash on him than the whole flattery vanished at once from his recollection. He felt himself grow pale; and when Lucy turned, and, seeing him near, addressed him in the anxious and soft tone which she thought due to her uncle's friend on his recovery, Mauleverer bowed, confused and silent; and that grey-eyed passion, which would have convulsed the mind of a true lover, altering a little the course of his fury, effectually disturbed the manner of the courtier.

Retreating to an obscure part of the room, where he could see all without being conspicuous, Mauleverer now employed himself in watching the motions and looks of the young pair. He was naturally a penetrating and quick observer, and in this instance jealousy sharpened his talents; he saw enough to convince him that Lucy was already attached to Clifford; and being, by that conviction fully persuaded that Lucy was necessary to his own happiness, he resolved to lose at a moment in banishing Captain Clifford from her presence, or, at least, in instituting such inquiries into that gentleman's relatives, rank, and respectability, as would, he hoped, render such banishment a necessary consequence of the research.

Fraught with this determination, Mauleverer repaired at once to the retreat of the Squire, and engaging him in conversation, bluntly asked him, "Who the deuce Miss Brandon was dancing with?"

The Squire, a little piqued at this *brusquerie*, replied by a long eulogium on Paul, and Mauleverer, after hearing it throughout with the blindest smile imaginable, told the Squire, very politely, that he was sure Mr. Brandon's good-nature had misled him. "Clifford!" said he, repeating the name, "Clifford! it is one of those names which are particularly selected by persons nobody knows; first, because the name is good, and, secondly, because it is common. My long and dear friendship with your brother makes me feel peculiarly anxious on any point relative to his niece; and indeed, my dear William, over-rating perhaps my knowledge of the world, and my influence in society,—but not my affection for him,—besought me to assume the liberty of esteeming myself a friend, nay, even a relation of yours and Miss Brandon's, so that I trust you do not consider my caution impertinent."

The flattered Squire assured him that he was particularly honoured, so far from deeming his Lordship—(which never could be the case with people so distinguished as *his Lordship was, especially!*)—*impertinent*.

Lord Mauleverer, encouraged by this speech artfully renewed, and succeeded, if not in convincing the Squire that the handsome Captain was a suspicious character, at least in persuading him that common prudence required that he should find out exactly who the handsome Captain was, especially as he was in the habit of dining with the Squire thrice a week, and dancing with Lucy every night.

"See," said Mauleverer, "he approaches you

* See Marmontel's pretty tale of "Les Quatre Flacons."

ow; I will retreat to the chair by the fireplace, and you shall cross-examine him—I have no doubt you will do it with the utmost delicacy.”

So saying, Mauleverer took possession of a seat (where he was not absolutely beyond hearing slightly deaf as he was) of the ensuing colloquy, though the position of his seat screened him from sight. Mauleverer was esteemed a man of the most punctilious honour in private life, and he could not have been seen in the act of listening to other people's conversation for the world.

Hemming with an air and resettling himself as Clifford approached, the Squire thus skilfully commenced the attack; “Ah, ha! my good Captain Clifford, and how do you do? I saw you—(and I am *very glad my friend, as every one else is to see you*)—at a distance. And where have you left my daughter?”

“Miss Brandon is dancing with Mr. Muskwell, Sir,” answered Clifford.

“Oh! she is!—Mr. Muskwell—humph!—good family the Muskwells—came from Primrose Hall, I say, Captain,—not that I want to know for my own sake, for I am a strange, odd person, I believe, and I am thoroughly convinced—(some people are censorious, and others, thank God, are not!)—of your respectability,—what family do you come from? you won't think my—my caution impertinent?” added the shrewd old gentleman, borrowing that phrase which he thought so friendly in the mouth of Lord Mauleverer.

Clifford coloured for a moment, but replied with quiet archness of look, “Family—oh, my dear Sir, I come from an old family, a very old family indeed.”

“So I always thought; and in what part of the world?”

“Scotland, Sir—all our family come from Scotland; viz. all who live long do, the rest die young.”

“Ay, particular air does agree with particular constitutions. I, for instance, could not live in all counties; not—you take me—in the North!”

“Few honest men *can* live there;” said Clifford mildly.

“And,” resumed the Squire, a little embarrassed by the nature of his task, and the cool assurance of his young friend;

“And pray, Captain Clifford, what regiment do you belong to?”

“Regiment?—oh, the Rifles!” answered Clifford, (‘Deuce is in me,’ muttered he—‘if I can resist a jest, though I break my neck over it.’)

“A very gallant body of men!” said the Squire.

“No doubt of that, Sir!” rejoined Clifford.

“And do you think, Captain Clifford,” renewed the Squire, “that it is a good corps for getting on?”

“It is rather a bad one for getting off,” muttered the Captain, and then aloud: “Why, we have not much interest at Court, Sir.”

“Oh! but then there is a wider scope, as my brother the lawyer says, and no man knows better—for merit. I dare say, you have seen many a man elevated from the ranks?”

“Nothing more common, Sir, than such elevation; and so great is the virtue of our corps, that, I have also known not a few willing to transfer the honour to their comrades.”

“You don't say so!” exclaimed the Squire,

opening his eyes at such disinterested magnanimity.

“But,” said Clifford, who began to believe he might carry the equivoque too far, and who thought, despite of his jesting, that it was possible to strike out a more agreeable vein of conversation; “But, Sir, if you remember, you have not yet finished that youthful hunting adventure of yours, when the hounds lost at Burnham Copee.”

“Oh, very true,” cried the Squire, quite forgetting his late suspicions; and forthwith he began a story that promised to be as long as the chase it recorded. So charmed was he when he had finished it, with the character of the gentleman who had listened to it so delightedly, that on rejoining Mauleverer, he told the Earl with an important air, that he had strictly examined the young Captain, and that he had fully convinced himself of the excellence of his family, as well as the rectitude of his morals. Mauleverer listened with a countenance of polite incredulity; he had heard but little of the conversation that had taken place between the pair, but on questioning the Squire upon the sundry particulars of Clifford's birth, parentage, and property, he found him exactly as ignorant as before. The courtier however seeing farther expostulation was in vain, contented himself with patting the Squire's shoulder, and saying with a mysterious urbanity, “Ah, Sir, you are too good!”

With these words he turned on his heel, and, not yet despairing, sought the daughter. He found Miss Brandon just released from dancing, and with a kind of paternal gallantry, he offered her his arm to parade the apartments. After some preliminary flourish, and reference, for the thousandth time, to his friendship for William Brandon, the Earl spoke to her about that “fine-looking young man, who called himself Captain Clifford.”

Unfortunately for Mauleverer, he grew a little too unguarded, as his resentment against the interference of Clifford warmed with his language, and he dropped in his anger one or two words of caution which especially offended the delicacy of Miss Brandon.

“Take care how I encourage, my Lord!” said Lucy, with glowing cheeks, repeating the words which had so affronted her, “I really must beg you——”

“You mean, dear Miss Brandon,” interrupted Mauleverer, squeezing her hand with respectful tenderness, “that you must beg me to apologize for my inadvertent expression. I do most sincerely. If I had felt less interest in your happiness, believe me, I should have been more guarded in my language.”

Miss Brandon bowed stiffly, and the courtier saw with secret rage, that the country beauty was not easily appeased even by an apology from Lord Mauleverer. “I have seen the time,” thought he, “when young unmarried ladies would have deemed an *affront* from me an honour!—They would have gone into hysterics at an *apology*!” Before he had time to make his peace, the Squire joined them, and Lucy, taking her father's arm, expressed her wish to return home. The Squire was delighted at the proposition. It would have been but civil in Mauleverer to offer his assistance in those little attentions preparatory to female departure from balls. He hesitated for a moment—

"It keeps one so long in those cursed thorough draughts," thought he, shivering. "Besides, it is just possible that I may not marry her, and it is no good risking a cold (above all, at the beginning of winter) for nothing!" Fraught with this prudential policy, Mauleverer then resigned Lucy to her father, and murmuring in her ear, that "her displeasure made him the most wretched of men," concluded his adieu, by a bow penitentially graceful.

About five minutes afterward, he himself withdrew. As he was wrapping his corporeal treasure in his *regulair* of sables, previous to immersing himself in his chair, he had the mortification of seeing Lucy, who with her father, from some cause or other, had been delayed in the hall, handed to the carriage by Captain Clifford. Had the Earl watched more narrowly, than in the anxious cares due to himself he was enabled to do, he would, to his consolation, have noted that Lucy gave her hand with an averted and cool air, and that Clifford's expressive and beautiful features bore rather the aspect of mortification than triumph.

He did not, however, see more than the action, and as he was borne homeward with his flambeaux and footmen preceding him, and the watchful Smoothson by the side of the little vehicle, he muttered his determination of writing by the very next post to Brandon, all his anger for Lucy, and all his jealousy of her evident lover.

While this doughty resolve was animating the great soul of Mauleverer, Lucy reached her own room, bolted the door, and throwing herself on her bed, burst into a long and bitter paroxysm of tears. So unusual were such visitors to her happy and buoyant temper, that there was something almost alarming in the earnestness and obstinacy with which she now wept.

"What!" said she bitterly, "have I placed my affections upon a man of uncertain character? and is my infatuation so clear, that an acquaintance dare hint at its imprudence? And yet his manner, his tone! No, no, there can be no reason for shame in loving him!" and as she said this, her heart smote her for the coldness of her manner toward Clifford, on his taking leave of her for the evening. "Am I," she thought, weeping yet more vehemently than before: "Am I so worldly, so base, as to feel altered toward him the moment I hear a syllable breathed against his name? Should I not, on the contrary, have clung to his image with a greater love, if he were attacked by others? But my father, my dear father, and my kind, prudent uncle, something is due to them; and they would break their hearts, if I loved one whom they deemed unworthy. Why should I not summon courage, and tell him of the suspicions respecting him? one candid word would dispel them. Surely it would be but kind in me toward him, to give him an opportunity of disproving all false and dishonouring conjectures. And why this reserve? when so often by look and hint, if not by open avowal, he has declared that he loves me, and knows, he *must* know, that he is not indifferent to me? Why does he never speak of his parents, his relations, his home?"

And Lucy, as she asked this question, drew from a bosom, whose hue and shape might have rivalled her's who won Cymon to be wise,* a draw-

ing which she herself had secretly made of her lover, and which, though inartificially and even rudely done, yet had caught the inspiration of memory, and breathed the very features and that were stamped already ineffaceably upon her heart unworthy of so sullied an idol. She gazed upon the portrait as if it could answer her question of the original, and as she looked, and looked, her tears slowly ceased, and her innocent countenance relapsed gradually into its usual and eloquent serenity. Never, perhaps, could Lucy's own portrait have been taken at a more favourable moment. The unconscious grace of her attitude, her disengaged, the modest and youthful voluptuousness of her beauty, the tender cheek to which the virgin bloom, banished for awhile, was now all glowingly returning; the little white soft hand on which that cheek leaned, while the other contained the picture upon which her eyes fed; the half smile just conjured to her full, red, dewy lips, and gone the moment after, yet again restored; all made a picture of such enchanting loveliness, that we question whether Shakespeare himself could have conceived an earthly shape more meet to embody the vision of a Miranda or a Viola. The quiet and maiden neatness of the apartment gave effect to the charm; and there was a poetry even in the snowy furniture of the bed, the shutters partly uncurtained, and admitting a glimpse of the silver moon, and the solitary lamp just contending with the pale ray of the skies, and so throwing a mixed and softened light around the chamber.

She was yet gazing on the drawing, when a faint strain of music stole through the air beneath her window, and it gradually rose till the sound of a guitar became distinct and clear, suiting well, not disturbing, the moonlit stillness of the night. The gallantry and romance of a former day, thought at the time of our story subsiding, were not dispelled; and nightly serenades under the eaves of a distinguished beauty were by no means of unfrequent occurrence. But Lucy, as the music floated upon her ear, blushed deeper and deeper, as if it had a dearer source to her heart than ordinary gallantry, and raising herself on one arm from her incumbent position, she leant forward to catch the sound with a greater and more unerring certainty.

After a prelude of some moments, a clear and sweet voice accompanied the instrument, and the words of the song were as follows:—

CLIFFORD'S SERENADE.

"There is a world where every night
My spirit meets and walks with thee;
And hopes—I dare not tell thee—light
Like stars of Love—that world of mine!"

"Sleep!—to the waking world my heart
Hath now, methinks, a stranger grown—
Ah, sleep! that I may feel thou art
Within one world that is my own!"

As the music died away, Lucy sank back once more, and the drawing which she held was pressed (with cheeks glowing, though unseen, at the act) to her lips. And though the character of her lover was uncleared, though she herself had come to no distinct resolution, even to inform him of the rumours against his name, yet so easily restored was her trust in him, and so soothing the very thought of his vigilance and his love, that before an hour had passed, her eyes were closed in sleep; the drawing was laid, as a spell against grief, un-

* See Dryden's poem of Cymon and Iphigenia.

her pillow, and in her dreams she murmured her name, and unconscious of reality and the future, smiled tenderly as she did so!

CHAPTER XXI.

Come, the plot thickens! and another fold
Of the warm cloak of mystery wraps us around.

And for their loves?

Behold the seal is on them!

Banner of Tyburn.

We must not suppose that Clifford's manner and tone were toward Lucy Brandon such as they seem to others. Love refines every roughness; and that truth which nurtures tenderness, never barren of grace. Whatever the habits and comrades of Clifford's life, he had at heart any good and generous qualities. They were not often perceptible, it is true, first, because he was of a gay and reckless turn; secondly, because he was not easily affected by any external circumstance; and thirdly, because he had the policy to select among his comrades only such qualities as are likely to give him influence with them. Still, however, his better genius broke out whenever an opportunity presented itself. Though no "Coriander," romantic and unreal, an Ossianic shadow becoming more vast in proportion as it recedes from substance; though no grandly-imagined lie to the proportions of Human Nature, but an erring man in a very prosaic and homely world; Clifford still mingled a certain generosity and chivalric sprize, even with the practices of his profession. Although the name of Lovett, by which he was chiefly known, was one peculiarly distinguished in the annals of the adventurous, it had never been coupled with rumours of cruelty or outrage, and it was often associated with anecdotes of courage, courtesy, good humour, or forbearance. He was the man whom a real love was peculiarly calculated to soften and to redeem. The boldness, the candour, the unselfishness of his temper, were components of his nature upon which affection invariably takes a strong and deep hold. Besides, Clifford was of an eager and aspiring turn; and the same temper and abilities which had in a very few years raised him in influence and popularity far above the chivalric band with whom he was connected, when once inflamed and elevated by a higher passion, were likely to arouse his ambition from the level of his present pursuits, and reform him, ere too late, into a useful, nay, even a honourable member of society. We trust that the reader has already perceived that, despite his early circumstances, his manner and address were not such as to unfit him for a lady's love. The comparative refinement of his exterior is easy of explanation, for he possessed a natural and inborn gentility, a quick turn for observation, a ready sense both of the ridiculous and the graceful; and these the materials which are soon and lightly wrought from coarseness into polish. He had been thrown so among the leaders and heroes of his band; many not absolutely low in birth, nor debased in habit. He had associated with the Barringtons of the day: gentlemen who were admired at Ranelagh, and made speeches worthy of Cicero, when

they were summoned to trial. He played his part in public places; and as Tomlinson was wont to say after his Ciceronian fashion, "the triumphs accomplished in the field, had been planned in the ball-room." In short, he was one of those accomplished and elegant highwaymen of whom we yet read wonders, and by whom it would have been delightful to have been robbed: and the aptness of intellect, which grew into wit with his friends, softened into sentiment with his mistress. There is something too, in beauty, (and Clifford's person, as we have before said, was possessed of even uncommon attractions) which lifts a beggar into nobility; and there was a distinction in his gait and look which supplied the air of rank, and the tone of court. Men, indeed, skilled like Mauleverer in the subtleties of manner, might perhaps have easily detected in him the want of that indescribable essence possessed only by persons reared in good society; but that want being shared by so many persons of indisputable birth and fortune, conveyed no particular reproach. To Lucy, indeed, brought up in seclusion, and seeing at Warlock none calculated to refine her taste in the fashion of an air or phrase to a very fastidious standard of perfection, this want was perfectly imperceptible: she remarked in her lover only a figure every where unequalled—an eye always eloquent with admiration—a step from which grace could never be divorced—a voice that spoke in a silver key, and uttered flatteries delicate in thought and poetical in word:—even a certain originality of mind, remark, and character, occasionally approaching to the *bizarre*, yet sometimes also to the elevated, possessed a charm for the imagination of a young and not unenthusiastic female, and contrasted favourably, rather than the reverse, with the dull insipidity of those she ordinarily saw. Nor are we sure that the mystery thrown about him, irksome as it was to her, and discreditable as it appeared to others, was altogether ineffectual in increasing her love for the adventurer; and thus Fate, which transmutes in her magic crucible all opposing metals into that one which she is desirous to produce, swelled the wealth of an ill-placed and ominous passion, by the very circumstances which should have counteracted and destroyed it.

We are willing, by what we have said, not to defend Clifford, but to redeem Lucy in the opinion of our readers, for loving so unwisely; and when they remember her youth, her education, her privation of a mother, of all female friendship, even of the vigilant and unrelaxing care of some protector of the opposite sex, we do not think that what was so natural will be considered by any inexcusable.

Mauleverer woke the morning after the ball in better health than usual, and consequently more in love than ever. According to his resolution the night before, he sat down to write a long letter to William Brandon; it was amusing and witty as usual; but the wily nobleman succeeded, under the cover of wit, in conveying to Brandon's mind a serious apprehension lest his cherished matrimonial project should altogether fail. The account of Lucy and of Captain Clifford contained in the epistle, instilled, indeed, a double portion of sourness into the professionally acrid mind of the lawyer; and as it so happened that he read the letter just before attending the Court upon a case in which he was Counsel to the Crown, the

witnesses on the opposite side of the question felt the full effects of the Barrister's ill-humour.

The case was one in which the defendant had been engaged in swindling transactions to a very large amount—and, amid his agents and assistants, was a person ranking among the very lowest orders—but who, seemingly enjoying large connexions, and possessing natural acuteness and address, appeared to have been of great use in receiving and disposing of such goods as were fraudulently obtained. As a witness against the latter person appeared a pawnbroker, who produced certain articles that had been pledged to him at different times by this humble agent. Now, Brandon, in examining the guilty go-between, became the more terribly severe, in proportion as the man evinced that semblance of unconscious stolidity, which the lower orders so ingeniously assume, and which is so peculiarly adapted to enrage and to baffle the gentlemen of the bar. At length Brandon, entirely subduing and quelling the stubborn hypocrisy of the culprit, the man turned toward him with a look between wrath and beseechingness, muttering—

"Aha!—If so be, Counsellor Brandon, you knew vat I knows, you would not go for to bully I so!"

"And pray, my good fellow, what is it that you know that should make me treat you as if I thought you an honest man?"

The witness had now relapsed into sullenness, and only answered by a sort of grunt. Brandon, who knew well how to sting a witness into communicativeness, continued his questioning, till the witness, re-aroused into anger, and it may be, into indiscretion, said, in a low voice—

"Hax Mr. Swoppem (the pawnbroker) what I sold 'im on the 15th hof February, exactly twenty-three year'n ago?"

Brandon started back, his lips grew white, he clenched his hands with a convulsive spasm; and while all his features seemed distorted with an earnest, yet fearful intensity of expectation, he poured forth a volley of questions, so incoherent, and so irrelevant, that he was immediately called to order by his learned brother on the opposite side. Nothing farther could be extracted from the witness. The pawnbroker was re-summoned; he appeared somewhat disconcerted by an appeal to his memory so far back as twenty-three years, but after taking some time to consider, during which the agitation of the usually cold and possessed Brandon was remarkable to all the Court, he declared that he recollected no transaction whatsoever with the witness at that time. In vain were all Brandon's efforts to procure a more elucidatory answer. The pawnbroker was impenetrable, and the lawyer was compelled reluctantly to dismiss him. The moment the witness left the box, Brandon sunk into a gloomy abstraction—he seemed quite to forget the business and the duties of the Court; and so negligently did he continue to conclude the case, so purposeless was the rest of his examination and cross-examination, that the cause was entirely marred, and a verdict "Not Guilty" returned by the jury.

The moment he left the Court, Brandon repaired to the pawnbroker's; and after a conversation with Mr. Swoppem, in which he satisfied that honest tradesman that his object was rather to reward than intimidate, Swoppem confessed that twenty-three years ago the witness had met him at a public

house in Devereux-court; in company with two other men, and sold him several articles in plate, ornaments, &c. The great bulk of these articles had, of course, long left the pawnbroker's abode, but he still thought a stray trinket or two—not of sufficient worth to be re-set or re-modelled—not of sufficient fashion to find a ready sale, lingered in his drawers. Eagerly and with trembling hands did Brandon toss over the motley contents of the mahogany reservoirs which the pawnbroker now submitted to his scrutiny.—Nothing on earth is so melancholy a prospect as a pawnbroker's drawer!—those little, quaint, valueless ornaments, those true-lovers'-knots, those oval lockets, those battered rings, girdled by initials, or some brief inscription of regard or of grief—what tales of past affections, hopes, and sorrows do they not tell! But no sentiment of so general a sort ever saddened the hard mind of William Brandon, and now less than at any time could such reflections have occurred to him. Impatiently he threw on the table, one after another, the baubles once hoarded, perchance, with the tenderest respect, till at length his eyes sparkled, and with a nervous gripe, he seized upon an old ring, which was inscribed with letters, and circled a heart containing hair. The inscription was simply, "W. B. to Julia." Strange and dark was the expression that settled on Brandon's face as he regarded this seemingly worthless trinket. After a moment's gaze, he uttered an inarticulate exclamation, and thrusting it into his pocket renewed his search. He found one or two trifles of a similar nature; one was an ill-done miniature set in silver, and bearing at the back sundry half-effaced letters, which Brandon construed at once (though no other eye could) into "Sir John de Brandon, 1685, *Ætat.* 28;" the other was a seal stamped with the noble crest of the house of Brandon, 'A bull's head ducally crowned and armed Or.' As soon as Brandon had possessed himself of these treasures, and arrived at the conviction that the place held no more, he assured the conscientious Swoppem of his regard for that person's safety, rewarded him munificently, and went his way to Bow-street for a warrant against the witness who had commended him to the pawnbroker. On his road thither, a new resolution occurred to him, "Why make all public," he muttered to himself, "if it can be avoided? and it may be avoided!" He paused a moment,—then retraced his way to the pawnbroker's, and after a brief mandate to Mr. Swoppem, returned home. In the course of the same evening, the witness we refer to was brought to the lawyer's house by Mr. Swoppem, and there held a long and private conversation with Brandon; the result of this seemed a compact to their mutual satisfaction, for the man went away safe, with a heavy purse and a light heart, although sundry shades and misgivings did certainly cross and anon cross the latter; while Brandon flung himself back in his seat, with the triumphant air of one who has accomplished some great measure, and his dark face betrayed in every feature a joyousness and hope, which were unfrequent guests; it must be owned, either to his countenance or his heart.

So good a man of business, however, was William Brandon, that he allowed not the event of that day to defer beyond the night his attention to his designs for the aggrandizement of his niece and house. By daybreak the next morning, he had

written to Lord Mauleverer, to his brother, and to Lucy. To the last, his letter, couched in all the anxiety of fondness, and the caution of affectionate experience, was well calculated to occasion that mingled shame and soreness which the wary lawyer rightly judged would be the most effectual remedy to an incipient passion. "I have accidentally heard," he wrote, "from a friend of mine, just arrived from Bath, of the glaring attentions paid to you by a Captain Clifford; I will not, my dearest niece, wound you by repeating what also I have heard of your manner in receiving them. I know the ill-nature and the envy of the world, and do not for a moment imagine, that my Lucy, of whom I am so justly proud, would countenance, from a petty coquetry, the advances of one whom she could never marry, or evince to any suitor partiality unknown to her relations, and certainly placed in a quarter which could never receive their approbation. I do not credit the reports of the idle, my dear niece, but if I discredit, you must not slight them. I call upon your prudence, your delicacy, your discretion, your sense of right, at once, and effectually, to put a stop to all impudent rumours: dance with this young man no more; do not let him be of your party in any place of amusement, public or private; avoid even seeing him if you are able, and throw in your manner toward him that decided coldness which the world cannot mistake!" Much more did the crafty uncle write, but all to the same purpose; and for the furtherance of the same design. His letter to his brother was no less artful. He told him at once that Lucy's preference of the suit of a handsome fortune-hunter was the public talk, and besought him to lose not a moment in quelling the rumour. "You may do so easily," he wrote, "by avoiding the young man; and should he be very importunate, return at once to Warlock—your daughter's welfare must be dearer to you than any thing."

To Mauleverer, Brandon replied by a letter which turned first on public matters, and then slid carelessly into the subject of the Earl's information.

Among the admonitions which he ventured to give Mauleverer, he dwelt, not without reason, on the want of tact displayed by the Earl, in not manifesting that pomp and show which his station in life enabled him to do. "Remember," he urged, "you are not among your equals, by whom unnecessary parade begins to be considered an ostentatious vulgarity. The surest method of dazzling our inferiors is by splendour—not taste. All young persons, all women in particular, are caught by show, and enamoured of magnificence. Assume a greater state, and you will be more talked of; and notoriety wins a woman's heart more than beauty or youth. You have, forgive me, played the boy too long; a certain dignity becomes your manhood: women will not respect you if you suffer yourself to become 'stale and cheap to vulgar company.' You are like a man who has fifty advantages and uses only one of them to gain his point, when you rely on your conversation and your manner, and throw away the resources of your wealth and your station. Any private gentleman may be amiable and witty: but any private gentleman cannot call to his aid the Aladdin's lamp possessed in England by a wealthy Peer. Look to this, my dear Lord. Lucy at heart is

vain, or she is not a woman. Dazzle her then—dazzle! Love may be blind, but it must be made so by excess of light. You have a country house within a few miles of Bath—why not take up your abode there instead of in a paltry lodging in the town? Give sumptuous entertainments—make it necessary for all the world to attend them—exclude, of course, this Captain Clifford—you will then meet Lucy without a rival. At present, excepting only your title, you fight on a level ground with this adventurer, instead of an eminence from which you could in an instant sweep him away. Nay,—he is stronger than you; he has the opportunities afforded by a partnership in balls where you cannot appear to advantage; he is, you say, in the first bloom of youth—he is handsome. Reflect!—your destiny, so far as Lucy is concerned, is in your hands. I turn to other subjects, &c."

As Brandon re-read ere he signed this last letter, a bitter smile sat on his harsh, yet handsome features. "If," said he mentally, "I can effect this object; if Mauleverer does marry this girl, why so much the better, that she has another, a fairer, and a more welcome lover. By the great principle of scorn within me, which has enabled me to sneer at what weaker minds adore, and make a footstool of that worldly honour which fools set up as a throne, it would be to me more sweet than fame—ay, or even than power—to see this fine-spun Lord a gibe in the mouths of men—a cuckold—a cuckold!" and as he said the last word Brandon laughed outright. "And he thinks, too," added he, "that he is sure of my fortune; otherwise, perhaps, he, the silversmith's descendant, would not dignify our house with his proposals; but he may err there—he may err there;"—and finishing his soliloquy, Brandon finished also his letter by—"Adieu, my dear Lord, your most affectionate friend!"

It is not difficult to conjecture the effect produced upon Lucy by Brandon's letter: it made her wretched; she refused for days to go out; she shut herself up in her apartment, and consumed the time in tears and struggles with her own heart. Sometimes, what she conceived to be her duty, conquered, and she resolved to forswear her lover; but the night undid the labour of the day: for at night, every night, the sound of her lover's voice, accompanied by music, melted away her resolution, and made her once more all tenderness and trust. The words, too, sung under her window, were especially suited to affect her; they breathed a melancholy which touched her the more from its harmony with her own thoughts. One while they complained of absence; at another they hinted at neglect; but there was always in them a tone of humiliation, not reproach: they bespoke a sense of unworthiness in the lover, and confessed that even the love was a crime; and in proportion as they owned the want of desert, did Lucy more firmly cling to the belief that her lover was deserving.

The old Squire was greatly disconcerted by his brother's letter. Though impressed with the idea of self-consequence, and the love of tolerably pure blood, common to most country squires, he was by no means ambitious for his daughter. On the contrary, the same feeling which at Warlock had made him choose his companions among the inferior gentry, made him averse to the thought of a son-in-law from the Peerage. Despite of Maule-

vetter's good nature, the very ease of the Earl annoyed him, and he never felt at home in his society. To Clifford he had a great liking, and having convinced himself that there was nothing to suspect in the young gentleman, he saw no earthly reason why so agreeable a companion should not be an agreeable son-in-law. "If he be poor," thought the Squire, "though he does not seem so, Lucy is rich!" And this truism appeared to him to answer every objection. Nevertheless, William Brandon possessed a remarkable influence over the weaker mind of his brother; and the Squire, though with great reluctance, resolved to adopt his advice. He shut his doors against Clifford, and when he met him in the streets, instead of greeting him with his wonted cordiality, he passed him with a hasty "Good day, Captain!" which after the first day or two merged into a distant bow. Whenever very good-hearted people are rude, and unjustly so, the rudeness is in the extreme. The Squire felt it so irksome to be less familiar than heretofore with Clifford, that his only remaining desire was now to drop him altogether; and to this consummation of acquaintance the gradually cooling salute appeared rapidly approaching. Meanwhile, Clifford, unable to see Lucy, shunned by her father, and obtaining in answer to all inquiry rude looks from the footman, whom nothing but the most resolute command over his muscles prevented him from knocking down, began to feel, perhaps, for the first time in his life, that an equivocal character is at least no equivocal misfortune. To add to his distress, "the earnings of his previous industry"—we use the expression cherished by the wise Tomlinson—waxed gradually less and less, beneath the expenses of Bath; and the murmuring voices of his two comrades began already to reproach their chief for his inglorious idleness, and to hint at the necessity of a speedy exertion.

CHAPTER XXII.

Whackum.—Look you there, now! Well, all Europe cannot show a knot of finer wits and braver gentlemen.

Dingboy.—Faith, they are pretty smart men.

SHADWELL'S SCOURERS.

THE world of Bath was of a sudden delighted by the intelligence that Lord Mauleverer had gone to Beauville, (the beautiful seat possessed by that nobleman in the neighbourhood of Bath,) with the intention of there holding a series of sumptuous entertainments.

The first persons to whom the gay Earl announced his "hospitable purpose" were Mr. and Miss Brandon; he called at their house, and declared his resolution of not leaving it till Lucy (who was in her own room) consented to gratify him with an interview, and a promise to be the Queen of his purposed festival. Lucy, teased by her father, descended to the drawing-room spiritless and pale; and the Earl, struck by the alteration of her appearance, took her hand, and made his inquiries with so interested and feeling a semblance of kindness, as prepossessed the father, for the first time, in his favour, and touched even the daughter. So earnest, too, was his request that she would honour his festivities with her presence, and with so skilful a flattery was it conveyed, that the Squire

undertook to promise the favour in her name; and when the Earl, declaring he was not contented with that promise from another, appealed to Lucy herself, her denial was soon melted into a positive though a reluctant assent.

Delighted with his success, and more struck with Lucy's loveliness, refined as it was by her paleness, than he had ever been before, Mauleverer left the house, and calculated, with greater accuracy than he had hitherto done, the probable fortune Lucy would derive from her uncle.

No sooner were the cards issued for Lord Mauleverer's *fête*, than nothing else was talked of among the circles, which at Bath people were pleased to term "the World."—Sometime or other we intend more poetically than these pages will suffer us, to take notice of the amusements and pursuits of that said "World," in whatever corner of England it may be found. Grant us patience, Heaven,—power and patience to tell the people of what stuff "Fashion" is made;—while other Novelists praise, imitate, exalt the vicious imitations of a hoary aristocracy, grown to that age when even the respectable crimes of its earlier youth sink into drivelling,—grant us the ability to expose and to deride them, and we will not ask the blessing to bequeath any other moral to our sons!

But, in the interim, caps are making, and all flowing, at Bath; and when it was found that Lord Mauleverer—the good-natured Lord Mauleverer!—the obliging Lord Mauleverer!—was really going to be exclusive, and out of a thousand acquaintances to select only eight hundred, it is amazing how his popularity deepened into respect. Now, then, came anxiety and triumph,—she who was asked turned her back upon her who was not,—old friendships dissolved,—Independence wrote letters for a ticket,—and as England is the freest country in the world, all the Mistresses Hodges and Snodges begged to take the liberty of bringing their youngest daughters.

Leaving the enviable Mauleverer, the godlike occasion of so much happiness and wo, triumph and dejection, ascend with us, O Reader, into those elegant apartments over the hair-dresser's shop, tenanted by Mr. Edward Pepper and Mr. Augustus Tomlinson:—the time was that of evening, Captain Clifford had been dining with his two friends, the cloth was removed, and conversation was flowing over a table graced by two bottles of port, a bowl of punch for Mr. Pepper's especial discussion, two dishes of filberts, another of devilled biscuits, and a fourth of three Pomarian crudities, which nobody touched.

The hearth was swept clean, the fire burnt high and clear, the curtains were let down, and the light excluded. Our three adventurers and their room, seemed the picture of comfort. So thought Mr. Pepper, for, glancing round the chamber, and patting his feet upon the fender, he said,

"Were my portrait to be taken, Gentlemen; it is just as I am now that I would be drawn!"

"And," said Tomlinson, cracking his filberts—Tomlinson was fond of filberts—"were I to choose a home, it is in such a home as this that I would be always quartered."

"Ah! Gentlemen," said Clifford, who had been for some time silent, "it is more than probable that both your wishes may be heard, and that ye may be drawn, quartered, and something else, too, in the very place of your desert!"

"Well!" said Tomlinson, smiling gently, "I am happy to hear you jest again, Captain, though, it be at our expense."

"Expense!" echoed Ned, "Ay! there's the rub! Who the deuce is to pay the expense of our dinner?"

"And our dinners for the last week?" added Tomlinson;—"this empty nut looks ominous; it certainly has one grand feature, strikingly resembling my pockets."

"Heigho!" sighed Long Ned—turning his waistcoat commodities inside-out with a significant gesture, while the accomplished Tomlinson, who was fond of plaintive poetry, pointed to the disconsolate vacua, and exclaimed—

—"E'en while Fashion's brightest arts decoy
The heart desponding asks if *this* be joy!"

"In truth, gentlemen," added he solemnly depositing his nut-crackers on the table, and laying, as was his wont, when about to be luminous, his right finger on his sinister palm—"In truth, gentlemen, affairs are growing serious with us, and it becomes necessary forthwith to devise some safe means of procuring a decent competence."

"I am dunned confoundedly," cried Ned.

"And," continued Tomlinson, "no person of delicacy likes to be subjected to the importunity of vulgar creditors; we must therefore raise money for the liquidation of our debts. Captain Lovett, or Clifford, whichever you be styled, we call upon you to assist us in so praiseworthy a purpose!"

Clifford turned his eyes first on one, and then on the other, but made no answer.

"*Imprimis*," said Tomlinson; "let us each produce our stock in hand; for my part, I am free to confess—for what shame is there in that poverty which our exertions are about to relieve!—that I have only two guineas, four shillings, and three pence half-penny!"

"And I," said long Ned, taking a china ornament from the chimney-piece, and emptying its contents in his hand, "am in a still more pitiful condition. See, I have only three shillings and a bad guinea. I gave the guinea to the waiter at the White Hart, yesterday; the dog brought it back to me to-day, and I was forced to change it with my last shiner. Plague take the thing! I bought it of a Jew for four shillings, and have lost one pound five by the bargain!"

"Fortune frustrates our wisest schemes!" rejoined the moralizing Augustus. "Captain will you produce the scanty wrecks of your wealth?"

Clifford, still silent, threw a purse on the table; Augustus carefully emptied it, and counted out five guineas; an expression of grave surprise settled on Tomlinson's contemplative brow, and extending the coins toward Clifford, he said in a melancholy tone—

—"All your pretty ones?
Did you say all?"

A look from Clifford answered the interesting interrogatory.

"These, then," said Tomlinson, collecting in his hand the common-wealth—"These, then, are all our remaining treasures!"—as he spoke, he jingled the coins mournfully in his palm, and gazing upon them with a parental air, exclaimed,

"Alas! regardless of their doom, the little victims play!"

"Oh, damn it!" said Ned, "no sentiment! Let us come to business at once. To tell you the truth, I, for one, am tired of this heiress-hunting, and a man may spend a fortune in the chase before he can win one."

"You despair then positively of the widow you have courted so long?" asked Tomlinson.

"Utterly!" rejoined Ned, whose addresses had been limited solely to the dames of the middling class, and who had imagined himself at one time, as he punningly expressed it, sure of a *dear rib* from *Cheapside*. "Utterly; she was very civil to me at first, but when I proposed, asked me, with a blush, for my 'references.' 'References?'" said I; "why, I want the place of your husband, my charmer, not your footman!"—The dame was inexorable, said she could not take me without a character, but hinted that I might be the lover instead of the bridegroom; and when I scorned the suggestion, and pressed for the parson, she told me point blank, with her unlucky city pronunciation, "That she would never accompany me to the *Walter*!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried Tomlinson, laughing, "One can scarcely blame the good lady for that. Love rarely brooks such permanent *ties*. But have you no other lady in your eye?"

"Not for matrimony:—all roads but those to the church!"

While this dissolute pair were thus conversing, Clifford leaning against the wainscot, listened to them with a sick and bitter feeling of degradation, which, till of late days, had been a stranger to his breast. He was at length aroused from his silence by Ned, who bending forward, and placing his hand upon Clifford's knee, said abruptly,

"In short, Captain, you must lead us once more to glory. We have still our horses, and I keep my mask in my pocket-book, together with my comb. Let us take the road to-morrow night, dash across the country toward Salisbury, and after a short visit in that neighbourhood to a band of old friends of mine—bold fellows, who would have stopped the devil himself, when he was at work upon Stonehenge,—make a tour by Reading and Henley, and end by a plunge into London."

"You have spoken well, Ned!" said Tomlinson, approvingly. "Now, noble Captain, your opinion?"

"Messieurs," answered Clifford, "I highly approve of your intended excursion, and I only regret that I cannot be your companion."

"Not! and why?" cried Mr. Pepper, amazed.

"Because I have business here that renders 'it impossible; perhaps, before long, I may join you in London."

"Nay," said Tomlinson, "there is no necessity for our going to London, if you wish to remain here; nor need we at present recur to so desperate an expedient as the road—a little quiet business at Bath will answer our purpose; and for my part, as you well know, I love exerting my wits in some scheme more worthy of them than the highway—a profession meetier for a bully than a man of genius. Let us then, Captain, plan a project of enrichment on the property of some credulous tradesmen! why have recourse to rough measures, so long as we can find easy fools?"

Clifford shook his head. "I will own to you fairly," said he, "that I cannot at present take a share in your exploits: nay, as your chief, I must

lay my positive commands on you to refrain from all exercise of your talents at Bath. Rob, if you please; the world is before you; but this city is sacred."

"Body o' me!" cried Ned, colouring, "but this is too good. I will not be dictated to in this manner."

"But, Sir," answered Clifford, who had learnt in his oligarchical profession the way to command. "But, Sir, you shall, or if you mutiny, you leave our body, and then will the hangman have no petty chances of your own. Come! come! ingrate as you are, what would you be without me? How many times have I already saved that long carcass of thine from the rope, and now would you have the baseness to rebel? Out on you!"

Though Mr. Pepper was still wroth, he bit his lip, in moody silence, and suffered not his passion to have its way; while Clifford rising, after a short pause, continued: "Look you, Mr. Pepper, you know my commands, consider them peremptory. I wish you success, and plenty! Farewell, gentlemen!"

"Do you leave us already?" cried Tomlinson; "you are offended."

"Surely not!" answered Clifford, retreating to the door: "But an engagement elsewhere, you know!"

"Ay, I take you!" said Tomlinson, following Clifford out of the room, and shutting the door after him.

"Ay, I take you!" added he, in a whisper, as he arrested Clifford at the head of the stairs. "But tell me, how do you get on with the heiress?"

Smothering that sensation at his heart which made Clifford, reckless as he was, enraged and ashamed, whenever, through the lips of his comrades, there issued any allusion to Lucy Brandon, the Chief replied, "I fear, Tomlinson, that I am already suspected by the old Squire! all of a sudden, he avoids me, shuts his door against me, Miss Brandon goes no where; and even if she did, what could I expect from her after this sudden change in the father?"

Tomlinson looked blank and disconcerted: "But," said he, after a moment's silence, "why not put a good face on the matter? walk up to the Squire, and ask him the reason of his unkindness?"

"Why, look you, my friend; I am bold enough with all others, but this girl has made me as bashful as a maid, in all that relates to herself. Nay, there are moments when I think I can conquer all selfish feeling, and rejoice for her sake that she has escaped me. Could I but see her once more—I could—yes! I feel—I feel I could—resign her for ever!"

"Humph!" said Tomlinson; "and what is to become of us? Really, my Captain, your sense of duty should lead you to exert yourself; your friends starve before your eyes, while you are shilly-shallying about your mistress. Have you no bowels for friendship?"

"A truce with this nonsense!" said Clifford, angrily.

"It is sense,—sober sense,—and sadness too;" rejoined Tomlinson. "Ned is discontented, our debts are imperious. Suppose now,—just suppose,—that we take a moonlight flitting from Bath,

will that tell well for you whom we leave behind! yet this we must do, if you do not devise some method of refilling our purses. Either, then, consent to join us in a scheme meet for our wants, or pay our debts in this city, or fly with us to London, and dismiss all thoughts of that love which is so seldom friendly to the projects of ambition."

Notwithstanding the manner in which Tomlinson made this threefold proposition, Clifford could not but acknowledge the sense and justice contained in it; and a glance at the matter sufficed to show how ruinous to his character, and therefore to his hopes, would be the flight of his comrades and the clamour of their creditors.

"You speak well, Tomlinson," said he, hesitating, "and yet for the life of me I cannot aid you in any scheme which may disgrace us by detection. Nothing can reconcile me to the apprehension of Miss Brandon's discovering who and what was her suitor."

"I feel for you," said Tomlinson, "but give me and Pepper at least permission to shift for ourselves; trust to my known prudence for finding some method to raise the wind without creating a dust; in other words—(this d—d Pepper makes one so vulgar!)—of preying on the public without being discovered."

"I see no alternative," answered Clifford reluctantly; "but, if possible, be quiet for the present; bear with me for a few days longer, give me only sufficient time once more to see Miss Brandon, and I will engage to extricate you from your difficulties!"

"Spoken like yourself, frankly and nobly!" replied Tomlinson: "no one has a greater confidence in your genius, once exerted, than I have!"

So saying, the pair shook hands and parted. Tomlinson rejoined Mr. Pepper.

"Well, have you settled any thing?" quoth the latter.

"Not exactly; and though Lovett has promised to exert himself in a few days, yet as the poor man is in love, and his genius under a cloud, I have little faith in his promises."

"And I have none!" said Pepper; "besides, time presses! A few days!—a few devils! We are certainly scented here, and I walk about like a barrel of beer at Christmas, under hourly apprehension of being *tapped*!"

"It is very strange," said the philosophic Argustus; "but I think there is an instinct in tradesmen by which they can tell a rogue at first sight; and I can get (dress I ever so well) no more credit with my laundress than my friends the Whigs can with the people."

"In short, then," said Ned, "we must recur at once to the road! and on the day after to-morrow there will be an excellent opportunity: the old Earl, with the hard name, gives a breakfast, a feast, or some such mummary; I understand people will stay till after night-fall; let us watch our opportunity, we are famously mounted, and some carriage later than the general string may furnish us with all our hearts can desire!"

"Bravo!" cried Tomlinson, shaking Mr. Pepper heartily by the hand, "I give you joy of your ingenuity, and you may trust to me to make our peace afterward with Lovett; any enterprise that seems to him gallant he is always willing enough

CHAPTER XXIII.

Dream.—Let me but see her, dear Leontius.
Humorous Lieutenant.

Hempkirk.—It was the fellow, sure.

Watfort.—What are you, Sirrah?
Beggar's Bush.

to forgive; and as he never practices any other branch of the profession than that of the road,—(for which I confess that I think him foolish,)—he will be more ready to look over our exploits in that line than in any other more subtle but less heroic.”

“Well, I leave it to you to propitiate the cove or not, as you please; and now that we have settled the main point, let us finish the lush!”

“And,” added Augustus, taking a pack of cards from the chimney-piece, “we can in the mean while have a quiet game at cribbage for shillings.”

“Done!” cried Ned, clearing away the desert.

If the redoubted hearts of Mr. Edward Pepper, and the Ulysses of robbers, Augustus Tomlinson, seat high as the hours brought on Lord Mauleverer's fete, their leader was not without anxiety and expectation for the same event. He was uninvited it is true, to the gay scene; but he had heard in public that Miss Brandon, recovered from her late illness, was certainly to be there; and Clifford, torn with suspense, and eager once more, even if for the last time, to see the only person who had ever pierced his soul with a keen sense of his wrongs, or crimes, resolved to risk all obstacles, and meet her at Mauleverer's.

“My life,” said he, as he sat alone in his apartment, eyeing the falling embers of his still and thargic fire, “may soon approach its termination; is, indeed, out of the chances of things that I can escape the doom of my condition; and when, as a last hope to raise myself from my desperate state into respectability and reform, I came hither, and meditated purchasing independence by marriage, I was blind to the cursed rascality of the action! Happy, after all, that my intentions were directed against one whom I so soon and so adorably learned to love! Had I wooed one whom I loved less, I might not have scrupled to deceive her into marriage. As it is!—well!—it is idle in me to think thus of my resolution, when I have not even the option to choose; when her father, perhaps, has already lifted the veil from my assumed dignities, and the daughter already shrinks in horror from my name. Yet I will see her! I will look once more upon that angel face—I will hear from her own lips, the confession of her scorn—I will see that bright eye flash hatred upon me, and I can then turn once more to my fatal career, and forget that I have ever repented that it was begun. Yet, what else could have been my alternative? Friendless, homeless, nameless—an orphan, worse than an orphan—the son of a harlot, my father even unknown! yet cursed with early stirrings and restlessness, and a half glimmering knowledge, and an entire lust of whatever seemed enterprise—what wonder that I chose anything rather than daily labour and perpetual consumption? After all, the fault is in fortune, and the world, not me! Oh! Lucy, had I but been born in your sphere; had I but possessed the claim to merit you, what would I not have done, and dared, and conquered for your sake!”

Such, or similar to these, were the thoughts of Clifford during the interval between his resolution of seeing Lucy, and the time of effecting it. The thoughts were of no pleasing, though of an exciting nature; nor were they greatly soothed by the ingenious occupation of cheating himself into the belief, that if he was a highwayman, it was altogether the fault of the highways.

O thou divine Spirit, that through England burnest in every breast, inciting each with the sublime desire to be *fine*! that stirrest up the great to become little in order to seem greater, and that makest a Duchess woo insult for a voucher! Thou that delightest in so many shapes, multifarious, yet the same; Spirit that makest the high despicable, and the Lord meaner than his valet! equally great whether thou cheatest a friend, or cuttest a father! lackering all thou touchest with a bright vulgarity, that thy votaries imagine to be gold!—thou that sendest the few to fashionable balls and the many to fashionable novels;—that smitest even Genius as well as Folly, making the favourites of the former boast an acquaintance they have not with the Graces of a mushroom Peerage, rather than the knowledge they have of the Muses of an eternal Helicon!—thou that leavest in the great ocean of our manners no dry spot for the foot of Independence:—that palest on the jaded eye with a moving and girdling panorama of daubed villainesses, and fritterest away the souls of free-born Britons into a powder smaller than the angels which dance in myriads on a pin's point. Spirit! divine Spirit! carriest thou not beneath the mantle of frivolity a mighty and sharp sword, and by turning into contempt, while thou affectest to display, ‘the solemn plausibilities of the world,’ hastenest thou not to the great family of man the epoch of redemption? Whether, O Spirit! thou callest thyself Fashion, or Ton, or Ambition, or Vanity, or Cringing, or Cant, or any title equally lofty and sublime—would, that from thy wings we could gain but a single plume! Fain would we, in fitting strain, describe the festivities of that memorable day, when the benevolent Lord Mauleverer received and blessed the admiring universe of Bath.

But to be less poetical,—as certain writers say, when they have been writing nonsense—But to be less poetical, and more exact, the morning, though in the depth of winter, was bright and clear, and Lord Mauleverer found himself in particularly good health. Nothing could be better planned than the whole of his arrangements: unlike those which are ordinarily chosen for the express reason of being as foreign as possible to the nature of our climate, all at Lord Mauleverer's were made suitable to a Greenland atmosphere. The temples and summer-houses, interspersed through the grounds, were fitted up, some as Esquimaux huts, others as Russian pavilions; fires were carefully kept up; the musicians, Mauleverer took care, should have as much wine as they pleased; they were set skilfully in places where they were unseen, but where they could be heard. One or two temporary buildings were erected for those who loved dancing; and as Mauleverer, miscalculating on the principles of human nature, thought *gentlemen* might be averse from ostentatious exhibition, he had hired persons to skate minnets and figures of eight upon his lakes, for the amusement of those

who were fond of skating. All people who would be kind enough to dress in strange costumes, and make odd noises, which they called singing, the Earl had carefully engaged, and planted in the best places for making them look still stranger than they were.

There was also plenty to eat, and more than plenty to drink. Mauleverer knew well that our countrymen and countrywomen, whatever be their rank, like to have their spirits exalted. In short, the whole *dejeune* was so admirably contrived, that it was probable the guests would not look much more melancholy during the amusements, than they would have done had they been otherwise engaged at a funeral.

Lucy and the Squire were among the first arrivals.

Mauleverer, approaching the father and daughter with his most *Devonshire-house* manner, insisted on taking the latter under his own escort, and being her Cicerone through the round of preparations.

As the crowd thickened, and it was observed how gallant were the attentions testified toward Lucy by the host, many and earvous were the whispers of the guests! Those good people, naturally angry at the thought that two individuals should be married, divided themselves into two parties; one abused Lucy, and the other Lord Mauleverer; the former vituperated her art, the latter his folly. "I thought she would play her cards well—deceitful creature!" said the one. "January and May," muttered the other; "the man's sixty!" It was noticeable, that the party against Lucy was chiefly composed of ladies, that against Mauleverer of men; that conduct must indeed be heinous, which draws down the indignation of one's own sex!

Unconscious of her crimes, Lucy moved along, leaning on the arm of the gallant Earl, and languidly smiling, with her heart far away, at his endeavours to amuse her. There was something interesting in the mere contrast of the pair; so touching seemed the beauty of the young girl, with her delicate cheek, maiden form, drooping eyelid, and quiet simplicity of air, in comparison to the worldly countenance and artificial grace of her companion.

After some time, when they were in a sequestered part of the grounds, Mauleverer, observing that none were near, entered a rude hut, and so fascinated was he at that moment by the beauty of his guest, and so meet to him seemed the opportunity of his confession, that he with difficulty suppressed the avowal rising to his lips, and took the more prudent plan of first sounding and preparing, as it were, the way.

"I cannot tell you, my dear Miss Brandon," said he, slightly pressing the beautiful hand leaning on his arm, "how happy I am to see you the guest, the queen, rather, of my house! Ah! could the bloom of youth return with its feelings! Time is never so cruel as when, while stealing from us the power to please, he leaves us in full vigour the unhappy privilege to be charmed!"

Mauleverer expected at least a blushing contradiction to the implied application of a sentiment so affectingly expressed; he was disappointed. Lucy, less alive than usual to the sentimental, or its reverse, scarcely perceived his meaning, and answered simply, "That it was very true." "This

comes of being, like my friend Burke, too real for one's audience," thought Mauleverer, winning a little from the unexpected reply. "And yet," he resumed, "I would not forego my power to admire, futile—nay, painful as it is. Even now while I gaze on you, my heart tells me that the pleasure I enjoy, it is at your command, at once and for ever, to blight into misery; but while it tells me, I gaze on!"

Lucy raised her eyes, and something of her natural archness played in their expression.

"I believe, my Lord," said she, moving from the hut, "that it would be better to join your guests: walls have ears; and what would be the gay Lord Mauleverer's self-reproach, if he heard again of his fine compliments to——?"

"The most charming person in Europe!" cried Mauleverer vehemently, and the hand which he before touched, he now clasped; at that instant Lucy saw opposite to her, half hid by a copse of evergreens, the figure of Clifford. His face, which seemed pale and wan, was not directed toward the place where she stood; and he evidently did not perceive Mauleverer or herself, yet so great was the effect that this glimpse of him produced on her, that she trembled violently, and unconsciously uttering a faint cry, snatched her hand from Mauleverer.

The Earl started, and catching the expression of her eyes, turned instantly toward the spot to which her gaze seemed riveted. He had not heard the rustling of the boughs, but he saw with his habitual quickness of remark, that they still trembled as if lately displaced, and he caught through the interstices the glimpse of a receding figure. He sprang forward with an agility very uncommon to his usual movements; but before he gained the copse, every vestige of the intruder had vanished.

What slaves we are to the moment! As Mauleverer turned back to rejoin Lucy, who, almost to fainting, leaned against the rude wall of the hut, he would as soon have thought of flying as of making that generous offer of self, &c. which the instant before he had been burning to render Lucy. The vain are always confoundedly jealous, and Mauleverer remembering Clifford, and Lucy's blushes in dancing with him, instantly accounted for her agitation and its cause. With a very graceful air he approached the object of his late adoration and requested to know if it were not some sleep intruder that had occasioned her alarm. Lucy scarcely knowing what she said, answered in a low voice, "That it was, indeed!" and begged instantly to rejoin her father. Mauleverer offered his arm with great dignity, and the pair passed into the frequented part of the grounds, where Mauleverer once more brightened into smiles and courtesy all around him.

"He is certainly accepted!" said Mr. Shovel to Lady Simper.

"What an immense match for the girl!" was Lady Simper's reply.

Amidst the music, the dancing, the throng, the noise, Lucy found it easy to recover herself; and disengaging her arm from Lord Mauleverer, as she perceived her father, she rejoined the Squire and remained a patient listener to his remarks. Late in the noon, it became an understood matter that people were expected to go into a long room in order to eat and drink. Mauleverer, now shewn to the duties of his situation, and feeling excited

ngly angry with Lucy, was more reconciled than he otherwise might have been to the *etiquette* which obliged him to select for the object of his hospitable cares an old dowager duchess, instead of the beauty of the *fete*; but he took care to point out to the Squire the places appointed for himself and daughter, which were, though at some distance from the Earl, under the providence of his vigilant survey.

While Mauleverer was deifying the Dowager Duchess, and refreshing his spirits with a chicken, and a medicinal glass of Madeira, the conversation near Lucy turned, to her infinite dismay, upon Clifford. Some one had seen him in the grounds, footed, and in a riding undress,—(in *that* day people seldom road and danced in the same conformation of coat,)—and as Mauleverer was a precise person about those little matters of *etiquette*, this negligence of Clifford's made quite a subject of discussion. By degrees the conversation changed into the old inquiry as to who this Captain Clifford was; and just as it had reached that point, it reached also the gently deafened ears of Lord Mauleverer.

"Pray, my Lord," said the old Duchess, "since he is one of your guests, you, who know who, and that every one is, can possibly inform us of the real family of this beautiful Mr. Clifford?"

"One of my guests, did you say?" answered Mauleverer, irritated greatly beyond his usual quietness of manner: "Really, your Grace does me wrong. He may be a guest of my valet, but he is assuredly not mine; and should I encounter him, I shall leave it to my valet to give him his *engage* as well as his invitation!"

Mauleverer, heightening his voice as he observed athwart the table an alternate paleness and blush upon Lucy's face, which stung all the angrier passions, generally torpid in him, into venom, looked round, on concluding, with a haughty and sarcastic air: so loud had been his tone, so pointed the insult, and so dead the silence at the table while he spoke, that every one felt the affront must be carried at once to Clifford's hearing, should he be in the room. And after Mauleverer had ceased there was an universal nervous and indistinct expectation of an answer and a scene; all was still, and it soon became certain that Clifford was not in the apartment. When Mr. Shrewd had fully convinced himself of this fact,—(for there was a daring spirit about Clifford which few wished to draw upon themselves,)—that personage broke the pause by observing that no man, who pretended to be a gentleman, would intrude himself unasked and unwelcome, into any society; and Mauleverer, catching up the observation, said,—(drinking wine at the same time with Mr. Shrewd,)—that undoubtedly such conduct fully justified the rumours respecting Mr. Clifford, and utterly excluded him from that rank to which it was before more than suspected he had no claim.

So luminous and satisfactory an opinion from such an authority once broached was immediately and universally echoed, and long before the repast was over, it seemed to be tacitly agreed that Captain Clifford should be sent to Coventry, and if he murmured at the exile, he would have no right to insist upon being sent from thence to the devil!

The good old Squire, mindful of his former friendship for Clifford, and not apt to veer, was about to begin a speech on the occasion, when

Lucy, touching his arm, implored him to be silent; and so ghastly was the paleness of her cheek while she spoke, that the Squire's eyes, obtuse as he generally was, opened at once to the real secret of her heart. As soon as the truth flashed upon him, he wondered, recalling Clifford's great personal beauty and attentions, that it had not flashed upon him sooner, and leaning back on his chair, he sank into one of the most unpleasant reveries he had ever conceived.

At a given signal the music for the dancers recommenced, and, at a hint to that effect from the host, persons rose without ceremony to repair to other amusements, and suffer such guests as had hitherto been excluded from eating to occupy the place of the relinquishers. Lucy, glad to escape, was one of the first to resign her situation, and with the Squire she returned to the grounds. During the banquet evening had closed in, and the scene now really became fairy-like and picturesque;—lamps hung from many a tree, reflecting the light through the richest and softest hues,—the music itself sounded more musically than during the day,—gipsy-tents were pitched at wild corners and copses, and the bright wood-fires burning in them blazed merrily upon the cold yet cheerful air of the increasing night. The view was really novel and inviting; and as it had been an understood matter that ladies were to bring furs, cloaks, and boots, all those who thought they looked well in such array, made little groups, and scattered themselves about the grounds and in the tents. They, on the contrary, in whom "the purple light of love" was apt by the frost to be propelled from the cheeks to the central ornament of the face, or who thought a fire in a room quite as agreeable as a fire in a tent, remained within, and contemplated the scene through the open windows.

Lucy longed to return home, nor was the Squire reluctant, but, unhappily, it wanted an hour to the time at which the carriage had been ordered, and she mechanically joined a group of guests, who had persuaded the good-natured Squire to forget his gout, and venture forth to look at the illuminations. Her party was soon joined by others, and the group gradually thickened into a crowd; the throng was stationary for a few minutes before a little temple, in which fireworks had just commenced an additional attraction to the scene. Opposite to this temple, as well as in its rear, the walks and trees had been purposely left in comparative darkness, in order to heighten the effect of the fireworks.

"I declare," said Lady Simper, glancing down one of the alleys which seemed to stretch away into blackness—"I declare that seems quite a lover's walk! how kind in Lord Mauleverer!—such a delicate attention—"

"To your Ladyship!" added Mr. Shrewd, with a bow.

While, one of this crowd, Lucy was vacantly eyeing the long trains of light which ever and anon shot against the sky, she felt her hand suddenly seized, and at the same instant a voice whispered "For God's sake read this now and grant my request!"

The voice, which seemed to rise from the very heart of the speaker, Lucy knew at once; she trembled violently, and remained for some minutes with eyes which did not dare to look from the ground. A note, she felt, had been left in her

hand, and the agerized and earnest tone of that voice, which was dearer to her ear than the fulness of all music, made her impatient yet afraid to read it. As she recovered courage she looked around, and seeing that the attention of all was bent upon the fireworks, and that her father, in particular, leaning on his cane, seemed to enjoy the spectacle with a child's engrossed delight, she glided softly away, and entering unperceived one of the alleys, she read, by a solitary lamp that burnt at its entrance, the following lines written in pencil and in a hurried hand, apparently upon a leaf torn from a pocket-book.

"I implore, I entreat you, Miss Brandon, to see me, if but for a moment. I purpose to tear myself away from the place in which you reside—to go abroad—to leave even the spot hallowed by your footstep. After this night, my presence, my presumption, will degrade you no more. But this night, for mercy's sake, see me, or I shall go mad! I will but speak to you one instant, this is all I ask. If you grant me this prayer, the walk to the left where you stand, at the entrance to which there is one purple lamp, will afford an opportunity to your mercy. A few yards down that walk I will meet you—none can see or hear us. Will you grant this? I know not—I dare not think—but under any case, your name shall be the last upon my lips."

"P. C."

As Lucy read this hurried scrawl, she glanced toward the lamp above her, and saw that she had accidentally entered the very walk indicated in the note. She paused—she hesitated;—the impropriety—the singularity of the request darted upon her at once; on the other hand, the anxious voice still ringing in her ear, the incoherent vehemence of the note, the risk, the opprobrium Clifford had incurred, solely—her heart whispered—to see her, all aided her simple temper, her kind feelings, and her love for the petitioner, in inducing her to consent. She cast one glance behind, all seemed occupied with far other thoughts than that of notice toward her; she looked anxiously before, all was gloomy and indistinct; but suddenly, at some little distance, she descried a dark figure in motion. She felt her knees shake under her, her heart beat violently; she moved onward a few paces, again paused, and looked back; the figure before her moved as in approach, she resumed courage, and advanced—the figure was by her side.

"How generous, how condescending, is this goodness in Miss Brandon!" said the voice, which so struggled with secret and strong emotion, that Lucy scarcely recognized it as Clifford's. "I did not dare to expect it; and now—now that I meet you——" Clifford paused, as if seeking words; and Lucy, even through the dark, perceived that her strange companion was powerfully excited; she waited for him to continue, but observing that he walked on in silence, she said, though with a trembling voice, "Indeed, Mr. Clifford, I fear that it is very, very improper in me to meet you thus; nothing but the strong expressions in your letter—and—and—in short, my fear that you meditated some desperate design, at which I could not guess, caused me to yield to your wish for an interview." She paused, and Clifford still preserving silence, she added, with some little coldness in her tone, "If you have really ought to say to me, you must

allow me to request that you speak it quickly. This interview, you must be sensible, ought to end almost as soon as it begins."

"Hear me then!" said Clifford, mastering his embarrassment, and speaking in a firm and deep voice—"Is that true, which I have just heard—is it true, that I have been spoken of in your presence in terms of insult and affront?"

It was now for Lucy to feel embarrassed; fearful to give pain, and yet anxious that Clifford should know, in order that he might disprove the slight and the suspicion which the mystery around him drew upon his name, she faltered between two feelings, and without satisfying the latter, succeeded in realizing the fear of the former.

"Enough!" said Clifford, in a tone of deep mortification, as his quick ear caught and interpreted, yet more humiliatingly than the truth, the meaning of her stammered and confused reply. "Enough! I see that it is true, and that the only human being in the world to whose good opinion I am not indifferent, has been a witness of the insulting manner in which others have dared to speak of me!"

"But," said Lucy, eagerly, "why give the vicious or the idle any excuse? Why not ask your parentage and family to be publicly known? Why are you here?"—(and her voice sank into a lower key)—"this very day, unasked, and therefore subject to the cavils of all who think the per distinction of an invitation an honour! Forgive me, Mr. Clifford, perhaps I offend, I hurt you by speaking thus frankly; but your good name rests with yourself, and your friends cannot but feel angry that you should trifle with it."

"Madam!" said Clifford, and Lucy's eyes now growing accustomed to the darkness, perceived a bitter smile upon his lips, "My name, good or ill, is an object of little care to me. I have read of philosophers who pride themselves in placing no value in the opinions of the world. Rank is among that sect—but I am, I own I am, among that you alone, of all the world, should not despise me;—and now that I feel you do—that you must—every thing worth living or hoping for is past!"

"Despise you!" said Lucy, and her eyes filled with tears—"Indeed, you wrong me and yourself. But listen to me, Mr. Clifford, I have seen it is true, but little of the world, yet I have seen enough to make me wish I could have lived in retirement for ever; the rarest quality among either sex, though it is the simplest, seems to me, good nature; and the only occupation of what are termed fashionable people appears to be speaking ill of one another; nothing gives such a scope to scandal as mystery; nothing disarms it like openness. I know—your friends know, Mr. Clifford, that your character can bear inspection, and I believe for my own part, the same of your family. Why not then declare who, and what you are?"

"That candour would indeed be my best defender," said Clifford, in a tone which ran displeasingly through Lucy's ear; "but, in truth, Madam, I repeat, I care not one drop of this worthless blood what men say of me; that time has passed, and for ever; perhaps it never keenly existed for me—no matter. I come hither, Miss Brandon, not wasting a thought on these sickening fooleries or on the hoary idler, by whom they are given! I came hither, only once more to see you

—to hear you speak—to watch you move—to tell you—(and the speaker's voice trembled, so as to be scarcely audible)—to tell you, if any season for his disclosure offered itself, that I have had the boldness—the crime, to love—to love—O God! to adore you! and then to leave you for ever!”

Pale, trembling, scarcely preserved from falling by the tree against which she leaned, Lucy listened to this abrupt avowal.

“Dare I touch this hand,” continued Clifford, as he knelt and took it, timidly and reverently; “You know not, you cannot dream, how unworthy is he who thus presumes—yet, not all unworthy, while he is sensible of so deep, so holy a feeling as that which he bears to you. God bless you, Miss Brandon!—Lucy, God bless you!—and hereafter you hear me subjected to still blacker suspicion, or severer scrutiny than that which I now sustain—if even your charity and goodness can find no defence for me,—if the suspicion become certainty, and the scrutiny end in condemnation, believe, at least, that circumstances have carried me beyond my nature; and that under fairer auspices, I might have been other than I am!” Lucy's tear dropped upon Clifford's hand, as he spoke; and while his heart melted within him as he felt it, and knew his own desperate and unreasoned condition, he added,

“Every one courts you—the proud, the rich, the young, the high-born, all are at your feet! You will select one of that number for your husband, may he watch over you as I would have done!—love you as I do, he cannot! Yes, I repeat it!” continued Clifford, vehemently, “he cannot! None amidst the gay, happy, silken crowd of our equals and followers, can feel for you that single and overruling passion, which makes you to me, what all combined—country, power, wealth, reputation, an honest name, peace, common safety, the quiet of the common air, alike the least blessing and the greatest, are to all others! Once more, may God in heaven watch over you, and reserve you! I tear myself on leaving you from all that cheers, or blesses, or raises, or might have saved me!—Farewell!”

The hand which Lucy had relinquished to her strange suitor was pressed ardently to his lips, and dropped in the same instant, and she knew that he was once more alone.

But Clifford, hurrying rapidly through the trees, made his way toward the nearest gate which led from Lord Mauleverer's domain; when he reached it, a crowd of the more elderly guests occupied the entrance, and one of these was a lady of such distinction, that Mauleverer, despite of his aversion from any superfluous exposure to the night air, had obliged himself to conduct her to her carriage. He was in a very ill-humour with this constrained politeness, especially as the carriage was very slow in relieving him of his charge, when he saw, by the lamplight, Clifford passing near him, and winning his way to the gate. Quite forgetting his worldly prudence, which should have made him averse to scenes with any one, especially with a flying enemy, and a man with whom, if he believed right, little glory was to be gained in conquest, much less in contest; and only remembering Clifford's rivalry and his own hatred toward him for the presumption, Mauleverer, uttering a hurried apology to the lady on his arm, stepped forward, and opposing Clifford's progress, said, with

a bow of tranquil insult, “Pardon me, Sir, but is it at my invitation, or that of one of my servants, that you have honoured me with your company this day?”

Clifford's thoughts at the time of this interruption were of that nature before which all petty misfortunes shrink into nothing; if, therefore, he started for a moment at the Earl's address, he betrayed no embarrassment in reply, but bowing with an air of respect, and taking no notice of the affront implied in Mauleverer's speech, he answered—

“Your Lordship has only to deign a glance at my dress, to see that I have not intruded myself on your grounds with the intention of claiming your hospitality. The fact is, and I trust to your Lordship's courtesy to admit the excuse, that I leave this neighbourhood to-morrow, and for some length of time. A person whom I was very anxious to see before I left, was one of your Lordship's guests; I heard this, and knew that I should have no other opportunity of meeting the person in question before my departure; and I must now throw myself on the well-known politeness of Lord Mauleverer, to pardon a freedom originating in a business very much approaching to a necessity!”

Lord Mauleverer's address to Clifford had congregated an immediate crowd of eager and expectant listeners, but so quietly-respectful and really gentlemanlike were Clifford's air and tone in excusing himself, that the whole throng were smitten with a sudden disappointment.

Lord Mauleverer himself, surprised by the temper and deportment of the unbidden guest, was at a loss for one moment, and Clifford was about to take advantage of that moment and glide away, when Mauleverer, with a second bow, more civil than the former one, said—

“I cannot but be happy, Sir, that my poor place has afforded you any convenience; but, if I am not very impertinent, will you allow me to inquire the name of my guest with whom you required a meeting?”

“My Lord,” said Clifford, drawing himself up, and speaking gravely and sternly, though still with a certain deference—“I need not surely point out to your Lordship's good sense and good feeling, that your very question implies a doubt, and, consequently, an affront, and that the tone of it is not such as to justify that concession on my part which the farther explanation you require would imply!”

Few spoken sarcasms could be so bitter as that silent one which Mauleverer could command by a smile, and with this complimentary expression on his thin lips and raised brow, the Earl answered—“Sir, I honour the skill testified by your reply, it must be the result of a profound experience in these affairs. I wish you, Sir, a very good night, and the next time you favour me with a visit, I am quite sure that your motives for so indulging me will be no less creditable to you than at present.”

With these words Mauleverer turned to rejoin his fair charge. But Clifford was a man who had seen in a short time a great deal of the world, and knew tolerably well the theories of society, if not the practice of its minutiae; moreover, he was of an acute and resolute temper, and these properties of mind, natural and acquired, told him that he was

now in a situation in which it had become more necessary to defy than to conciliate. Instead, therefore, of retiring, he walked deliberately up to Mauleverer and said—

"My Lord, I shall leave it to the judgment of your guests to decide whether you have acted the part of a nobleman and a gentleman in thus, in your domains, insulting one who has given you such explanation of his trespass as would fully excuse him in the eyes of all considerate or courteous persons. I shall also leave it to them to decide whether the tone of your inquiry allowed me to give you any farther apology. But I shall take it upon *myself*, my Lord, to demand from *you* an immediate explanation of your last speech."

"Insolent!" cried Mauleverer, colouring with indignation, and almost for the first time in his life losing absolute command over his temper; "Do you bandy words with me—begone, or I shall order my servants to thrust you forth."

"Begone, Sir,—begone!" cried several voices in echo to Mauleverer, from those persons who deemed it now high time to take part with the powerful.

Clifford stood his ground, gazing around with a look of angry and defying contempt, which joined to his athletic frame, his dark and fierce eye, and a heavy riding whip, which, as if mechanically, he half raised, effectually kept the murmurers from proceeding to violence.

"Poor pretender to breeding and to sense!" said he, disdainfully turning to Mauleverer, "with one touch of this whip I could shame you for ever, or compel you to descend from the level of your rank to that of mine, and the action would be but a mild return to your language. But I love rather to teach you, than to correct. According to my creed, my Lord, he conquers most in good breeding, who forbears the most—*scorn enables me to forbear!*—Adieu!"

With this, Clifford turned on his heel and strode away. A murmur, approaching to a groan, from the younger, or sillier part of the parasites, (the mature and the sensible have no extra emotion to throw away,) followed him as he disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Outlaw.—Stand, Sir, and throw us that you have about you?
Val—Ruffians, forego that rude uncivil touch!

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ON leaving the scene in which he had been so unwelcome a guest, Clifford hastened to the little inn where he had left his horse. He mounted and returned to Bath. His thoughts were absent, and he unconsciously suffered the horse to direct its course whither it pleased. This was naturally toward the nearest halting-place which the animal remembered; and this halting-place was at that illustrious tavern in the suburbs of the town, in which we have before commemorated Clifford's re-election to the dignity of chief. It was a house of long established reputation; and here news of any of the absent confederates was always to be obtained. This circumstance, added to the excellence of its drink, its ease, and the electric chain of early habits, rendered it a favourite haunt, even

despite their present gay and medish pursuits, with Tomlinson and Pepper, and here, when Clifford sought the pair at unseasonable hours, was he for the most part sure to find them. As his meditations were interrupted by the sudden stopping of his horse beneath the well-known sign, Clifford, muttering an angry malediction on the animal, spurred it onward in the direction of his own home. He had already reached the end of the street, when his resolution seemed to change, and muttering to himself, "Ay, I might as well arrange this very night for our departure!" he turned his horse's head backward, and was once more at the tavern door. He threw the bridle over an iron railing, and knocking with a peculiar sound at the door, was soon admitted.

"Are ——— and ——— here?" asked he of the old woman, as he entered, mentioning the last words by which, among friends, Tomlinson and Pepper were usually known. "They are both gone on the sharp to-night," replied the old lady, lifting her unsnuffed candle to the face of the speaker with an intelligent look; "Oliver is sleepy, and the lads will take advantage of his nap."

"Do you mean," answered Clifford, replying in the same key, which we take the liberty to paraphrase, "that they are out on any actual expedition?"

"To be sure," rejoined the dame. "They who lag late on the road, may want money for supper!"

"Ha! which road?"

"You are a pretty fellow for Captain!" rejoined the dame, with a good-natured sarcasm in her tone. "Why, Captain Gloak, poor fellow! has every turn of his men to a hair, and never needs to ask what they were about. Ah, he was a fellow: none of your girl-faced mudgers, who make love to ladies, forsooth—a pretty woman need not look far for a kiss when he was in the room, I warrant; however coarse her duds might be; and look! but the Captain was a sensible man, and liked a cow as well as a calf."

"So, so! on the road are they?" cried Clifford musingly, and without heeding the insinuated attack on his decorum. "But answer me, what is the plan?—Be quick."

"Why," replied the dame, "there's not a swell cove of a lord gives a blow-out to-day, and the lads, dear souls! think to play the queer on some straggler."

Without uttering a word, Clifford darted from the house and was remounted before the old lady had time to recover her surprise.

"If you want to see them," cried she, as he put spurs to his horse, "they ordered me to have supper ready at———" The horse's hoofs drowned the last words of the dame, and carefully rebolting the door, and muttering an invidious comparison between Captain Clifford and Captain Gloak, the good landlady returned to those culinary operations destined to rejoice the hearts of Tomlinson and Pepper.

Return we ourselves to Lucy. It so happened that the Squire's carriage was the last to arrive; for the coachman, long uninitiated among the shades of Warlock into the dissipation of fashionable life, entered on his *debut* at Bath with all

the vigorous heat of matured passions for the first time released into the festivities of the ale-house, and having a milder master than most of his comrades, the fear of displeasure was less strong in his auricular bosom than the love of companionship; so that during the time this gentleman was amusing himself, Lucy had ample leisure for enjoying all the thousand and one reports of the scene between Mauleverer and Clifford, which regaled her ears. Nevertheless, whatever might have been her feelings at these pleasing recitals, a certain vague joy predominated over all. A man feels but slight comparative happiness in being loved, if he know that it is in vain. But to a woman that simple knowledge is sufficient to destroy the memory of a thousand distresses, and it is not till she has told her heart again and again that she is loved, that she will even begin to ask if it be in vain.

It was a partially starlit, yet a dim and obscure night, for the moon had for the last hour or two been surrounded by mist and cloud, when at length the carriage arrived, and Mauleverer, for the second time that evening, playing the escort, conducted Lucy to the vehicle. Anxious to learn if she had seen, or been addressed by, Clifford, the noble Earl, as he led her to the gate, dwelt particularly on the intrusion of that person, and by the trembling of the hand which rested on his arm, he drew no delicious omen for his own hopes. However," thought he, "the man goes to-morrow, and then the field will be clear; the girl's a wild yet, and I forgive her folly." And with an air of chivalric veneration, Mauleverer bowed the object of his pardon into her carriage.

As soon as Lucy felt herself alone with her father, the emotions so long pent within her forced themselves into vent, and leaning back against the carriage, she wept, though in silence, tears, burning tears, of sorrow, comfort, agitation, anxiety.

The good old Squire was slow in perceiving his daughter's emotion; it would have escaped him altogether, if actuated by a kindly warming of the heart toward her, originating in his new suspicion of her love for Clifford, he had not put his arm round her neck, and this unexpected address so entirely unstrung her nerves, that Lucy at once threw herself upon her father's breast, and her weeping, hitherto so quiet, became distinct and audible.

"Be comforted, my dear, dear child!" said the Squire almost affected to tears himself, and his emotion, arousing him from his usual mental confusion, rendered his words less involved and equivocal than they were wont to be. "And now I do hope that you won't vex yourself; the young man is indeed—and, I do assure you, I always thought so—a very charming gentleman, there's no denying it. But what can we do? you see what they all say of him, and it really was—we must allow that—very improper in him to come without being asked. Moreover, my dearest child, it is very wrong, very wrong, indeed, to love any one, and not know who he is; and—and—but don't cry, my dear love, don't cry so; all will be very well, I am sure,—quite sure!"

As he said this, the kind old man drew his daughter nearer to him, and feeling his hand hurt by something she wore unseen which pressed against it, he inquired, with some suspicion that

the love might have proceeded to love-gifts, what it was.

"It is my mother's picture," said Lucy, simply, and putting it aside.

The old Squire had loved his wife tenderly, and when Lucy made this reply, all the fond and warm recollections of his youth rushed upon him; he thought, too, how earnestly on her death-bed that wife had recommended to his vigilant care their only child now weeping on his bosom; he remembered how, dwelling on that which to all women seems the grand epoch of life, she had said, "Never let her affections be trifled with,—never be persuaded by your ambitious brother to make her marry where she loves not, or to oppose her, without strong reason, where she does; though she be but a child now, I know enough of her to feel convinced that if ever she love, she will love too well for her own happiness even with all things in her favour." These words, these recollections, joined to the remembrance of the cold-hearted scheme of William Brandon, which he had allowed himself to favour, and of his own supineness toward Lucy's growing love for Clifford, till resistance became at once necessary and too late, all smote him with a remorseful sorrow, and, fairly sobbing himself, he said, "Thy mother, child! ah, would that she were living, she would never have neglected thee as I have done!"

The Squire's self-reproach made Lucy's tears cease on the instant, and, as she covered her father's hand with kisses, she replied only by vehement accusations against herself, and praises of his too great fatherly fondness and affection. This little burst, on both sides, of honest and simple-hearted love, ended in a silence full of tender and mingled thoughts; and as Lucy still clung to the breast of the old man, uncouth as he was in temper, below even mediocrity in intellect, and altogether the last person in age, or mind, or habit, that seemed fit for a confidant in the love of a young and enthusiastic girl, she felt the old homely truth, that under all disadvantages there are, in this hollow world, few in whom trust can be so safely reposed, few who so delicately and subtly respect the confidence, as those from whom we spring.

The father and daughter had been silent for some minutes, and the former was about to speak, when the carriage suddenly stopped. The Squire heard a rough voice at the horses' heads; he looked forth from the window to see, through the mist of the night, what could possibly be the matter, and he encountered in this action, just one inch from his forehead, the protruded and shining barrel of a horse-pistol. We may believe, without a reflection on his courage, that Mr. Brandon threw himself back into his carriage with all possible despatch, and at the same moment the door was opened, and a voice said, not in a threatening but a smooth accent, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am sorry to disturb you, but want is imperious! oblige me with your money, your watches, your rings, and any other little commodities of a similar nature!"

So delicate a request the Squire had not the heart to resist, the more especially as he knew himself without any weapons of defence; accordingly he drew out a purse, not very full it must be owned, together with an immense silver hunting-watch, with a piece of black-ribbon attached

to it: "There, Sir," said he, with a groan, "don't frighten the young lady."

The gentle applicant, who indeed was no other than the specious Augustus Tomlinson, slid the purse into his waistcoat-pocket, after feeling its contents with a rapid and scientific finger. "Your watch, Sir," quoth he, and as he spoke he thrust it carelessly into his coat-pocket, as a school-boy would thrust a peg-top, "is heavy; but trusting to experience, since an accurate survey is denied me, I fear it is more valuable from its weight than its workmanship: however, I will not wound your vanity by affecting to be fastidious. But surely the young lady, as you call her,—(for I pay you the compliment of believing your word as to her age, inasmuch as the night is too dark to allow me the happiness of a personal inspection,)—the young lady has surely some little trinket she can dispense with; 'Beauty when unadorned,' you know, &c.,"

Lucy, who, though greatly frightened, lost neither her senses nor her presence of mind, only answered by drawing forth a little silk purse, that contained still less than the leathern convenience of the Squire; to this she added a gold chain: and Tomlinson taking them with an affectionate squeeze of the hand, and a polite apology, was about to withdraw, when his sagacious eyes were suddenly stricken by the gleam of jewels. The fact was, that in altering the position of her mother's picture, which had been set in the few hereditary diamonds possessed by the Lord of Warlock, Lucy had allowed it to hang on the outside of her dress, and bending forward to give the robber her other possessions, the diamonds at once came in full sight, and gleamed the more invitingly from the darkness of the night.

"Ah, Madam!" said Tomlinson, stretching forth his hand, "you would play me false, would you? Treachery should never go unpunished. Favour me instantly with the little ornament round your neck!"

"I cannot—I cannot," said Lucy, grasping her treasure with both her hands,—“it is my mother's picture, and my mother is dead!"

"The wants of others, Madam," returned Tomlinson, who could not for the life of him *rob immorally*, "are ever more worthy your attention than family prejudices. Seriously, give it, and that instantly; we are in a hurry, and your horses are plunging like devils, they will break your carriage in an instant—dispatch!"

The Squire was a brave man on the whole, though no hero, and the nerves of an old Fox-hunter soon recover from a little alarm. The picture of his buried wife was yet more inestimable to him than it was to Lucy, and at this new demand, his spirit was roused within him.

He clenched his fists, and advancing himself, as it were, on his seat, he cried in a loud voice:

"Begone,—fellow!—I have given you—for my own part I think so—too much already; and by God you shall not have the picture!"

"Don't force me to use violence!" said Augustus, and putting one foot on the carriage-step, he brought his pistol within a few inches of Lucy's breast, rightly judging, perhaps, that the show of danger to her would be the best method to intimidate the Squire. At that instant the valorous moralist found himself suddenly seized with a powerful gripe on the shoulder, and a low voice,

trembling with passion, hissed in his ear. Whatever might be the words that startled his organs, they operated as an instantaneous charm; and to their astonishment, the Squire and Lucy beheld their assailant abruptly withdraw. The door of the carriage was clapped to, and scarcely two minutes had elapsed before the robber having remounted, his comrade—(hitherto stationed at the horses' heads)—set spurs to his own steed, and the welcome sound of receding hoofs anote upon the bewildered ears of the father and daughter.

The door of the carriage was again opened, and a voice, which made Lucy paler than the preceding terror, said,

"I fear, Mr. Brandon, the robbers have frightened your daughter. There is now, however, nothing to fear—the ruffians are gone."

"God bless me!" said the Squire, "why is the Captain Clifford?"

"It is! and he conceives himself too fortunate to have been of the smallest service to Mr. and Mrs. Brandon."

On having convinced himself that it was indeed to Mr. Clifford that he owed his safety, as well as that of his daughter, whom he believed to have been in a far more imminent peril than she really was,—(for to tell thee the truth, reader, the pistol of Tomlinson was rather calculated for show than use, having a peculiarly long bright barrel with nothing in it,)—the Squire was utterly at a loss how to express his gratitude; and when he turned to Lucy to beg she would herself thank their gallant deliverer, he found that, overpowered with various emotions, she had, for the first time in her life, fainted away.

"Good Heavens!" cried the alarmed father, "she is dead,—my Lucy—my Lucy—they have killed her."

To open the door nearest to Lucy, to bear her from the carriage in his arms, was to Clifford the work of an instant; utterly unconscious of the presence of any one else—unconscious even of what he said, he poured forth a thousand wild, passionate, yet half audible expressions; and as he bore her to a bank by the roadside, and, seating himself, supported her against his bosom, it would be difficult, perhaps, to say, whether something of delight—of burning and thrilling delight—was not mingled with his anxiety and terror. He chafed her small hands in his own—his breath all trembling and warm, glowed upon her cheek, and once, and but once, his lips drew nearer, and breathing aside the dishevelled richness of her tresses, clung in a long and silent kiss to her own.

Meanwhile, by the help of his footman, who had now somewhat recovered his astonished senses, the Squire descended from his carriage, and approached with faltering steps the place where his daughter reclined. At the instant that he took her hand, Lucy began to revive, and the first action in the bewildered unconsciousness of awaking, was to throw her arm around the neck of her supporter.

Could all the hours and realities of hope, joy, pleasure, in Clifford's previous life have been melted down and concentrated into a single emotion, that emotion would have been but tame to the rapture of Lucy's momentary and innocent career! And at a later, yet no distant, period, when in the felon's cell the grim visage of Death scowled upon him, it may be questioned whether his thoughts dwelt not far more often on the remembrance of

at delightful moment, than on the bitterness and doom of an approaching doom!

"She breathes—she moves—she wakes!" cried the father, and Lucy, attempting to rise, and recognizing the Squire's voice, said faintly, "Thank you, my dear father, you are not hurt! And are you really gone?—and where—where are we?"

The Squire relieving Clifford of his charge, held his child in his arms, while in his own eulogistic manner he informed her where she was and with whom. The lovers stood face to face each other, but what delicious blushes did the light, which concealed all but the outline of their forms, hide from the eyes of Clifford!

The honest and kind heart of Mr. Brandon was full of a release to the indulgent sentiments it had always cherished toward the suspected and disgraced Clifford; and turning now from Lucy, it freely poured itself forth upon her deliverer. He clasped him warmly by the hand, and insisted on his accompanying them to Bath in the carriage, and allowing the footman to ride his horse. His offer was still pending, when the footman, who had been to see after the health and comfort of his fellow servant, came to inform the party in a dolorous accent, of something which, in the confusion and darkness of the night, they had not yet learned,—namely, that the horses and coachman were—gone!"

"Gone!" said the Squire—"Gone!—why the devils can't—(for my part, I never believed, though I have heard such wonders of, those slight hands)—have bagged them!"

Here a low groan was audible, and the footman sympathetically guided to the spot whence it emanated, found the huge body of the coachman safely deposited, with its face downward, in the middle of the kennel. After this worthy had been lifted on his legs, and had shaken himself into intelligence, was found, that when the robber had detained the horses, the coachman, who required very little to conquer his turbulent faculties, had—(he himself said, by a violent blow from the ruffian, though, perhaps, the cause lay nearer home)—quitted the coach-box for the kennel, the horses grew frightened, and after plunging and rearing till he cared no longer to occupy himself with their arrest, the highwayman had very quietly cut the traces, and at the time present, it was not impossible that the horses were almost at the door of their stables at Bath.

The footman who had apprised the Squire of his misfortune was, unlike most news-tellers, the first to offer consolation.

"There be an excellent public," quoth he, "about a half a mile on, where your honour could get horses; or mayhap, if Miss Lucy, poor heart, is faint, you may like to stop for the night."

Though a walk of half a mile in a dark night, and under other circumstances, would not have seemed a grateful proposition, yet at present, when the Squire's imagination had only pictured to him the alternatives of passing the night in the carriage, or of crawling on foot to Bath, it seemed but a very insignificant hardship. And tucking his daughter's arm under his own, while in a kind voice he told Clifford "to support her on the other side," the Squire ordered the footman to lead the way with Clifford's horse, and the coachman to follow, if he durst, which ever he pleased.

In silence Clifford offered his arm to Lucy, and silently she accepted the courtesy. The Squire was the only talker, and the theme he chose was not ungrateful to Lucy, for it was the praise of her lover. But Clifford scarcely listened, for a thousand thoughts and feelings contested within him; and the light touch of Lucy's hand upon his arm would alone have been sufficient to distract and confuse his attention. The darkness of the night, the late excitement, the stolen kiss that still glowed upon his lips, the remembrance of Lucy's flattering agitation in the scene with her at Lord Mauleverer's, the yet warmer one of that unconscious embrace, which still tingled through every nerve of his frame, all conspired with the delicious emotion which he now experienced at her presence and her contact, to intoxicate and inflame him. Oh, those burning moments in love, when romance has just mellowed into passion, and without losing anything of its luxurious vagueness, mingles the enthusiasm of its dreams with the ardent desires of reality and earth! That is the exact time, when love has reached its highest point—when all feelings, all thoughts, the whole soul, and the whole mind are seized and engrossed—when every difficulty weighed in the opposite scale seems lighter than dust—when to renounce the object beloved, is the most deadly and lasting sacrifice—and when in so many breasts, where honour, conscience, virtue, are far stronger than we can believe them ever to have been in a criminal like Clifford, honour, conscience, virtue have perished at once and suddenly into ashes before that mighty and irresistible fire.

The servant, who had had previous opportunities of ascertaining the topography of the "public" of which he spake, and who was perhaps tolerably reconciled to his late terror in the anticipation of renewing his intimacy with, "the spirits of the past," now directed the attention of our travellers to a small inn just before them. Mine host had not yet retired to repose, and it was not necessary to knock twice before the door was opened.

A bright fire, an officious landlady, a commiserate landlord, a warm potation, and the promise of excellent beds, all appeared to our Squire to make ample amends for the intelligence that the inn was not licensed to let post-horses; and mine host having promised forthwith to send two stout fellows, a rope, and a cart-horse, to bring the carriage under shelter,—(for the Squire valued the vehicle *because* it was twenty years old)—and moreover to have the harness repaired, and the horses ready by an early hour the next day, the good-humour of Mr. Brandon rose into positive hilarity. Lucy retired under the auspices of the landlady to bed, and the Squire having drank a bowl of bishop, and discovered a thousand new virtues in Clifford, especially that of never interrupting a good story, clapped the Captain on the shoulder, and making him promise not to leave the inn till he had seen him again, withdrew also to the repose of his pillow. Clifford remained below, gazing abstractedly on the fire for some time afterwards; nor was it till the drowsy chambermaid had thrice informed him of the prepared comforts of his bed, that he adjourned to his chamber. Even then it seems that sleep did not visit his eyelids, for a wealthy grazier, who lay in the room below, complained bitterly the next morning

"Ay! of last night," said Clifford, speaking through his ground teeth: "there is much in that remembrance to live long in both of us: but you—you—fair angel!"—(and all harshness and irony, vanishing at once from his voice and countenance, yielded to a tender and deep sadness, mingled with a respect that bordered on reverence,)—"you never could have dreamt of more than pity for one like me,—you never could have stooped from your high and dazzling purity to know for me one such thought as that which burns at my heart for you,—you—yes, withdraw your hand, I am not worthy to touch it!" And clasping his own hands before his face, he became abruptly silent; but his emotions were but ill-concealed, and Lucy saw the muscular frame before her heaved and convulsed by passion which were more intense and rending because it was only for a few moments that they conquered his self-will and struggled into vent.

If afterward,—but *long* afterward, Lucy, recalling the mystery of his words, confessed to herself that they betrayed guilt, she was then too much affected to think of any thing but her love and his emotion. She bent down, and with a girlish and fond self-abandonment, which none could have resisted, placed both her hands on his: Clifford started, looked up, and in the next moment he had clasped her to his heart; and while the only tears he had shed since his career of crime, fell fast and hot upon her countenance, he kissed her forehead, her cheek, her lips in a passionate and wild transport. His voice died within him, he could not trust himself to speak; only one thought, even in that seeming forgetfulness of her and of himself, stirred and spoke at his breast—*flight*. The more he felt he loved—the more tender and the more confiding the object of his love, the more urgent became the necessity to leave her. All other duties had been neglected, but he loved with a real love, and love which taught him one duty, bore him triumphantly through its bitter ordeal.

"You will hear from me to-night," he muttered; "believe that I am mad, accursed, criminal, but not utterly a monster! I ask no more merciful opinion!" He drew himself from his perilous position, and abruptly departed.

When Clifford reached his home, he found his worthy coadjutors waiting for him with alarm and terror on their countenances. An old feat in which they had signalized themselves, had long attracted the rigid attention of the police, and certain officers had now been seen at Bath, and certain inquiries had been set on foot, which portended no good to the safety of the sagacious Tomlinson and the valorous Pepper. They came, humbly and penitentially demanding pardon for their unconscious aggression of the Squire's carriage, and entreating their Captain's instant advice. If Clifford had before wavered in his disinterested determination; if visions of Lucy, of happiness and reform had floated in his solitary ride, too frequently and too glowingly before his eyes, the sight of these men, their conversation, their danger, all sufficed to restore his resolution. "Merciful God!" thought he, "and is it to the comrade of such lawless villains, to a man, like them, exposed hourly to the most ignominious of deaths, that I have for one fraction of a moment dreamt of consigning the innocent and generous girl, whose trust or love is

the only crime that could deprive her of the most brilliant destiny?"

Short were Clifford's instructions to his followers, and so much do we do mechanically, that they were delivered with his usual forethought and precision,—“You will leave the town instantly; go not, for your lives, to London, or to rejoin any of your comrades. Ride for the Red Cave; there are provisions stored there, and, since our late alteration of the interior, it will afford ample room to conceal your horses. On the night of the second day from this I will join you. Be sure that you enter the cave at night, and quit it upon no account till I come!”

"Yea," said he, when he was alone, "I will join you again, but only to quit you. One more offence against the law, or at least one sum wrested from the swollen hands of the rich sufficient to equip me for a foreign army, and I quit the country of my birth and my crimes. If I cannot desert Lucy Brandon, I will be somewhat less unworthy. Perhaps—why not? I am young, my nerves are not weak, my brain is not dull, perhaps I may in some field of honourable adventure win a name, that before my death-bed I may not blush to acknowledge to her!"

While this resolve beat high within Clifford's breast, Lucy sadly and in silence was continuing with the Squire her short journey to Bath. The latter was very inquisitive to know why Clifford had gone, and what he had avowed; and Lucy scarcely able to answer, threw every thing on the promised letter of the night.

"I am glad," muttered the Squire to her, "that he is going to write, 'for somehow or other, though I questioned him very tightly, he slipped through my cross-examination, and bursting out at once, as to his love for you, left me as wise about himself as I was before, no doubt—(for my own part I don't see what should prevent his being a great man *in cog.*)—this letter will explain all!"

Late that night the letter came; Lucy, fortunately for her, was alone in her own room; she opened it, and read as follows:—

CLIFFORD'S LETTER.

"I have promised to write to you, and I set down to perform that promise. At this moment the recollection of your goodness, your generous consideration, is warm within me; and while I must choose calm and common words to express what I ought to say, my heart is alternately melted and torn by thoughts which would ask words, oh how different! Your father has questioned me often of my parentage and birth—I have hitherto eluded his interrogatories. Learn now who I am. In a wretched abode, surrounded by the inhabitants of poverty and vice, I recall my earliest recollections. My father is unknown to me as to every one—my mother! to you I dare not mention who or what she was;—she died in my infancy. Without a name, but not without an inheritance,—(my inheritance was large—it was infamy!)—I was thrown upon the world: I had received by accident some education, and imbibed some ideas, not natural to my situation: since then, I have played many parts in life: books and men I have not so neglected, but that I have gleaned at intervals some little knowledge from

th. Hence, if I have seemed to you better than am, you will perceive the cause: circumstances made me soon my own master, they made me also one whom honest men do not love to look upon: my deeds have been, and my character is, of a part with my birth and my fortunes. I came, in the noble hope to raise and redeem myself, by gilding my fate with a wealthy marriage, to this city: I saw you, whom I had once before met. I heard you were rich.—Hate me, Miss Brandon, hate me!—I resolved to make your ruin the cause of my redemption. Happily for you, I scarcely knew you before I loved you—that love deepened—it sought something pure and elevated from yourself. My resolution forsook me; even now I could throw myself on my knees and thank God at you—you, dearest and noblest of human beings—are not my wife. Now is my conduct clear to you? if not, imagine me all that is villainous—save in one point, where you are concerned—and not a shadow of mystery will remain. Your kindness, overrating the paltry service I rendered you, could have consented to submit my fate to your decision. I blush indignantly for him—for you—that any living man should have dreamt of such profanation for Miss Brandon. Yet I myself was carried away and intoxicated by so sudden and so soft a hope—even I dared to lift my eyes to you, to press you to this guilty heart, to forget myself, and to dream that you might be mine! Can you forgive me for this madness? And hereafter, when in your lofty and glittering sphere of wedded happiness, can you remember my presumption and check your scorn? Perhaps you think that so late a confession I have already deceived you. Alas! you know not what it costs me now to confess! I had only one hope in life—it was that you might still, long after you had ceased to love me, fancy me not utterly beneath the herd with whom you live. This burning, yet selfish anxiety, I tear from me, and now I go where no hope can pursue me. No hope for myself, save one which can scarcely deserve the name, for it is rather a rude, and visionary wish, than an expectation:—It is, that under another name, and under different auspices, you may hear of me at some distant time; and when I apprise you that under that name you may recognise one who loves you better than all created things, you may feel *then*, at least, no cause for shame at your lover. What will you be then? A happy wife—a mother—the centre of a thousand joys—beloved—admired—blest when the eye sees you and the ear hears! and this is what I ought to hope; this is the consolation that ought to cheer me;—perhaps a little more hence it will. Not that I shall love you less; not that I shall love you less burningly, and therefore less selfishly. I have now written to you all that it becomes you to receive from me. My horse waits below to bear me from this city, and for ever from your vicinity. For ever!—Ay, you are the only blessing for ever forbidden me. Wealth I may gain—a fair name—even glory—I may, perhaps, aspire to! to Heaven itself, I may find a path; but of *you* my very dreams cannot give me the shadow of a hope. I do not say, if you could pierce my soul while I write, that you would pity me. You may think it strange, but I would not have your *pity* for worlds; I think I would even rather have your hate—pity seems so much like contempt. But if you knew what an effort has

enabled me to tame down my language, to curb my thoughts, to prevent me from embodying that which now makes my brain whirl, and my hand feel as if the living fire consumed it; if you knew what has enabled me to triumph over the madness at my heart, and spare you what, if writ or spoken, would seem like the ravings of insanity, you would not, and you could not despise me, though you might abhor.

“And now, heaven guard and bless you! Nothing on earth could injure you. And even the wicked who have looked upon you, learn to pray. I have prayed for you!”

Thus (abrupt and signatureless) ended the expected letter. Lucy came down the next morning at her usual hour, and, except that she was very pale, nothing in her appearance seemed to announce past grief or emotion. The Squire asked her if she had received the promised letter? she answered in a clear, though faint voice, that she had—that Mr. Clifford had confessed himself of too low an origin to hope for marriage with Mr. Brandon's family; that she trusted the Squire would keep his secret, and that the subject might never again be alluded to by either. If in this speech there was something alien to Lucy's ingenuous character, and painful to her mind, she felt it, as it were, a duty to her former lover, not to betray the whole of that confession so bitterly wrung from him. Perhaps, too, there was in that letter a charm, which seemed to her too sacred to be revealed to any one. And mysteries were not excluded even from a love so ill-placed, and seemingly so transitory, as hers.

Lucy's answer touched the Squire in his weak point. “A man of decidedly low origin,” he confessed, was utterly out of the question; nevertheless, the young man showed a great deal of candour in his disclosure. He readily promised never to broach a subject necessarily so unpleasant; and though he sighed as he finished his speech, yet the extreme quiet of Lucy's manner re-assured him, and when he perceived that she resumed, though languidly, her wonted avocations, he felt but little doubt of her soon overcoming the remembrance of what he hoped was but a girlish and fleeting fancy. He yielded with avidity to her proposal to return to Warlock; and in the same week as that in which Lucy had received her lover's mysterious letter, the father and daughter commenced their journey home.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Butler.—What are these, Sir?

Yeoman.—And of what nature—to what use?

Latroch.—Imagine?

The Tragedy of Rollo.

Quickly.—He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom.

Henry V.

THE stream of our narrative now conducts us back to William Brandon. The law-promotions previously intended were completed; and to the surprise of the public, the envied barrister, undergoing the degradation of knighthood, had, at the time we return to him, just changed his toilsome occupations for the serene dignity of the Bench. Whatever regret this wily and aspiring schemer might otherwise have felt at an elevation

considerably less distinguished than he might reasonably have expected, was entirely removed by the hopes afforded to him by the Administration of a speedy translation to a more brilliant office; and it was whispered among those not unlikely to foresee such events, that Sir William Brandon might even look beyond the rank of a Chief Justice and a Peer, and that the Woolpack itself was scarcely too high a station for the hopes of one possessed of such interest, such abilities; and the democrats added, such accommodating principles. Just at this moment too, the fell disease, whose ravages Brandon endeavoured, as jealously as possible, to hide from the public, had appeared suddenly to yield to the skill of a new physician; and by the administration of medicines, which a man less stern or resolute might have trembled to adopt, (so powerful and for the most part deadly was their nature,) he passed from a state of almost insufferable torture to an elysium of tranquillity and ease: perhaps, however, the medicines which altered, also decayed his constitution; and it was observable, that in two cases where the physician had attained a like success by the same means, the patients had died suddenly, exactly at the time when their cure seemed to be finally completed. However, Sir William Brandon appeared very little anticipative of danger. His manner became more cheerful and even than it had ever been before; there was a certain lightness in his gait, a certain exhilaration in his voice and eye, which looked the tokens of one from whom a heavy burden had been suddenly raised, and who was no longer prevented from the eagerness of hope by the engrossing claims of a bodily pain. He had always been bland in society, but now his courtesy breathed less of artifice,—it took a more hearty tone. Another alteration was discernible in him, and that was precisely the reverse of what might have been expected. He became more *thrifty*—more attentive to the expenses of life, than he had been. Though a despiser of show and ostentation, and far too *hard* to be luxurious, he was too scientific an architect of the weaknesses of others, not to have maintained during his public career an opulent appearance and a hospitable table. The profession he had adopted requires, perhaps, less of externals to aid it than any other; still Brandon had affected to preserve parliamentary as well as legal importance; and, though his house was situated in a quarter entirely professional, he had been accustomed to assemble around his hospitable board whosoever were eminent, in his political party, for rank or for talent. Now, however, when hospitality, and a certain largeness of expenses, better became his station, he grew closer and more exact in his economy. Brandon never could have degenerated into a miser; money to one so habitually wise as he was, could never have passed from *means* into an *object*; but he had, evidently for some cause or another, formed the resolution to save. Some said it was the result of returning health, and the hope of a prolonged life, to which many objects, for which wealth is desirable, might occur. But when it was accidentally ascertained that Brandon had been making several inquiries respecting a large estate in the neighbourhood of Warlock, formerly in the possession of his family, the gossip—(for Brandon was a man to be gossiped about,)—were no longer in want of a motive false or real, for the Judge's thrift.

It was shortly after his elevation to the Bench, and before these signs of change had become noticeable, that the same strange ragsman whom we have mentioned before, as introduced by Mr. Swopson to a private conference with Brandon, was admitted to the Judge's presence.

"Well," said Brandon impatiently, the moment the door was closed, "your news?"

"Vy, your Onor," said the man bashfully, twirling a thing that stood proxy for a hat, "I thinks as ow I shall be hable to satisfy your worship's onor." Then approaching the Judge, and assuming an important air, he whispered—

"'Tis as ow I thought!"

"My God!" cried Brandon with vehemence. "And, he is alive?—and where?"

"I believes," answered the seemingly confident of Sir William Brandon, "that he be's alive, and if he be's alive, may I flash my ivories in a glass case, if I does not ferret him out; but as to saying where he be at this nick o' the moment, smash me if I can!"

"Is he in this country?" said Brandon; "or do you believe that he has gone abroad?"

"Vy, much of one and not a little of the other," said the euphonious confident.

"How! speak plain, man—what do you mean?"

"Vy, I means, your Onor, that I can't say where he is."

"And this," said Brandon with a muttered oath,—"this is your boasted news, is it! I say damned, damned dog, if you trifle with me, or make me false, I will hang you,—by the living God, I will!"

The man shrank back involuntarily from Brandon's vindictive forehead and kindled eye: but with the cunning peculiar to low vice answered, though in a humbler tone—

"And not good, vill that do your Onor! if he be as ow you scings I, vill that put your Vond in the way of finding he?"

Never was there an obstacle in Brandon's way through which a sturdy truth could not break, and Brandon, after a moody pause, said in a mild voice,—"I did not mean to frighten you! never mind what I said; but you can surely guess what abouts he is, or what means of life he pursues, perhaps?"—and a momentary paleness crossed Brandon's swarthy visage:—"perhaps he may have been driven into dishonesty, in order to maintain himself!"

The informant replied with great secrecy, that "such a thing was not impossible!" and Brandon then entered into a series of seemingly careless but artful cross-questionings, which either the ignorance or the craft of the man enabled him to baffle. After some time, Brandon, disappointed and dissatisfied, gave up his professional task, and bestowing on the man many sagacious and minute instructions, as well as a very liberal donation, he was forced to dismiss his mysterious visitor, and to content himself with an assured assertion that, if the object of his inquiries should not already be gone to the devil, the strange gentleman employed to discover him, would certainly, sooner or later, bring him to the judge.

This assertion, and the interview preceding it, certainly inspired Sir William Brandon with a feeling like complacency, although it was mingled with a considerable alloy.

"I do not," thought he, in concluding his meditations when he was left alone,—*"I do not see what else I can do! Since it appears that the boy had not even a name when he set out alone from this wretched abode, I fear that an advertisement would have but little chance of even designating, much less of finding him, after so long an absence. Besides, it might make me the prey to impostors, and in all probability he has either left the country, or adopted some mode of living which would prevent his daring to disclose himself!"* This thought plunged the soliloquist into a gloomy abstraction, which lasted several minutes, and from which he started, muttering aloud—

"Yes, yes! I dare to believe, to hope it.—Now for the Minister, and the Peerage!" And from that time the root of Sir William Brandon's ambition spread with a firmer and more extended grasp over his mind.

We grieve very much that the course of our story should now oblige us to record an event which we would willingly have spared ourselves the pain of narrating. The good old Squire of Warlock Manor-house had scarcely reached his home on his return from Bath, before William Brandon received the following letter from his brother's grey-headed butler.

"HONNURED SUR,

"I SEND this with all speede, thof with a heavy heart, to acquainte you with the sudden (and as it appeared by his loving friends and well wishers, which latter, to be sur, is all as knows him) dangerous illness of the Squire.* He was seazed, poor dear gentleman, (for God never made a better, no offence to your Honnour,) the moment he set footing in his Own hall, and what has hung round me like a mill-ston ever sin, is that instead of his saying—'How do you do, Sampson?' as was his wont, whenever he returned from forren parts, such as Bath, Lunnun, and the like; he said, 'God bless you, Sampson!' which makes me think sumhow that it will be his last wurd; for he has never spoke sin, for all Miss Lucy be by his bedside continual. She, poor deer, don't take on at all, in regard of crying and such woman's wurk, but looks nevertheless, for all the wurld, just like a corpse. I sends Tom the postilion with this hexpress, nowing he is a good hand at a gallop, having, not sixteen year ago, beat some o' the best run at a raceng. Hopng as yer Honnour will lose no time in coming to this 'hous of mourning,'

"I remane, with all respect,

"Your Honnour's humble sarvant to command,
"JOHN SAMPSON."

Sir William Brandon did not give himself time to re-read this letter, in order to make it more intelligible, before he wrote to one of his professional compeers, requesting him to fill his place during his unavoidable absence, on the melancholy occasion of his brother's expected death; and having so done he immediately set off for Warlock. Inexplicable even to himself was that feeling, so nearly approaching to real sorrow, which the worldly lawyer felt at the prospect of losing his

guileless and unspeculating brother. Whether it be that turbulent and ambitious minds, in choosing for their wavering affections the very opposites of themselves, feel (on losing the fellowship of those calm, fair characters, that have never crossed their own rugged path,) as if they lost, in losing them, a kind of haven for their own restless thoughts and tempest-worn designs!—be this as it may, certain it is, that when William Brandon arrived at his brother's door, and was informed by the old butler, who, for the first time, was slow to greet him, that the Squire had just breathed his last, his austere nature forsook him at once, and he felt the shock with the severity perhaps still keener than that which a more genial and affectionate heart would have experienced.

As soon as he had recovered his self-possession, Sir William made question of his niece, and finding that, after an unrelaxing watch during the whole of the Squire's brief illness, nature had failed her at his death, and she had been borne senseless from his chamber to her own, Brandon walked with a step far different from his usual stately gait, to the room where his brother lay. It was one of the oldest apartments in the house, and much of the ancient splendour that belonged to the mansion ere its size had been reduced, with the fortunes of its successive owners, still distinguished the chamber. The huge mantel-piece ascending to the carved ceiling in grotesque pilasters, and scroll-work of the blackest oak, with the quartered arms of Brandon and Saville escutcheoned in the centre,—the panelled walls of the same dark wainscot,—the *armoire* of ebony,—the high-backed chairs, with their tapestried seats,—the lofty bed, with its hearse-like plumes and draperies of a crimson damask that seemed, so massy was the substance, and so prominent the flowers, as if it were rather a carving than a silk, all conspired, with the size of the room, to give it a feudal solemnity, not perhaps suited to the rest of the house, but well calculated to strike a gloomy awe into the breast of the worldly and proud man who now entered the death-chamber of his brother.

Silently, William Brandon motioned away the attendants, and silently, he seated himself by the bed, and looked long and wistfully upon the calm and placid face of the deceased. It is difficult to guess at what passed within him during the space of time in which he remained alone in that room. The apartment itself he could not at another period, have tenanted without secret emotion. It was that in which, as a boy, he had himself been accustomed to sleep; and, even then a schemer and an aspirant, the very sight of the room sufficed to call back all the hopes and visions, the restless projects, and the feverish desires which had now brought him to the envied state of an acknowledged celebrity and a shattered frame. There must have been something awful in the combination of those active remembrances with the cause which had led him to that apartment; and there was a homily in the serene countenance of the dead, which preached more effectually to the heart of the living, than William Brandon would ever have cared to own. He had been more than an hour in the room, and the evening had already begun to cast deep shadows, through the small panes of the half-closed window, when Brandon was startled by a slight noise. He looked up, and beheld Lucy opposite to him. She did not see him: but throwing herself upon the

* The reader, who has doubtless noticed how invariably servants of long standing acquire a certain tone from that of their master, may observe, that honest John Sampson had caught from the Squire the habit of parenthetical composition.

bed, she took the cold hand of the deceased, and, after a long silence, burst into a passion of tears.

"My father!" she sobbed,—“my kind, good father, who will love me now?”

"I!" said Brandon, deeply affected; and, passing round the bed, he took his niece in his arms: "I will be your father, Lucy, and you—the last of our race—shall be to me as a daughter!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Falsehood in him was not the useless lie
Of boasted pride or laughing vanity,—
It was the gainful—the persuading art; &c.

CRAES.

On with the horses—off to Canterbury,
Tramp—tramp o'er pebble and splash—splash thro'
puddle—
Hurrah!—how swiftly speeds the post so merry!

Here laws are all inviolate!—none lay
Traps for the traveller—every highway's clear
Here;—he was interrupted by a knife,
With "Damn your eyes—your money or your life!"
Don Juan.

MISFORTUNES are like the creations of Cadmus—they destroy one another! Roused from the torpor of mind occasioned by the loss of her lover, at the sudden illness of the Squire, Lucy had no thought for herself—no thought for any one—for any thing but her father, till long after the earth had closed over his remains. The very activity of the latter grief was less dangerous than the quiet of the former; and when the first keenness of sorrow passed away, and her mind gradually and mechanically returned to the remembrance of Clifford, it was with an intensity less strong, and less fatal to her health and happiness than before. She thought it unnatural and criminal to allow any thing else to grieve her, while she had so sacred a grief as that of her loss; and her mind, once aroused into resistance to passion, betrayed a native strength little to have been expected from her apparent character. Sir William Brandon lost no time in returning to town after the burial of his brother. He insisted upon taking his niece with him; and, though with real reluctance, she yielded to his wishes, and accompanied him. By the Squire's will, indeed, Sir William was appointed guardian to Lucy, and she yet wanted more than a year of her majority.

Brandon, with a delicacy very uncommon to him where women (whom he hated) were concerned, provided every thing that he thought could in any way conduce to her comfort. He ordered it to be understood in his establishment, that she was its mistress. He arranged and furnished, according to what he imagined her taste, a suite of apartments for her sole accommodation: a separate carriage and servants were appropriated to her use; and he sought by perpetual presents of books, or flowers, or music, to occupy her thoughts, and atone for the solitude to which his professional duties obliged him so constantly to consign her. These attentions, which showed this strange man in a new light, seemed to bring out many little latent amiabilities, which were usually embedded in the callosities of his rocky nature; and, even despite her causes for grief, and the

deep melancholy which consumed her, Lucy was touched with gratitude at kindness doubly soothing in one who, however urbane and polished, was by no means addicted to the little attentions that are considered so gratifying by women; and yet for which they so often despise, while they like him who affords them. There was much in Brandon that wound itself insensibly around the heart. To one more experienced than Lucy, this involuntary attraction might not have been incompatible with suspicion, and could scarcely have been associated with esteem; and yet for all who knew him intimately, even for the penetrating and selfish Macbeth, the attraction existed: unprincipled, crafty, hypocritical, even base when it suited his purpose, secretly sneering at the dupes he made, and knowing no code save that of interest and ambition; viewing men only as machines, and opinions only as ladders;—there was yet a tone of powerful feeling sometimes elicited from a heart, that could at the same moment have sacrificed a whole people to the pettiest personal object: and sometimes was Lucy the eloquence or irony of his conversation deepened into a melancholy, a half-suppressed gentleness of sentiment, that accorded with the state of *her own* mind and interested her *his* feelings powerfully in *his*. It was these peculiarities in his converse, which made Lucy love to hear him, and she gradually learnt to anticipate with a gloomy pleasure, the hour in which, after the occupations of the day, he was accustomed to join her.

"You look unwell, uncle, to-night," she said, when one evening he entered the room with looks more fatigued than usual; and, rising, she leaned tenderly over him, and kissed his forehead.

"Ay!" said Brandon, utterly unwon by, and even unheeding, the caress, "our way of life soon passes into the sear and yellow leaf; and when Macbeth grieved that he might not look to have that which should accompany old age, he had grown doting, and grieved for what was worthless."

"Nay, uncle, 'honour, faith, obedience, troth of friends,'—these surely were worth the sighing for?"

"Pooh! not worth a single sigh! The foolish wishes we form in youth have something noble, and something *bodily* in them; but those of age are utter shadows, and the shadows of pigmies! Why, what is honour, after all? What is the good name among men? only a sort of heathen idol, set up to be adored by one set of fools and scorned by another. Do you not observe, Lucy, that the man you hear most praised by the party you meet to-day, is most abused by that which you meet to-morrow? Public men are only praised by their party, and their party, sweet Lucy, are such base minions, it moves one's spleen to think one is so little as to be useful to them. This good name is only the good name of a sect, and the members of that sect are only marvellous proper knaves."

"But posterity does justice to those who really deserve fame."

"Posterity! Can you believe that a man who knows what life is, cares for the penny whistles of grown children after his death? Posterity, Lucy,—no! Posterity is but the same perpetuity of fools and rascals; and even were justice desirable at their hands, they could *not* deal it. Do not

agree whether Charles Stuart was a liar or a martyr? for how many ages have we believed Nero a monster! A writer now asks, as if demonstrating a problem, what real historian could doubt that Nero was a paragon! The Patriarchs of Scripture have been declared by modern Philosophy to be a series of astronomical hieroglyphs; and with greater show of truth it has been declared that the Patriot Tell *never existed*. Posterity! the word has gulled men enough without my adding to the number. I, who loathe the living, can scarcely venerate the unborn. Lucy, believe me, that no man can mix largely with men in political life, and not despise every thing that in youth he adored! Age leaves us only one feeling—contempt!”

“Are you belied, then?” said Lucy, pointing to a newspaper, the organ of the party opposed to Brandon.—“Are you belied when you are here called ‘ambitious!’—When they call you ‘selfish,’ and ‘grasping’—I know they wrong you; but I confess that I *have* thought you ambitious; yet can he who despises men, desire their good opinion?”

“Their good opinion!” repeated Brandon, mockingly. “Do we want the bray of the asses we ride?—No!” he resumed after a pause. “It is *power*, not *honour*—it is the hope of elevating oneself in every respect, in the world without, as well as in the world of one’s own mind: it is this hope which makes me labour where I might rest, and will continue the labour to my grave.—Lucy,” continued Brandon, fixing his keen eyes on his niece, “have you no ambition?—have power, and pomp, and place, no charm for your mind?”

“None!” said Lucy quietly and simply.

“Indeed!—yet there are times when I have thought I recognized my blood in your veins. You are sprung from a once noble, but a fallen race. Are you ever susceptible to the weakness of ancestral pride?”

“You say,” answered Lucy, “that we should care not for those who live after us, much less, I imagine, should we care for those who have lived ages before!”

“Prettily answered,” said Brandon, smiling.—“I will tell you at one time or another what effect that weakness you despise already, once had, long after your age, upon me. You are early wise on some points—profit by my experience, and be so on *all*.”

“That is to say, in despising all men and all things?” said Lucy, also smiling.

“Well never mind my creed; you may be wise after your own; but trust one, dearest Lucy, who loves you purely and disinterestedly, and who has weighed with scales balanced to a hair all the advantages to be gleaned from an earth, in which I verily think the harvest was gathered before we were put into it—trust me, Lucy, and never think love, that maiden’s dream, so valuable as rank and power: pause well before you yield to the former; accept the latter, the moment they are offered you. Love puts you at the feet of another, and that other a tyrant: rank puts others at your feet, and all those thus subjected are your slaves!”

Lucy moved her chair, (so that the new position concealed her face,) and did not answer; and Brandon in an altered tone continued—

“Would you think, Lucy, that *I* once was fool enough to imagine that love was a blessing, and to be eagerly sought for? I gave up my hopes,

my chances of wealth, of distinction, all that had burnt from the years of boyhood into my very heart. I chose poverty, obscurity, humiliation; but I chose also love. What was my reward? Lucy Brandon, I was deceived—deceived!”

Brandon paused, and Lucy took his hand affectionately, but did not break the silence. Brandon resumed.

“Yes, I was deceived! but I in my turn had a revenge, and a fitting revenge,—for it was not the revenge of hatred, but (and the speaker laughed sardonically) of contempt. Enough of this, Lucy! What I wished to say to you is this—grown men and women know more of the truth of things than ye young persons think for. Love is a mere bauble, and no human being ever exchanged for it one solid advantage without repentance. Believe this; and if rank ever puts itself under those pretty feet, be sure not to spurn the footstool.”

So saying, with a slight laugh, Brandon lighted his chamber-candle and left the room for the night.

As soon as the lawyer reached his own apartment, he indited to Lord Mauleverer the following epistle.

“W^HY, dear Mauleverer, do you not come to town? I want you,—your party wants you; perhaps the K—g wants you; and certainly, if you are serious about my niece, the care of your own love-suit should induce you yourself to want to come hither. I have paved the way for you, and, I think, with a little management you may anticipate a speedy success: but Lucy is a strange girl,—and perhaps, after all, though you ought to be on the spot, you had better leave her as much as possible in my hands. I know human nature, Mauleverer, and that knowledge is the engine by which I will work your triumph. As for the young lover, I am not quite sure whether it be not better for our sake, that Lucy should have experienced a disappointment on that score; for when a woman has once loved, and the love is utterly hopeless, she puts all vague ideas of other lovers altogether out of her head; she becomes contented with a husband *whom she can esteem!* sweet canter! But *you*, Mauleverer, want Lucy *to love you!* And so she will,—after you have married her! She will love you partly from the advantages she derives from you, partly from familiarity, (to say nothing of your good qualities.) For my part, I think domesticity goes so far, that I believe a woman always inclined to be affectionate to a man whom she has once seen in his nightcap. However, you should come to town; my poor brother’s recent death allows us to see no one,—the coast will be clear from rivals; grief has softened my niece’s heart;—in a word, you could not have a better opportunity. Come!”

“By the way, you say one of the reasons which made you think ill of this Captain Clifford was, your impression that, in the figure of one of his comrades, you recognized something that appeared to you to resemble one of the fellows who robbed you a few months ago. I understand that, at this moment, the police are in active pursuit of three most accomplished robbers; nor should I be at all surprised, if in this very Clifford were to be found the leader of the gang, viz. the notorious Lovett. I hear that the said leader is a clever and a handsome fellow of a gentlemanlike address, and that

his general associates are two men of the exact stamp of the worthies you have so amusingly described to me. I heard this yesterday from Nabben, the police-officer, with whom I once scraped acquaintance on a trial: and in my grudge against your rival, I hinted at my suspicion, that he, Captain Clifford, might not improbably prove this Rinaldo Rinaldina of the roads. Nabben caught at my hint at once; so that, if it be founded on a true guess, I may flatter my conscience as well as my friendship, by the hope that I have had some hand in hanging this Adonis of my niece's. Whether my guess be true or not, Nabben says he is sure of this Lovett; for one of his gang has promised to betray him. Hang these aspiring dogs! I thought treachery was confined to politics; and that thought makes me turn to public matters,—in which all people are turning with the most edifying celerity."

* * * * *

Sir William Brandon's epistle found Mauleverer in a fitting mood for Lucy and for London. Our worthy peer had been not a little chagrined by Lucy's sudden departure from Bath; and while in doubt whether or not to follow her, the papers had informed him of the Squire's death. Mauleverer, being then fully aware of the impossibility of immediately urging his suit, endeavoured, like the true philosopher he was, to reconcile himself to his hope deferred. Few people were more easily susceptible of consolation than Lord Mauleverer. He found an agreeable lady, of a face more unfaded than her reputation, to whom he entrusted the care of relieving his leisure moments from *ennui*: and being a lively woman, the *confidante* discharged the trust with great satisfaction to Lord Mauleverer, for the space of a fortnight, so that he naturally began to feel his love for Lucy gradually wearing away, by absence and other ties; but just as the triumph of time over passion was growing decisive, the lady left Bath, in company with a tall guardsman, and Mauleverer received Brandon's letter. These two events recalled our excellent lover to a sense of his allegiance; and there being now at Bath no particular attraction to counterbalance the ardour of his affection, Lord Mauleverer ordered the horses to his carriage, and, attended only by his valet, set out for London.

Nothing, perhaps, could convey a better portrait of an aristocrat than a sight of Lord Mauleverer's thin, fastidious features peering forth through the closed window of his luxurious travelling chariot! the rest of the outer man being carefully enveloped in furs, half a dozen novels strewing the seat of the carriage, and a lean French dog, exceedingly like its master, sniffing in vain for the fresh air, which, to the imagination of Mauleverer, was peopled with all sorts of asthmas and catarrhs! It was a fitting picture of an aristocrat, for these reasons;—because it conveyed an impression of indolence—of unwholesomeness—of luxury—of pride—and of ridicule! Mauleverer got out of his carriage at Salisbury, to stretch his limbs, and to amuse himself with a cutlet. Our nobleman was well known on the roads, and as nobody could be more affable, he was equally popular. The officious landlord bustled into the room, to wait himself upon his Lordship, and to tell all the news of the place.

"Well, Mr. Cheerly!" said Mauleverer, bestowing a penetrating glance on his cutlet, "the bad times, I see, have not ruined your cook!"

"Indeed, my Lord, your Lordship is very good, and the times, indeed, are very bad—very bad indeed. Is there enough gravy? Perhaps your Lordship will try the pickled onions?"

"The what!—onions!—oh!—ah! nothing can be better; but I never touch them. So, are the roads good?"

"Your Lordship has, I hope, found them good to Salisbury?"

"Ah! I believe so. Oh! to be sure, excellent to Salisbury. But how are they to London? We have had wet weather lately, I think!"

"No, my Lord. *Here*, the weather has been as dry as a bone."

"Or a cutlet!" muttered Mauleverer; and the host continued—

"As for the roads themselves, my Lord—so far as the roads are concerned, they are pretty good, my Lord! but I can't say as how there is not something about them that might be mended."

"By no means improbable!—you mean the inns and the turnpikes?" rejoined Mauleverer.

"Your Lordship is pleased to be facetious;—no I meant something worse than them!"

"What! the cooks?"

"No, my Lord,—the highwaymen!"

"The highwaymen!—indeed!" said Mauleverer anxiously; for he had with him a case of diamonds, which at that time were, on grand occasions, often the ornaments of a gentleman's dress in the shape of buttons, buckles, &c.; he had also a tolerably large sum of ready money about him, a blessing he had lately begun to find very rare:—"By the way, the rascals robbed me before on this very road. My pistols shall be loaded this time.—Mr. Cheerly, you had better order the horses; one may as well escape the night-fall!"

"Certainly, my Lord, certainly.—Jem, the horses immediately!—Your Lordship will have another cutlet?"

"Not a morsel!"

"A tart?"

"A dev—— not for the world!"

"Bring the cheese, John!"

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Cheerly, but I have dined; and if I have not done justice to your good cheer, thank yourself and the highwaymen.—Where do these highwaymen attack one?"

"Why, my Lord, the neighbourhood of Reading is, I believe, the worst part; but they are very troublesome all the way to Salthill."

"Damnation!—the very neighbourhood in which the knaves robbed me before!—You may well call them *troublesome*! Why the deuce don't the police clear the county of such a moveable species of trouble?"

"Indeed, my Lord, I don't know; but they say as how Captain Lovett, the famous robber, be one of the set; and nobody can catch him, I fear!"

"Because, I suppose, the dog has the sense to bribe as well as bully.—What is the general number of these ruffians?"

"Why, my Lord, sometimes one, sometimes two, but seldom more than three."

Mauleverer drew himself up. "My dear diamonds, and my pretty purse!" thought he; "I may save you yet!"

"Have you been long plagued with the fel-

ows?" he asked, after a pause, as he was paying his bill.

"Why, my Lord, we have, and we have not: fancy as how they have a sort of haunt near Reading, for sometimes they are intolerable just about there, and sometimes they are quiet for months together! For instance, my Lord, we thought them all gone sometime ago; but lately they have regularly stopped every one, though I hear as how they have cleared no great booty as yet."

Here the waiter announced the horses, and Mauleverer slowly re-entered his carriage, among the bows and smiles of the charmed spirits of the hostelry.

During the daylight, Mauleverer, who was naturally of a gallant and fearless temper, thought no more of the highwaymen,—a species of danger so common at that time, that it was almost considered disgraceful to suffer the dread of it to be a cause of delay on the road. Travellers seldom deemed it best to lose time in order to save money; and they carried with them a stout heart and a brace of pistols, instead of sleeping all night on the road. Mauleverer, rather a *preux chevalier*, was precisely of this order of wayfarers; and a night at an inn, when it was possible to avoid it, was to him, as to most rich Englishmen, a tedious torture most zealously to be shunned. It never, therefore, entered into the head of our excellent nobleman, despite his experience, that his diamonds and his purse might be saved from all danger, if he would consent to deposit them, with his own person, at some place of hospitable reception; nor, indeed, was it till he was within a stage of Reading, and the twilight had entirely closed in, that he troubled his head much on the matter. But while the horses were putting to, he summoned the postboys to him, and, after regarding their countenances with the eye of a man accustomed to read physiognomies, he thus eloquently addressed them:—

"Gentlemen,—I am informed that there is some danger of being robbed between this town and Salthill. Now, I beg to inform you, that I think it next to impossible for four horses properly directed, to be stopped by less than four men. To that number I shall probably yield; to a less number I shall most assuredly give nothing but bullets.—You understand me?"

The postboys grinned, touched their hats, and Mauleverer slowly continued—

"If, therefore,—mark me,—one, two, or three men stop your horses, and I find that the use of your whips and spurs are ineffectual in releasing the animals from the hold of the robbers, I intend with these pistols—you observe them—to shoot at the gentlemen who detain you; but as though I am generally a dead shot, my eyesight wavers a little in the dark, I think it very possible that I may have the misfortune to shoot *you*, gentlemen, instead of the robbers! You see the rascals will be close by you, sufficiently so to put you in jeopardy, unless, indeed, you knock them down with the butt end of your whips. I merely mention this, that you may be prepared. Should such a mistake occur, you need not be uneasy beforehand, for I will take every possible care of your widows; should it not, and should we reach Salthill in safety, I intend to testify my sense of the excellence of your driving, by a present of ten guineas

a-piece! Gentlemen, I have done with you. I give you my honour, as a British nobleman, that I am serious in what I have said to you. Do me the favour to mount."

Mauleverer then called his favourite servant, who sat in the dicky in front, (rumble-tumbles not being then in use)—

"Smoothson," said he, "the last time we were attacked on this very road, you behaved damnably. See that you do better this time, or it may be the worse for you. You have pistols to-night about you, eh! Well! that's right! And you are sure they're loaded. Very well! Now, then, if we are stopped, don't lose a moment. Jump down, and fire one of your pistols at the first robber. Keep the other for a *sure aim*. One shot is to intimidate, the second to slay. You comprehend! My pistols are in excellent order, I suppose. Lend me the ramrod. So so! No trick this time!"

"They would kill a fly, my Lord, provided your Lordship fired straight upon it."

"I do not doubt you!" said Mauleverer; "light the lanthorns, and tell the postboys to drive on!"

It was a frosty and tolerably clear night. The dusk of the twilight had melted away beneath the moon, which had just risen, and the hoary rime glittered from the bushes and the sward, breaking into a thousand diamonds, as it caught the rays of the stars. On went the horses briskly, their breath steaming against the fresh air, and their hoofs sounding cheerily on the hard ground. The rapid motion of the carriage—the bracing coolness of the night—and the excitement occasioned by anxiety and the forethought of danger, all conspired to stir the languid blood of Lord Mauleverer into a vigorous and exhilarating sensation, natural in youth to his character, but utterly contrary to the nature he had imbibed from the customs of his manhood.

He felt his pistols, and his hands trembled a little, as he did so:—not the least from fear, but from that restlessness and eagerness peculiar to nervous persons placed in a new situation.

"In this country," said he to himself, "I have been only once robbed in the course of my life. It was then a little my fault; for before I took to my pistols, I should have been certain they were loaded. To-night, I shall be sure to avoid a similar blunder; and my pistols have an eloquence in their barrels which is exceedingly moving. Humph, another milestone. These fellows drive well; but we are entering a pretty looking spot for Messieurs the disciples of Robin Hood!"

It was indeed a picturesque spot, by which the carriage was now rapidly whirling. A few miles from Maidenhead, on the *Henley* road, our readers will probably remember a small track of forest-like land, lying on either side of the road. To the left, the green waste bears away among trees and bushes; and one skilled in the country may pass from that spot, through a landscape as little tenanted as green Sherwood was formerly, into the chains of wild common and deep beech-woods which border a certain portion of Oxfordshire, and contrast so beautifully the general characteristics of that county.

At the time we speak of, the country was even far wilder than it is now, and just on that point where the Henley and the Reading roads unite was a spot (communicating then with the waste land we have described) than which perhaps few

places could be more adapted to the purposes of such true men as have recourse to the primary law of nature. Certain it was, that at this part of the road Mauleverer looked more anxiously from his window than he had hitherto done, and apparently the increased earnestness of his survey, was not altogether without meeting its reward.

About a hundred yards to the left, three dark objects were just discernible in the shade; a moment more, and the objects emerging grew into the forms of three men, well mounted, and riding at a brisk trot.

"Only three!" thought Mauleverer, "that is well;" and leaning from the front-window with a pistol in either hand, Mauleverer cried out to the postboys in a stern tone, "Drive on, and recollect what I told you!—Remember!" he added to his servant. The postboys scarcely looked round, but their spurs were buried in their horses, and the animals flew on like lightning.

The three strangers made a halt, as if in conference: their decision was prompt. Two wheeled round from their comrades, and darted at full gallop by the carriage. Mauleverer's pistol was already protruded from the front-window, when to his astonishment, and to the utter baffling of his ingenious admonition to his drivers, he beheld the two postboys knocked from their horses one after the other with a celerity that scarcely allowed him an exclamation; and before he had recovered his self-possession, the horses taking fright (and their fright being skilfully taken advantage of by the highwaymen), the carriage was fairly whirled into a ditch on the right side of the road, and upset. Meanwhile, Smoothson had leapt from his station in the front, and having fired, though without effect, at the third robber, who approached menacingly toward him, he gained the time to open the carriage door, and extricate his master.

The moment Mauleverer found himself on *terra firma*, he prepared his courage for offensive measures, and he and Smoothson standing side by side in front of the unfortunate vehicle, presented no unformidable aspect to the enemy. The two robbers who had so decisively rid themselves of the postboys, acted with no less determination toward the horses. One of them dismounted, cut the traces, and suffered the plunging quadrupeds to go whither they listed. This measure was not however allowed to be taken with impunity; a ball from Mauleverer's pistol passed through the hat of the highwayman with an aim so slightly erring, that it whizzed among the locks of the astounded hero, with a sound that sent a terror to his heart, no less from a love of his head, than from anxiety for his hair. The shock staggered him for a moment: and a second shot from the hand of Mauleverer would have probably finished his earthly career, had not the third robber, who had hitherto remained almost inactive, thrown himself from his horse, which tutored to such docility remained perfectly still, and advancing with a bold step and a levelled pistol toward Mauleverer and his servant, said in a resolute voice, "Gentlemen, it is useless to struggle; we are well armed, and resolved on effecting our purpose: your persons shall be safe, if you lay down your arms, and also such part of your property as you may particularly wish to retain. But if you resist, I cannot answer for your lives!"

Mauleverer had listened patiently to this speech in order that he might have more time for adjusting his aim: his reply was a bullet, which grazed the side of the speaker and tore away the skin, without inflicting any more dangerous wound. Muttering a curse upon the error of his aim, and resolute to the last, when his blood was once up, Mauleverer backed one pace, drew his sword, and threw himself into the attitude of a champion well skilled in the use of the instrument he wore.

But that incomparable personage was in a far way of ascertaining what happiness in the world to come is preserved for a man who has spared no pains to make himself comfortable in this. For the two first and most active robbers having finished the achievement of the horses, now approached Mauleverer, and the taller of them, still indignant at the late peril to his hair, cried out in a Stoic voice—

"By G—d! you old fool, if you don't throw down your toasting-fork, I'll be the death of you!"

The speaker suited the action to the word, by cocking an immense pistol; Mauleverer stood his ground, but Smoothson retreated, and stumbling against the wheel of the carriage fell backward; the next instant, the second highwayman had possessed himself of the valet's pistols, and, quietly seated on the fallen man's stomach, amused himself by inspecting the contents of the domestic's pockets. Mauleverer was now alone, and his stubbornness so enraged the tall bully, that his hand was already on his trigger, when the third robber, whose side Mauleverer's bullet had grazed, thrust himself between the two.—"Hold, Ned!" said he, pushing back his comrade's pistol.—"And you, my Lord, whose rashness ought to cost you your life, learn that men can rob generously." So saying, with one dexterous stroke from the robber's riding-whip, Mauleverer's sword flew upwards, and alighted at the distance of ten yards from its owner.

"Approach now," said the victor to his comrades. "Rifle the carriage, and with all despatch."

The tall highwayman hastened to execute this order; and the lesser one having satisfactorily finished the inquisition into Mr. Smoothson's pockets, drew forth from his own pouch a tolerably thick rope; with this he tied the hands of the prostrate valet, moralizing as he wound the rope round and round the wrists of the fallen man, in the following edifying strain:—

"Lie still, Sir, lie still, I beseech you; all wise men are fatalists; and no proverb is more pithy than that which says, 'What can't be cured must be endured.' Lie still I tell you; little, perhaps, do you think that you are performing one of the noblest functions of humanity: yes, Sir, you are filling the pockets of the destitute, and by my present action, I am securing you from any weakness of the flesh likely to impede so praiseworthy an end, and so hazard the excellence of your action. There, Sir, your hands are tight,—lie still and reflect."

As he said this, with three gentle applications of his feet, the moralist rolled Mr. Smoothson, into the ditch, and hastened to join his lengthy comrade in his pleasing occupation.

In the interim, Mauleverer and the third robber (who in the true spirit of government, remained dignified and inactive while his followers plundered

CHAPTER XXVIII.

what he certainly designed to share, if not to monopolize,) stood within a few feet of each other, face to face.

Mauleverer had now convinced himself that all endeavour to save his property was hopeless, and he had also the consolation of thinking he had done his best to defend it. He therefore bade all his thoughts return to the care of his person. He adjusted his fur collar around his neck with great sang froid, drew on his gloves, and, patting his terrified poodle, who sat shivering on its haunches with one paw raised, and nervously trembling, he said—

"You, Sir, seem to be a civil person, and I really should have felt quite sorry if I had had the misfortune to wound you. You are not hurt, I trust. Pray, if I may inquire, how am I to proceed? my carriage is in the ditch, and my horses by this time are probably at the end of the world."

"As for that matter," said the robber, whose face, like those of his comrades, was closely masked in the approved fashion of highwaymen of that day, "I believe you will have to walk to Maidenhead,—it is not far, and the night is fine!"

"A very trifling hardship indeed!" said Mauleverer ironically; but his new acquaintance made no reply, nor did he appear at all desirous of entering into any farther conversation with Mauleverer.

The Earl, therefore, after watching the operations of the other robbers for some moments, turned on his heel, and remained humming an opera tune, with dignified indifference, until the pair had finished rifling the carriage, and seizing Mauleverer, proceeded to rifle him.

With a curled lip and a raised brow, that supreme personage suffered himself to be, as the taller robber expressed it, "cleaned out." His watch, his rings, his purse, and his snuff-box, all went. It was long since the rascals had captured such a booty.

They had scarcely finished when the postboys, who had now begun to look about them, uttered a simultaneous cry, and at some distance a wagon was seen heavily approaching. Mauleverer really wanted his money, to say nothing of his diamonds; and so soon as he perceived assistance at hand, a new hope darted within him. His sword still lay on the ground; he sprang toward it—seized it, uttered a shout for help, and threw himself fiercely on the highwayman who had disarmed him; but the robber, warding off the blade with his whip, retreated to his saddle, which he managed, despite of Mauleverer's lunges, to regain with impunity.

The other two had already mounted, and within a minute afterwards not a vestige of the trio was visible. "This is what may fairly be called *single blessedness*!" said Mauleverer, as, dropping his useless sword, he thrust his hands into his pockets.

Leaving our peerless peer to find his way to Maidenhead on foot, accompanied (to say nothing of the poodle) by one wagoner, two postboys, and the released Mr. Smootson, all four charming him with their condolences, we follow with our story the steps of the three *alieni appetentes*.

The rogues were very merry on the booty. They said a thousand things that showed the wickedness of their morals.

Gill Blas.

They fixed on a spot where they made a cave, which was large enough to receive them and their horses. This cave was enclosed within a sort of thicket of bushes and brambles. From this station they used to issue, &c.

Memoirs of Richard Turpin.

It was not for several minutes after their flight, had commenced, that any conversation passed between the robbers. Their horses flew on like wind, and the country through which they rode presented to their speed no other obstacle than an occasional hedge, or a short cut through the thicknesses of some leafless beechwood. The stars lent them a merry light, and the spirits of two of them at least were fully in sympathy with the exhilaration of the pace and the air. Perhaps, in the third, a certain presentiment that the present adventure would end less merrily than it had begun, conspired, with other causes of gloom, to check that exaltation of the blood which generally follows a successful exploit.

The path which the robbers took wound by the sides of long woods, or across large tracts of uncultivated land. Nor did they encounter any thing living by the road, save now and then a solitary owl, wheeling its grey body around the skirts of the bare woods, or occasionally troops of conies, pursuing their sports and enjoying their midnight food in the fields.

"Heavens!" cried the tall robber, whose incognito we need no longer preserve, and who, as our readers are doubtless aware, answered to the name of Pepper,—*"Heavens!"* cried he, looking upward at the starry skies in a sort of ecstasy, "what a jolly life this is! Some fellows like hunting, damn it, what hunting is like the road! If there be sport in hunting down a nasty fox, how much more is there in hunting down a nice clean nobleman's carriage! If there be joy in getting a brush, how much more is there in getting a purse! If it be pleasant to fly over a hedge in the broad daylight, hang me if it be not ten times finer sport to skim it by night,—here goes! Look how the hedges run away from us, and the silly old moon dances about, as if the sight of us put the good lady in spirits! Those old maids are always glad to have an eye upon such fine dashing young fellows."

"Ay," cried the more erudite and sententious Augustus Tomlinson, roused by success from his usual philosophical sobriety. "No work is so pleasant as night-work, and the witches our ancestors burnt were in the right to ride out on their broomsticks, with the owls and the stars. We are their successors now, Ned. We are your true fly-by-nights!"

"Only," quoth Ned, "we are a cursed deal more clever than they were; for they played their game without being a bit the richer for it, and we—I say, Tomlinson, where the devil did you put that red morocco case?"

"Experience never enlightens the foolish!" said Tomlinson, "or you would have known, without asking, that I had put it in the very safest pocket in my coat. 'Gad, how heavy it is!"

"Well!" cried Pepper, "I can't say I wish it were lighter! Only think of our robbing my Lord twice, and on the same road too!"

"I say, Lovett," exclaimed Tomlinson, "was it not odd that we should have stumbled upon our Bath friend so unceremoniously? Lucky for us, that we are so strict in robbing in masks! He would not have thought the better of Bath company, if he had seen our faces."

Lovett, or rather Clifford, had hitherto been silent. He now turned slowly in his saddle, and said—"As it was, the poor devil, was very nearly dispatched. Long Ned was making short work with him—if I had not interposed!"

"And why did you?" said Ned.

"Because I will have no killing: it is the curse of the noble art of our profession, to have passionate professors like thee."

"Passionate!" repeated Ned; "well, I am a little choleric, I own it, but that is not so great a fault on the road as it would be in house-breaking. I don't know a thing that requires so much coolness and self-possession as cleaning out a house from top to bottom, quietly and civilly, mind you!"

"That is the reason, I suppose, then," said Augustus, "that you altogether renounced that career. Your first adventure was house-breaking, I think I have heard you say. I confess, it was a vulgar debut—not worthy of you!"

"No!—Harry Cook seduced me! but the specimen I saw that night disgusted me of picking locks; it brings one in contact with such low companions: only think, there was a merchant—a rag-merchant, one of the party!"

"Faugh!" said Tomlinson, in solemn disgust.

"Ay, you may well turn up your lip: I never broke into a house again."

"Who were your other companions?" asked Augustus.

"Only Harry Cook,* and a very singular woman——"

Here Ned's narrative was interrupted by a dark defile through a wood, allowing room for only one horseman at a time. They continued this gloomy path for several minutes, until at length it brought them to the brink of a large dell, overgrown with bushes and spreading around, somewhat in the form of a rude semicircle. Here the robbers dismounted, and led their reeking horses down the descent. Long Ned, who went first, paused at a cluster of bushes, which seemed so thick as to defy intrusion, but which yielding, on either side, to the experienced hand of the robber, presented what appeared the mouth of a cavern. A few steps along the passage of this gulph brought them to a door, which, even seen by torchlight, would have appeared so exactly similar in colour and material to the rude walls on either side, as to have deceived any unsuspecting eye, and which, in the customary darkness brooding over it, might have remained for centuries undiscovered. Touching a secret latch the door opened, and the robbers were in the secure precincts of the "Red Cave!" It may be remembered, that, among the early studies of our exemplary hero, the memoirs of Richard Turpin had formed a conspicuous portion; and it may also be remembered, that, in the miscellaneous adventures of that gentleman, nothing had more delighted the juvenile imagination of the student, than the description of the forest cave, in which the gallant Turpin had been accustomed to conceal himself, his friend, his horse,

"And that sweet mist who lay by Turpin's side; or, to speak more domestically, the respectable Mrs. Turpin. So strong a hold, indeed, had that early reminiscence fixed upon our hero's mind, that, no sooner had he risen to eminence among his friends, than he had put the project of his childhood into execution. He had selected for the scene of his ingenuity an admirable spot. In a thinly-peopled country, surrounded by common and woods, and yet (as Mr. Robins would say, if he had to dispose of it by auction,) "within an easy ride" of populous and well frequented roads, it possessed all the advantages of secrecy for itself and convenience for depredation. Very few of the gang, and those only who had been employed in its construction, were made acquainted with the secret of this cavern; and as our adventurer rarely visited it, and only on occasions of urgent want, or secure concealment, it had continued for more than two years undiscovered and unsuspected.

The cavern, originally hollowed by nature, owed but little to the decorations of art; nevertheless, the roughness of the walls was concealed by a rude but comfortable arras of matting: four or five of such seats as the robbers themselves could construct, were drawn around a small but bright wood-fire, which, as there was no chimney, spread a thin volume of smoke over the apartment. The height of the cave, added to the universal reconciler—custom, prevented, however, this evil from being seriously unpleasant; and, indeed, like the tenants of an Irish cabin, perhaps the inmates attached a degree of comfort to a circumstance which was coupled with their dearest household associations. A table, formed of a board coarsely planed, and supported by four legs of irregular size, made equal by the introduction of blocks or wedges between the legs and the floor, stood warming its uncouth self by the fire. At one corner, a covered cart made a conspicuous article of furniture, no doubt useful either in conveying plunder or provisions; beside the wheels were carelessly thrown two or three coarse carpenter's tools, and the more warlike utilities of a blunderbuss, a rifle, and two broad-swords. In the other corner was an open cupboard, containing rows of pewter platters, mugs, &c. Opposite the fire-place, which was to the left of the entrance, an excavation had been turned into a dormitory, and fronting the entrance was a pair of broad, strong, wooden steps, ascending to a large hollow about eight feet from the ground. This was the entrance to the stables; and as soon as their owners released the reins of the horses, the docile animals proceeded one by one leisurely up the steps, in the manner of quadrupeds educated at the public seminary of Astley's, and disappeared within the aperture.

These steps, when drawn up, which however, from their extreme clumsiness, required the united strength of two ordinary men, and was not that instantaneous work which it should have been, made the place above a tolerably strong hold, for the wall was perfectly perpendicular and level, and it was only by placing his hands upon the ledge, and so lifting himself gymnastically upward, that an active assailant could have reached the eminence; a work which defenders equally active, it may easily be supposed, would not be likely to allow.

This upper cave—for our robbers paid more attention to their horses than themselves, as the

* A noted highwayman.

abler animals of the two species,—was evidently fitted up with some labour. The stalls were judely divided; the litter of dry fern was clean, roughs were filled with oats, and a large tub had been supplied from a pond at a little distance. A cart-harness, and some old wagoners' frocks were fixed on pegs to the wall. While at the far end of these singular stables was a door strongly barred, and only just large enough to admit the body of a man. The confederates had made it an express law never to enter their domain by this door, or to use it, except for the purpose of escape, should the cave ever be attacked; in which case, while one or two defended the entrance from the inner cave, another might unbar the door, and as it opened upon the thickest part of the wood, through which with great ingenuity a labyrinthine path had been cut, not easily tracked by ignorant pursuers, these precautions of the highwaymen had provided a fair hope of at least a temporary escape from any invading enemies.

Such were the domestic arrangements of the Red Cave; and it will be conceded that, at least, some skill had been shown in the choice of the spot, if here were a lack of taste in its adornments.

While the horses were performing their nightly scent, our three heroes, after securing the door, made at once to the fire. And there, O reader, they were greeted in welcome by one,—an old and evered acquaintance of thine,—whom in such a scene it will equally astound, and wound thee to behold.

Know then,—but first we will describe to thee the occupation and the garb of the august personage to whom we allude. Bending over a large gridiron, daintily bespread with steaks of the fattedump, the INDIVIDUAL stood;—with his right arm bared above the elbow, and his right hand grasping that mimic trident known unto gastronomers by the monosyllable “fork.” His wigless head was adorned with a cotton nightcap. His upper vestment was discarded, and a whitish apron flowed gracefully down his middle man. His stockings were ungartered, and permitted between the knee and the calf, interesting glances of the nude carnal. One list shoe and one of leathern manufacture cased his ample feet. Enterprise, or the noble glow of his present culinary profession, spread a yet rosier blush over a countenance early tinged by generous libations, and from beneath the curtain of his pallid eyelashes, his large and rotund orbs gleamed dazzlingly on the new-comers. Such, O reader, was the aspect and the occupation of the venerable man whom we have long since taught thee to admire, such—alas for the mutabilities of earth!—was—a new chapter only can contain the same.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Caliban. Hast thou not dropped from Heaven!
Tempest.

PETER MAC GRAWLER	!	!	!	!
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CHAPTER XXX.

God bless our King and Parliament,
And send he may make such knaves repent!
Loyal Songs against the Rump Parliament.
Ho, treachery! my guards, my scymitar!
BYRON.

When the irreverent Mr. Pepper had warmed his hands sufficiently to be able to transfer them from the fire, he lifted the right palm, and with an indecent jocularity of spirits, accosted the *ci-devant* ornament of the Asinæum, with a sounding slap on his back—or some *such* part of his conformation.

“Ah, old boy!” said he, “is this the way you keep house for us? A fire not large enough to roast a nit, and a supper too small to fatten him beforehand! But how the deuce should you know how to provender for gentlemen? You thought you were in Scotland, I’ll be bound!”

“Perhaps he did, when he looked upon you, Ned!” said Tomlinson gravely; “’tis but rarely out of Scotland that a man can see so big a rogue in so little a compass!”

Mr. Mac Grawler, into whose eyes the palmistry of Long Ned had brought tears of sincere feeling, and who had hitherto been rubbing the afflicted part, now grumbled forth—

“You may say what you please, Mr. Pepper,—but it is not often in my country, that men of genius are seen performing the part of cooks to robbers!”

“No!” quoth Tomlinson, “they are performing the more profitable part, of robbers to cooks, eh?”

“Dammee, you’re out,” cried Long Ned, “for, in that country, there are either no robbers, because there is nothing to rob; or the inhabitants are all robbers, who have plundered one another, and made away with the booty!”

“May the deil catch thee,” said Mac Grawler, stung to the quick,—for, like all Scots, he was a patriot;—much on the same principle as a woman who has the worst children makes the best mother.

“The deil!” said Ned, mimicking the “silver sound,” as Sir W. Scott has been pleased facetiously to call the “mountain tongue,”—the Scots in general seem to think it *is* silver, they keep it so carefully.—“The deil, *Mac Deil*, you mean,—sure the gentleman must have been a Scotchman!”

The sage grinned in spite; but remembering the patience of Epictetus when a slave, and mindful also of the strong arm of Long Ned, he curbed his temper, and turned the beefsteaks with his fork.

“Well, Ned,” said Augustus, throwing himself into a chair, which he drew to the fire, while he gently patted the huge limbs of Mr. Pepper, as if to admonish him that they were not so transparent as glass—“let us look at the fire; and by-the-by, it is your turn to see to the horses.”

“Plague on it!” cried Ned, “it is always my turn, I think.—Hollo, you Scot of the pot, can’t

you prove that I groomed the beasts last ! I'll give you a crown to do it."

The wise Mac Grawler pricked up his ears.

"A crown !" said he,—*"a crown ! do you mean to insult me, Mr. Pepper ! but, to be sure, you did see to the horses last, and this worthy gentleman, Mr. Tomlinson, must remember it too."*

"How, I !" cried Augustus ; "you are mistaken, and I'll give you half a guinea to prove it."

Mac Grawler opened his eyes larger and larger, as you may see a small circle in the water widen into enormity.

"Half a guinea !" said he ; "nay, nay, you joke ; I'm not mercenary, you think I am ! pooh, pooh ! you're mistaken ; I'm a man who means well, a man of veracity, and will speak the truth in spite of all the half guineas in the world. But certainly, now I begin to think of it, Mr. Tomlinson did see to the creatures last,—and, Mr. Pepper, it is your turn."

"A very Daniel !" said Tomlinson, chuckling in his usual dry manner.—"Ned, don't you hear the horses neigh !"

"Oh, hang the horses !" said the volatile Pepper, forgetting every thing else, as he thrust his hands in his pockets, and felt the gains of the night ; "let us first look to our winnings !"

So saying, he marched toward the table, and emptied his pockets thereon : Tomlinson, nothing loth, followed the example. Heavens ! what exclamations of delight issued from the scoundrels' lips, as, one by one, they inspected their new acquisitions.

"Here's a magnificent creature !" cried Ned, handling that superb watch studded with jewels, which the poor Earl had once before unavailingly redeemed : "a repeater, by Jove !"

"I hope not," said the phlegmatic Augustus ; "repeaters would not tell well for your conversation, Ned !—But powers that be ! look at this ring, a diamond of the first water !"

"Oh the sparkler ! it makes one's mouth water as much as itself. 'Sdeath, here's a precious box for a sneezer ! a picture inside, and rubies outside. The old fellow had excellent taste ! it would charm him to see how pleased we are with his choice of jewellery !"

"Talking of jewellery," said Tomlinson, "I had almost forgotten the morocco case ; between you and me, I imagine we have a prize there ; it looks like a jewel casket !"

So saying, the robber opened that case which on many a gala day had lent lustre to the polished person of Mauleverer. O reader, the burst of rapture that ensued ! imagine it ! we cannot express it ! Like the Grecian painter, we drop a veil over emotions too deep for words.

"But here !" said Pepper, when they had almost exhausted their transports at sight of the diamonds, "here's the purse—fifty guineas ! and what's this ? notes, by Jupiter ! we must change them to-morrow, before they are stopped. Curse those fellows, they are always imitating us ; we stop their money, and they don't lose a moment in stopping it too. Three hundred pounds ! Captain, what say you to our luck !"

Clifford had sat gloomily looking on, during the operations of the robbers ; he now, assuming a correspondent cheerfulness of manner, made a suitable reply, and after some general conversation, the work of division took place.

"We are the best arithmeticians in the world !" said Augustus, as he pouched his share : "addition, subtraction, division, reduction,—we have them all as pat as 'the Tutor's Assistant ;' and, what is better, we make them all applicable to the *Rule of Three*."

"You have left out multiplication !" said Clifford, smiling.

"Ah ! because that works differently ; the other rules apply to the species of the kingdom ; but as for multiplication, we multiply, I fear, no species but our own !"

"Fie, Gentlemen !" said Mac Grawler astutely,—for there is a wonderful decorum in your true Scotsmen. Actions are trifles ; nothing can be cleaner than their words !"

"Oh, you thrust in your wisdom, do you !" said Ned. "I suppose you want your part of the booty !"

"Part," said the subtilizing Tomlinson. "He has nine times as many parts as we have already. Is he not a critic, and has he not the parts of speech at his fingers' end !"

"Nonsense !" said Mac Grawler, instinctively holding out his hands, with the fork dropping between the stretched fingers of the right palm.

"Nonsense yourself !" cried Ned, "you have a share in what you never took ! a pretty fellow, truly ! Mind your business, Mr. Scot, and fork nothing but the beefsteaks !"

With this Ned turned to the stables, and soon disappeared among the horses ; but Clifford, eyeing the disappointed and eager face of the culinary sage, took ten guineas from his own share, and pushed them toward his quondam tutor.

"There !" said he emphatically.

"Nay, nay," grunted Mac Grawler ; "I don't want the money, it is my way to scorn such dross !" So saying, he pocketed the coins, and turned, muttering to himself, to the renewal of his festive preparations.

Meanwhile a whispered conversation took place between Augustus and the Captain, and continued till Ned returned,

"And the night's viands smoked along the board !"

Souls of Don Raphael and Ambrose Lamb, what a charming thing it is to be a rogue for a little time ! How merry men are when they have cheated their brethren ! Your innocent milkmaids never made so jolly a supper as did our heroes of the way. Clifford, perhaps, acted a part, but the hilarity of his comrades was unfeigned. It was a delicious contrast, the boisterous "Ha, ha !" of Long Ned, and the secret, dry, calculating chuckle of Augustus Tomlinson. It was Rabelais against Voltaire. They united only in the objects of their jests, and foremost of those objects—(wisdom is ever the butt of the frivolous !)—was the great Peter Mac Grawler.

The graceless dogs were especially merry upon the subject of the sage's former occupation.

"Come, Mac, you carve this ham," said Ned ; "you have had practice in cutting up."

The learned man whose name was thus disrespectfully abbreviated proceeded to perform what he was bid. He was about to sit down for that purpose, when Tomlinson slyly subtracted his chair—the sage fell.

"No jests at Mac Grawler," said the malicious

Augustus; "whatever be his faults as a critic, you see that he is well grounded, and he gets at once to the bottom of a subject.—Mac, suppose your next work be entitled, 'a tail of wo!'"

Men who have great minds are rarely flexible; they do not take a jest readily; so it was with Mac Grawler. He rose in a violent rage, and had the obbers been more penetrating than they condescended to be, they might have noticed something dangerous in his eye. As it was, Clifford, who had often before been the protector of his tutor, interposed in his behalf, drew the sage a seat near to himself, and filled his plate for him. It was interesting to see this deference from Power to Learning! It was Alexander doing homage to Aristotle!

"There is only one thing I regret," cried Ned with his mouth full, "about the old lord,—it was a thousand pities we did not make him dance! I remember the day, Captain, when you would have insisted on it. What a merry fellow you were once! Do you recollect, one bright moonlight night, just like the present, for instance, when we were doing duty near Staines, how you swore every person we stopped, above fifty years old, should dance a minuet with you?"

"Ay!" added Augustus, "and the first was a bishop in a white wig. Faith, how stiffly his lordship jigged it! And how gravely Lovett bowed to him, with his hat off, when it was all over, and returned him his watch and ten guineas,—it was worth the sacrifice!"

"And the next was an old maid of quality," said Ned, "as lean as a lawyer.—Don't you remember how she curveted?"

"To be sure," said Tomlinson, "and you very wittily called her a *hop-pole*!"

"How delighted she was with the Captain's suavity! When he gave her back her earrings, and *aigrette*, she bade him with a tender sigh keep them for her sake,—ha! ha!"

"And the third was a beau!" cried Augustus, "and Lovett surrendered his right of partnership to me. Do you recollect how I danced his beau-ship into the ditch?—ah! we were mad fellows then; but we get sated, *blase*, as the French say, as we grow older!"

"We look only to the main chance now!" said Ned.

"Avarice supersedes enterprise," added the sententious Augustus.

"And our Captain takes to wine with an *h* after the *w*!" continued the metaphorical Ned.

"Come, we are melancholy," said Tomlinson, tossing off a bumper. "Methinks we are *really* growing old: we shall repent soon, and the next step will be—hanging!"

"Fore Gad!" said Ned, helping himself, "don't be so croaking. There are two classes of malignant gentry, who should always be particular to avoid certain colours in dressing: I hate to see a true boy in black, or a devil in blue. But here's my last glass to-night! I am confoundedly sleepy, and we rise early to-morrow."

"Right, Ned," said Tomlinson; "give us a song before you retire, and let it be that one which Lovett composed the last time we were here."

Ned, always pleased with an opportunity of displaying himself, cleared his voice and complied.

A DITTY FROM SHERWOOD.

I.

Laugh with us at the prince and the palace,
In the wild wood-life there is better cheer;
Would you heard your mirth from your neighbour's malice,
Gather it up in our garners here.
Some kings their wealth from their subjects wring,
While by their foes they the poorer wax;
Free go the men of the wise wood-king,
And it is only our foes we tax.
Leave the cheats of trade to the shrewd gude-wife:
Let the old be knaves at ease;
Away with the tide of that dashing life
Which is stirred by a constant breeze!

II.

Laugh with us when you hear deceiving
And cobblers regains tell you what knaves we be;
Commerce and law have a method of thieving
Worse than a stand at the outlaw's tree.
Say, with the maiden we love despite
Gallants at least to each other true?
I grant that we trample on legal ties,
But I have heard that Love scorns them too.
Courage then, courage, ye jelly boys,
Whom the fool with the knavish rates;
Oh! who that is loved by the world enjoys
Half as much as the man it hates!

"Bravissimo! Ned," cried Tomlinson, rapping the table—"bravissimo! your voice is superb to-night, and your song admirable. Really, Lovett, it does your poetical genius great credit; quite philosophical, upon my honour."

"Bravissimo!" said Mac Grawler, nodding his head awfully. "Mr. Pepper's voice is as sweet as a bagpipe!—Ah! such a song would have been invaluable to the Assassins, when I had the honour to—"

"Be Vicar of Bray to that establishment," interrupted Tomlinson. "Pray, Mac Grawler, why do they call Edinburgh the modern Athens?"

"Because of the learned and great men it produces," returned Mac Grawler with conscious pride.

"Pooh! pooh!—you are thinking of ancient Athens. Your city is called the modern Athens, because you are all so like the modern Athenians,—the damndest scoundrels imaginable, unless travellers belie them."

"Nay," interrupted Ned, who was softened by the applause of the Critic, "Mac is a good fellow, spare him. Gentlemen, your health. I am going to bed, and I suppose you will not tarry long behind me."

"Trust us for that," answered Tomlinson; "the Captain and I will consult on the business of the morrow, and join you in the twinkling of a bed-post, as it has been shrewdly expressed."

Ned yawned his last "good night," and disappeared within the dormitory. Mac Grawler yawning also, but with a graver yawn, as became his wisdom, betook himself to the duty of removing the supper paraphernalia: after bustling soberly about for some minutes, he let down a press-bed in the corner of the cave, (for he did not sleep in the robbers' apartment,) and undressing himself, soon appeared buried in the bosom of Morpheus. But the Chief and Tomlinson, drawing their seats nearer to the dying embers, defied the slothful god, and entered with low tones into a close and anxious commune.

"So then," said Augustus, "now that you have realized sufficient funds for your purpose, you will really desert us,—have you well weighed the *prob* and *cons*? Remember, that nothing is so danger-

ous to our state as reform; the moment a man grows honest, the gang forsake him; the magistrate misses his fee; the informer peaches; and the recusant hangs."

"I have well weighed all this," answered Clifford, "and have decided on my course. I have only tarried till my means could assist my will. With my share of our present and late booty, I shall betake myself to the Continent. Prussia gives easy trust, and ready promotion, to all who will enlist in her service. But this language, my dear friend, seems strange from your lips. Surely you will join me in my separation from the corps! What! you shake your head! Are you not the same Tomlinson who at Bath agreed with me, that we were in danger from the envy of our comrades, and that retreat had become necessary to our safety? Nay, was not this your main argument for our matrimonial expedition?"

"Why, look you, dear Lovett," said Augustus, "we are all blocks of matter, formed from the atoms of custom;—in other words, we are a mechanism, to which habit is the spring. What could I do in an honest career? I am many years older than you. I have lived as a rogue, till I have no other nature than roguery. I doubt if I should not be a coward were I to turn soldier. I am sure I should be the most consummate of rascals were I to affect to be honest. No: I mistook myself when I talked of separation. I must e'en jog on with my old comrades, and in my old ways, till I jog into the noose hempen—or, melancholy alternative, the noose matrimonial!"

"This is mere folly," said Clifford, from whose nervous and masculine mind habits were easily shaken. "We have not for so many years discarded all the servile laws of others, to be the abject slaves of our own weaknesses. Come, my dear fellow, rouse yourself. God knows, were I to succumb to the feebleness of my own heart, I should be lost indeed. And perhaps, wrestle I ever so stoutly, I do not wrestle away that which clings within me, and will kill me, though by inches. But let us not be cravens, and suffer Fate to drown us rather than swim. In a word, fly with me ere it be too late. A smuggler's vessel waits me off the coast of Dorset: in three days from this, I sail. Be my companion. We can both rein a fiery horse, and wield a good sword. As long as men make war one against another, those accomplishments will prevent their owner from starving, or—"

"If employed in the field, not the road," interrupted Tomlinson with a smile,— "from hanging.—But it cannot be! I wish you all joy—all success in your career: you are young, bold, and able; and you always had a loftier spirit than I have!—Knave I am, and knave I must be to the end of the chapter!"

"As you will," said Clifford, who was not a man of many words, but he spoke with reluctance: "If so, I must seek my fortune alone."

"When do you leave us?" asked Tomlinson.

"To-morrow, before noon. I shall visit London for a few hours, and then start at once for the coast!"

"London!" exclaimed Tomlinson; "what, the very den of danger!—Pooh! you do not know what you say; or, do you think it filial to caress Mother Lohkins before you depart?"

"Not that," answered Clifford; "I have already

ascertained that she is above the reach of all want, and her days, poor soul! cannot, I fear, be many. In all probability, she would scarcely recognise me; for her habits cannot much have improved her memory. Would I could say as much for her neighbours! Were I to be seen in the purities of low thievery, you know, as well as I do, that some stealer of kerchiefs would turn informer against the notorious Captain Lovett."

"What, then, takes you to town? Ah!—turn away your face;—I guess!—Well, love has ruined many a hero before; may you not be the worse for his godship!"

Clifford did not answer, and the conversation made a sudden and long pause; Tomlinson broke it:—

"Do you know, Lovett," said he, "though I have as little heart as most men, yet I feel for you more than I could have thought it possible; I would fain join you; there is devilish good tobacco in Germany, I believe; and, after all, there is not so much difference between the life of a thief and of a soldier!"

"Do profit by so sensible a remark," said Clifford; "reflect, how certain of destruction is the path you now tread: the gallows and the heels are the only goals!"

"The prospects are not pleasing, I allow," said Tomlinson; "nor is it desirable to be preserved for another century in the immortality of a glass case, in Surgeons' Hall, grinning from ear to ear, as if one had made the merriest finale imaginable.—Well! I will sleep on it, and you shall have my answer to-morrow;—but poor Ned!"

"Would he not join us?"

"Certainly not: his neck is made for a rope, and his mind for the Old Bailey. There is no hope for him; yet he is an excellent fellow. We must not even tell him of our meditated desertion."

"By no means. I shall leave a letter to our London chief: it will explain all. And now to bed;—I look to your companionship as settled."

"Humph!" said Augustus Tomlinson.

So ended the conference of the robbers. About an hour after it had ceased, and when no sound save the heavy breath of Long Ned broke the stillness of the night, the intelligent countenance of Peter Mac Grawler slowly elevated itself from the lonely pillow on which it had reclined. By degrees, the back of the sage stiffened into perpendicularity, and he sat for a few moments erect in his seat of honour, apparently in listening deliberation. Satisfied with the deep silence that surrounded the solitary interruption we have specified, reigned around, the learned disciple of Vatel rose gently from the bed,—hurried on his clothes,—stole on tiptoe to the door, unbarred it with a noiseless hand,—and vanished. Sweet Reader, while thou art wondering at his absence, suppose we account for his appearance.

One evening, Clifford and his companion Augustus had been enjoying the rational amusement of Ranelagh, and were just leaving that celebrated place, when they were arrested by a crowd at the entrance. That crowd was assembled round a pickpocket; and that pickpocket—O Virtue!—O Wisdom!—O Asineum!—was Peter Mac Grawler! We have before said, that Clifford was possessed of a good mien and an imposing manner, and these advantages were at that time especially effectual in preserving our Orbilius from the pump.

sooner did Clifford recognise the magisterial ice of the sapient Scot, than he boldly thrust himself into the middle of the crowd, and, collar- ing the enterprising citizen who had collared Mac Grawler, declared *himself* ready to vouch for the honesty of the very respectable person whose identity had evidently been so grossly mistaken. Augustus, probably foreseeing some ingenious ruse of his companions, instantly seconded the defence. The mob, who never descry any difference between impudence and truth, gave way; a constable came up—took part with the friend of two gentlemen so unexceptionably dressed—our friends walked off—the crowd repented of their precipitation, and, by way of amends, ducked the gentleman whose pockets had been picked. It was in vain for him to defend himself, for he had an impediment in his speech; and Messieurs the mob, having ducked him once for his guilt, ducked him a second time for his embarrassment.

In the interim, Clifford had withdrawn his undom Mentor to the asylum of a coffee-house; and while Mac Grawler's soul expanded itself by wine, he narrated the cause of his dilemma. It seems that that incomparable journal the *Asinæum*, despite a series of most popular articles upon the writings of "Aulus Prudentius," to which were added an exquisite string of dialogues, written in a tone of broad humour,—viz. broad Scotch, (with Scotchmen it is all the same thing,) called—perhaps in remembrance of that illustrious knave, Ambrose Lamela,—"*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," despite of these invaluable miscellanies, to say nothing of some glorious political articles, in which it was clearly proved to the satisfaction of the rich, that the less poor devils eat, the better for their constitutions—despite, we say, of these great acquisitions to British literature, the *Asinæum* tottered, fell, buried its bookseller, and crushed its author; Mac Grawler only—escaping, like Theodore from the enormous helmet of Otranto—Mac Grawler only survived. "Love," says Sir Philip Sidney, "makes a man see better than a pair of spectacles." Love of life has a very different effect on the optics,—it makes a man woefully dim of inspection, and sometimes cause him to see his own property in another man's purse! This *exceptio visus* did it impose upon Peter Mac Grawler. He went to Ranelagh Reader, thou knowest the rest!

Wine and the ingenuity of the robbers having distorted this narrative from Mac Grawler, the barriers of superstitious delicacy were easily done away with.

Our heroes offered to the sage an introduction to their club; the offer was accepted; and Mac Grawler, having been first made drunk, was next made a robber. The gang engaged him in various little matters, in which we grieve to relate, that though his intentions were excellent, his success was so ill as thoroughly to enrage his employers; say they were about at one time, when they wanted propitiate justice, to hand him over to the secular power, when Clifford interposed in his behalf. From a robber, the sage dwindled into a drudge; menial offices, (the robbers, the lying rascals, declared that such offices were best fitted to the genius of his country!) succeeded to noble exploits, and the worst of robbers became the best of cooks. How vain is all wisdom, but that of long experience!

Though Clifford was a sensible and keen man,—though he knew our sage to be a knave, he never dreamt he could be a traitor. He thought him too indolent to be malicious, and, short-sighted humanity! too silly to be dangerous. He trusted the sage with the secret of the cavern; and Augustus, who was a bit of an epicure, submitted, though forebodingly, to the choice, because of the Scotchman's skill in broiling.

But Mac Grawler, like Brutus, concealed a scheming heart, under a stolid guise; the apprehension of the noted Lovett had become a matter of serious desire; the police was no longer to be bribed: nay, they were now eager to bribe;—Mac Grawler had watched his time—sold his chief, and was now on the road to Reading, to meet and to guide to the cavern Mr. Nabben, of Bow-street, and four of his attendants.

Having thus, as rapidly as we were able, traced the causes which brought so startlingly before your notice the most incomparable of critics, we now, reader, return to our robbers.

"Hist, Lovett!" said Tomlinson, half asleep, "methought I heard something in the outer cave."

"It is the Scot, I suppose," answered Clifford: "you saw of course to the door?"

"To be sure!" muttered Tomlinson, and in two minutes more he was asleep.

Not so Clifford: many and anxious thoughts kept him waking. At one while, when he anticipated the opening to a new career, somewhat of the stirring and high spirit which still moved amidst the guilty and confused habits of his mind, made his pulse feverish, and his limbs restless: at another time, an agonizing remembrance—the remembrance of Lucy in all her charms, her beauty, her love, her tender and innocent heart; Lucy all perfect, and lost to him for ever, banished every other reflection, and only left him the sick sensation of despondency and despair. "What avails my struggle for a better name?" he thought. "She will never know it. Whatever my future lot, she can never share it. My punishment is fixed,—it is worse than a death of shame; it is a life without hope! Every moment I feel, and shall feel to the last, the pressure of a chain that may never be broken or loosened! And yet, fool that I am! I cannot leave this country without seeing her again, without telling her, that I have really looked my last. But have I not twice told her that? Strange fatality! but twice have I spoken to her of love, and each time it was to tear myself from her at the moment of my confession. And even now something that I have no power to resist, compels me to the same idle and weak indulgence. Does destiny urge me? Ay, perhaps to my destruction! Every hour a thousand deaths encompass me. I have now obtained all for which I seemed to linger. I have won by a new crime, enough to bear me to another land, and to provide me there a soldier's destiny. I should not lose an hour in flight, yet I rush into the nest of my enemies, only for one unavailing word with her; and this too after I have already bade her farewell! Is this fate? if it be so, what matters it? I no longer care for a life, which after all I should reform in vain, if I could not reform it for her: yet—yet, selfish and lost that I am! will it be nothing to think hereafter that I have redeemed her from the disgrace of having loved an outcast and a felon?—If I can

obtain honour, will it not, in my own heart at least—will it not reflect, however dimly and distantly, upon her?"

Such, bewildered, unsatisfactory, yet still steeped in the colours of that true love which raises even the lowest, were the midnight meditations of Clifford: they terminated, toward the morning, in an uneasy and fitful slumber. From this he was awakened by a loud yawn from the throat of Long Ned, who was always the earliest riser of his set.

"Hollo!" said he, "it is almost daybreak; and if we want to cash our notes, and to move the old lord's jewels, we should already be on the start."

"A plague on you!" said Tomlinson, from under cover of his woollen nightcap, "it was but this instant that I was dreaming you were going to be hanged, and now you wake me in the pleasantest part of the dream!"

"You be shot!" said Ned, turning one leg out of bed; "by-the-by, you took more than your share last night, for you owed me three guineas for our last game at cribbage! You'll please to pay me before we part to-day: short accounts make long friends!"

"However true that maxim be," returned Tomlinson, "I know one much truer, namely—long friends will make short accounts! You must ask Jack Ketch this day month, if I'm wrong!"

"That's what you call wit, I suppose!" retorted Ned, as he now, struggling into his inexpressibles, felt his way into the outer cave.

"What, ho! Mac!" cried he, as he went, "stir those bobbins of thine, which thou art pleased to call legs;—strike a light, and be d—d to you!"

"A light for you," said Tomlinson profanely, as he reluctantly left his couch, "will indeed be a light to lighten the Gentiles!"

"Why, Mac—Mac!" shouted Ned, "why don't you answer?—faith, I think the Scot's dead!"

"Seize your men!—yield, Sirs!" cried a stern, sudden voice from the gloom; and at that instant two dark lanterns were turned, and their light streamed full upon the astounded forms of Tomlinson and his grunt comrade! In the dark shade of the background four or five forms were also indistinctly visible; and the ray of the lanterns glimmered on the blades of cutlasses and the barrels of weapons still less easily resisted.

Tomlinson was the first to recover his self-possession. The light just gleamed upon the first step of the stairs leading to the stables, leaving the rest in shadow. He made one stride to the place beside the cart, where, we have said, lay some of the robbers' weapons: he had been anticipated—the weapons were gone. The next moment Tomlinson had sprung up the steps.

"Lovett!—Lovett!—Lovett!" shouted he.

The Captain, who had followed his comrades into the cavern, was already in the grasp of two men. From few ordinary mortals, however, could any two be selected as fearful odds against such a man as Clifford; a man in whom a much larger share of sinews and muscle than is usually the lot even of the strong, had been hardened, by perpetual exercise, into a consistency and iron firmness which linked power and activity into a union scarcely less remarkable than that immortalized in the glorious beauty of the sculptured gladiator. His right hand is upon the throat of one assailant,

his left locks, as in a vice, the wrist of the other: you have scarcely time to breathe; the former is on the ground—the pistol of the latter is wrenched from his gripe—Clifford is on the step—a half-another—whizzes by him!—he is by the side of the faithful Augustus!

"Open the secret door!" whispered Clifford to his friend; "I will draw up the steps alone!"

Scarcely had he spoken, before the steps were already, but slowly, ascending beneath the desperate strength of the robber. Meanwhile, Ned was struggling, as he best might, with two sturdy officers, who appeared loth to use their weapons without an absolute necessity, and who endeavoured, by main strength, to capture and detain their antagonist.

"Look well to the door!" cried the voice of the principal officer, "and hang out more light!"

Two or three additional lanterns were speedily brought forward; and over the whole interior of the cavern a dim but sufficient light now rapidly circled, giving to the scene, and to the combatants, a picturesque and wild appearance!

The quick eye of the head-officer descried in an instant the rise of the steps, and the advantage the robbers were thereby acquiring. He and two of his men threw themselves forward, seized the ladder, if so it may be called, dragged it once more to the ground, and ascended. But Clifford, grasping with both hands the broken shaft of a cart that lay in reach, received the foremost invader with a salute that sent him prostrate and senseless back among his companions. The second shared the same fate; and the stout leader of the enemy, who, like a true general, had kept himself in the rear, paused now in the middle of the steps, dismayed alike by the reception of his friends, and the athletic form towering above, with raised weapon and menacing attitude. Perhaps that moment seemed to the judicious Mr. Nabber more favourable to parley than to conflict. He cleared his throat, and thus addressed the foe:

"You, Sir, Captain Lovett, alias Howard, alias Jackson, alias Cavendish, alias Solomons, alias Devil, for I know you well, and could swear to you with half an eye, in your clothes or without. You lay down your tub there, and let me come alongside of you, and you'll find me as gentle as a lamb; for I've been used to gemmen all my life, and I knows how to treat 'em when I has 'em."

"But, if I will not let you 'come alongside of me,'—what then?"

"Why, I must send one of these here paps through your skull, that's all!"

"Nay, Mr. Nabber, that would be too cruel; you surely would not harm one who has such an esteem for you! Don't you remember the manner in which I brought you off from Justice Bar-flat, when you were accused, you know whether justly or——"

"You're a liar, Captain!" cried Nabber furiously, fearful that something not meet for the ears of his companions should transpire. "You knows you are! Come down, or let me mount otherwise I won't be 'sponsible for the consequences!"

Clifford cast a look over his shoulder. A gleam of the grey daylight already glimmered through a chink in the secret door, which Tomlinson had now unbarred, and was about to open.

"Listen to me, Mr. Nabber, said he, "and per-

"I may grant what you require! What would you do with me, if you had me?"

"You speaks like a sensible man, now," answered Nabhem, "and that's after my own heart. Why, you sees, Captain, your time has come, and you can't shilly-shally any longer. You have had your full swing; your years are up, and you must be like a man! But I gives you my honour, as a gemman, that if you surrenders, I'll take you to the justice folks as tenderly as if you were made of cotton."

"Give way one moment," said Clifford, "that I may plant the steps firmer for you."

Nabhem retreated to the ground, and Clifford, who had goodnaturedly enough, been unwilling unnecessarily to damage so valuable a functionary, lost not the opportunity now afforded him. Down he hundered the steps, clattering heavily among the other officers, and falling like an avalanche on the shoulder of one of the arresters of Long Ned.

Meanwhile Clifford sprang after Tomlinson through the aperture, and found himself—in the presence of four officers, conducted by the brewd Mac Grawler. A blow from a bludgeon on the right cheek and temple of Augustus felled that hero. But Clifford bounded over his comrade's body, dodged from the stroke aimed at himself, caught the blow aimed by another assailant in his open hand, wrested the bludgeon from the officer, struck him to the ground with his own weapon, and darting onward through the labyrinth of the wood, commenced his escape with a step too fleet to allow the hope of a successful pursuit.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"In short, Isabella, I offer you myself!"
"Heavens!" cried Isabella, "what do I hear? You, my Lord?"

Castle of Otranto.

A NOVEL is like a weatherglass, where the man appears out at one time, the woman at another. Variable as the atmosphere, the changes of our story now re-present Lucy to the reader.

That charming young person,—who, it may be remarked, (her father excepted) the only unsophisticated and unsullied character in the pages of a story in some measure designed to show in the depravities of character, the depravities of that social state wherein characters are formed,—was sitting alone in her apartment at the period in which we return to her. As Time, and that innate and insensible fund of *healing*, which nature has placed in the bosoms of the young, in order that her great law, the passing away of the old, may not leave too lasting and keen a wound, had softened her first anguish at her father's death, the remembrance of Clifford again resumed its ancient sway in her heart. The loneliness of her life,—the absence of amusement,—even the sensitiveness and languor which succeed to grief, conspired to invest the image of her lover in a tenderer and more impressive guise. She recalled his words, his actions, his letters, and employed herself whole hours, whole days and nights, in endeavouring to decipher their mystery. Who that has been loved will not acknowledge the singular and mighty force with which a girl, innocent herself, clings to the belief of innocence in her lover? In breasts young and

unacquainted with the world, there is so pure credulity in the existence of unmixed good, so firm a reluctance to think that where we love, there can be that which we would not esteem, or where we admire there can be that which we ought to blame, that one may almost deem it an argument in favour of our natural power to attain a greater eminence in virtue, than the habits and arts of the existing world will allow us to reach. Perhaps it is not paradoxical to say that we could scarcely believe perfection in others, were not the germ of perfectibility in our own minds! When a man has lived some years among the actual contests of faction, without imbibing the prejudice as well as the experience, how wondrously he smiles at his worship of former idols!—how different a colour does history wear to him?—how cautious is he now to praise!—how slow to admire!—how prone to cavil! Human Nature has become the human nature of art; and he estimates it not from what it may be, but from what in the corruptions of a semi-civilisation, it is! But in the same manner as the young student clings to the belief, that the sage, or the minstrel, who has enlightened his reason or chained his imagination, is in character as in genius elevated above the ordinary herd, free from the passions, the frivolities, the little meanesses, and the darkening vices which ordinary flesh is heir to, does a woman, who loves for the first time, cling to the imagined excellence of him she loves! When Evelina is so shocked at the idea of an occasional fit of intoxication in her "noble, her unrivalled" lover, who does not acknowledge how natural were her feelings? Had Evelina been married six years, and the same lover, *then her husband*, been really guilty of what she suspected, who does not feel that it would have been very unnatural to have been shocked in the least at the occurrence? She would not have loved him less, nor admired him less, nor would he have been the less "the noble and the unrivalled,"—he would have taken his glass too much, have joked the next morning on the event, and the gentle Evelina would have made him a cup of tea! but that which would have been a matter of pleasantry in the husband, would have been matter of damnation in the lover!—But to return to Lucy.

If it be so hard, so repellent to believe a lover guilty even of a trivial error, we may readily suppose that Lucy never for a moment admitted the supposition that Clifford had been really guilty of gross error or wilful crime. True, that expressions in his letter were more than suspicious; but there is always a charm in the candour of self-condemnation. As it is difficult to believe the excellence of those who praise themselves, so is it to difficult fancy those criminal who condemn! What, too, is the process of a woman's reasoning? Alas! she is too credulous a physiognomist. The turn of a throat, with her, is the unerring token of nobleness of mind; and no one can be guilty of a sin who is blest with a beautiful forehead! How fondly, how fanatically Lucy loved! She had gathered together a precious and secret hoard;—a glove—a pen—a book—a withered rose-leaf;—treasures rendered inestimable because he had touched them: but more than all, had she the series of his letters, from the first formal note written to her father, meant for her, in which he answered an invitation, and requested Miss Brandon's acceptance of the music she had wished to have, to the last wild and

to her, inexplicable letter in which he had resigned her for ever. On these relics her eyes fed for hours; and as she pored over them, and over thoughts too deep not only for tears, but for all utterance or conveyance, you might have almost literally watched the fading of her rich cheek, and the pining away of her rounded and elastic form.

It was just in such a mood that she was buried, when her uncle knocked at her door for admittance: she hurried away her treasures, and hastened to admit and greet him. "I have come," said he, smiling, "to beg the pleasure of your company for an old friend who dines with us to-day.—But stay, Lucy, your hair is ill-arranged. Do not let me disturb so important an occupation as your toilette: dress yourself, my love, and join us."

Lucy turned, with a suppressed sigh to the glass. The uncle lingered for a few moments, surveying her with mingled pride and doubt: he then slowly left the chamber.

Lucy soon afterward descended to the drawing-room, and beheld, with a little surprise, (for she had not had sufficient curiosity to inquire the name of the guest,) the slender form and comely features of Lord Mauleverer. The Earl approached with the same grace which had, in his earlier youth rendered him almost irresistible, but which now, from the contrast of years with manner, contained a *slight*-mixture of the comic. He paid his compliments, and in paying them, declared that he must leave it to his friend Sir William to explain all the danger he had dared, for the sake of satisfying himself that Miss Brandon was no less lovely than when he had last beheld her.

"Yes, indeed," said Brandon, with a scarcely perceptible sneer, "Lord Mauleverer has literally endured the moving accidents of flood and field—for he was nearly exterminated by a highwayman, and all but drowned in a ditch!"

"Commend me to a friend for setting one off to the best advantage," said Mauleverer gaily: "instead of attracting your sympathy, you see, Brandon would expose me to your ridicule. Judge for yourself whether I deserve it;—and Mauleverer proceeded to give, with all the animation which belonged to his character, the particulars of that adventure with which the reader is so well acquainted. He did not, we may be sure, feel any scruple in representing himself and his prowess in the most favourable colours.

The story was scarcely ended when dinner was announced. During that meal, Mauleverer exerted himself to be amiable with infinite address. Suiting his conversation, more than he had hitherto deigned to do, to the temper of Lucy, and more anxious to soften than to dazzle, he certainly never before appeared to her so attractive. We are bound to add, that the point of attraction did not aspire beyond the confession, that he was a very agreeable *old man*.

Perhaps, if there had not been a certain half-melancholy vein in his conversation, possibly less painful to his Lordship from the remembrance of his lost diamonds, and the impression that Sir William Brandon's cook was considerably worse than his own, he might not have been so successful in pleasing Lucy. As for himself, all the previous impressions she had made on him returned in colours yet more vivid; even the delicate and subdued cast of beauty which had succeeded to her earlier brilliancy, was far more charming to his

fastidious and courtly taste, than her former glow of spirits and health. He felt himself very much in love during dinner; and after it was over, and Lucy had retired, he told Brandon with a passionate air, "that he *adored* his niece to distraction!"

The wily Judge affected to receive the intimation with indifference; but knowing that too long an absence is injurious to a *grande passion*, he did not keep Mauleverer very late over his wine.

The Earl returned rapturously to the drawing-room, and besought Lucy, in a voice in which affectation seemed swooning with delight, to indulge him with a song. More and more enchanted by her assent, he drew the music-stool to the harp-chord, placed a chair beside her, and presently appeared lost in transport. Meanwhile Brandon, with his back to the pair, covered his face with his handkerchief, and, to all appearance, yielded to the voluptuousness of an after-dinner repose.

Lucy's song-book opened accidentally at a key which had been praised by Clifford; and as she sung, her voice took a richer and more tender tone than in Mauleverer's presence it had ever before assumed.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE VIOLETS WHICH LOSE THEIR SCENT IN MAY.*

I.

In the shadow that falls from the silent hill
We slept, in our green retreats;
And the April showers were wont to fill
Our hearts with sweets.

II.

And though we lay in a lowly bower,
Yet all things loved us well,
And the waking bee left her fairest flower
With us to dwell.

III.

But the warm May came in his pride to woo
The wealth of our honeyed store;
And our hearts just felt his breath, and knew
Their sweets no more!

IV.

And the Summer reigns on the quiet spot
Where we dwell, and its suns and showers
Bring balm to our sisters' hearts, but not—
Ah! not to ours.

V.

We live, we bloom, but for ever o'er
Is the charm of the earth and sky;
To our life, ye Heavens, that balm restore,
Or—bid us die!

As with eyes suffused with many recollections, and a voice which melted away in an indelible and thrilling pathos, Lucy ceased her song; Mauleverer, charmed out of himself, gently took her hand, and holding the soft treasure in his own, scarcely less soft, he murmured—

"Angel! sing on. Life would be like your own music, if I could breathe it away at your feet!"

There had been a time when Lucy would have laughed outright at this declaration; and even as it was, a suppressed and half-arch smile played in the dimples of her beautiful mouth, and bewitchingly contrasted the swimming softness of her eyes.

Drawing rather an erroneous omen from the

* The following stanzas have been printed in a collection of poems, by *diverse hands*, called "The Casket."

mile, Mauleverer rapturously continued, still detaining the hand which Lucy endeavoured to extricate.

"Yes, enchanting Miss Brandon, I who have for so many years boasted of my invulnerable heart, am subdued at last. I have long, very long, struggled against my attachment to you. Alas! it is in vain; and you behold me now utterly at your mercy. Make me the most miserable of men, or the most enviable. Enchantress, speak!"

"Really, my Lord," said Lucy, hesitating, yet rising, and freeing herself from his hand, "I feel it difficult to suppose you serious; and perhaps this is merely a gallantry to me, by way of practice on others."

"Sweet Lucy, if I so may call you," answered Mauleverer, with an ardent gaze; "do not, I implore you, even for a moment, affect to mistake me! do not for a moment jest at what, to me, is the bane or bliss of life! Dare I hope that my hand and heart, which I now offer you, are not deserving of your derision?"

Lucy gazed on her adorer with a look of serious inquiry; Brandon still appeared to sleep.

"If you are in earnest, my Lord," said Lucy, after a pause, "I am truly and deeply sorry; for the friend of my uncle I shall always have esteem: believe that I am truly sensible of the honour you tender me, when I add my regret, that I can have no other sentiment than esteem."

A blank and puzzled bewilderment, for a moment, clouded the expressive features of Mauleverer,—it passed away.

"How sweet is your rebuke!" said he. "Yes! do not yet deserve any other sentiment than esteem: you are not to be won precipitately; a long trial,—a long course of attentions,—a long knowledge of my devoted and ardent love, alone will entitle me to hope for a warmer feeling in your breast. Fix then your own time of courtship, angelic Lucy!—a week,—nay a month!—till then, I will not even press you to appoint that day, which to me will be the whitest of my life!"

"My Lord!" said Lucy, smiling now no longer half archly, "you must pardon me for believing your proposal can be nothing but a jest; but here, beseech you, let it rest for ever: do not mention his subject to me again."

"By Heavens!" cried Mauleverer, "this is too cruel.—Brandon, intercede for me with your niece."

Sir William started, naturally enough, from his lumber, and Mauleverer continued—

"Yes, intercede for me; you, my oldest friend, be my greatest benefactor! I sue to your niece,—she affects to disbelieve,—will you convince her of my truth, my devotion, my worship?"

"Disbelieve you!" said the bland judge, with the same secret sneer that usually lurked in the corners of his mouth; "I do not wonder that she is slow to credit the honour you have done her, and for which the noblest damsels in England have sighed in vain,—Lucy, will you be cruel to Lord Mauleverer? believe me, he has often confided to me his love for you; and if the experience of some years avails, there is not a question of his honour and his truth; I leave his fate in your hands."

Brandon turned to the door.

"Stay, dear Sir," said Lucy, "and, instead of interceding for Lord Mauleverer, intercede for me." Her look now settled into a calm and de-

cided seriousness of expression. "I feel highly flattered by his Lordship's proposal, which, as you say, I might well doubt to be gravely meant. I wish him all happiness with a lady of higher deserts; but I speak from an unalterable determination, when I say, that I can never accept the dignity with which he would invest me."

So saying, Lucy walked quickly to the door and vanished, leaving the two friends to comment as they would, upon her conduct.

"You have spoilt all with your precipitation," said the uncle.

"Precipitation!—damn it! what would you have? I have been fifty years making up my mind to marry; and now, when I have not a day to lose, you talk of precipitation!" answered the lover, throwing himself into a *fauteuil*.

"But you have not been fifty years making up your mind to marry my niece," said Brandon drily.

"To be refused—positively refused by a country girl!" continued Mauleverer, soliloquizing aloud, "and that too at my age, and with all my experience!—a country girl without rank, *ton*, accomplishments!—By God! I don't care if all the world heard it,—for not a soul in the world would ever believe it."

Brandon sat speechless, eyeing the mortified face of the courtier, with a malicious complacency, and there was a pause of several minutes. Sir William then mastering the strange feeling which made him always rejoice in whatever threw ridicule on his *friend*, approached, laid his hand kindly on Mauleverer's shoulder, and talked to him of comfort and of encouragement. The reader will believe, that Mauleverer was not a man whom it was impossible to encourage.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Before he came, every thing loved me, and I had more things to love than I could reckon by the hairs of my head. Now, I feel I can love but one, and that one has deserted me.

• • • • •

Well, be it so—let her perish, let her be any thing but mine.

Mauleverer.

EARLY the next morning, Sir William Brandon was closeted for a long time with his niece, previous to his departure to the duties of his office. Anxious, and alarmed for the success of one of the darling projects of his ambition, he spared no art in his conversation with Lucy, that his great ingenuity of eloquence and wonderful insight into human nature could suggest, in order to gain at least a foundation for the raising of his scheme. Among other resources of his worldly tact, he hinted at Lucy's love for Clifford; and (though darkly and subtly, as befitting the purity of the one he addressed,) this abandoned and wily person did not scruple to hint also at the possibility of indulging that love *after* marriage; though he denounced, as the last of indecorums, the crime of encouraging it *before*. This hint, however, fell harmless upon the innocent ear of Lucy. She did not, in the remotest degree, comprehend its meaning; she only, with a glowing cheek and a

pouting lip, resented the allusion to a love which she thought it insolent in any one even to suspect.

When Brandon left the apartment, his brow was clouded, and his eye absent and thoughtful; it was evident that there had been little in the conference with his niece to please or content him. Miss Brandon herself was greatly agitated, for there was in her uncle's nature that silent and impressive secret of influencing or commanding others, which almost so invariably, and yet so quietly, attains the wishes of its owner, and Lucy, who loved and admired him sincerely, not the less perhaps for a certain modicum of fear, was greatly grieved at perceiving how rooted in him was the desire of that marriage which she felt as a moral impossibility. But if Brandon possessed the secret of sway, Lucy was scarcely less singularly endowed with the secret of resistance. It may be remembered, in describing her character, that we spoke of her as one who seemed, to the superficial, as of too yielding and soft a temper. But circumstances gave the lie to manner, and proved that she eminently possessed a quiet firmness and latent resolution, which gave to her mind a nobleness and trustworthy power, that never would have been suspected by those who met her among the ordinary paths of life.

Brandon had not been long gone, when Lucy's maid came to inform her that a gentleman, who expressed himself very desirous of seeing her, waited below. The blood rushed from Lucy's cheek at this announcement, simple as it seemed. "What gentleman *could* be desirous of seeing her! Was it—was it Clifford!" She remained for some moments motionless, and literally unable to move; at length she summoned courage, and smiling with self-contempt at a notion which appeared to her *after* thoughts utterly absurd, she descended to the drawing-room. The first glance she directed toward the stranger, who stood by the fireplace with folded arms, was sufficient,—it was impossible to mistake, though the face was averted, the unequalled form of her lover. She advanced eagerly with a faint cry, checked herself, and sank upon the sofa.

Clifford turned toward her, and fixed his eyes upon her countenance with an intense and melancholy gaze, but he did not utter a syllable; and Lucy, after pausing in expectation of his voice, looked up, and caught, in alarm, the strange and peculiar aspect of his features. He approached her slowly, and still silent; but his gaze seemed to grow more earnest and mournful as he advanced.

"Yes," said he at last, in a broken and indistinct voice, "I see you once more, after all my promises to quit you for ever,—after my solemn farewell, after all that I have cost you;—for Lucy, you love me,—you love me,—and I shudder while I feel it; after all, I myself have borne and resisted, I once more come wilfully into your presence! How have I burnt and sickened for this moment! How have I said, 'Let me behold her once more—only once more, and Fate may then do her worst!' Lucy! dear, dear, Lucy! forgive me for my weakness. It is now in bitter and stern reality, the very last I can be guilty of!"

As he spoke, Clifford sank beside her. He took both her hands in his, and holding them, though without pressure, again looked passionately upon her innocent yet eloquent face. It seemed as if he were moved beyond all the ordinary feelings of

re-union and of love. He did not attempt to kiss the hands he held; and though the touch thrilled through every vein and fibre in his frame, his clasp was as light as that in which the first timidity of a boy's love ventures to stamp itself!

"You are pale, Lucy," said he mournfully, "and your cheek is much thinner than it was when I first saw you—when I first saw you! Ah! would for your sake that that had never been! Your spirits were light then, Lucy. Your laugh came from the heart,—your step spanned the earth. Joy broke from your eyes, every thing that breathed around you seemed full of happiness and mirth! and now, look upon me, Lucy; lift those soft eyes, and teach them to flash upon me indignation and contempt! Oh, not thus, not thus! I could leave you happy,—yes literally blest,—if I could fancy you less forgiving, less gentle, less angelic!"

"What have I to forgive?" said Lucy tenderly.

"What! every thing for which one human being can pardon another. Have not deceit and injury been my crimes against you? Your peace of mind, your serenity of heart, your buoyancy of temper, have I marred *these* or not?"

"Oh Clifford!" said Lucy, rising from herself and from all selfish thoughts, "why,—why will you not trust me? You do not know me, indeed you do not, you are ignorant even of the very nature of a woman, if you think me unworthy of your confidence! Do you believe I could betray it! or, do you think, that if you had done that for which all the world forsook you, I could forsake!"

Lucy's voice faltered at the last words; but it sank, as a stone sinks into deep waters, to the very core of Clifford's heart. Transported from all resolution and all forbearance, he wound his arms around her in one long and impassioned caress; and Lucy, as her breath mingled with his, and her cheek drooped upon his bosom, did indeed feel as if the past could contain no secret power! enough even to weaken the affection with which her heart clung to his. She was the first to extricate herself from their embrace. She drew back her face from his, and smiling on him through her tears, with a brightness that the smiles of her earliest youth had never surpassed, she said:

"Listen to me. Tell me your history or not as you will. But, believe me, a woman's will is often no despicable counsellor. They who scar themselves the most bitterly, are not often those whom it is most difficult to forgive; and you must pardon me, if I doubt the extent of the blame you would so lavishly impute to yourself. I am now alone in the world—(here the smile withered from Lucy's lips).—My poor father is dead. I can injure no one by my conduct; there is no one on earth to whom I am bound by duty. I am independent, I am rich. You profess to love me. I am foolish and vain, and I believe you. Perhaps, also, I have the fond hope which so often makes dupes of women—the hope, that, if you have erred, I may reclaim you; if you have been unfortunate, I may console you! I know, Mr. Clifford, that I am saying that for which many would despise me, and for which perhaps I ought to despise myself; but there are times when we speak only as if some power at our hearts constrained us, despite ourselves,—and it is thus that I have now spoken to you."

It was with an air very unwonted to herself that Lucy had concluded her address, for her usual characteristic was rather softness than dignity; but, as if to correct the meaning of her words, which might otherwise appear unmaidenly, there was a chaste, a proud, yet not the less a tender and sweet propriety, and dignified frankness in her look and manner; so that it would have been utterly impossible for one who heard her, not to have done justice to the nobleness of her motives, not to have felt both touched and penetrated, not much by respect as by any warmer or more familiar feeling.

Clifford, who had risen while she was speaking, steeled with a countenance that varied at every word she uttered:—now all hope—now all despondency. As she ceased, the expression hardened to a settled and compulsive resolution.

"It is well!" said he mutteringly, "I am worthy this—very—very worthy! Generous, noble girl!—had I been an emperor, I would have bowed down to you in worship; but to debase, to degrade me—no! no!"

"Is there debasement in love?" murmured Lucy.

Clifford gazed upon her with a sort of enthusiastic and self-gratulatory pride; perhaps he felt, to thus loved, and by such a creature, *was* matter of pride, even in the lowest circumstances to which he could ever be exposed. He drew his breath hard, set his teeth, and answered—

"You could love, then, an outcast, without birth, fortune, or character?—No! you believe this now, at you could not. Could you desert your country, your friends, and your home—all that you are born and fitted for?—Could you attend one over whom the sword hangs, through a life subjected every hour to discovery and disgrace?—Could you be subjected yourself to the moodiness of an evil memory, and the gloomy silence of remorse?—Could you be the victim of one who has no merit but his love for you, and who, if that love destroy you, becomes utterly redeemed? Yes, Lucy, I was wrong—I will do you justice; all this, nay more, you *could* bear, and your generous nature would disdain the sacrifice! But am *I* to be all selfish, and you all devoted? Are you to yield every thing to me, and *I* to accept every thing, and yield none?—Alas! I have but one good, one blessing to yield, and that is yourself. Lucy, I deserve you; outdo you in generosity: all that you would desert for me is nothing—O God!—nothing to the sacrifice I make to you!—And now, Lucy, I have seen you, and I must once more bid you farewell: I am on the eve of quitting this country for ever. I shall enlist in a foreign service, perhaps—(and Clifford's dark eyes flashed with fire): you will not hear of me, and not blush when you hear! But—(and his voice faltered, for Lucy, hiding her face with both hands, gave way to her tears and agitation)—but, in one respect, you have conquered! I had believed that you could never be mine—that my past life had *for ever* deprived me of that hope!—I now begin, with a rapture that can bear me through all ordeals, to form a more daring vision. A soil may be effaced—an evil name may be redeemed—the past is not set and sealed, without the power of revoking what has been written. If I can win the right of meriting your mercy, I will throw myself on it without reserve; till then, or till death, you will see me no more!"

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He dropped on his knee, printed his lips and his tears upon Lucy's cold hand; the next moment she heard his step on the stairs,—the door closed heavily and jarringly upon him,—and Lucy felt one bitter pang, and, for some time at least, she felt no more!

CHAPTER XXXIII

Many things fall between the cup and the lip.

Your man doth please me
With his conceit.

Comes Chamon Hugh accoutred as you see—
Disguised!
And thus am I to gull the Constable?
Now have among you for a man at arms!

High Constable was more, though
He laid Dick Tator by the heels.

But Jemmer's Tale of a Tub.

MEANWHILE, Clifford strode rapidly through the streets which surrounded the Judge's house, and, turning to an obscurer quarter of the town, entered a gloomy lane or alley. Here he was abruptly accosted by a man wrapped in a shaggy great coat, and of somewhat a suspicious appearance—

"Aha, Captain!" said he, "you are beyond your time, but all's well!"

Attempting, with indifferent success, the easy self-possession which generally marked his address to his companions, Clifford, repeating the stranger's words, replied—

"All's well!—what! are the prisoners released?"

"No, faith!" answered the man, with a rough laugh, "not yet; but all in good time; it is a little too much to expect the justices to do our work, though, God knows, we often do theirs!"

"What then?" asked Clifford impatiently.

"Why, the poor fellows have been carried to the town of —, and brought before the queer cuffin* before I arrived, though I cut off the moment you told me, and did the journey in four hours. The examination lasted all yesterday, and they were remanded till to-day;—let's see, it is not yet noon; we may be there before it's over!"

"And this is what you call well!" said Clifford angrily.

"No, Captain, don't be glumfleshey! you have not heard all yet!—it seems, that the only thing buffed hard against them was by a stout groutier, who was cried 'Stand!' to, some fifty miles off the town; so the queer cuffin thinks of sending the poor fellows to the gaol of the county where they did the business!"

"Ah! that may leave some hopes for them;—we must look sharp to their journey; if they once get to prison, their only chances are the file and the bribe. Unhappily, neither of them is so lucky as myself at that trade!"

"No, indeed, there is not a stone wall in England that the great Captain Lovett could not creep through, I'll swear!" said the admiring satellite.

"Saddle the horses and load the pistols!—I will join you in ten minutes. Have my farmer's down

ready, the false hair, &c. Choose your own trim. Make haste;—the 'Three Feathers' is the house of meeting."

"And in ten minutes only, Captain?"

"Punctually!"

The stranger turned a corner, and was out of sight. Clifford, muttering—"Yes, I was the cause of their apprehension; it was I who was sought; it is but fair that I should strike a blow for their escape before I attempt my own,"—continued his course till he came to the door of a public-house. The sign of a seaman swung aloft, portraying the jolly tar with a fine pewter pot in his hand, considerably huger than his own circumference. An immense pug sat at the door, lolling its tongue out, as if, having stuffed itself to the tongue, it was forced to turn that useful member out of its proper place. The shutters were half closed; but the sounds of coarse merriment issued jovially forth.

Clifford disconcerted the pug; and, crossing the threshold, cried, in a loud tone, "Janseen!"—"Here!" answered a gruff voice; and Clifford, passing on, came to a small parlour adjoining the tap. There, seated by a round oak-table, he found mine host, a red, fierce, weather-beaten, but bloated looking personage, like Dirk Hatteraick in a dropsy.

"How now, Captain!" cried he, in a guttural accent, and interlarding his discourse with certain Dutch graces, which, with our Reader's leave, we will omit, as being unable to spell them; "how now!—not gone yet?"

"No!—I start for the coast to-morrow; business keeps me to-day. I came to ask if Mellon may be fully depended on?"

"Ay!—honest to the back-bone!"

"And you are sure that, in spite of my late delays, he will not have left the village?"

"Sure!—what time can I be!—don't I know Jack Mellon these twenty years? He would lie like a log in a caln for ten months together, without moving a hair's-breadth, if he was under orders."

"And his vessel is swift, and well manned, in case of an officer's chase?"

"The Black Molly swift!—ask your grandfather. The Black Molly would outstrip a shark, and be d——d to her!"

"Then good-bye, Janseen, there is something to keep your pipe alight; we shall not meet within the three seas again, I think. England is as much too hot for me, as Holland for you?"

"You are a capital fellow!" cried mine host, shaking Clifford by the hand, "and when the lads come to know their loss, they will know they have lost the bravest and truest gill that ever took to the toby; so good-bye, and be d——d to you!"

With this valedictory benediction, mine host released Clifford; and the robber hastened to his appointment at the "Three Feathers."

He found all prepared. He hastily put on his disguise, and his follower led out his horse, a noble animal of the grand Irish breed, of remarkable strength and bone, and, save only that it was somewhat *sharp* in the quarters, (a fault which they who look for speed as well as grace will easily forgive,) of almost unequalled beauty in its symmetry and proportions. Well did the courser know, and proudly did it render obeisance to, its master; snorting impatiently, and rearing from the hand of the attendant robber, the sagacious animal freed

itself of the rein, and, as it tossed its long mane in the breeze of a fresh air, came trotting to the place where Clifford stood.

"So ho, Robin!—so ho!—what, thou chafest that I have left thy fellow behind at the Red Cave. Him we may never see more. But, while I have life, I will not leave thee, Robin!"

With these words, the robber fondly stroked the shining neck of his favourite steed; and as the animal returned the caress, by rubbing its head against the hands and the athletic breast of its master, Clifford felt at his heart somewhat of that old racy stir of the blood which had been once to him the chief charm of his criminal profession, and which, in the late change of his feelings, he had almost forgotten.

"Well, Robin, well," he renewed, as he kissed the face of his steed;—"well, we will have some days like our old ones yet; thou shalt say, ha, ha! to the trumpet, and bear thy master along on more glorious enterprises than he has yet thanked thee for sharing. Thou wilt now be my only familiar,—my only friend, Robin; we two shall be strangers in a foreign land. But thou wilt make thyself welcome easier than thy lord, Robin; and thou wilt forget the old days, and thine old comrades, and thine old loves, when—ha!" and Clifford turned abruptly to his attendant, who addressed him, "It is late, you say; true! look you, it will be unwise for us both to quit London together: you know the sixth milestone, join me there, and we can proceed in company!"

Not unwilling to linger for a parting-cup, the comrade assented to the prudence of the plan proposed; and, after one or two additional words of caution and advice, Clifford mounted, and rode from the yard of the inn. As he passed through the tall wooden gates into the street, the imperfect gleam of the wintry sun falling over himself and his steed, it was scarcely possible, even in spite of his disguise and rude garb, to conceive a more gallant and striking specimen of the lawless and daring tribe to which he belonged; the height, strength, beauty, and exquisite grooming visible in the steed; the sparkling eye, the bold peak, the sinewy chest, the graceful limbs, and the careless and practised horsemanship of the rider.

Looking after his chief with a long and admiring gaze, the robber said to the ostler of the inn, an aged and withered man, who had seen many generations of highwaymen rise and vanish;—

"There, Joe, when did you ever look on a hero like that? The bravest heart, the frankest hand, the best judge of a horse, and the handsomest man that ever did honour to Hounslow?"

"For all that," returned the ostler, shaking his palsied head, and turning back to the tap-room—"for all that, master, his time be up. Mark my whids, Captain Lovett will not be over the year,—no! nor mayhap the month!"

"Why, you old rascal, what makes you so wise? you will not peach, I suppose?"

"I peach! devil a bit! But there never was the gemman of the road, great or small, knowing or stupid, as outlived his seventh year. And this will be the Captain's seventh, come the 21st of next month; but he be a fine chap, and I'll go to his hanging!"

"Pish!" said the robber peevishly,—he himself was verging toward the end of his sixth year,—
"pish!"

"Mind, I tell it you, master; and somehow or other I think,—and I has experience in these things,—by the *fey*^a of his eye, and the drop of his lip, that the Captain's time will be up to-day!"

Here the robber lost all patience, and pushing the hoary boder of evil against the wall, he turned on his heel, and sought some more agreeable companion to share his stirrup-cup.

It was in the morning of the day following that in which the above conversations occurred, that the sagacious Augustus Tomlinson and the valorous Edward Pepper, handcuffed and fettered, were jogging along the road, in a postchaise, with Mr. Nabhem squeezed in by the side of the former, and two other gentlemen in Mr. Nabhem's confidence mounted on the box of the chaise, and interfering sadly, as Long Ned growlingly remarked, with "the beauty of the prospect."

"Ah, well!" quoth Nabhem, unavoidably thrusting his elbow into Tomlinson's side, while he drew out his snuff-box, and helped himself largely to the intoxicating dust. "You had best prepare yourself, Mr. Pepper, for a *change* of prospects! I believe as how there is little to please you in *quod*, (prison)."

"Nothing makes men so facetious as misfortune to others!" said Augustus, moralizing, and turning himself, as well as he was able, in order to deliver his body from the pointed elbow of Mr. Nabhem. "When a man is down in the world, all the bystanders, very dull fellows before, suddenly become wits!"

"You reflects on I," said Mr. Nabhem; "well, it does not sinnify a pin, for directly we does our duty, you chaps become howdacionously ungrateful!"

"Ungrateful!" said Pepper: "what a plague have we got to be grateful for? I suppose, you think we ought to tell you, you are the best friend we have, because you have *scrouged* us, neck and group, into this horrible hole, like turkeys fatted for Christmas. 'Sdeath! one's hair is flatted down like a pancake; and as for one's legs, you had better cut them off at once, than tuck them up in a place a foot square,—to say nothing of these blackguardly irons!"

"The only irons pardonable in your eyes, Ned," said Tomlinson, "are the curling-irons, eh?"

"Now if this is not too much," cried Nabhem crossly. "You objects to go in a cart like the rest of your profession; and when I puts myself out of the way to obleedge you with a shay, you langhs I for it!"

"Peace, good Nabhem!" said Augustus with a sage's dignity. "You must allow a little bad humour in men so unhappily situated as we are."

The soft answer turneth away wrath. Tomlinson's answer softened Nabhem; and, by way of conciliation, he held his snuff-box to the nose of his unfortunate prisoner. Shutting his eyes, Tomlinson long and earnestly sniffed up the luxury, and as soon as, with his own kerchief of spotted yellow, the officer had wiped from the proboscis some lingering grains, Tomlinson thus spoke:—

"You see us now, Mr. Nabhem, in a state of broken down opposition; but our spirits are not broken too. In our time, we have had something to do with the administration; and our comfort at present is the comfort of fallen ministers!"

"Oho! you were in the methodist time, before you took to the road?" said Nabhem.

"Not so!" answered Augustus gravely, "we were the methodists of politics, not of the church, viz. we lived upon our flock without a legal authority to do so, and that which the law withheld from us, our wits gave. But tell me, Mr. Nabhem, are you addicted to politics?"

"Why, they says I be," said Mr. Nabhem with a grin, "and for my part, I think all who serves the King should stand up for him, and take care of their little families!"

"You *speak* what others *think*!" answered Tomlinson, smiling also, "and I will now, since you like politics, point out to you what I dare say you have not observed before."

"What be that?" said Nabhem.

"A wonderful likeness between the life of the gentlemen adorning his Majesty's senate, and the life of the gentlemen whom you are conducting to his Majesty's gaol."

THE LIBELLOUS PARALLEL OF AUGUSTUS TOMLINSON.

"We enter our career, Mr. Nabhem, as your embryo ministers enter parliament,—by bribery and corruption. There is this difference, indeed, between the two cases:—we are enticed to enter by the bribery and corruptions of others,—they enter spontaneously, by dint of their own. At first, deluded by romantic visions, we like the glory of our career better than the profit, and in our youthful generosity, we profess to attack the rich solely from consideration for the poor? By and by, as we grow more hardened, we laugh at these boyish dreams,—peasant or prince fares equally at our impartial hands; we grasp at the bucket, but we scorn not the thimble-full; we use the word glory only as a trap for proselytes and apprentices: our fingers, like an office-door, are open for all that can possibly come into them; we consider the wealthy as our salary, the poor as our perquisites. What is this, but a picture of your member of parliament ripening into a Minister,—your patriot mellowing into your placeman? And mark me, Mr. Nabhem! is not the very language of both as similar as the deeds? What is the phrase either of us loves to employ? 'To deliver,'—what? 'The Public.'—And do we not both invariably deliver it of the same thing?—viz.; its *purse*! Do we want an excuse for shaving the gold of our neighbours, or abusing them if they resist?—is not our mutual—our pithiest plea—'Distress?' True, your patriot calls it 'distress of the country,' but does he ever a whit more than we do, mean any distress but his own? When we are brought low, and our coats are shabby, do we not both shake our heads and talk of 'reform?' And when—oh! when we are up in the world, do we not both kick 'reform' to the Devil? How often your Parliament man 'vacates his seat,' only for the purpose of resuming it with a weightier purse! How often, dear Ned, have our seats been vacated for the same end! Sometimes, indeed, he *really* finishes his career by accepting the hundreds,—it is by 'accepting the hundreds,' that ours may be finished too!—(Ned drew a long sigh!)—Note us now, Mr. Nabhem, in the zenith of our prosperity—we have filled our pockets, we have be-

^a A word difficult to translate; but the closest interpretation of which is, perhaps, "the ill omen."

—some great in the mouths of our party. Our pals admire us, and our blowens adore! What do we in this short-lived summer? Save, and be thrifty! Ah, no! we must give our dinners, and make light of our lish. We sport horses on the racecourse, and look big at the multitude we have bubbled. Is not this your Minister come into office? Does not this remind you of his equipage, his palace, his plate? In both cases, lightly won, lavishly wasted, and the public, whose cash we have fingered, may at least have the pleasure of gaping at the figure we make with it! This, then, is our harvest of happiness; our foes, our friends, are ready to eat us with envy—yet what is so little enviable as our station! Have we not both our common vexations and our mutual disquietudes? Do we not both bribe—(Nabben shook his head and buttoned his waistcoat)—our enemies, cajole our partizans, bully our dependents, and quarrel with our only friends, viz. ourselves! Is not the secret question with each—it is all confoundedly fine; but how long will it last! Now, Mr. Nabben, note me,—reverse the portrait: we are fallen, our career is over—the road is shut to us, and new plunderers are robbing the carriages that once we robbed.—Is not this the lot of—no, no! I deceive myself! Your Ministers, your jobmen, for the most part milk the popular cow while there's a drop in the udder. Your Chancellor declines on a pension,—your Minister attenuates on a grant,—the feet of your great rogues may be gone from the Treasury benches, but they have their little fingers in the Treasury. Their past services are remembered by his Majesty,—ours only noted by the Recorder: they save themselves, for they hang by one another; we go to the Devil, for we hang by ourselves: we have our little day of the public, and all is over; but it is never over with them. We both hunt the same fox, but we are your fair riders: they are your knowing ones—we take the leap, and our necks are broken: they sneak through the gates, and keep it up to the last!”

As he concluded, Tomlinson's head drooped on his bosom, and it was easy to see that painful comparisons, mingled perhaps with secret murmurs at the injustice of fortune, were rankling in his breast. Long Ned sat in gloomy silence; and even the hard heart of the severe Mr. Nabben was softened by the affecting parallel to which he had listened. They had proceeded without speaking for two or three miles, when Long Ned, fixing his eyes on Tomlinson exclaimed—

“Do you know, Tomlinson, I think it was a burning shame in Lovett to suffer us to be carried off like muttons, without attempting to rescue us by the way! It is all his fault that we are here! for it was he whom Nabben wanted, not us!”

“Very true,” said the cunning policeman; “and if I were you, Mr. Pepper, hang me if I would not behave like a man of spirit, and show as little concern for him as he shows for you! Why, Lord now, I doesn't want to 'tice you; but this I does know, the justices are very anxious to catch Lovett; and one who gives him up, and says a word or two about his cracker, so as to make conviction sartain, may himself be sartain of a free pardon for all little spees and so forth!”

“Ah!” said Long Ned with a sigh, “that is all very well, Mr. Nabben, but I'll go to the crap like a gentleman, and not peech of my comrades;

and now I think of it, Lovett could scarcely have assisted us. One man alone, even Lovett, derv as he is, could not have forced us out of the clutches of you and your myrmidons, Mr. Nabben. And when we were once at ———, they took excellent care of us.—But tell me now, my der Nabben,” and Long Ned's voice wheedled into something like softness;—“tell me, do you think the Grazier will buff it home?”

“No doubt of that,” said the unmoved Nabben. Long Ned's face fell. “And what if he does,” said he; “they can but transport us!”

“Don't deceive yourself, Master Pepper,” said Nabben: “you're too old a hand for the herring pond. They're resolved to make gallows apples of all such Numprels (*Nempereils*) as you!”

Ned cast a sullen look at the officer.

“A pretty comforter you are!” said he. “I have been in a postchaise with a pleasanter fellow. I'll swear! You may call me an apple if you will, but, I take it, I am not an apple you'd like to be peeled.”

With this pugilistic and menacing pun, the lengthy hero relapsed into meditative silence.

Our travellers were now entering a road skirted on one side by a common of some extent, and on the other, by a thick hedge-row, which through its breaks gave occasional glimpses of woodland and fallow, interspersed with cross roads and tiny brooklets.

“There goes a jolly fellow!” said Nabben, pointing to an athletic-looking man riding before the carriage, dressed in a farmer's garb, and mounted on a large and powerful horse of the best breed. “I dare say he is well acquainted with your grazier, Mr. Tomlinson; he looks nary like one of the same kidney; and here comes another chap,”—(as the stranger was joined by a short stout ruddy man in a carter's frock, riding on a horse less showy than his comrade's, but of the lengthy, reedy, lank, yet muscular race, which a knowing jockey would like to bet on;)—“Now that's what I calls a comely lad!” continued Nabben, pointing to the latter horseman; “now of your thin-faced, dark, strapping fellows like that Captain Lovett, as the blowens raves about, but a nice, tight little body, with a face like a carrot! that's a beauty for my money! honest stamped on his face, Mr. Tomlinson? I dare say—(and the policeman grinned, for he had been a lad of the cross in his own day)—I dare say, poor innocent booby, he knows none of the ways of Lannun town; and if he has not as merry a life as some folks, mayhap he may have a longer. But a merry one for ever, for such lads as us, Mr. Pepper!—I say, has you heard as how Bill Fang was to Scratch land (Scotland) and was stretched for smashing queer screens? (i. e. hung for uttering forged notes.) He died nation game; for when his father, who was a grey-headed parson, came to see him after the sentence, he says to the governor, says he, ‘Give us a tip, old 'un, to pay the expenses, and die dacently.’ The parson looks him out ten shiners, preaching all the while like winkey. Bob drops one of the guineas between his fingers, and says, ‘Hollo, Dad, you have only tipped us nine of the yellow boys,—just now you said as how it was ten!’ On this the parish-bell who was as poor as if he'd been a mouse of the church, instead of a curate, lugs out another; and Bob turning round to the gaoler, cries, ‘Fang

the governor out of a guinea, by God!" Now, that's what I call keeping it up to the last!"

Mr. Nabben had scarcely finished this anecdote, when the farmer-like stranger, who had kept up by the side of the chaise, suddenly rode to the window, and, touching his hat, said in a Norfolk accent, "Were the gentlemen we met on the road belonging to your party? They were asking after a chaise and pair."

"No!" said Nabben, "there be no gentlemen belongs to our party!" So saying he tipped a knowing wink at the farmer, and glanced over his shoulder at the prisoners.

"What! you are going all alone!" said the farmer.

"Ay, to be sure," answered Nabben; not much anger, I think, in the day-time, with the sun out as big as a sixpence, which is as big as ever I see'd him in this country!"

At that moment, the shorter stranger, whose appearance had attracted the praise of Mr. Nabben,—(that personage was himself very short and ruddy,)—and who had hitherto been riding close by the post-horses, and talking to the officers on the box, suddenly threw himself from his steed, and in the same instant that he arrested the horses of the chaise, struck the postilion to the ground, with a short heavy bludgeon which he drew from his frock. A whistle was heard and answered, as if by a signal: three fellows armed with bludgeons leapt from the hedge; and in the interim, the pretended farmer, dismounting, flung open the door of the chaise, and seizing Mr. Nabben by the collar swung him to the ground with a celerity that became the circular rotundity of the policeman's gure, rather than the deliberate gravity of his dignified office.

Rapid and instantaneous as had been this work, was not without a check. Although the policemen had not dreamt of a rescue in the very face of the day, and on the high-road, their profession was not that which suffered them easily to be surprised. The two guardians of the dicky leapt nimbly to the ground; but before they had time to use their fire-arms, two of the new aggressors, who had appeared from the hedge, closed upon them, and bore them to the ground; while this ruffe took place, the farmer had disarmed the rostrate Nabben, and giving him in charge to the remaining confederate, extricated Tomlinson and his comrade from the chaise.

"Hist!" said he in a whisper, "beware my name; my disguise hides me at present—lean on me—only through the hedge, a cart waits there, and you are safe!"

With these broken words he assisted the robbers, as well as he could, in spite of their manacles, through the same part of the hedge from which the three allies had sprung. They were already through the barrier, only the long legs of the Pepper lingered behind; when at the far end of the road, which was perfectly straight, a gentleman's carriage became visible. A strong hand from the interior of the hedge seizing Pepper dragged him through, and Clifford, for the reader need not be told who was the farmer,—perceiving the approaching reinforcement, shouted at once for fight. The robber who had guarded Nabben, and who indeed was no other than Old Bags,

slow as he habitually was, lost not an instant in providing for himself; before you could say "Laudamus," he was on the other side of the hedge; the two men, engaged with the police-officers, were not capable of an equal celerity; but Clifford, throwing himself into the contest and engaging the policemen, gave the robbers the opportunity of escape. They scrambled through the fence, the officers, tough fellows and keen, clinging lustily to them, till one was felled by Clifford, and the other catching against a stump, was forced to relinquish his hold; he then sprang back into the road and prepared for Clifford, who now, however, occupied himself rather in fugitive than warlike measures. Meanwhile, the moment the other rescuers had passed the rubicon of the hedge, their flight and that of the gentlemen who had passed before them, commenced. On this mystic side of the hedge was a cross road, striking at once through an intricate and wooded part of the country, which allowed speedy and ample opportunities of dispersion. Here a light cart, drawn by two swift horses in a tandem fashion, awaited the fugitives. Long Ned and Augustus were stowed down at the bottom of this vehicle; three fellows filed away at their irons, and a fourth, who had hitherto remained inglorious with the cart, gave the lash—and he gave it handsomely—to the couriers. Away rattled the equipage; and thus was achieved a flight, still memorable in the annals of the elect, and long quoted as one of the boldest and most daring exploits that illicit enterprise ever accomplished.

Clifford and his equestrian comrade only remained in the field, or rather the road; the former sprang at once on his horse,—the latter was not long in following the example. But the policeman, who, it has been said, baffled in detaining the fugitives of the hedge, had leaped back into the road, was not idle in the meanwhile. When he saw Clifford about to mount, instead of attempting to seize the enemy, he recurved to his pistol, which in the late struggle hand to hand, he had been unable to use, and taking sure aim at Clifford, whom he judged at once to be the leader of the rescue, he lodged a ball in the right side of the robber, at the very moment he had set spurs in his horse and turned to fly. Clifford's head drooped to the saddle-bow. Fiercely the horse sprang on; the robber endeavoured, despite his reeling senses, to retain his seat—once he raised his head—once he nerved his slackened and listless limbs—and then, with a faint groan, he fell to the earth. The horse bounded but one step more, and, true to the tutorship it had received, stopped abruptly. Clifford raised himself with great difficulty on one arm, with the other hand he drew forth a pistol; he pointed it deliberately toward the officer who had wounded him; the man stood motionless, cowering and spell-bound, beneath the dilating eye of the robber. It was but for a moment that the man had cause for dread; for muttering between his ground teeth, "Why waste it on an enemy?" Clifford turned the muzzle toward the head of the unconscious steed, which seemed sorrowfully and wistfully to incline toward him. "Then," he said, "whom I have fed and loved, shalt never know hardship from another!" and with a merciful cruelty, he dragged himself one pace nearer to his beloved steed, uttered a well-known word, which brought the docile creature to his side, and placing

the muzzle of the pistol close to its ear, he fired, and fell back senseless at the exertion. The animal staggered, and dropped down dead.

Meanwhile, Clifford's comrade, profiting by the surprise and sudden panic of the officer, was already out of reach, and darting across the common, he and his ragged courier speedily vanished.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

— Lose I not
With him what fortune could in life alight?
Lose I not hope, life's cordial?

In fact, the lessons he from prudence took,
Were written in his mind as in a book.
There what to do he read, and what to shun,
And all commanded was with promptness done:
He seemed without a passion to proceed,

Yet some believed those passions only slept!

CRABBE.

Relics of love and life's enchanted spring!

A. WATTS, on burning a Packet of Letters.

Many and sad and deep
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast!
Thou too couldst watch and weep!

MRS. HEMANS.

WATER Sir William Brandon was pursuing his ambitious schemes, and, notwithstanding Lucy's firm and steady refusal of Lord Mauleverer, was still determined on that ill-sorted marriage; while Mauleverer himself, day after day, attended at the Judge's house, and though he spoke not of love, looked it with all his might; it became obvious to every one but the lover and the guardian, that Lucy herself was rapidly declining in appearance and health. Ever since the day she had last seen Clifford, her spirit, before greatly shattered, had refused to regain even a likeness to its natural cheerful and happy tone. She became silent and abstracted; even her gentleness of temper altered at times into a moody and fretful humour. Neither to books nor music, nor any art by which time is beguiled, she recurred for a momentary alleviation of the bitter feelings at her heart, or for a transient forgetfulness of their sting. The whole world of her mind had been shaken. Her pride was wounded; her love galled; her faith in Clifford gave way at length to gloomy and dark suspicion. Nothing, she now felt, but a name as well as fortunes utterly abandoned, could have justified him for the stubbornness of heart in which he had fled and deserted her. Her own self-accusation no longer consoled her in affliction. She condemned herself for her weakness, from the birth of her ill-starred affection to the crisis it had now acquired. "Why did I not wrestle with it at first?" she said bitterly. "Why did I allow myself so easily to love one unknown to me, and equivocal in station, despite the cautions of my uncle and the whispers of the world?" Alas! Lucy did not remember, that at the time she was guilty of this weakness, she had not learned to reason as she since reasoned. Her faculties were but imperfectly awakened; her experience of the world was utter ignorance. She scarcely knew that she loved, and she knew not at all that the delicious

and excited sentiment which filled her being could ever become as productive of evil and peril as it had done now; and even had her reason been more developed, and her resolutions more strong, does the exertion of reason and resolution always avail against the master-passion? Love, it is true, is not unconquerable; but how few have ever mind and soul, coveted the conquest! Disappointment makes a vow, but the heart records it not. Or, in the noble image of one who has so tenderly and so truly portrayed the feelings of her own sex,—

— "We make
A ladder of our thoughts where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot!"

Before Clifford had last seen her, we have observed that Lucy had (and it was a consolation; clung to the belief that, despite of appearance and his own confession, his past life had not been such as to place him without the pale of her just affections; and there were frequent moments when, remembering that the death of her father had removed the only being who could assert an unanswerable claim to the dictation of her actions, she thought that Clifford, hearing her hand was utterly at her own disposal, might again appear, and again urge a suit which she felt so few circumstances could induce her to deny. All this half-acknowledged yet earnest train of reasoning and hope vanished from the moment he had quitted her uncle's house. His words bore no misinterpretation. He had not yielded even to her own condescension, and her cheek burnt as she recalled it. Yet he loved her. She saw, she knew it in his every word and look! Bitter, then, and dark must be that remorse which could have conquered every argument but that which urged him to leave her, when he might have claimed her ever. True, that when his letter formerly bade her farewell, the same self-accusing language was recurred to, the same dark hints and allusions to infamy or guilt; yet never till now had she interpreted them rightly, and never till now had she dreamt how far their meaning could extend. Still, what crimes could he have committed! The true ones never occurred to Lucy. She shuddered to ask herself, and hushed her doubts in a gloomy and torpid silence! But through all her accusations against herself, and through all her awakened suspicions against Clifford, she could not but acknowledge that something noble and not unworthy of her mingled in his conduct, and occasioned his resistance to her and to himself; and this belief, perhaps, irritated even while it touched her, and kept her feelings in a perpetual struggle and conflict, which her delicate frame and soft mind were little

* "The History of the Lyre," by L. E. L.—We are informed that this charming and amiable young lady, content with her triumphs in poetry, is about to enter a new province in prose, and that at this moment, she is engaged in the composition of a novel. Could we, who have perhaps more than once disappointed the public in our own venture to believe we had the power to excite his expectations in another, we would fain hazard the prediction of a great and a deserved popularity for the said novel, when ever it appear. Every one knows that the writer of the *Improvisatrice* can command, at will, the auxiliaries of sentiment, thought, imagination, and an exceeding richness of imagery and glow of diction; but, perhaps, every one does not yet know that she can also command what are generally more calculated to give celebrity to a novel, viz. a playful and lively wit, an acute and unerring observation, an intuitive tact in the shades and varieties of manner, and, above all, the art to make trifles singularly entertaining.

ble to endure. When the nerves once break, how weak the character with them! How many asthetics, withered and soured, do we meet in the world, who but for one shock to the heart and arm might have erred on the side of meekness! Whether it come from wo or disease, the stroke which mars a single fibre plays strange havoc with the mind. Slaves we are to our muscles, and puppets to the spring of the capricious blood; and the great soul, with all its capacities, its solemn attributes, and sounding claims, is, while on earth, but a jest to this mountebank—the body—from the dream which toys it for an hour, to the lunacy which shivers it into a driveller, laughing as it lays with its own fragments, and reeking benighted and blinded to the grave!

We have before said, that Lucy was fond both of her uncle and his society; and still, whenever the subject of Lord Mauleverer and his suit was left untouched, there was that in the conversation of Sir William Brandon which aroused an interest in her mind, engrossed and self-consuming as it had become. Sorrow, indeed, and sorrow's companion, reflection, made her more and more capable of comprehending a very subtle and intricate character. There is no secret for discovering the human heart like affliction—especially the affliction which springs from passion. Does a writer startle you with his insight into your nature, be sure that he has mourned: such lore is the alchemy of tears. Hence the insensible and almost universal confusion of idea which confounds melancholy with mirth, and finds but hallow inanity in the symbol of a laugh. Pitiabie error! Reflection first leads us to gloom, but its next stage is to brightness. The Laughing Philosopher had reached the goal of Wisdom: Heraclitus whimpered at the starting-post. But enough for Lucy to gain even the vestibule of Philosophy.

Notwithstanding the soreness we naturally experience toward all who pertinaciously arouse an unpleasant subject, and despite therefore of Brandon's furtherance of Mauleverer's courtship, Lucy felt herself incline strangely, and with something of a daughter's affection, toward this enigmatical being: despite too of all the cold and measured ice of his character,—the hard and wintry grey-ness of heart with which he regarded the welfare of others, or the substances of Truth, Honour, and Virtue,—the callousness of his fossilized affections, which no human being softened but for a moment, and no warm and healthful impulse struck, save into an evanescent and idle flash;—despite of this unconsummate obduracy and worldliness of temperament, it is not paradoxical to say that there was something in the man which Lucy found at times analogous to her own vivid and generous self. This was, however, only noticeable when she led him to talk over earlier days, and when by degrees the sarcastic lawyer forgot the present, and grew eloquent, not over the actions but the feelings of the past. He would speak to her for hours of his youthful dreams, his occupations, or his projects, as a boy. Above all, he loved to converse with her upon Warlock, its remains of ancient magnificence, the green banks of the placid river that enriched its domains, and the summer pomp of wood and heath-land, amidst which his noon-day visions had been nursed.

When he spoke of these scenes and days, his countenance softened, and something in its expres-

sion, recalling to Lucy the image of one still dearer, made her yearn to him the more. An ice seemed broken from his mind, and streams of released and gentle feelings, mingled with kindly and generous sentiment, flowed forth. Suddenly, a thought, a word, brought him back to the present,—his features withered abruptly into their cold placidity, or latent sneer: the seal closed suddenly on the broken spell, and, like the victim of a fairy-tale, condemned, at a stated hour, to assume another shape, the very being you had listened to seemed vanished, and replaced by one whom you startled to behold. But there was one epoch of his life on which he was always silent, and that was, his first onset into the actual world—the period of his early struggle into wealth and fame. All that space of time seemed as a dark gulf, over which he had passed, and become changed at once—as a traveller landing on a strange climate may adopt, on the moment, he touches its shore, its costume and its language.

All men—the most modest—have a common failing, but it is one which often assumes the domino and mask—*Pride*! Brandon was, however, proud to a degree very rare in men who have risen and flourished in the world. Out of the wrecks of all other feelings, this imperial survivor made one great palace for its residence, and called the fabric 'Disdain.' Scorn was the real essence of Brandon's nature: even in the blandest disguises, the smoothness of his voice, the insinuation of his smile, the popular and supple graces of his manners, an oily derision floated, rarely discernible, it is true, but proportioning its strength and quantum to the calm it produced.

In the interim, while his character thus displayed and contradicted itself in private life, his fame was rapidly rising in public estimation. Unlike many of his brethren, the brilliant lawyer had exceeded expectation, and shone even yet more conspicuously in the less adventitiously-aided duties of the Judge. Envy itself, and Brandon's political virulence, had, despite of his personal affability, made him many foes,—was driven into acknowledging the profundity of his legal knowledge, and in admiring the manner in which the peculiar functions of his novel dignity were discharged. No juvenile lawyer brow-beat—no hackneyed casuist puzzled him; even his attention never wandered from the dulllest case subjected to his tribunal. A painter, desirous of stamping on his canvass the portrait of an upright Judge, could scarcely have found a finer realization for his *beau ideal* than the austere, collected, keen, yet majestic countenance of Sir William Brandon, such as it seemed in the trappings of office, and from the seat of justice.

The newspapers were not slow in recording the singular capture of the notorious Lovett. The boldness with which he had planned and executed the rescue of his comrades, joined to the suspense in which his wound for some time kept the public, as to his escape from one death by the postern gate of another, caused a very considerable ferment and excitation in the popular mind; and, to feed the impulse, the journalists were little slothful in retailing every anecdote, true or false, which they could collect, touching the past adventures of the daring highwayman. Many a good story then came to light, which partook as much of the comic as the tragic; for not a single one of the robber's adventures was noted for cruelty or bloodshed; many of them betokened rather an hilarious and

joyful spirit of mirthful enterprise. It seemed as if he had thought the highway a capital arena for jokes, and only robbed for the sake of venting a redundant affection for jesting. Persons felt it rather a sin to be severe with a man of so merry a disposition; and it was especially observable, that not one of the ladies who had been despoiled by the robber could be prevailed on to prosecute; on the contrary, they always talked of the event as one of the most agreeable remembrances in their lives, and seem to bear a provoking gratitude to the comely offender, rather than resentment. All the gentlemen were not, however, of so placable a temper; and two sturdy farmers, with a grazier to boot, were ready to swear "through thick and thin" to the identity of the prisoner with a horseman who had civilly borne each of them company for an hour in their several homeward rides from certain fairs, and had carried the pleasure of his society, they very gravely asserted, considerably beyond a joke; so that the state of the prisoner's affairs took a very sombre aspect; and the counsel—an old hand—entrusted with his cause, declared confidentially that there was not a chance. But a yet more weighty accusation, because it came from a much nobler quarter, awaited Clifford. In the robbers' cavern were found several articles answering exactly to the description of those valuables feloniously abstracted from the person of Lord Mauleverer. That nobleman attended to inspect the articles, and to view the prisoner. The former he found himself able to swear to, with a very tranquillized conscience: the latter he beheld feverish, attenuated, and, in a moment of delirium, on the sick-bed to which his wound had brought him. He was at no loss, however, to recognise in the imprisoned felon the gay and conquering Clifford, whom he had once even honoured with his envy. Although his former dim and vague suspicions of Clifford were thus confirmed, the good-natured peer felt some slight compunction at appearing as his prosecutor: this compunction, however, vanished the moment he left the sick man's apartment; and after a little patriotic conversation with the magistrates about the necessity of public duty—a theme which brought virtuous tears into the eyes of those respectable functionaries,—he re-entered his carriage, returned to town, and after a lively dinner, *tele-a-tete* with an old *chère amie*, who, of all her charms, had preserved only the attraction of conversation and the capacity of relishing a *salmi*, Mauleverer, the very evening of his return, betook himself to the house of Sir William Brandon.

When he entered the hall, Barlow, the judge's favourite servant, met him, with rather a confused and mysterious air, and arresting him as he was sauntering into Brandon's library, informed him that Sir William was particularly engaged, but would join his Lordship in the drawing-room. While Barlow was yet speaking, and Mauleverer was bending his right ear (with which he heard the best) toward him, the library-door opened, and a man in a very coarse and ruffianly garb awkwardly bowed himself out. "So, this is the particular engagement," thought Mauleverer; "a strange Sir Pandarus; but those *old* fellows have droll tastes."

"I may go in now, my good fellow, I suppose," said his Lordship to Barlow; and without waiting an answer, he entered the library. He found Brandon alone, and bending earnestly over some

letters which strewed his table. Mauleverer carelessly approached, and threw himself into an opposite chair. Sir William lifted his head, as he heard the movement, and Mauleverer (reckless as was that personage,) was chilled and almost awed by the expression of his friend's countenance. Brandon's face was one which, however plain, nearly always wore one pervading character—*calmness*: whether in the smoothness of social courtesy, or the austerity of his official station, or the bitter sarcasm which escaped him at no unimportant intervals; still a certain hard and indelible dryness stamped both his features and his manner. But at this time a variety of feelings not ordinarily eloquent in the outward man, struggled in his dark face, expressive of all the energy and passion of his powerful and masculine nature; there seemed to speak from his features and eyes something of shame, and anger, and triumph, and regret, and scorn. All these various emotions, which it appears almost a paradox to assert, met in the same expression, nevertheless were so individually and almost fearfully stamped, as to convey at once their signification to the mind of Mauleverer. He glanced toward the letters, in which the writing seemed faint and discoloured by time or damp; and then once more regarding the face of Brandon, said in rather an anxious and subdued tone—

"Heavens, Brandon, are you ill? or has any thing happened?—you alarm me."

"Do you recognise these locks?" said Brandon in a hollow voice; and from under the letters he drew some ringlets of an auburn hue, and pushed them with an averted face toward Mauleverer.

The Earl took them up—regarded them for a few moments—changed colour, but shook his head with a negative gesture, as he laid them once more on the table.

"This handwriting, then?" renewed the inquiry in a yet more impressive and painful voice; and he pointed to the letters.

Mauleverer raised one of them, and held it between his face and the lamp, so that whatever his features might have betrayed was hidden from his companion. At length he dropped the letter with an affected *nonchalance*, and said—

"Ah, I know the writing even at this distance of time; this letter is directed to you!"

"It is,—so are all these," said Brandon, with the same voice of preternatural and strained composure. "They have come back to me after an absence of nearly twenty-five years; they are the letters she wrote to me in the days of our betrothal—(here Brandon laughed scornfully)—she carried them away with her, you know when; and (a pretty clod of consistency is woman!) she kept them, it seems, to her dying day!"

The subject in discussion, whatever it might be, appeared a sore one to Mauleverer; he turned easily on his chair, and said at length—

"Well, poor creature! these are painful remembrances, since it turned out so unhappily; but it was not our fault, dear Brandon; we were men of the world,—we knew the value of—of—women, and treated them accordingly!"

"Right! right! right!" cried Brandon vehemently, laughing in a wild and loud disdain; the intense force of which it would be in vain to attempt expressing.

"Right! and faith, my Lord, I repine not at my balance, nor repent my estimation."

"So, so, that's well!" said Mauleverer, still not at his ease, and hastening to change the conversation. "But, my dear Brandon, I have strange news for you! You remember that damned fellow Clifford, who had the insolence to address himself to your adorable niece? I told you I suspected that long friend of his of having made my acquaintance somewhat unpleasantly, and I therefore doubted of Clifford himself. Well, my dear friend, his Clifford is,—whom do you think?—no other than Mr. Lovett, of Newgate celebrity."

"You do not say so!" rejoined Brandon, pathetically, as he slowly gathered his papers together, and deposited them in a drawer.

"Indeed it is true; and what is more, Brandon, his fellow is one of the very identical highwaymen who robbed me on my road from Bath. No doubt he did me the same kind office on my road to Mauleverer Park."

"Possibly," said Brandon, who appeared absorbed in a reverie.

"Ay!" answered Mauleverer, piqued at this indifference. "But do you not see the consequences to your niece?"

"My niece!" repeated Brandon, rousing himself.

"Certainly. I grieve to say it, my dear friend,—but she was young, very young, when at Bath. She suffered this fellow to address her too openly. Nay,—for I will be frank,—she was suspected of being in love with him!"

"She was in love with him," said Brandon drily, and fixing the malignant coldness of his eye upon the suitor. "And, for aught I know," added he, "she is so at this moment."

"You are cruel!" said Mauleverer, disconcerted. "I trust not, for the sake of my continued addresses."

"My dear Lord," said Brandon, urbanely taking the courtier's hand, while the *anguis in herba* of his sneer played around his compressed lips,—"*my dear Lord*, we are old friends, and need not deceive each other. You wish to marry my niece, because she is an heiress of great fortune, and you suppose that my wealth will in all probability swell her own. Moreover, she is more beautiful than any other young lady of your acquaintance; and, polished by your example, may do honour to your taste as well as your prudence. Under these circumstances, you will, I am quite sure, look with lenity on her girlish errors, and not love her the less because her foolish fancy persuades her that she is in love with another."

"Ahem!" said Mauleverer, "you view the matter with more sense than sentiment; but look you, Brandon, we must try, for both our sakes, if possible, to keep the identity of Lovett with Clifford from being known. I do not see why it should be. No doubt he was on his guard while playing the gallant, and committed no atrocity at Bath. The name of Clifford is hitherto perfectly unsullied. No fraud, no violence are attached to the appellation; and if the rogue will but keep his own counsel, we may hang him out of the way without the secret transpiring."

"But, if I remember right," said Brandon, "the newspapers say that this Lovett will be tried some seventy or eighty miles only from Bath, and that gives a chance of recognition."

"Ay, but he will be devilishly altered, I imagine, for his wound has already been but a bad beauti-

fier to his face; moreover, if the dog has any delicacy, he will naturally dislike to be known as the gallant of that gay city, where he shone so successfully, and will disguise himself as well as he is able. I hear wonders of his powers of self-transformation."

"But he may commit himself on the point between this and his trial," said Brandon.

"I think of ascertaining how far that is likely, by sending my valet down to him (you know one treats these gentlemen highwaymen with a certain consideration, and hangs them with all due respect to their feelings,) to hint that it will be doubtless very unpleasant to him, under his 'present unfortunate circumstances,' (is not that the phrase!) to be known as the gentleman who enjoyed so deserved a popularity at Bath, and that, though 'the laws of my country compel me' to prosecute him, yet, should he desire it, he may be certain that I will preserve his secret.—Come, Brandon, what say you to that manœuvre? it will answer my purpose, and make the gentleman,—for doubtless he is all sensibility,—shed tears at my generous forbearance!"

"It is no bad idea," said Brandon. "I commend you for it. At all events, it is necessary that my niece should not know the situation of her lover. She is a girl of a singular turn of mind, and fortune has made her independent. Who knows but what she might commit some folly or another, write petitions to the King, and beg me to present them, or go—for she has a world of romance in her—to prison, to console him; or, at all events, she would beg my kind offices on his behalf—a request peculiarly awkward, as in all probability I shall have the honour of trying him."

"Ay, by-the-by, so you will. And I fancy the poor rogue's audacity will not cause you to be less severe than you usually are. They say you promise to make more human pendulums than any one of your brethren."

"They do say that, do they?" said Brandon; "well, I own I have a bile against my species; I loathe their folly and their half vices. '*Ridet et odit*' is my motto; and I allow, that it is not the philosophy that makes men merciful!"

"Well, Juvenal's wisdom be yours!—mine be Horace's!" rejoined Mauleverer, as he picked his teeth; but I am glad you see the absolute necessity of keeping this secret from Lucy's suspicion. She never reads the papers, I suppose—girls never do!"

"No!—and I will take care not to have them thrown in her way; and as, in consequence of my poor brother's recent death, she sees nobody but us, there is little chance, should Lovett's right to the name of Clifford be discovered, that it should reach her ears!"

"But those confounded servants?"

"True enough!—but consider, that before *they* know it, the newspapers will; so that, should it be needful, we shall have our own time to caution them. I need only say to Lucy's women—'A poor gentleman, a friend of the late squire's, whom your mistress used to dance with, and you must have seen—Captain Clifford,—is to be tried for his life: it will shock her, poor thing! in her present state of health, to tell her of so sad an event to her father's friend; therefore be silent, as you value your place and ten guineas,'—and I may be tolerably sure of caution!"

"You ought to be chairman to the 'Ways and Means' Committee!" cried Mauleverer; "my mind is now easy; and when once poor Clifford is gone—*fallen from a high estate*—we may break the matter gently to her, and, as I intend thereon to be very respectful, very delicate, &c. she cannot but be sensible of my kindness and real affection!"

"And if a live dog be better than a dead lion," added Brandon, "surely an animate lord will be better than a hanged highwayman!"

"According to ordinary logic," rejoined Mauleverer, "that syllogism is clear enough; and though I believe a girl may cling, now and then, to the memory of a departed lover, I do not think she will when the memory is allied with shame. Love is nothing more than vanity pleased;—wound the vanity, and you destroy the love! Lucy will be forced, after having made so bad a choice of a lover, to make a good one in a husband,—in order to recover her self-esteem!"

"And therefore you are certain of her!" said Brandon ironically.

"Thanks to my star—my garter—my ancestor, the first baron, and myself, the first earl,—I hope I am!" said Mauleverer, and the conversation turned. Mauleverer did not stay much longer with the Judge; and Brandon, left alone, recurred once more to the perusal of his letters.

We scarcely know what sensations it would have occasioned in one who had known Brandon only in his later years, could he have read these letters, referring to so much earlier a date. There was in the keen, and, if we may so say, the arid character of the man, so little that recalled any idea of courtship or youthful gallantry, that a correspondence of that nature would have appeared almost as unnatural as the fictitious loves of plants, or the amatory softening of a mineral. The correspondence now before Brandon was descriptive of various feelings, but all appertaining to the same class: most of them were apparent answers to letters from him. One while, they replied tenderly to expressions of tenderness, but intimated a doubt whether the writer would be able to constitute his future happiness, and atone for certain sacrifices of birth and fortune, and ambitious prospects, to which she alluded: at other times, a vein of latent coquetry seemed to pervade the style—an indescribable air of coolness and reserve contrasted former passages in the correspondence, and was calculated to convey to the reader an impression, that the feelings of the lover were not altogether adequately returned. Frequently, the writer, as if Brandon had expressed himself sensible of this conviction, reproached him for unjust jealousy and unworthy suspicion: And the tone of the reproach varied in each letter; sometimes it was gay and satirizing; at others, soft and expostulatory; at others, gravely reasoning; and often haughtily indignant. Still, throughout the whole correspondence, on the part of the mistress, there was sufficient stamp of individuality to give a shrewd examiner some probable guess at the writer's character. He would have judged her, perhaps, capable of strong and ardent feeling, but ordinarily of a light and capricious turn, and seemingly prone to imagine and to resent offence. With these letters were mingled others in Brandon's writing—of how different, of how impassioned a description! All that a deep, proud, meditative, exacting character

could dream of love given, or require of love returned, was poured burningly over the pages; yet they were full of reproach—of jealousy—of a nice and torturing observation, as calculated to wound, as the ardour might be fitted to charm; and often the bitter tendency to disdain that distinguished his temperament broke through the fondest enthusiasm of courtship, or the softest outpourings of love. "You saw me not yesterday," he wrote in one letter, "but I saw you; all day I was by you, you gave not a look which passed me unnoticed, you made not a movement which I did not chronicle in my memory.—Julia, do you tremble when I tell you this?—Yes, if you have a heart, I know these words have stabbed it to the core! You may affect to answer me indignantly! Wise dissembler!—it is very skilful—very, to assume anger, when you have no reply. I repeat, during the whole of that party of pleasure—(pleasure!—well, your tastes, it must be acknowledged, are exquisite!)—which you enjoyed yesterday, and which you so faintly asked me to share, my eye was on you. You did not know that I was in the wood when you took the arm of the incomparable Dicky, with so pretty a semblance of alarm at the moment: the snake, which my foot disturbed, glided across your path. You did not know I was within hearing of the tent where you made so agreeable a repast, and from which your laughter sent peals so merry and so numerous.—Laughter!—O, Julia, can you tell me that you love, and yet be happy, even to mirth, when I am away? Love!—O God, how different a sensation is mine!—Mine makes my whole principle of life! yours!—I tell you that I think, at moments, I would rather have your hate, than the lukewarm sentiment you bear to me, and honour by the name of 'affection.' Pretty phrase!—I have *no affection* for you! Give me not that sickly word; but try with me, Julia, to invent some expression that has never filtered a paltry meaning through the lips of another! Affection!—why, that is a sister's word—a girl's word to her pet squirrel!—never was it made for that ruby and most ripe mouth! Shall I come to your house this evening?—your mother has asked me, and you,—you heard her, and said nothing.—Oh! but that was maiden reserve—was it?—and maiden reserve caused you to take up a book the moment I left you, as if my company made but an ordinary amusement, instantly to be replaced by another! When I have seen you, society, books, food, all are hateful to me; but you, sweet Julia, you can read, can you? Why, when I left you, I lingered by the parlour window for hours, till dusk, and you never once lifted your eyes, nor saw me pass and repass. At least I thought you would have watched my steps, when I left the house; but I err, charming moralist! according to you, that vigilance would have been meanness."

In another part of the correspondence, a more grave, if not a deeper, gush of feeling struggled for expression.

"You say, Julia, that were you to marry one who thinks so much of what he surrenders for you, and who requires from yourself so vast a return of love, you should tremble for the future happiness of both of us. Julia, the triteness of that fear proves that you love not at all. I do not tremble for our future happiness; on the contrary, the intensity of my passion for you makes me know, that

we never can be happy! never beyond the first capture of our union. Happiness is a quiet and tranquil feeling. No feeling that I can possibly bear to you will ever receive those epithets,—I know that I shall be wretched and accursed, when I am united to you. Start not; I will presently tell you why. But I do not dream of happiness, neither (could you fathom one drop of the dark and limitless ocean of my emotions,) would you name to me that word. It is not the mercantile and callous calculation of chances for 'future felicity,' (what homily supplied you with so choice a term?)—that enters into the heart that cherishes an all-pervading love. Passion looks only to one object, to nothing beyond,—I thirst, I consume, not for happiness, but you. Were your possession inevitably to lead me to a gulf of anguish and shame, think you I should covet it one jot the less? If you carry one thought, one hope, one dim fancy, beyond the event that makes you mine, you may be more worthy of the esteem of others; but you are utterly undeserving of my love.

"I will tell you now why I know we cannot be happy. In the first place, when you say, that I am proud of birth, that I am morbidly ambitious, that I am anxious to shine in the great world, and that after the first intoxication of love has passed away, I shall feel bitterness against one who has so humbled my pride and darkened my prospects, I am not sure that you wholly err. But I am sure that the instant remedy is in your power. Have you patience, Julia, to listen to a kind of history of myself, or rather of my feelings? if so, perhaps it may be the best method of explaining all that I would convey. You will see, then, that my family pride and my worldly ambition are not founded altogether on those basements which move my laughter in another:—if my feelings hereon are really however, as you would insinuate, equal matter for derision, behold, my Julia, I can laugh equally at them! So pleasant a thing to me as scorn, that I would rather despise myself than have no one to despise; but to my narrative! You must know that there are but two of us, sons of a country Squire, of old family, which once possessed large possessions and something of historical renown. We lived in an old country place; my father was a convivial dog, a fox-hunter, a drunkard, yet in his way a fine gentleman,—and a very disreputable member of society. The first feelings toward him that I can remember, were those of shame. Not much matter of family pride here, you will say! True, and that is exactly the reason which made me cherish family pride elsewhere. My father's house was filled with guests, some high, and some low,—they all united in ridicule of the host. I soon detected the laughter, and you may imagine that it did not please me. Meanwhile, the old huntsman, whose family was about as ancient as ours, and whose ancestors had officiated in his capacity, for the ancestors of his master time out of mind, told me story after story about the Brandons of yore. I turned from the stories to more legitimate history, and found the legends were tolerably true. I learned to glow at this discovery: the pride humbled when I remembered my sire, revived when I remembered my ancestors,—I became resolved to emulate them, to restore a sunken name, and vowed a world of non-

sense on the subject. The habit of brooding over these ideas grew on me; I never heard a jest broken on my paternal guardian; I never caught the maudlin look of his reeling eyes, nor listened to some exquisite inanity from his besotted lips, but what my thoughts flew instantly back to the Sir Charleses and the Sir Roberts of my race, and I comforted myself with the hope that the present degeneracy should pass away. Hence, Julia, my family pride; hence too another feeling you dislike in me,—disdain! I first learned to despise my father, the host, and I then despised my acquaintance, his guests; for I saw, while they laughed at him, that they flattered, and that their merriment was not the only thing suffered to feed at his expense. Thus, contempt grew up with me, and I had nothing to check it; for when I looked around I saw not one living thing that I could respect. This father of mine had the sense to think I was no idiot. He was proud (poor man!) of 'my talents,' viz.; of prizes won at school, and congratulatory letters from my masters. He sent me to college: my mind took a leap there: I will tell you, prettiest, what it was! Before I went thither, I had some fine, vague visions about virtue. I thought to revive my ancestral honour by being good; in short, I was an embryo King Pepin. I awoke from this dream at the University. There, for the first time, I perceived the real consequences of rank.

"At school, you know, Julia, boys care nothing for a lord. A good cricketer, an excellent fellow, is worth all the earls in the peerage. But at college all that ceases: bats and balls sink into the nothingness in which corals and bells had sunk before. One grows manly, and wears hips coronets and carriages. I saw it was a fine thing to get a prize, but it was ten times a finer thing to get drunk with a peer. So, when I had done the first, my resolve to be worthy of my sires made me do the second—not indeed exactly; I never got drunk; my father disgusted me with that vice betimes. To his gluttony, I owe my vegetable diet, and to his inebriety my addiction to water. No—I did not get drunk with peers; but I was just as agreeable to them as if I had been equally enebriated. I knew intimately all the 'Hats' in the University, and I was henceforth looked up to by 'the Caps,' as if my head had gained the height of every hat that I knew. But I did not do this immediately. I must tell you two little anecdotes, that first initiated me into the secret of real greatness. The first is this: I was sitting at dinner with some fellows of a college, grave men and clever; two of them, not knowing me, were conversing about me: they heard, they said, that I should never be so good a fellow as my father,—have such a cellar, or keep such a house.

"I have met six earls there and a marquis," quoth the other senior.

"And his son," returned the first don, "only keeps company with sizars, I believe."

"So then," said I to myself, "to deserve the praise even of clever men, one must have good wines, know plenty of earls, and forswear sizars."

"Nothing could be truer than my conclusion."

"Anecdote the second is this:—On the day I gained a high University prize, I invited my friends to dine with me: four of them refused, because they were engaged—(they had been asked since I asked them)—to whom? the richest man

at the University. These occurrences happening at the same time, threw me into a profound reverie: I awoke, and became a Man of the World. I no longer resolved to be virtuous, and to hunt after the glory of your Romans and your Athenians—I resolved to become rich, powerful, and of worldly repute.

"I abjured my honest sizar, and, as I said before, I courted some rich 'Heta.' Behold my first grand step in the world! I became the parasite and the flatterer. What! would my pride suffer this! verily, yea, my pride delighted in it; for it soothed my spirit of contempt, to put these fine fellows to my use! it soothed me to see how easily I could cajole them, and to what a variety of purposes I could apply even the wearisome disgust of their acquaintance. Nothing is so foolish as to say the idle great are of no use; they can be put to any use whatsoever, that a wise man is inclined to make of them! Well, Julia, lo! my character already formed; family pride, disdain, and worldly ambition,—there it is for you:—after-circumstances only strengthened the impression already modelled. I desired, on leaving college, to go abroad; my father had no money to give me. What signified that! I looked carelessly around for some wealthier convenience than the paternal hoard; I found it in a Lord Mauleverer; he had been at college with me, and I endured him easily as a companion,—for he had accomplishments, wit, and good-nature; I made him wish to go abroad, and I made him think he should die of *ennui* if I did not accompany him. To his request to that effect, I *reluctantly* agreed, and saw every thing in Europe, which he neglected to see, at his expense. What amused me the most, was the perception, that I, the parasite, was respected by him, and he, the patron, was ridiculed by me! it would not have been so, if I had depended on 'my virtue.' Well, sweetest Julia, the world, as I have said, gave to my college experience a sacred authority. I returned to England, and my father died, leaving to me not a sixpence, and to my brother an estate so mortgaged, that he could not enjoy it, and so restricted, that he could not sell it. It was now the time for me to profit by the experience I boasted of. I saw that it was necessary I should take some profession. Professions are the masks to your pauper-rogue; they give respectability to cheating, and a diploma to feed upon others. I analyzed my talents, and looked to the customs of my country; the result was, my resolution to take to the Bar. I had an inexhaustible power of application; I was keen, shrewd, and audacious. All these qualities 'tell' at the courts of justice. I kept my legitimate number of terms,—I was called,—I went the circuit,—I obtained not a brief—not a brief, Julia! my health, never robust, gave way beneath study and irritation; I was ordered to betake myself to the country; I came to this village, as one both salubrious and obscure. I lodged in the house of your aunt, you came thither daily,—I saw you,—you know the rest. But where, all this time, were my noble friends! you will say. 'Death, since we had left college, they had learnt a little of the wisdom I had *then* possessed; they were not disposed to give something for nothing; they had younger brothers and cousins, and mistresses, and, for aught I know, children, to provide for. Besides, they had their own expenses; the richer a man is, the less he has to give. One of

them would have bestowed on me a living, if I had gone in the church; another, a commission, if I had joined his regiment. But I knew the day was past both for priest and soldier; and it was not merely to live, no, nor to live comfortably, but to enjoy power, that I desired; so I declined these offers. Others of my friends would have been delighted to have kept me in their house, teased me, joked with me, rode with me, and nothing more! But I had already the sense to see, that if a man dances himself into distinction, it is never by the steps of attendance. One must receive favours and court patronage, but it must be with the air of an independent man. My old friends thus rendered useless, my legal studies forbade me to make new, nay, they even estranged me from the old; for people may say what they please about a similarity of opinions being necessary to friendship, a similarity of habits is much more so. It is the man you dine, breakfast, and lodge with, walk, ride, gamble, or thieve with, that is your friend, not the man who likes Virgil as well as you do, and agrees with you in an admiration of Handel. Meanwhile, my chief prey, Lord Mauleverer, was gone; he had taken another man's dukedom, and sought out a bower in Italy; from that time to this, I have never heard of him nor seen him; I know not even his address. With the exception of a few stray gleanings from my brother, who, good easy man! I could plunder more, were I not resolved not to ruin the family stock, I have been thrown on myself; the result is, that though as clever as my fellows, I have narrowly shunned starvation; had my wants been less simple, there would have been no shunning in the case. But a man is not easily starved who drinks water, and eats by the ounce. A more effectual fate might have befallen me, disappointment, wrath, belied hope, mortified pride, all these which gnawed at my heart, might have consumed it long ago, I might have fretted away as a garment, which the moth eateth, had it not been for that fund of obstinate and iron hardness, which nature,—I beg pardon, there is no nature,—*circumstance* bestowed upon me. This has borne me up, and will bear me yet through time, and shame, and bodily weakness, and mental fever, until my ambition has won a certain height, and my disdain of human pettiness, rioted in the external sources of fortune, as well as an inward fountain of bitter and self-ful consolation. Yet oh, Julia, I know not even if this would have supported me, if at that epoch of life, when I was most wounded, most stricken in body, most soured in mind, my heart had not met, and fastened itself to yours; I saw you, loved you, and life became to me a new object. Even now, as I write to you, all my bitterness, my pride, vanish; every thing I have longed for disappears: my very ambition is gone; I have no hope but for you, Julia,—beautiful, adored Julia;—when I love you, I love even my kind. Oh, you know not the power you possess over me. Do not betray it; you can yet make me all that my boyhood once dreamt; or you can harden every thought, feeling, sensation, into stone.

"I was to tell you why I look not for happiness in our union. You have now seen my nature. You have traced the history of my life, by tracing the history of my character. You see what I am.

render in gaining you. I do not deny the sacrifice. I surrender the very essentials of my present mind and soul. I cease to be worldly. I cannot raise myself. I cannot revive my ancestral name; nay, I shall relinquish it for ever. I shall adopt a disguised appellation. I shall sink into another grade of life. In some remote village, by means of some humbler profession than that I now follow, we must earn our subsistence, and smile at ambition. I tell you frankly, Julia, when I close the eyes of my heart,—when I shut you from my gaze, this sacrifice appals me. But even then, you force yourself before me, and I feel that one glance from your eye is more to me than all. If you could bear with me—if you could soothe me—if, when a cloud is on me, you could suffer it to pass away unnoticed, and smile on me the moment it is gone, O, Julia, there would then be no extreme of poverty—no abasement of fortune—no abandonment of early dreams which would not seem to me rapture if coupled with the bliss of knowing that you are mine. Never should my lip—never should my eye tell you that there is that thing on earth for which I repine, or which I could desire. No, Julia, could I flatter my heart with this hope, you would not find me dream of unhappiness and you united. But I tremble, Julia, when I think of your temper and my own: you will conceive a gloomy look, from one never mirthful, is an insult; and you will feel every vent of passion on Fortune or on others, as a reproach to you. Then, too, you cannot enter into my nature; you cannot descend into its caverns; you cannot behold, much less can you deign to lull, the exacting and lynx-eyed jealousy that dwells there. Sweetest Julia, every breath of yours, every touch of yours, every look of yours I yearn for beyond all a mother's longing for the child that has been torn from her for years. Your head leant upon an old tree—(do you remember it near * * *)—and I went every day after seeing you to kiss it. Do you wonder that I am jealous? How can I love you as I do, and be otherwise?—my whole being is intoxicated with you!

“This then, your pride and mine—your pleasure in the admiration of others—your lightness, Julia, make me foresee an eternal and gushing source of torture to my mind.—I care not;—I care for nothing so that you are mine, if but for one hour.”

It seems that, despite the strange, sometimes the unlover-like and fiercely selfish nature of these letters from Brandon, something of a genuine tone of passion,—perhaps their originality,—aided, no doubt, by some uttered eloquence of the writer, and some treacherous inclination on the part of the mistress, ultimately conquered; and that an union, so little likely to receive the smile of a prosperous star, was at length concluded. The letter which terminated the correspondence was from Brandon: it was written on the evening before the marriage, which it appeared by the same letter, was to be private and concealed. After a rapturous burst of hope and joy, it continued thus:

“Yes, Julia, I recant my words: I have no belief that you or I shall ever have cause hereafter for unhappiness. Those eyes that dwelt so tenderly on mine; that hand whose pressure lingers yet in every nerve of my frame; those lips turned

so coyly—yet, shall I say reluctantly?—from me—all tell me that you love me—and my fears are banished. Love, which conquered my nature will conquer the only thing I would desire to see altered in yours. Nothing could ever make me adore you less, though you affect to dread it; nothing but a knowledge that you are unworthy of me—that you have a thought for another—then—then I should not hate you. No: the privilege of my past existence would revive; I should revel in a luxury of contempt—I should despise you—I should mock you, and I should be once more what I was before I knew you. But why do I talk thus? My bride, my blessing, forgive me.”

In concluding our extracts from this correspondence, we wish the reader to note—first, that the love professed by Brandon seems of that vehement and corporeal nature which, while it is often the least durable, is also the most susceptible of the fiercest extremes of hatred, or even of disgust. Secondly, that the character opened by his sarcastic candour evidently required in a mistress either an utter devotion, or a skilful address. And thirdly, that we have hinted at such qualities in the fair correspondent as did not seem sanguinely to promise either of those essentials.

While with a curled, yet often with a quivering lip, the austere and sarcastic Brandon slowly compelled himself to the task of proceeding through these monuments of former folly and youthful emotion, the further elucidation of those events, now rapidly urging on a fatal and dread catastrophe, spreads before us a narrative occurring many years prior to the time at which we are at present arrived.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Clem. Lift the dark veil of years!—behind—what waits?
A human heart.—Vast city, where reside
All glories and all vilenesses!—while soul
Yet silent through the roar of passions rolls
The River of the Darling Sin—and bears
A life and yet a poison on its tide.

Clem. Thy wife?—
Vict. Awaunt! I've chang'd that word to 'scorn'
Clem. Thy child?—
Vict. Ay, that strikes home—my child—my child.
Love and Hatred, by —.

To an obscure town in —shire, there came to reside a young couple, whose appearance and habits drew towards them, from the neighbouring gossips, a more than ordinary attention. They bore the name of *Welford*. The man assumed the profession of a solicitor. He came without introduction or recommendation; his manner of life bespoke poverty; his address was reserved, and even sour; and despite the notice and scrutiny with which he was regarded, he gained no clients, and made no lawsuits. The want of all those decent *charlatanism* which men of every profession are almost necessitated to employ, and the sudden and unusher nature of his coming, were perhaps, the cause of this ill-success. “His house was too small,” people said, “for respectability.” And little good could be got from a solicitor, the very rails round whose door were so sadly in want of repainting! Then, too, Mrs. Welford made

vast number of enemies. She was, beyond all expression, beautiful; and there was a certain coquetry in her manner, which showed she was aware of her attractions. All the ladies of—— hated her. A few people called on the young couple. Welford received them coldly; their invitations were unaccepted, and, what was worse, they were never returned. The devil himself could not have supported an attorney under such circumstances. Reserved—shabby—poor—rude—introductionless—a bad house—an unpainted railing—and a beautiful wife! Nevertheless, though Welford was not engaged, he was, as we have said, watched. On their first arrival, which was in summer, the young pair were often seen walking together in the fields or groves which surrounded their home. Sometimes they walked affectionately together, and it was observed with what care Welford adjusted his wife's cloak or shawl around her slender shape, as the cool of the evening increased. But often his arm was withdrawn, he lingered behind—and they continued their walk, or returned homeward, in silence and apart. By degrees, whispers circulated throughout the town, that the new married couple lived by no means happily. The men laid the fault on the stern-looking husband; the women, on the minx of a wife. However, the solitary servant whom they kept declared, that though Mr. Welford did sometimes frown, and Mrs. Welford did sometimes weep, they were extremely attached to each other, and only quarrelled through love. The maid had had four lovers herself, and was possibly experienced in such matters. They received no visitors, near or from a distance; and the postman declared he had never seen a letter directed to either. Thus a kind of mystery hung over the pair, and made them still more gazed on, and still more disliked, which is saying a great deal, than they would have otherwise been. Poor as Welford was, his air and walk eminently bespoke what common persons term *gentility*. And in this he had greatly the advantage of his beautiful wife; who, though there was certainly nothing vulgar or plebeian in her aspect, altogether wanted the refinement of manner, look, and phrase, which characterised Welford. For about two years they lived in this manner, and so frugally and tranquilly, that though Welford had not any visible means of subsistence, no one could well wonder in what manner they *did* subsist. About the end of that time, Welford suddenly embarked a small sum in a county speculation. In the course of this adventure, to the great surprise of his neighbours, he evinced an extraordinary turn for calculation, and his habits plainly bespoke a man both of business and ability. This disposal of capital brought a sufficient return to support the Welfords, if they had been so disposed, in rather a better style than heretofore. They remained, however, in much the same state; and the only difference that the event produced, was the retirement of Mr. Welford from the profession he had embraced. He was no longer a solicitor! It must be allowed that he resigned no great advantages in this retirement. About this time, some officers were quartered at——; and one of them, a handsome lieutenant, was so struck with the charms of Mrs. Welford, whom he saw at church, that he lost no opportunity of testifying his admiration. It was maliciously, yet not unfoundedly, remarked, that though no absolute im-

propriety could be detected in the manner of Mr. Welford, she certainly seemed far from displeased with the evident homage of the young lieutenant. A blush tinged her cheek when she saw him; and the gallant coxcomb asserted, that the blush was not always without a smile. Emboldened by the interpretations of his vanity, and contrasting, as every one else did, his own animated face and glittering garb, with the ascetic and gloomy countenance, the unstudied dress, and austere gait, which destroyed in Welford the effect of a really handsome person, our lieutenant thought fit to express his passion by a letter, which he conveyed to Mrs. Welford's pew. Mrs. Welford went not to church that day; the letter was found by a good-natured neighbour, and enclosed anonymously to the husband.

Whatever in the secrecy of domestic intercourse took place on this event was necessarily unknown, but the next Sunday, the face of Mr. Welford, which had never before appeared at church, was discerned by one vigilant neighbour,—probably the anonymous friend,—not in the same pew with his wife, but in a remote corner of the Sacred House. And once, when the lieutenant was watching to read in Mrs. Welford's face some answer to his epistle, the same obliging Inspector declared that Welford's countenance assumed a sardonic and withering sneer that made his very blood to creep. However this be, the lieutenant left his quarters, and Mrs. Welford's reputation remained dimly but factorily untarnished. Shortly after this, the county speculation failed, and it was understood that the Welfords were about to leave the town, whither none knew,—some said to goad; but then, unhappily, no debtor could be discovered. Their bills had been "next to nothing," but at least they had been regularly paid. However, before the rumoured emigration took place, a circumstance equally wonderful to the good people of—— occurred. One bright spring morning, a party of pleasure from a great house in the vicinity, passed through that town. Most conspicuous of these was a young horseman richly dressed, and of a remarkably showy and handsome appearance. Not a little sensible of the sensation he created, the cavalier lingered behind his group in order to eye more deliberately certain damsels stationed in a window, and who were quite ready to return his glances with interest. At this moment, the horse, which was fretting itself fiercely against the rein that restrained it from its fellows, took fright at a knife-grinder, started violently to one side, and the graceful cavalier, who had been thinking not of the attitude best adapted to preserve his equilibrium, but to display his figure, was thrown with some force upon a heap of bricks and rubbish which had long, to the scandal of the neighbourhood, stood before the paintless railings around Mr. Welford's house. Welford himself came out at the time, and felt compelled, for he was by no means one whose sympathetic emotions flowed easily, to give a glance to the condition of a man who lay motionless before his very door. The horseman quickly recovered his senses, but found himself unable to rise; one of his legs was broken. Supported in the arms of his groom, he looked around, and his eye met Welford's. An instant recognition gave life to the face of the former, and threw a dark blush over the sullen features of the latter. "Heavens!" said the cavalier, "is that—"

"Hist, my Lord!" cried Welford, quickly interrupting him, and glancing round. "But you're hurt—will you enter my house?"

The horseman signified his assent, and between the groom and Welford, was borne within the happy door of the ex-solicitor. The groom was then dispatched with an excuse to the party, many of whom were already hastening around the house; and though one or two did force themselves across the inhospitable threshold, yet so soon as they had uttered a few expletives, and felt their stare sink beneath the sullen and chilling asperity of the host, they satisfied themselves, that though it was damned unlucky for their friend, yet they could do nothing for him at present; and promising to send to inquire after him the next day, they remounted and rode homeward, with an eye more attentive than usual to the motion of their steeds. They did not however depart till the surgeon of the town had made his appearance, and declared that the patient must not on any account be moved. A lord's leg was a windfall that did not happen every day to the surgeon of ———. All his while we may imagine the state of anxiety experienced in the town, and the agonised endurance of those rural nerves which are produced in scanty populations, and have so *Tallicotian* a sympathy with the affairs of other people. One day—two days—three days—a week—a fortnight, nay, a month passed, and the lord was still the inmate of Mr. Welford's abode. Leaving the gossips to feed on their curiosity,—“Cannibals of their own parts,”—we must give a glance toward the interior of the inhospitable mansion of the ex-solicitor.

It was toward evening, the sufferer was supported on a sofa, and the beautiful Mrs. Welford, who had officiated as his nurse, was placing the pillow under the shattered limb. He himself was attempting to seize her hand, which she coyly drew back; and uttering things sweeter and more polished than she had ever listened to before. At this moment, Welford softly entered; he was unnoticed by either; and he stood at the door contemplating them with a smile of calm and self-regarding derision. The face of Mephistophiles regarding Margaret and Faust, might suggest some idea of the picture we design to paint; but the countenance of Welford was more lofty (as well as comelier) in character, though not less malignant in expression than that which the incomparable Retsch has given to the mocking fiend. So bitter, so congratulatory, so lordly was the contempt on Welford's dark and striking features, that though he was in that situation in which ridicule usually attaches itself to the husband, it was the gallant and the wife that would have appeared to the beholder in a humiliating and unenviable light.

After a momentary pause, Welford approached with a heavy step,—the wife started;—but with a bland and smooth expression, which since his sojourn in the town of ——— had been rarely visible in his aspect, the host joined the pair—smiled on the nurse, and congratulated the patient on his progress toward recovery. The nobleman, well learned in the usages of the world, replied sally and gaily; and the conversation flowed on heartily enough, till the wife, who had sat abstracted and apart, stealing ever and anon timid glances toward her husband and looks of a softer

meaning toward the patient, retired from the room. Welford then gave a turn to the conversation: he reminded the nobleman of the pleasant days they had passed in Italy—of the adventures they had shared, and the intrigues they had enjoyed; as the conversation warmed, it assumed a more free and licentious turn; and not a little, we ween, would the good folks of ——— have been amazed could they have listened to the gay jests and the libertine maxims which flowed from the thin lips of that cold and severe Welford, whose countenance gave the lie to mirth. Of women in general they spoke with that lively contempt which is the customary tone with men of the world,—only in Welford it assumed a bitterer, a deeper, and a more philosophical cast than it did in his more animated yet less energetic guest.

The nobleman seemed charmed with his friend; the conversation was just to his taste; and when Welford had supported him up to bed, he shook that person cordially by the hand, and hoped he should soon see him in very different circumstances. When the Peer's door was closed on Welford, he stood motionless for some moments; he then, with a soft step, ascended to his own chamber. His wife slept soundly; beside the bed was his infant's cradle. As his eyes fell on the latter, the rigid irony, now habitual to his features, relaxed, he bent over the cradle long, and in deep silence. The mother's face, blended with the sire's, was stamped on the sleeping and cherub countenance before him; and as at length, rousing himself from his reverie, he kissed it gently, he murmured—

“When I look on you, I will believe that she once loved me—Pah!” he said abruptly, and rising,—“this fatherly sentiment for a ———'s offering is exquisite in me!” So saying, without glancing toward his wife, who, disturbed by the loudness of his last words, stirred uneasily, he left the room, and descended into that where he had conversed with his guest. He shut the door with caution, and striding to and fro the humble apartment, gave vent to thoughts marshalled somewhat in the broken array in which they now appear to the reader.

“Ay, ay, she has been my ruin! and if I were one of your weak fools who make a gospel of the silliest and most mawkish follies of this damnable social state, she would now be my disgrace; but, instead of my disgrace, I will make her my footstool to honour and wealth. And, then, to the devil with the footstool! Yes! two years I have borne what was enough to turn my whole blood into gall!—inactivity—hopelessness—a wasted heart and life in myself—contumely from the world, coldness, bickering, ingratitude, from the one for whom—Oh, alas that I was! I gave up the most cherished part of my nature, rather my nature itself! Two years I have borne this, and now will I have my revenge,—I will sell her—sell her—God! I will sell her like the commonest beast of a market! And this paltry piece of false coin shall buy me—my world! Other men's vengeance comes from hatred—a base, rash, unphilosophical sentiment! mine comes from scorn! the only wise state for the reason to rest in. Other men's vengeance ruins themselves—mine shall save me! Christ!—how my soul chuckles when I look at this pitiful pair, who think I see them not, and know that every movement they make

is on a mesh of my web!—Yet,” and Welford paused slowly,—“yet I cannot but mock myself when I think of the arch gull that this boy’s madness love,—love, indeed!—the very word turns me sick with loathing,—made of me. Had that woman, silly, weak, automatal as she is, really loved me,—had she been sensible of the unspeakable sacrifice I had made to her—(Antony’s was nothing to it—he lost a real world only; mine was the world of imagination,)—had she but condescended to learn my nature, to subdue the woman’s devil at her own, I could have lived on in this babbling hermitage for ever, and fancied myself happy and resigned—I could have become a different being. I fancy I could have become what your moralists—(quacks!)—call ‘good.’ But this fretting frivolity of heart—this lust of fool’s praise—this peevishness of temper—this sullenness in answer to the moody thought, which in me neither fathomed nor forgave—this vulgar, daily, hourly pining at the paltry pinches of the body’s poverty, the domestic whine, the household complaint,—when I—I have not a thought for such pitiful trials of affection; and all this while, my curses, my buried hope, and disguised spirit and sunken name not thought of; the magnitude of my surrender to her not even comprehended; nay, her, ‘inconveniences,’—a dim hearth, I suppose, or a daintyless table,—compared, ay, absolutely compared with all which I abandoned for her sake! As if it were not enough,—had I been a fool, an ambitionless, soulless fool,—the mere thought that I had linked my name to that of a tradesman—I beg pardon, a retired tradesman!—as if that knowledge,—a knowledge I would strangle my whole race, every one who has ever met, seen me, rather than they should penetrate, were not enough, when she talks of ‘comparing,’—to make me gnaw the very flesh from my bones! No, no, no! Never was there so bright a turn in my fate, as when this titled cockcomb with his smooth voice and gaudy fripperies came hither! I will make her the tool to carve me out of this cavern wherein she has plunged me. I will foment ‘my Lord’s’ passion, till ‘my Lord’ thinks ‘the passion,’—(a butterfly’s passion!)—worth any price. I will then make my own terms—bind my Lord to secrecy, and get rid of my wife, my shame, and the solicitorship of Mr. Welford, for ever. Bright, bright prospects! let me shut my eyes to enjoy you! But softly, my noble friend calls himself a man of the world, skilled in human nature, and a derider of its prejudices; true enough, in his own little way—thanks not to enlarged views, but a vicious experience—so he is! The book of the world is a vast miscellany; he is perfectly well acquainted, doubtless, with those pages that treat of the fashions,—profoundly versed, I warrant, in the *Magasin des Modes* tacked to the end of the index. But shall I, even with all the mastership which my mind must exercise over his,—shall I be able utterly to free myself in this ‘Peer of the world’s’ mind from a degrading remembrance? Cuckold, cuckold, ’tis an ugly word; a convenient, willing cuckold, humph!—there is no grandeur, no philosophical varnish in the phrase. Let me see,—yes! I have a remedy for all that. I was married privately,—well! under disguised names,—well! it was a stolen marriage, far from her town,—well! witnesses unknown to her,—well! proofs easily secured to my possession,—excellent!

the fool shall believe it a forged marriage, an ignominious gallantry of mine; I will wash out the stain cuckold, with the water of another word; I will make market of a mistress, not a wife. I will warn him not to acquaint her with this secret: let me consider for what reason,—oh! my son’s legitimacy may be convenient to me hereafter. He will understand that reason, and I will have his ‘honour’ thereon. And by the way, I do care for that legitimacy, and will guard the proofs; I love my child,—ambitious men do love their children; I may become a lord myself, and may wish for a lord to succeed me; and that son is mine; thank Heaven! I am sure on that point,—the only child too that ever shall arise to me. Never, I swear, will I again put myself beyond my own power! All my nature, save one passion, I have hitherto mastered, that passion shall henceforth be my slave. My only thought be ambition, my only desire the world!”

As thus terminated the reverie of a man whom the social circumstances of the world were calculated, as if by system, to render eminently and basely wicked, Welford slowly ascended the stairs, and re-entered his chamber, his wife was still sleeping; her beauty was of the fair and girlish, and harmonized order, which lovers and poets would express by the word “angelic,” and as Welford looked upon her face, beated and almost hallowed by slumber, a certain weakness and irresolution might have been discernible in the strong lines of his haughty features. At that moment, as if for ever to destroy the return of hope or virtue to either, her lips moved, they uttered one word,—it was the name of Welford’s courtly guest.

About three weeks from that evening, Mrs. Welford eloped with the young nobleman, and on the morning following that event, the distracted husband with his child disappeared for ever from the town of ———. From that day no tidings whatsoever respecting him ever reached the titillated ears of his anxious neighbours; and doubt, curiosity, discussion, gradually settled into the belief that his despair had hurried him into suicide.

Although the unfortunate Mrs. Welford was in reality of a light and frivolous turn, and, above all susceptible to personal vanity, she was not without ardent affections and keen sensitivities. Her marriage had been one of love, that is to say on her part, the ordinary love of girls, who love not through actual and natural feeling, so much as a forced predisposition. Her choice had fallen on one superior to herself in birth, and far above all in person and address whom she had habitually met. Thus her vanity had assisted her affection, and something strange and eccentric in the temper and mind of Welford had, though at times it aroused her fear, greatly contributed to inflame her imagination. Then, too, though an unworly, he had been a passionate and a romantic lover. She was sensible that he gave up for her much that he had previously conceived necessary to his existence; and she stopped not to inquire how far this devotion was likely to last, or what conduct on her part might best perpetuate the feelings from which it sprung. She had eloped with him. She had consented to a private marriage. She had passed one happy month, and then darkness vanished! Mrs. Welford was not a woman who could give to reality, or sustain it, the same equal

a delusion. She was perfectly unable to comprehend the intricate and dangerous character of her husband. She had not the key to his virtues, or the spell for his vices. Nor was the state to which poverty compelled them, one well calculated for that tender meditation, heightened by absence and cherished in indolence, which so often supplies one who loves with the secret to the nature of the one beloved. Though not equal to her husband in birth or early prospects, Mrs. Welford had been accustomed to certain comforts, often more felt by those who belong to the inferior classes than by those appertaining to the more elevated, who, in losing one luxury, will often cheerfully surrender all. A fine lady can submit to more hardships than her woman; and every gentleman who travels, smiles at the privations which agonize his valet. Poverty, and its grim comrades, made way for a whole host of petty irritations and peevish complaints; and as no guest or visitor ever relieved the domestic discontent, or broke on the domestic bickering, they generally ended in that moody sullenness which so often finds love a grave in repentance. Nothing makes people tire of each other, like a familiarity that admits of carelessness in quarrelling, and coarseness in complaining. The biting sneer of Welford gave acrimony to the murmur of his wife; and when once each conceived the other the injurer, or him or herself the wronged, it was vain to hope that one would be more wary, or the other more indulgent. They both exacted too much, and the wife in especial conceded too little. Mrs. Welford was altogether and emphatically what a libertine calls—"a woman,"—*such as a frivolous education makes a woman*,—generous in great things, petty in small, vain, irritable, full of the littleness of herself and her complaints, ready to plunge into an abyss with her lover, but equally ready to fret away all love with reproaches when her plunge had been made. Of all men, Welford could bear this the least. A woman of a larger heart, a more settled experience, and an intellect capable of appreciating his character, and sounding all his qualities, might have made him perhaps an useful and a great man; and at least her lover for so. Amidst a harvest of evil feelings, the mere strength of his nature rendered him especially capable of intense feeling and generous emotion. One who relied on him was safe,—one who rebelled against him, trusted only to the caprice of his morn. Still, however, for two years, love, though weakening with each hour, fought on in either breast, and could scarcely be said to be entirely vanquished in the wife, even when she eloped with her handsome seducer. A French writer has said truthfully enough, "Compare for a moment the sympathy of a husband with the attention, the gallantry, the adoration of a lover, and can you ask the result?" He was a French writer; but Mrs. Welford had in her temper much of the French woman. A suffering patient, young, handsome, well versed in the arts of intrigue, contrasted with a gloomy husband whom she had never comprehended, long pined, and had lately doubted if she disliked!—ah! much weaker contrast has made many a much better woman food for the lawyers! Mrs. Welford eloped; but she felt a revived tenderness for her husband on the very morning that she did so. She carried away with her his letters of love as well as her own, which when they first married she

had, in an hour of fondness, collected together—then an inestimable hoard!—and never did her new lover receive from her beautiful lips half so passionate a kiss as she left on the cheek of her infant. For some months she enjoyed with her paramour all for which she had sighed in her home. The one for whom she had forsaken her legitimate ties, was a person so habitually cheerful, courteous, and what is ordinarily termed good-natured, (though he had in him as much of the essence of selfishness as any nobleman can decently have,) that he continued gallant to her without an effort, long after he had begun to think it possible to tire even of so lovely a face. Yet there were moments when the fickle wife recalled her husband with regret; and, contrasting him with her seducer, did not find all the colourings of the contrast flattering to the latter. There is something in a powerful and marked character, which women, and all weak natures, feel themselves constrained to respect; and Welford's character thus stood in bold, and therefore advantageous, though gloomy, relief, when opposed to the levities and foibles of this guilty woman's present adorer. However this be, the die was cast; and it would have been policy for the lady to have made the best of her present game. But she who had murmured as a wife, was not complaisant as a mistress. Reproaches made an interlude to caresses, which the noble lover by no means admired. He was not a man to retort, he was too indolent; but neither was he one to forbear. "My charming friend," said he one day, after a scene, "you weary of me,—nothing more natural! Why torment each other! You say I have ruined you; my sweet friend, let me make you reparation—become independent; I will settle an annuity upon you; fly me—seek happiness elsewhere, and leave your unfortunate, your despairing lover to his fate."

"Do you taunt me, my Lord?" cried the angry fair; "or do you believe that money can replace the rights of which you have robbed me!—can you make me again a wife—a happy, a respected wife! Do this, my Lord, and you atone to me!"

The nobleman smiled and shrugged his shoulders. The lady yet more angrily repeated her question. The lover answered by an innuendo, which at once astonished and doubly enraged her. She eagerly demanded explanation; and his Lordship, who had gone farther than he intended, left the room. But his words had sunk deep into the breast of this unhappy woman, and she resolved to procure an elucidation. Agreeably to the policy which stripped the fabled traveller of his cloak, she laid aside the storm and preferred the sunshine: she watched a moment of tenderness, turned the opportunity to advantage, and, by little and little, she possessed herself of a secret which sickened her with shame, disgust, and dismay. Sold! bartered! the object of a contemptuous huxtering to the purchaser and the seller; sold, too, with a lie that debased her at once into an object for whom even pity was mixed with scorn. Robbed already of the name and honour of a wife, and transferred, as a harlot, from the wearied arms of one lecher, to the capricious caresses of another. Such was the image that rose before her; and while it roused at one moment all her fiercer passions into madness, humbled, with the next, her vanity into the dust. She who knew the ruling passion of Welford, saw,

at a glance, the object of scorn and derision which she had become to him. While she imagined herself the betrayer, she had been the betrayed; she saw vividly before her, (and shuddered as she saw,) her husband's icy smile—his serpent eye—his features steeped in sarcasm, and all his mocking soul stamped upon the countenance, whose lightest derision was so galling. She turned from this picture, and saw the courtly face of the purchaser—his subdued smile at her reproaches—his latent sneer at her claims to a station which he had been taught, by the arch plotter, to believe she had never possessed. She saw his early weariness of her attractions, expressed with respect indeed—an insulting respect,—but felt without a scruple of remorse. She saw in either—as around—only a reciprocation of contempt. She was in a web of profound abasement. Even that haughty grief of conscience for crime committed to another, which if it stings, humbles not, was swallowed up in a far more agonizing sensation, to one so vain as the adulteress—the burning sense of shame at having herself, while sinning, been the duped and deceived. Her very soul was appalled with her humiliation. The curse of Welford's vengeance was on her—and it was wreaked to the last! Whatever kindly sentiment she might have experienced toward her protector, was swallowed at once by this discovery. She could not endure the thought of meeting the eye of one who had been the gainer by this ignominious barter. The foibles and weaknesses of the lover assumed a despicable as well as hateful dye. And in feeling *herself* degraded, she loathed *him*. The day after she had made the discovery we have referred to, Mrs. Welford left the house of her protector, none knew whither. For two years from that date, all trace of her history was lost. At the end of that time, what was Welford? a man rapidly rising in the world, distinguished at the Bar, where his first brief had lifted him into notice, commencing a flattering career in the Senate, holding lucrative and honourable offices, esteemed for the austere rectitude of his moral character, gathering the golden opinions of all men, as he strode onward to public reputation. He had re-assumed his hereditary name; his early history was unknown; and no one in the obscure and distant town of ——— had ever guessed that the humble Welford was the William Brandon whose praise was echoed in so many journals, and whose rising genius was acknowledged by all. That asperity, roughness, and gloom which had noted him at ———, and which being natural to him, he designed not to disguise in a station ungenial to his talents and below his hopes, were now glitteringly varnished over by an hypocrisy well calculated to aid his ambition. So learnedly could this singular man fit himself to others, that few among the great met him as a companion, nor left him without the temper to become his friend. Through his noble rival, that is—(to make our reader's 'surety doubly sure')—through Lord Mauleverer, he had acquired his first lucrative office, a certain patronage from government, and his seat in parliament. If he had persevered at the Bar, rather than given himself entirely to state intrigues, it was only because his talents were eminently more calculated to advance him in the former path to honour, than in the latter. So devoted was he become to public life, that he had only permitted himself to cherish one private source of enjoyment.

—his son. As no one, not even his brother, knew he had been married,—(during the two years of his disguised name, he had been supposed dead,)—the appearance of this son made the only point of scandal whispered against the rigid morality of his fair fame; but he himself, waiting his own time for avowing a legitimate heir, gave out that it was the orphan child of a dear friend whom he had known abroad; and the puritan demurres not only of life, but manner, which he assumed, gained a pretty large belief to the statement. This son Brandon idolized. As we have represented himself to say,—ambitious men are commonly fond of their children, beyond the fondness of other sires. The perpetual reference to ambitious make to posterity, is perhaps the main reason. But Brandon was also fond of children generally, philo-progenitiveness was a marked trait in his character, and would seem to belie the hardness and artifice belonging to that character, were not the same love so frequently noticeable in the harsh and the artificial. It seems as if a half-conscious but pleasing feeling, that they too were once gentle and innocent, make them delight in reviving any sympathy with their early state.

Often after the applause and labour of the day, Brandon would repair to his son's chamber, and watch him slumber for hours; often before his morning toil commenced, he would nurse the infant in his arms with all a woman's natural tenderness and gushing joy. And often, as a graver and more characteristic sentiment stole over him, he would mentally say,—“You shall build up our broken name on a better foundation than your sire. I begin too late in life, and I labour up a painful and stony road; but I shall make the journey to Fame smooth and accessible for you. Never, too, while you aspire to honour, shall you steel your heart to tranquillity. For you, my child, shall be the joys of home and love, and a mind that does not sicken at the past, and shrinks through more fretfulness, toward a solitary and barren distinction for the future. Not only what your father gains, you shall enjoy, but what he cursed him, his vigilance shall lead you to shun.”

It was thus not only that his softer feelings, but all the better and nobler ones which, even in the worst and hardest bosom, find some root, turned themselves toward his child; and that the bold and vicious man promised to become the affectionate and perhaps the wise parent.

One night, Brandon was returning home from a ministerial dinner. The night was frosty and clear. The hour was late, and his way lay through the longest and best lighted street of the metropolis. He was, as usual, buried in thought, when he was suddenly aroused from his reverie by a light touch laid on his arm. He turned, and saw one of the unhappy persons who haunt the midnight streets of cities, standing right before his path. The gaze of each fell full upon the other; and it was thus, for the first time since they laid their heads on the same pillow, that the Husband met the Wife. The skies were intensely clear, and the lamp-light was bright and calm upon the faces of both. There was no doubt in the mind of either. Suddenly, and with a startled and ghostly consciousness, they recognised each other. The wife staggered and clung to a post for support: Brandon's look was calm and unmoved. The hour that his bitter and malignant spirit had yearned for was come.

his nerves expanded in a voluptuous calmness, as to give him a deliberate enjoyment of his hope fulfilled. Whatever the words that, in that unfitted and almost awful interview, passed between them, we may be sure that Brandon cared not one atom of his power. The lost and abandoned wife returned home, and all her nature, brutalized as it had become by guilt and vile habits, ordered into revenge, that preternatural feeling which may be termed the hope of despair.

Three nights from that meeting, Brandon's house was broken into. Like the houses of many gall men, it lay in a dangerous and thinly-populated outskirt of the town, and was easily accessible to robbery. He was awakened by a noise; he started, and found himself in the grasp of two men. At the foot of the bed stood a female, raising a light, and her face, haggard with searing passions, and ghastly with the leprous whiteness of disease and approaching death, glared full upon him.

"It is now my turn," said the female, with a grin of scorn which Brandon himself might have envied—"you have cursed me, and I return the curse! You have told me that my child shall never name me but to blush. Fool! I triumph over you; you he shall never know to his dying-day! You have told me, that to my child and my child's child (a long transmission of execration), my name—the name of the wife you basely led to ruin and to hell, should be left as a legacy of odium and shame! Man, you shall teach that child no farther lesson whatever: you shall know it whether he live or die, or have children to carry on your boasted race; or whether, if he have, those children be not the outcasts of the earth—the accursed of man and God—the fit offspring of the thing you have made me. Watch! I will look on you the denunciation with which, when we met three nights since, you would have washed the victim of your own perfidy. You shall tread the path of your ambition childless, and objectless, and hopeless. Disease shall set her camp upon your frame. The worm shall batter open your heart. You shall have honour, and enjoy them not: you shall gain your ambition, and despair: you shall pine for your son, and find him not; or, if you find him, you shall curse the hour in which he was born. Mark me, man—I am crying while I speak—I know that I am a prophet of my curse. From this hour I am avenged, and you are my scorn!"

As the hardest natures sink appalled before the fiery eye of the maniac, so, in the dead of the night, pinioned by ruffians, the wild and solemn voice (sharpened by passion and partial madness,) of the ghastly figure before him curdling through his veins, even the haughty and daring character of William Brandon quailed! He uttered not a word. He was found the next morning, bound by strong cords to his bed. He spoke not when he was released, but went in silence to his child's chamber:—the child was gone! Several articles of property were also stolen: the desperate tools the mother had employed worked not perhaps without their own reward.

We need scarcely add, that Brandon set every engine and channel of justice in motion for the recovery of his son. All the especial shrewdness and keenness of his own character, aided by his professional experience, he employed for years in

the same pursuit. Every research was wholly in vain: not the remotest vestige toward discovery could be traced, until were found (we have recorded when) some of the articles that had been stolen, Fate treasured in her gloomy womb, altogether undescried by man, the hour and the scene in which the most ardent wish of William Brandon was to be realized.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

O Fortuna, viris invida fortibus
Quam non equis bonis potestas dividis.

SÆNECA.

And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Flees to the place from whence at first he flew.

Here, to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still.

GOLDSMITH.

STEWLY, for Lucy, waned the weeks of a winter, which, to her, was the most dreary portion of life she had ever passed. It became the time for the Judge to attend one of those periodical visitations so fraught with dread and dismay to the miserable inmates of the dark abodes which the complex laws of this country so bounteously supply—those times of great hilarity and eating to the legal gentry,

"Who feed on crime and fatten on distress,
And wring vile mirth from suffering's last excess."

Ah! excellent order of the world, which it is so wicked to disturb! How miraculously beautiful must be that system which makes wine out of the scorching tears of guilt: and from the suffocating suspense, the agonized fear, the compelled and self-mocking bravery, the awful sentence, the despairing death-pang of one man, furnishes the smirking expectation of fees, the jovial meeting, and the mercenary holiday to another! "Of law, nothing less can be said, than that her seat is the bosom of God." To be sure not, Richard Hooker, you are perfectly right. The divinity of a session, and the inspiration of the Old Bailey, are undeniable!

The care of Sir William Brandon had effectually kept from Lucy's ear the knowledge of her lover's ignominious situation. Indeed, in her delicate health, even the hard eye of Brandon, and the thoughtless glance of Manleverer, perceived the danger of such a discovery. The Earl now waiting the main attack on Lucy, till the curtain had for ever dropped on Clifford, proceeded with great caution and delicacy in his suit to his purposed bride. He waited with the more patience, inasmuch as he had drawn in advance on his friend Sir William for some portion of the heiress's fortune; and he readily allowed that he could not, in the meanwhile, have a better advocate than he found in Brandon. So persuasive, indeed, and so subtle was the eloquence of this able sopher, that often in his artful conversations with his niece, he left even on the unvitiated, and strong though simple mind of Lucy an uneasy and restless impression, which time might have ripened into an inclination toward the worldly advantages of the marriage at her command. Brandon was no

bungling mediator or violent persecutor. He seemed to acquiesce in her rejection of Mauleverer. He scarcely recurred to the event. He rarely praised the Earl himself, save for the obvious qualities of liveliness and good-nature. But he spoke with all the vivid colours he could infuse at will into his words, of the pleasures and the duties of rank and wealth. Well could he appeal alike to all the prejudices and all the foibles of the human breast, and govern virtue through its weaknesses. Lucy had been brought up, like the daughters of most country gentlemen of ancient family, in an undue and idle consciousness of superior birth, and she was far from inaccessible to the warmth and even feeling (for here Brandon was sincere) with which her uncle spoke of the duty of raising a gallant name sunk into disrepute, and sacrificing our own inclinations, for the redecoration of the mouldered splendour of those who have gone before us. If the confusion of idea occasioned by a vague pomposity of phrase, and the infant inculcation of a sentiment that is mistaken for a virtue, so often makes fools of the wise on the subject of ancestry; if it clouded even the sarcastic and keen sense of Brandon himself, we may forgive its influence over a girl so little versed in the arts of sound reasoning as poor Lucy, who, it may be said, had never learnt to think until she had learnt to love. However, the impression made by Brandon, in his happiest moments of persuasion, was as yet only transient; it vanished before the first thought of Clifford, and never suggested to her even a doubt as to the suit of Mauleverer.

When the day arrived for Sir William Brandon to set out on the circuit, he called Barlow, and enjoined that acute and intelligent servant the strictest caution with respect to Lucy. He bade him deny her to every one of whatever rank, and carefully to look into every newspaper that was brought to her, as well as to withhold every letter, save such as were addressed to her in the Judge's own handwriting. Lucy's maid Brandon had already won over to silence; and the uncle now pleased himself with thinking that he had put an effectual guard to every chance of discovery. The identity of Lovett with Clifford had not yet even been rumoured, and Mauleverer had rightly judged of Clifford, when he believed the prisoner would himself take every precaution against the detection of that fact. Clifford answered the Earl's note and promise, in a letter couched in so affecting yet so manly a tone of gratitude, that even Brandon was touched when he read it. And since his confinement and partial recovery of health, the prisoner had kept himself closely secluded, and refused all visitors. Encouraged by this reflection, and the belief in the safety of his precautions, Brandon took leave of Lucy. "Farewell!" said he, as he embraced her affectionately. "Be sure that you write to me, and forgive me if I do not answer you punctually. Take care of yourself, my sweet niece, and let me see a fresher colour on that soft cheek when I return!"

"Take care of yourself rather, my dear, dear uncle," said Lucy, clinging to him and weeping, as of late her weakened nerves caused her to do at the least agitation. "Why may I not go with you? You have seemed to me paler than usual, the last three or four days, and you complained yesterday. Do let me go with you; I will be no

trouble, none at all; but I am sure you require a nurse."

"You want to frighten me, my pretty Lucy," said Brandon, shaking his head with a smile. "I am well, very well: I felt a strange rush of blood toward the head yesterday, it is true; but I feel to-day, stronger and lighter than I have done for years. Once more, God bless you, my child!"

And Brandon tossed himself away, and commenced his journey.

The wandering and dramatic course of the story now conducts us to an obscure lane in the metropolis, leading to the Thames, and making spectators of an affecting farewell between two persons, whom the injustice of fate, and the passions of men, were about perhaps for ever to divide.

"Adieu, my friend!" said Augustus Temlinson as he stood looking full on that segment of the face of Edward Pepper, which was left unconcealed by a huge hat and a red belcher handkerchief. Temlinson himself was attired in the full costume of a dignified clergyman. "Adieu, my friend, and you will remain in England,—adieu! I am, I exult to say, no less sincere a patriot than you. Heaven be my witness, how long I looked anxiously on poor Lovett's proposal, to quit my beloved country. But all hope of life here, is now over; and really, during the last ten days, I have been so hunted from corner to corner, so plagued with polite invitations, similar to those given by a farmer's wife to her ducks, 'Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed!' that my patriotism has been prodigiously cooled, and I no longer recoil from the thoughts of self-banishment. 'The earth,' my dear Ned, as a Greek sage has very well observed, 'the earth is the same every where!' and if I am asked for my home, I can point, like Ananias, to Heaven!"

"'Pon my soul, you affect me!" said Ned speaking thick, either from grief or the pressure of the belcher handkerchief on his mouth; "it is quite beautiful to hear you talk!"

"Bear up, my dear friend," continued Temlinson, "bear up against your present affliction. What, to a man who fortifies himself by reason and by reflection on the shortness of life, are the little calamities of the body? What is imprisonment, or persecution, or cold, or hunger?—By the by, you did not forget to put the sandwiches into my coat-pocket?"

"Hush!" whispered Ned, and he moved on involuntarily; "I see a man at the other end of the street."

"Let us quicken our pace," said Temlinson; and the pair proceeded toward the river.

"And now," began Ned, who thought he might as well say something about himself, for hitherto Augustus, in the ardour of his friendship, had been only discussing his own plans;—"and now,—that is to say, when I leave you,—I shall hasten to dive for shelter, until the storm blows over. I don't much like living in a collar and wearing a smock-frock,—but those concealments have something interesting in them, after all! the safest and snugest place I know of, is the *Paye Bar*, about Thames Court; so I think of hiring an apartment under-ground, and taking my meals at poor Lovett's old quarters, the 'Mag,'—the police will never dream of looking in those vulgar haunts, for a man of my fashion."

"You cannot then tear yourself from England?" said Tomlinson.

"No, hang it! the fellows are so cursed un-
nearly on the other side of the water. I hate their
ne and their parley wee. Besides, there is no
n there!"

Tomlinson, who was absorbed in his own
thoughts, made no comment on his friend's ex-
cellent reasons against travel, and the pair now
proached the brink of the river. A boat was
waiting to receive and conduct to the vessel in
which he had taken his place for Calais, the illus-
trous emigrant. But as Tomlinson's eye fell
suddenly on the rude boatman and the little boat,
which were to bear him away from his native
land; as he glanced too across the blue waters,
which a brisk wind wildly agitated, and thought
how much rougher it would be at sea, where "his
ail" invariably "sickened at the heaving wave,"
a whole tide of deep and sorrowful emotions rushed
on him.

He turned away:—the spot on which he stood
as a piece of ground to be let (as a board pro-
mised) upon a building lease; below, descended
a steep which were to conduct him to the boat;
around, the desolate and houseless space allowed
him to see, in far and broad extent, the spires,
d domes, and chimneys of the great city whose
habitants he might never plunder more. As he
looked and looked, the tears started to his eyes,
and with a gust of enthusiasm little consonant with
his temperate and philosophical character, he lifted
his right hand from his black breeches-pocket, and
cast into the following farewell to the metropolis
his native shores.

"Farewell, my beloved London, farewell!
Where shall I ever find a city like you? Never,
I now, did I feel how inexpressibly dear you
were to me. You have been my father, and my
mother, and my mistress, and my tailor, and my
seamaker, and my hatter, and my cook, and my
wine merchant! You and I never misunderstood
each other. I did not grumble when I saw what
the houses and good strong boxes you gave to
her men. No! I rejoiced at their prosperity.
I delighted to see a rich man—my only disap-
pointment was in stumbling on a poor one. You
gave riches to my neighbours; but, O generous
London, you gave those neighbours to me! Mag-
nificent streets, all Christian virtues abide within
you! Charity is as common as smoke! Where,
what corner of the habitable world shall I find
human beings with so many superfluities? where
shall I so easily decoy from their benevolent cre-
dality, those superfluities to myself? God only
knows, my dear, dear, darling London, what I
see in you! O public charities!—O public in-
stitutions!—O Banks that belie mathematical
dioms, and make lots out of nothing!—O show-
rooms where Frenchmen are expected to drink
russic acid like water!—O merciful spectators,
who pursue the said Frenchmen to coal-holes, if
they refuse to be poisoned!—O ancient constitu-
tion always to be questioned!—O modern im-
provements that never answer!—O speculations!
—O companies!—O usury laws which guard
against usurers, by making as many as possible!
—O churches in which no one profits, save the par-
son and the old women that let pews of an even-
ing!—O superb theatres, too small for parks, too
normous for houses, which exclude comedy and
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comfort, and have a monopoly for performing
nonsense gigantically!—O houses of plaster built
in a day!—O palaces four yards high, with a dome
in the middle, meant to be invisible!*—O shops
worth thousands, and O shopkeepers not worth a
shilling!—O system of credit, by which beggars
are princes, and princes are beggars!—O imprison-
ment for debt, which lets the mare be stolen, and
then locks up the bridle!—O sharpers, bubbles,
senators, beaux, taverns, brothels, clubs, houses
private and public!—O London, in a word,
receive my last adieu! Long may you flourish in
peace and plenteousness! May your knaves be
witty, and your fools be rich! May you alter only
two things—your damnable tricks of transporta-
tion and hanging! Those are your sole faults;
but for those, I would never desert you.—Adieu!"

Here Tomlinson averted his head, and then has-
tily shaking the hand of Long Ned with a tremu-
lous and warm grasp, he hurried down the stairs
and entered the boat. Ned remained motionless
for some moments, following him with his eyes,
as he sat at the end of the boat, waving a white
pocket handkerchief. At length a line of barges
snatched him from the sight of the lingerer, and
Ned slowly turning away, muttered—"Yes, I have
always heard that Dame Lobkins's was the safest
asylum for misfortune like mine. I will go forth-
with in search of a lodging, and to-morrow I will
make my breakfast at the 'Mug!'"

Be it our pleasing task, dear reader, to *forestall*
the good robber, and return, at the hour of sunrise
on the day following Tomlinson's departure, to the
scene at which our story commenced. We are
now once more at the house of Mrs. Margery
Lobkins.

The room which served so many purposes was
still the same as when Paul turned it into the
arena of his mischievous pranks. The dresser,
with its shelves of mingled delf and pewter, occu-
pied its ancient and important station. Only it
might be noticed that the pewter was more dull
than of yore, and that sundry cracks made their
erratic wanderings over the yellow surface of
the delf. The eye of the mistress had become
less keen than heretofore, and the care of the
handmaid had, of necessity, relaxed. The tall
clock still ticked in monotonous warning; the
blanket-screen, haply innocent of soap since we
last described it, many-storied, and poly-balladed,
still unfolded its ample leaves, "rich with the
spoils of time." The spit and the musket yet
hung from the wall in amicable proximation.
And the long smooth form, "with many a holy
text *thereon bestrewn*," still afforded rest to the
weary traveller, and an object to the vacant stare
of Mrs. Margery Lobkins, as she lolled in her
opposite seat and forgot the world. But poor
Piggy Lob! *there* was the alteration! The soul of
the woman was gone! The spirit had evaporated
from the human bottle! She sat with open
mouth and glassy eye in her chair, sidling herself
to and fro, with the low, peevish sound of fretful
age and bodily pain, sometimes this querulous

* We must not suppose this apostrophe to be an ana-
chronism! Tomlinson, of course, refers to some palace of
his day. One of the boxes—Christmas boxes—given to the
King by his economical nation of shopkeepers. We suppose
it is either pulled down or blown down long ago: it is
doubtless forgotten by this time, except by antiquaries.
Nothing is so ephemeral as great houses built by the people.
—Your Kings play the deuce with their playthings!

stammer sharpened into a shrill but unmeaning scold. "There now, you gallows bird, you has taken the swipes without chalking; you wants to cheat the poor widow; but I sees you, I does! Providence protects the aged and the innocent—oh, oh! those twinges will be the death o' me! Where's Martha? You jade, you! you wiperous hussey, bring the tape here, doesn't you see how I suffers? Has you no bowels, to let a poor Chistin cretur perish for want o' help! That's the way with 'em, that's the way! No one cares for I now—no one has respect for the grey 'airs of the old!" And then the voice dwindled into the whimpering "tenor of its way." Martha, a strapping wench, with red hair streaming over her "hills of snow" was not, however, inattentive to the wants of her mistress. "Who knows," said she to a man who sat by the hearth, drinking tea out of a blue mug, and toasting with great care two or three huge rounds of bread, for his own private and especial nutriment—"who knows," said she, "what we may come to ourselves!" and, so saying, she placed a glowing tumbler by her mistress's elbow. But in the sunken prostration of her intellect, the old woman was incapable even to her consolation: she sipped and drank, it is true; but, as if the stream warmed not the benumbed region through which it passed, she continued muttering in a crazed and groaning key, "Is this your gratitude, you serpent! why does not you bring the tape I tells you! Am I of a age to drink water like a oar, you nasty thing! Oh, to think as ever I should live to be deserted!"

Inattentive to these murmurs, which she felt unreasonable, the bouncing Martha now quitted the room, to repair to her "upper household" avocations. The man at the hearth was the only companion left to the widow. Gazing at her for a moment, as she sat whining, with a rude compassion in his eye, and slowly munching his toast which he had now buttered, and placed in a delf plate on the hob, this person thus soothingly began—

"Ah, Dame Lobkins, if so be as ow little Paul was a vith you, it would be a gallows comfort to you in your latter hand!"

The name of Paul made the good woman incline her head toward the speaker; a ray of consciousness shot through her bedulled brain.

"Little Paul, eh Sirs! where is Paul? Paul, I say, my ben-cull. Alack! he's gone—left his poor old nurse to die like a cat in a cellar. Oh Dummie! never live to be old, man! They leaves us to ourselves, and then takes away all the lish with 'em! I has not a drop o' comfort in the var-sal world!"

Dummie, who at this moment had his own reasons for soothing the dame, and was anxious to make the most of the opportunity of a conversation as unwitnessed as the present, replied tenderly; and with a cunning likely to promote his end, reproached Paul bitterly for never having informed the dame of his whereabouts and his proceedings. "But come, dame," he wound up, "come, I knows as how he is better nor all that, and that you need not beat your hold brains to think where he lies, or vot he's a doing. Blow me tight, mother Lob,—I ax pardon, Mrs. Margery, I should say,—if I would not give five bob, ay, and five to the tail o' that, to know vot the poor lad

is about; I takes a mortal interest in that 'en chap!"

"Oh! oh!" groaned the old woman, on whose pained sense the astute inquiries of Dummie Dunnaker fell harmless; "my poor sinful career! what a way it be in!"

Artfully again did Dummie Dunnaker, nothing defeated, renew his attack; but fortune does not always favour the wise, and it failed Dummie now, for a twofold reason: first, because it was not possible for the dame to comprehend him; secondly, because even if it had been, she had nothing to reveal. Some of Clifford's pecuniary gifts had been conveyed anonymously, all without direction or date; and, for the most part, they had been appropriated by the sage Martha, into whose hand they fell, to her own private use. Nor did the dame require Clifford's grateful charity; for she was a woman tolerably well off in this world, considering how near she was waxing to such. Longer, however, might Dummie have tried his unavailing way, had not the door of the inn creaked on its hinges, and the bulky form of a tall man in a smock-frock, but with a remarkably fine head of hair, darkened the threshold. He honoured the dame, who cast on him a lack-lustre eye, with a sulky, yet ambrosial nod, seized a bottle of spirits and a tumbler, lighted a candle, drew a small German pipe and a tobacco-box from his pouch, placed these several luxuries on a small table wheeled it to a far corner of the room, and throwing himself into one chair, and his legs into another, he enjoyed the result of his pains in a moody and supercilious silence. Long and earnestly did the meek Dummie gaze on the face of the gentleman before him. It had been some years since he had last beheld it; but it was one which did not easily escape the memory; and although its proprietor was a man who had risen in the world, and gained the height of his profession, (a station far beyond the diurnal sphere of Dummie Dunnaker,) and the humble parlier was therefore astonished to encounter him in the lower-regions; yet Dummie's recollection carried him back to a day when they had gone share together without respect of persons, and been right jolly partners in the practical game of begging their neighbour. While, however, Dummie Dunnaker who was a little inclined to be shy, deliberated as to the propriety of claiming acquaintance, a dirty boy, with a face which betokened the fact as Dummie himself said, like a plum dying of the scarlet fever, entered the room, with a newspaper in his dexter paw. "Great news—great news!" cried the urchin, imitating his vociferous original in the street; "all about the famous Captain Levett, as large as life!"

"'Old your blarney, you blattergow!" said Dummie rebukingly, and seizing the journal.

"Master says as how he must have it to send to Clapham, and can't spare it for more than 'our?" said the boy as he withdrew.

"I 'members the day," said Dummie, with the zeal of a clansman, "when the Mug took the paper all to itself, instead of 'iring it by the like!"

Thereon he opened the paper with a flip, and gave himself up to the lecture. But the tall stranger half rising with a start, exclaimed, "Can't you have the manners to be communicative?—do you

think nobody cares about Captain Lovett but myself!"

On this Dummie turned round on his chair, and, with a "Blow me tight, you're welcome, I'm sure!" began as follows:—(we copy the paper, not the fiction of the reader.)

"The trial of the notorious Lovett commences to-day. Great exertions have been made by people of all classes to procure seats in the Town Hall, which will be full to a degree never before known in this peaceful province. No less than seven indictments are said to await the prisoner; has been agreed that the robbery of Lord Mansfield should be the first to come on. The principal witness in this case, against the prisoner, is understood to be the King's evidence, Mac Grawler. No news, as yet, have been circulated concerning the suspected accomplices, Augustus Temlinson and Edward Pepper. It is believed that the former has fled the country, and that the latter is lurking among the low refuges of guilt with which the heart of the metropolis abounds. Report speaks highly of the person and manners of Lovett. He is also supposed to be a man of some talent, and as formerly engaged in an obscure periodical, edited by Mac Grawler, and termed the *Altensum*, *Asinsum*. Nevertheless, we apprehend that his origin is remarkably low, and suitable to the nature of his pursuits. The prisoner will be most fortunate in a judge. Never did any one holding the same high office as Sir William Brandon, earn equal reputation in so short a time. The Whigs are accustomed to sneer at us, when we insist on the private virtues of our Ministers. Let them look to Sir William Brandon, and confess that the austere morals may be linked with the soundest knowledge and the most brilliant genius. The opening address of the learned judge to the jury at —, is perhaps the most impressive and solemn piece of eloquence in the English language!"—A cause for this eulogium might haply be found in another part of the paper, in which it was said, "Among the higher circles, we understand, the rumour has gone forth, that Sir William Brandon is to be recalled to his old parliamentary career in a more elevated scene. So highly are this gentleman's talents respected by his Majesty and the Ministers, that they are, it is reported, anxious to secure his assistance in the Cabinet, and of course, as his station precludes him from the Commons, in the House of Lords!"

When Dummie had spelt his "toilsome march" through the first of the above extracts, he turned round to the tall stranger, and eyeing him with an air of winking significance, said—

"So, Mac Grawler peaches, blows the gaff on a pal, eh! Vel now, I always suspected that the son of a gun! Does you know, he used to be at the Mug many's a day, a teaching our little Paul, and says I to Piggy Lob, says I, 'Blow me tight, but that cove is a queer one! and if he does it come to be scragged,' says I, 'it vill only be because he'll turn a rusty, and scrag one of his pals!' So you sees—(here Dummie looked round and his voice sank into a whisper)—so you sees, Meester Pepper, I vas no fool there!"

Long Ned dropped his pipe, and said sourly with a suspicious frown, "What! you know it?"

"To be sure and sartin I does," answered little

Dummie, walking to the table where the robber sat. "Does not you know I?"

Ned regarded the interrogator with a sullen glance, which gradually brightened into knowledge. "Ah!" said he, with the air of a Brummel, "Mr. Bummaie, or Dummie, I think, eh! Shake a paw—I'm glad to see you—Recollect the last time I saw you, rather affronted me. Never mind. I dare say you did not mean it."

Encouraged by this affable reception from the highwayman, though a little embarrassed by Ned's allusion to former conduct on his part, which he felt was just, Dummie grinned, pushed a stool near Ned, sat himself down, and carefully avoiding any immediate answer to Ned's complaint, he rejoined:—

"Do you know, Meester Pepper, you struck I all of a heap. I could not have speeded as how you'd condescend now-a-days to come to the Mug, where I never seed you but vonce before. Lord love ye, they says as 'ow you go to all the fine places in ruffles, with a pair of silver paps in your vaistcoat pocket! Vy, the boys hereabouts say, that you and Meester Temlinson, and this 'ere poor devil in quod, vere the finest gemmen in town; and Loff, for to think of your civility to a pitiful rag marchant, like I!"

"Ah!" said Ned gravely, "there are sad principles afloat now. They want to do away with all distinctions in rank,—to make a duke no better than his valet, and a gentleman highwayman class with a filcher of fagles." But, dammee if I don't think misfortune levels us all quite enough: and misfortune brings me here, little Dummie!"

"Ah! you wants to keep out of the way of the bulkies!"

"Right. Since poor Lovett was laid by the heels, which I must say was the fault of his own deuced gentlemanlike behaviour to me and Augustus (you've heard of Guz, you say), the knot of us seems quite broken. One's own friends look inclined to play one false; and really, the queer cuffs hover so sharply upon us, that I thought it safe to duck for a time. So I have taken a lodging in a cellar, and I intend for the next three months to board at the 'Mug.' I have heard that I may be sure of lying snug here:—Dummie, your health! Give us the baccy!"

"I say, Meester Pepper," said Dummie, clearing his throat, when he had obeyed the request, "can you tell I, if so be you as met in your travels our little Paul? Poor chap! You knows as ow and vy he vas sent to quod by Justice Burnflat. Vel, ven he got out, he vent to the devil, or summat like it, and ve have not eard a vord of him since. You members the lad—a nation fine cull, tall and strait as a harrow!"

"Why, you fool," said Ned, "don't you know,"—then checking himself suddenly,—“ah! by-the-by, that rigmarole oath!—I was not to tell; though now it's past caring for, I fear! It is no use looking after the seal when the letter's burnt."

"Blow me," cried Dunnaker, with unaffected vehemence, "I sees as ow you know vots come of he! Many's the good turn I'll do you, if you vill but tell I."

"Why, does he owe you a dozen *debs*;† or what, Dummie?" said Ned.

* Pickpockets.

† Shillings.

"Not he—not he," cried Dummie.

"What then, you want to do him a mischief of some sort?"

"Do little Paul a mischief!" ejaculated Dummie; "vy I've known the cull ever since he vas that high! No, but I wants to do him a great service, Meester Pepper, and myself too,—and you to boot, for aught that I know, Meester Pepper."

"Humph!" said Ned; "humph! what do you mean? I do, it is true, know where Paul is; but you must tell me first, why you wish to know, otherwise you may ask your Grandfather for me."

A long, sharp, wistful survey did Mr. Dummie Dunnaker cast around him before he rejoined. All seemed safe and convenient for confidential communication. The supine features of Mrs. Lobkins were hushed in a drowsy stupor: even the grey cat that lay by the fire, was curled in the embrace of Morpheus. Nevertheless, it was in a close whisper that Dummie spoke.

"I dares be bound, Meester Pepper, that you members vell ven Harry Cook, the great Highwayman,—poor fellow! he's gone where ve must all go,—brought you, then quite a *geesoon*,* for the first time, to the little back parlour, at the Cock and Hen, Dowerex Court."

Ned nodded assent.

"And you members as how I met Harry and you there, and I vas all afeared at you—cause vy? I had never seen you afore, and ve vas a going to *crack a swell's crib*.† And Harry spoke up for you, and said as ow, though you had just gone on the town, you vas already prime up to gammon:—you members, eh?"

"Ay, I remember all," said Ned; "it was the first and only house I ever had a hand in breaking into. Harry was a fellow of low habits, so I dropped his acquaintance, and took solely to the road, or a chance ingenuity now and then. I have no idea of a gentleman turning *cracksmen*."‡

"Vel, so you vent with us, and we slipped you through a pane in the kitchen-vindow. You vas the least of us, big as you be now; and you vent round, and opened the door for us; and ven you had opened the door, you saw a voman had joined us, and you vere a funked then, and stayed without the *crib*; to keep vatch while ve vent in."

"Well, well," cried Ned, "what the devil has all this rigmarole got to do with Paul?"

"Now don't be glimflashey, but let me go on smack right about. Vel, ven ve came out, you minds as ow the voman had a bundle in her arms, and you spake to her; and she answered you roughly, and left us all, and vent straight home; and ve vent and *fenced the swags*§ that very night, and afterwards *napped the regulars*||. And sure you made us laugh artily, Meester Pepper, when you said, says you, 'That 'ere voman is a rum blowen!' So she vas, Meester Pepper!"

"Oh spare me," said Ned affectedly, "and make haste; you keep me all in the dark. By the way, I remember that you joked me about the

bundle; and when I asked what the voman had wrapped in it, you swore it was a child. Rum more likely that the girl, whoever she vas, vas have left a child behind her, than carried one off! The face of Dummie waxed big with conscious portance.

"Vel now, you would not believe us; but vas all true; that 'ere bundle vas the voman child, I spose an unnoted von by the genus she let us into the case on condition ve help her off with it. And, blow me tight but ve put ourselves vel for our trouble. That 'ere von vas a strange cretur; they say she had been lord's blowen; but howsoever, she vas as st-out and bold as if she ad been. There vas hold Nick hown row made on the matter, and the von for our (de)tection vas no great, that as you vas not much tried yet, Harry thought it best for to take you with im down to the country, and to you as ow it vas all a flum about the child in the bundle?"

"Faith," said Ned, "I believed him ready enough; and poor Harry was twisted about after, and I went into Ireland for safety, where I stayed two years,—and deuced good chaps I got there!"

"So, whiles you vas there," continued Dummie, "poor Judy, the voman died,—she died in this very case, and left the orphan to the (affection of Piggy Lob, who was nation fond of it surely! Oh! but I members vet a night it vas when poor Judy died; the vind whistled like mad, and the rain tumbled about as if it had got a holiday: and there the poor creature lay saving just over the door of this room we sits in! Lend-a-me, vet a night's rest!"

Here Dummie paused, and seemed to recall in imagination the scene he had witnessed; but over the mind of Long Ned a ray of light broke slowly.

"Whew!" said he, lifting up his fore-finger. "whew! I smell a rat; this stolen child, then, vas no other than Paul; but, pray, to whom did the house belong? for that fact Harry never communicated to me. I only heard the owner vas a lawyer, or parson, or some such thing!"

"Vy now, I'll tell you, but don't be glimflashey. So, you see, ven Judy died, and Harry vas scragged, I vas the only von living who vas up to the secret; and when Mother Lob vas a taking a drop to comfort her when Judy vent off, I heaved a great box in which poor Judy kept her dolls and rattletaps, and surely I finds at the bottom of the box hever so many letters and such like;—for I knew as ow they vas there; so I whips them off and carries 'em come with me, and some what Mother Lob sold me the box o' duds for me quids—'cause vy! I vas a rag merchant! So now, I 'solved, since the secret vas all in my hown keeping, to keep it as tight as vinkry! for first, you sees as ow I vas afeared I should be hanged if I vent far to tell,—'cause vy! I stole the vatch, and lots more, as well as the hunchin! and next, I vas afeared as ow the mother might come back and haunt me the same as Salt-haunted Village for it vas a erid night when her soul took wing. And hover and above this, Meester Pepper, thought summut might turn hap by and by, which it would be best for I to keep my hown counsel and nab the revard, if I hever durst make myself known."

* The reader has probably observed the use made by Dummie and Mrs. Lobkins of Irish phraseology or pronunciation. This is a remarkable trait in the dialect of the lowest orders in London, owing, we suppose, to their constant association with emigrants from "the first flower of the earth." Perhaps it is a modish affectation among the gentry of St. Giles's, just as we shake out our mother-tongue with French at Mayfair.

† Break into a gentleman's house.

‡ Burglar.

§ Sold the booty.

|| Took our shares.

Here Dummie proceeded to narrate how frightened he had been lest Ned should discover all; when (as it may be remembered, Pepper informed Paul at the beginning of this history) he encountered that worthy at Dame Lobkins's house,—how this fear had induced him to testify to Pepper that coldness and rudeness which had so enraged the haughty highwayman, and how great had been his relief and delight at finding that Ned returned to be Mug no more. He next proceeded to inform his new confidant of his meeting with the father, (the sagacious reader knows where and when,) and of what took place at that event. He said how, in his first negotiation with the father, prudently resolving to communicate drop by drop such information as he possessed, he merely, besides confessing to a share in the robbery, stated that *he thought* he knew the house, &c. to which the infant had been consigned,—and that, if so, it was still alive; but that he would inquire. He then related how the sanguine father, who saw that hanging Dummie for the robbery of his house might not be half so likely a method to recover his son as bribery and conciliation, not only forgave him his former outrage, but whetted his appetite to the search by rewarding him for his disclosure. He then proceeded to state how, unable any where to find Paul, or any trace of him, he amused the sire from time to time with forged excuses;—how, at first, the sums he received made him by no means desirous to expedite a discovery that would terminate such satisfactory receipts;—how at length the magnitude of the proffered reward, joined to the threats of the sire, had made him become seriously anxious to learn the real fate and present “whereabout” of Paul;—how, the last time he had seen the father, he had, by way of propitiation and first fruit, taken to him all the papers left by the unhappy mother and secreted by himself; and how he was now delighted to find that Ned was acquainted with Paul's address. Since he despaired of finding Paul by his own exertions alone, he became less tenacious of his secret, and he now proffered Ned; on discovery of Paul, a third of that reward the whole of which he had once hoped to engross.

Ned's eyes and mouth opened at this proposition. “But the name,—the name of the father! you have not told me that yet!” cried he impatiently.

“Noa, noa!” said Dummie archly, “I doesn't tell you all, till you tells I summat. Where's little Paul, I say; and where be us to get at him?”

Ned heaved a sigh.

“As for the oath,” said he musingly, “it would be a sin to keep it, now that to break it can do him no harm, and may do him good! especially us, in case of imprisonment or death, the oath is not held to be binding; yet I fear it is too late for the reward. The father will scarcely thank you for finding his son!—Know, Dummie, that Paul is in ——— gaol, and that he is one and the same person as Captain Lovett!”

Astonishment never wrote in more legible characters than she now displayed on the rough features of Dummie Dunnaker. So strong are the sympathies of a profession compared with all others, that Dummie's first, confused thought was *that of pride*. “The great Captain Lovett!” he faltered. “Little Paul at the top of the profession! Lord,

lord!—I always said as how he'd the ambition to rise!”

“Well, well, but the father's name?”

At this question, the expression of Dummie's face fell,—a sudden horror struggled to his eyes—

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

Why is it that, at moments, there creeps over us an awe, a terror, overpowering but undefined? Why is it that we shudder without a cause, and feel the warm life-blood stand still in its courses? Are the dead too near?

Falkland.

Ha! sayest thou? Hideous thought, I feel it twine
O'er my iced heart, as curls around his prey
The sure and deadly serpent!

• • • • •
• • • • •

What! in the hush and in the solitude
Pass'd that dread soul away?

Love and Hatred.

THE evening prior to that morning in which the above conversation occurred, Brandon passed alone in his lodging at ———. He had felt himself too unwell to attend the customary wassail, and he sat indolently musing in the solitude of the old-fashioned chamber to which he was consigned. There, two wax-candles on the smooth, quaint table, dimly struggled against the gloom of heavy pannels, which were relieved at unfrequent intervals by portraits in oaken frames, dingy, harsh, and important with the pomp of laced garments and flowing wigs. The predilection of the landlady for modern tastes had, indeed, on each side of the huge fire-place suspended more novel masterpieces of the fine arts. In emblematic gorgeousness hung the pictures of the four Seasons, buxom wenches all, save Winter, who was deformingly bodied forth in the likeness of an aged carl. These were interspersed by an engraving of Lord Mauleverer, the lieutenant of the neighbouring county, looking extremely majestic in his peer's robes; and by three typifications of Faith, Hope, and Charity—ladies with whom it may be doubted if the gay Earl ever before cultivated so close an intimacy. Curtains, of that antique chintz in which fascies of stripes are alternated by rows of flowers, filled the interstices of three windows; a heavy sideboard occupied the greater portion of one side of the room; and on the opposite side, in the rear of Brandon, a vast skreen stretched its slow length along, and relieved the unpopulated and, as it were, desolate comfort of the apartment.

Pale and imperfectly streamed the light upon Brandon's face, as he sat in his large chair, leaning his cheek on one hand, and gazing with the unconscious earnestness of abstraction on the clear fire. At that moment, a whole phalanx of gloomy thought was sweeping in successive array across his mind. His early ambition, his ill-omened marriage, the causes of his after-rise in the wrong-judging world, the first dawn of his reputation, his rapid and flattering successes, his present elevation, his aspiring hope of far higher office, and more patrician honours—all these phantoms passed before him in chequered shadow and light: but ever with each stalked one disquieting and dark remembrance—the loss of his only son.

Weaving his ambition with the wish to revive the pride of his hereditary name, every acquisition of fortune or of fame rendered him yet more anxious to find the only one who could perpetuate those hollow distinctions to his race.

"I shall recover him yet!" he broke out suddenly and aloud. As he spoke, a quick—darting—spasmodic pain ran shivering through his whole frame, and then fixed for one instant on his heart with a gripe like the talons of a bird: it passed away, and was followed by a deadly sickness. Brandon rose, and filling himself a large tumbler of water, drank with avidity. The sickness passed off like the preceding pain; but the sensation had, of late, been often felt by Brandon, and disregarded,—for few persons were less afflicted with the self-torture of hypochondria; but now, that night, whether it was more keen than usual, or whether his thought had touched on the string that jars naturally on the most startling of human anticipations, we know not, but, as he resumed his seat, the idea of his approaching dissolution shot like an ice-bolt through his breast.

So intent was this scheming man upon the living objects of the world, and so little were his thoughts accustomed to turn toward the ultimate goal of all things, that this idea obtruding itself abruptly on him, startled him with a ghastly awe. He felt the colour rush from his cheek, and a tingling and involuntary pain ran wandering through the channels of his blood, even from the roots of the hair to the soles of his feet. But the stern soul of Brandon was not one which shadows could long affright. He nerved himself to meet the grim thought thus forced upon his mental eye, and he gazed on it with a steady and enduring look.

"Well," thought he, "is my hour coming, or have I yet the ordinary term of mortal nature to expect? It is true, I have lately suffered these strange revulsions of the frame with somewhat of an alarming frequency: perhaps this medicine, which healed the anguish of one infirmity, has produced another more immediately deadly! Yet why should I think this? My sleep is sound and calm, my habits temperate, my mind active and clear as in its best days. In my youth, I never played the traitor with my constitution; why should it desert me at the very threshold of my age? Nay, nay, these are but passing twitches, chills of the blood that begins to wax thin. Shall I learn to be less rigorous in my diet? Perhaps wine may reward my abstinence, in avoiding it for my luxuries, by becoming a cordial to my necessities! Ay, I will consult—I will consult, I must not die yet. I have—let me see, three—four grades to gain before the ladder is scaled. And, above all, I must regain my child! Lucy married to Mauleverer, myself a peer, my son wedded to—whom? Pray God he be not married already! my nephews and my children nobles! the House of Brandon restored, my power high in the upward gaze of men; my fame set on a more lasting basis than a skill in the quirks of law, these are yet to come, these I will not die till I have enjoyed! Men die not till their destinies are fulfilled. The spirit that swells and soars within me, says that the destiny of William Brandon is but half begun!"

With this conclusion, Brandon sought his pillow. What were the reflections of the prisoner whom he was to judge? Need we ask? Let

us picture to ourselves his shattered health, the languor of sickness heightening the gloom which makes the very air of a gaol—his certainty of the doom to be passed against him, his knowledge that the uncle of Lucy Brandon was to be his judge, that Mauleverer was to be his accuser; and that in all human probability the only woman he had ever loved must sooner or later learn the criminality of his life and the ignominy of his death; let us but glance at the above blackness of circumstances that surrounded him, and it would seem that there is but little doubt as to the complexion of his thoughts! Perhaps indeed, even in that terrible and desolate hour, one sweet far shone on him "and dashed the darkness all away." Perhaps too, whatever might be the stings of his conscience, one thought, one remembrance of a temptation mastered, and a heart not wronged, brought to his eyes tears that were sweet and healing in their source. But the heart of a man in Clifford's awful situation is dark and inscrutable, and often when the wildest and gloomiest external circumstances surround us, their reflection slips like a shadow, calm and still upon the mind.

The next morning the whole town of . . . (a town in which, we regret to say, an accident once detained ourselves for three wretched days, and which we can, speaking therefore from profound experience, assert to be in ordinary times the most melancholy and peopleless-looking congregation of houses that a sober imagination can conceive,) exhibited a scene of such bustle, animation, and jovial anxiety, as the trial for life or death to a fellow-creature can alone excite in the phlegmatic breasts of the English. Around the court the crowd thickened with every moment, until the whole market-place, in which the town-hall was situated, became one living mass. The windows of the houses were filled with women, some of whom had taken that opportunity to make parties to breakfast; and little round tables, with tea and toast on them, caught the eyes of the grinning mobbists as they gaped impatiently upwards.

"Ben," said a stout yeoman, tossing up a half-penny, and catching the said coin in his right hand, which he immediately covered with the left—"Ben, heads or tails that Lovett is hanged; heads hanged, tails not, for a crown."

"Petticoats, to be sure," quoth Ben, eating an apple, and it was heads!

"Damned, you've lost!" cried the yeoman, rubbing his rough hands with glee. So said for the good hearts of your lower classes! On to the beastliness of the Pseudo-Liberals, who cry up the virtues of the poor. If they are virtuous why would you reform them? 'tis because they are not virtuous that you should look to the laws that oppress them, and the ignorance that includes!

It would have been a fine sight for Aeschylus could he have perched on one of the housetops of the market-place of ———, and looked on the murmuring and heaving sea of mortality below. Oh! the sight of a crowd round a court of law, or a gibbet, ought to make the devil split himself with laughter.

While the mob was fretting, and pushing, and swearing, and grinning, and betting, and picking pockets, and trampling feet, and tearing gowns, and scrambling nearer and nearer to the doors and

windows of the court, Brandon was slowly concluding his abstemious repast preparatory to attendance on his judicial duties. His footman entered with a letter. Sir William glanced rapidly over the seal, (one of those immense sacrifices of wax used at that day,) adorned with a huge coat of arms, surmounted with an Earl's coronet, and decorated on either side with those supporters so dear to heraldic taste. He then tore open the letter, and read as follows.

'MY DEAR SIR,

"You know that, in the last conversation I had the honour to hold with you, I alluded, though perhaps somewhat distantly, to the esteem which His Majesty had personally expressed for your principles and talents; and his wish to testify it at the earliest opportunity. I am most happy to think I have it in my power to offer you, by command of His Majesty, such a situation in the Cabinet, as will be worthy of your reputation and genius. Mr. ——— has just tendered his resignation of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I lose not a moment in requesting you to supply the place thus vacated. You will remember, my dear Sir William, that it is an office that has before been auspiciously, though too briefly, filled by an ornament of your profession; 'your principles, your loyalty, and your talents'—these are His Majesty's own words,—'make you a worthy successor of the great Lord Mansfield.' There will be, as you are doubtless aware, an immediate creation of four peerages. Your name stands second on the list. The choice of title His Majesty graciously leaves to you: but he has hinted, that the respectable antiquity of your family would make him best pleased, were you to select the name of your own family-seat, which, if I mistake not, is Warlock. You will instruct me at your leisure as to the manner in which the patent should be made out, touching the succession, &c. Perhaps (excuse the licence of an old friend) this event may induce you to forsake your long-cherished celibacy.

"With great consideration,

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

"—————."

"(Private and Confidential.)"

Brandon's dark eye glanced quickly from the signature of the Premier, affixed to this communication, toward the mirror opposite him. He strode to it, and examined his own countenance with a long and wistful gaze. Never, we think, did youthful gallant about to repair to the trysting spot, in which fair looks make the greatest of earthly advantages, gaze more anxiously on the impartial glass, than now did the ascetic and scornful Judge; and never, we ween, did the eye of the said gallant retire with a more satisfied and triumphant expression.

"Yes, yes!" muttered the Judge, "no sign of infirmity is yet written here; the blood flows clear and warm enough, the cheek looks firm too, and passing full, for one who was always of the lean kind. Aha! this letter is a cordial, an *elixir vite*. I feel as if a new lease were granted to the reluctant tenant. Lord Warlock,—the first Baron of Warlock,—Chancellor of the Exchequer. Why not the woolstack!"

As he spoke, he strode unconsciously away: folding his arms with that sort of joyous and complacent gesture, which implies the idea of a man hugging himself in a silent delight. Assuredly, had the most skilful physician then looked upon the ardent and all-lighted face, the firm step, the elastic and muscular frame, the vigorous air of Brandon, as he mentally continued his soliloquy, he would have predicted for him as fair a grasp on longevity, as the chances of mortal life will allow. He was interrupted by the servant entering.

"It is twenty-five minutes after nine, Sir," said he respectfully.

"Sir,—Sir!" repeated Brandon. "Ah, well! so late!"

"Yea, Sir, and the Sheriff's carriage is almost at the door."

"Humph,—Minister,—Peer,—Warlock,—succession.—My son, my son!—would to God that I could find thee!"

Such were Brandon's last thoughts as he left the room. It was with great difficulty, so dense was the crowd, that the Judge drove up to the court. As the carriage slowly passed, the spectators pressed to the windows of the vehicle, and stood on tiptoe to catch a view of the celebrated lawyer. Brandon's face, never long indicative of his feelings, had now settled into its usual gravity, and the severe loftiness of his look chilled, while it satisfied the curiosity of the vulgar. It had been ordered that no person should be admitted until the Judge had taken his seat on the bench; and this order occasioned so much delay, owing to the accumulated pressure of the vast and miscellaneous group, that it was more than half an hour before the Court was able to obtain that decent order suiting the solemnity of the occasion. At five minutes before ten, an universal and indescribable movement announced that the Prisoner was put to the bar. We read in one of the journals of that day, that "on being put to the bar, the Prisoner looked round with a long and anxious gaze, which at length settled on the Judge, and then dropped, while the Prisoner was observed to change countenance slightly. Lovett was dressed in a plain dark suit; he seemed to be about six feet high; and, though thin and worn, probably from the effect of his wound and imprisonment, he is remarkably well made, and exhibits the outward appearance of that great personal strength which he is said to possess, and which is not unfrequently the characteristic of daring criminals. His face is handsome and prepossessing, his eyes and hair dark, and his complexion pale, possibly from the effects of his confinement: there was a certain sternness in his countenance during the greater part of the trial. His behaviour was remarkably collected and composed. The Prisoner listened, with the greatest attention, to the indictment, which the reader will find in another part of our paper, charging him with the highway robbery of Lord Mauleverer, on the night of the ——— of ——— last. He occasionally inclined his body forward, and turned his ear toward the Court; and he was observed, as the Jury were sworn, to look steadily in the face of each. He breathed thick and hard when the various aliases he had assumed, Howard, Cavendish, Jackson, &c. were read; but smiled, with an unaccountable expression, when the list was completed, as if exulting at the varieties of his ingenuity. At twenty-five minutes past ten, Mr. Dyebright,

the Counsel for the Crown, stated the case to the Jury."

Mr. Dyebright was a lawyer of great eminence; he had been a Whig all his life, but had latterly become remarkable for his insincerity, and subservience to the wishes of the higher powers. His talents were peculiar and effective. If he had little eloquence, he had much power; and his legal knowledge was sound and extensive. Many of his brethren excelled him in display; but no one, like him, possessed the secret of addressing a jury. Winningly familiar, seemingly candid to a degree that scarcely did justice to his cause, as if he were in an agony lest he should persuade you to lean a hair-breadth more on his side of the case than justice would allow; apparently all made up of good, homely, virtuous feeling; a disinterested regard for truth; a blunt yet tender honesty, seasoned with a few amiable fireside prejudices, which always come home to the hearts of your fathers of families and thorough-bred Britons; versed in all the niceties of language, and the magic of names; if he were defending crime, carefully calling it misfortune; if attacking misfortune, constantly calling it crime; Mr. Dyebright was exactly the man born to pervert justice, to tickle jurors, to cozen truth with a friendly smile, and to obtain a vast reputation as an excellent advocate. He began by a long preliminary flourish on the importance of the case. He said that he should, with the most scrupulous delicacy, avoid every remark calculated to raise unnecessary prejudice against the prisoner. He should not allude to his unhappy notoriety, his associations with the lowest dregs. —(Here up jumped the Counsel for the prisoner, and Mr. Dyebright was called to order.)—"God knows," resumed the learned gentleman, looking wistfully at the Jury, "that my learned friend might have spared himself this warning. God knows, that I would rather fifty of the wretched inmates of this county gaol were to escape unharméd, than that a hair of the Prisoner you behold at the bar should be unjustly touched. The life of a human being is at stake; we should be guilty ourselves of a crime, which on our death-beds we should tremble to recall, were we to suffer any consideration, whether of interest or of prejudice, or of undue fear for our own properties and lives, to bias us even to the turning of a straw against the unfortunate Prisoner. Gentlemen, if you find me travelling a single inch from my case; if you find me saying a single word calculated to harm the Prisoner in your eyes, and unsupported by the evidence I shall call, then I implore you not to depend upon the vigilance of my learned friend; but to treasure these my errors in your recollection, and to consider them as so many arguments in favour of the Prisoner. If, Gentlemen, I could, by any possibility, imagine that your verdict would be favourable to the Prisoner, I can, unaffectedly and from the bottom of my heart, declare to you that I should rejoice; a case might be lost, but a fellow-creature would be saved! Callous as we of the legal profession are believed, we have feelings like you; and I ask any one of you, Gentlemen of the Jury, any one who has ever felt the pleasures of social intercourse, the joy of charity, the heart's reward of benevolence,—I ask any one of you, whether, if he were placed in the arduous situation I now hold, all the persuasions of vanity would not vanish at once from his mind, and

whether his defeat as an advocate, would not be rendered dear to him by the common and fleshly sympathies of a man! But, Gentlemen,—(Mr. Dyebright's voice at once deepened and faltered.)—there is a duty, a painful duty, we owe to our country; and never, in the long course of my professional experience, do I remember an instance in which it was more called forth than in the present. Mercy, Gentlemen, is dear, very dear to us all, but it is the deadliest injury we can inflict on mankind, when it is bought at the expense of justice."

The learned Gentleman then, after a few farther prefatory observations, proceeded to state how, on the night of ——— last, Lord Mauleverer was stopped and robbed by three men masked, of a sum of money amounting to above three hundred and fifty pounds, a diamond snuff-box, rings, watch, and a case of most valuable jewels,—how Lord Mauleverer, in endeavouring to defend himself, had passed a bullet through the clothes of one of the robbers,—how, it would be proved, that the garments of the Prisoner, found in a cave in Oxfordshire, and positively sworn to by a witness he should produce, exhibited a rent similar to such one as a bullet would produce,—how, moreover, it would be positively sworn to by the same witness, that the Prisoner Lovett had come to the cavern with two accomplices not yet taken up, since their rescue by the Prisoner, and boasted of the robbery he had just committed; that in the clothes and sleeping apartment of the robber, the articles stolen from Lord Mauleverer were found, and that the purse containing the notes for three hundred pounds, the only thing the Prisoner could probably have obtained time to carry off with him on the morning in which the cave was entered by the policemen, was found on his person on the day in which he had attempted the rescue of his comrades, and had been apprehended in that attempt. He stated, moreover, that the dress found in the cavern, and sworn to by one witness he should produce, as belonging to the Prisoner, answered exactly to the description of the clothes worn by the principal robber, and sworn to by Mauleverer, his servant, and the postillions. In like manner, the colour of one of the horses found in the cavern corresponded with that rode by the highwayman. On these circumstantial proofs, aided by the immediate testimony of the King's evidence, (that witness whom he should produce,) he rested a case which could, he averred, leave no doubt in the minds of any impartial jury. Such, brief and plainly alleged, made the substance of the details entered into by the learned Counsel, who then proceeded to call his witnesses. The evidence of Lord Mauleverer (who was staying at Mauleverer Park, which was within a few miles of ———,) was short and clear; (it was noticed as a singular circumstance, that at the end of the evidence, the Prisoner bowed respectfully to his Lordship.) The witness of the postillions and of the valet was no less concise; nor could all the ingenuity of Clifford's counsel shake any part of their evidence in his cross-examination. The main witness depended on by the Crown was now summoned, and the solemn countenance of Peter Mac Grawler rose on the eyes of the Jury. One look of cold and blighting contempt fell on him from the eye of the Prisoner, who did not again deign to regard him, during the whole of his examination.

The witness of Mac Grawler was delivered with a pomposity worthy of the ex-editor of the *Asinæum*. Nevertheless, by the skill of Mr. Dye-bright, it was rendered sufficiently clear a story to leave an impression on the Jury damnatory to the interests of the Prisoner. The Counsel on the opposite side was not slow in perceiving the ground acquired by the adverse party; so, clearing his throat, he rose with a sneering air to the cross-examination.

"So, so!" began Mr. Botheram, putting on a pair of remarkably large spectacles, wherewith he truculently regarded the witness—"So, so, Mr. Mac Grawler, is that your name? eh!—Ah, it is—is it? a very respectable name it is too, I warrant. Well, Sir, look at me. Now, on your oath, remember, were you ever the editor of a certain thing published every Wednesday, and called the *Attensæum*, or the *Asinæum*, or some such name?"

Commencing with this insidious and self-damnatory question, the learned Counsel then proceeded, as artfully as he was able, through a series of interrogatories, calculated to injure the character, the respectable character, of Mac Grawler, and weaken his testimony in the eyes of the Jury. He succeeded in exciting in the audience that feeling merriment wherewith the vulgar are always so delighted to intersperse the dull seriousness of hanging a human being. But though the Jury themselves grinned, they were not convinced: the Scotsman retired from the witness-box, "scotched," perhaps in reputation, but not "killed," as to testimony. It was just before this witness concluded, that Lord Mauleverer caused to be handed to the Judge a small slip of paper, containing merely these words in pencil:—

"DEAR BRANDON,—A dinner waits you at Mauleverer Park, only three miles hence. Lord ——— and the Bishop of ——— meet you. Plenty of news from London, and a letter about you, which I will show to no one till we meet. Make haste and hang this poor fellow, that I may see you the sooner; and it is bad for both of us to wait long for a regular meal like dinner. I can't stay longer, it is so hot, and my nerves were always susceptible.

"Yours,

"MAULEVERER.

"If you will come, give me a nod. You know my hour,—it's always the same."

The Judge, glancing over the note, inclined his head gravely to the Earl, who withdrew; and in one minute afterwards, a heavy and breathless silence fell over the whole Court. The Prisoner was called upon for his defence: it was singular what a different sensation to that existing in their breasts the moment before, crept thrillingly through the audience. Hushed was every whisper—vanished was every smile that the late cross-examination had excited; a sudden and chilling sense of the dread importance of the tribunal made itself abruptly felt in the minds of every one present.

Perhaps, as in the gloomy satire of Hogarth, (the moral Mephistophiles of painters,) the close neighbourhood of Pain to Mirth made the former come with the homelier shock to the heart:—be that as it may, a freezing anxiety numbing the pulse—and stirring through the hair, made every man in that various crowd feel a sympathy of

awe with his neighbour, excepting only the hardened Judge and the hackneyed Lawyers, and one spectator, an idiot, who had thrust himself in with the general press, and stood within a few paces of the Prisoner, grinning unconsciously, and every now and then winking with a glassy eye at some one at a distance, whose vigilance he had probably eluded.

The face and aspect, even the attitude of the Prisoner, were well fitted to heighten the effect which would naturally have been created by any man under the same fearful doom. He stood at the very front of the bar, and his tall and noble figure was drawn up to its full height; a glow of excitement spread itself gradually over features at all times striking, and lighted an eye naturally eloquent, and to which various emotions, at that time, gave a more than commonly deep and impressive expression. He began thus:—

"My Lord, I have little to say, and I may at once relieve the anxiety of my Counsel, who now looks wistfully up to me, and add, that that little will scarcely embrace the object of defence. Why should I defend myself? Why should I endeavour to protract a life that a few days, more or less, will terminate, according to the ordinary calculations of chance? Such as it is, and has been, my life is vowed to the Law, and the Law will have the offering. Could I escape from this indictment, I know that seven others await me, and that by one or the other of these my conviction and my sentence must come. Life may be sweet to all of us, my Lord; and were it possible that mine could be spared yet awhile, that continued life might make a better atonement for past actions than a death which, abrupt and premature, calls for repentance while it forbids redress.

"But, when the dark side of things is our only choice, it is useless to regard the bright; idle to fix our eyes upon life, when death is at hand; useless to speak of contrition, when we are denied its proof. It is the usual policy of prisoners in my situation, to address the feelings, and flatter the prejudices of the Jury; to descant on the excellence of our laws, while they endeavour to disarm them; to praise justice, yet demand mercy; to talk of expecting acquittal, yet boast of submitting without a murmur to condemnation. For me, to whom all earthly interests are dead, this policy is idle and superfluous. I hesitate not to tell you, my Lord Judge,—to proclaim to you, Gentlemen of the Jury, that the laws which I have broken through my life, I despise in death. Your laws are but of two classes: the one makes criminals, the other punishes them. I have suffered by the one—I am about to perish by the other.

"My Lord, it was the turn of a straw which made me what I am. Four years ago, I was sent to the House of Correction for an offence which I did not commit; I went thither, a boy who had never infringed a single law,—I came forth in a few weeks, a man who was prepared to break all laws! Whence was this change?—was it my fault, or that of my condemners? You had first wronged me by a punishment which I did not deserve,—you wronged me yet more deeply, when (even had I been guilty of the first offence,) I was sentenced to herd with hardened offenders, and graduates in vice and vice's methods of support. The laws themselves caused me to break the laws! first, by implanting within me the goading sense of injus-

ties; secondly, by submitting me to the corruption of example. Thus, I repeat,—and I trust my words will sink solemnly into the hearts of all present,—your legislation made me what I am! and it now *destroys me, as it has destroyed thousands, for being what it made me!* But for this the first aggression on me, I might have been what the world terms honest,—I might have progressed to old age and a peaceful grave, through the harmless cheateries of trade, or the honoured falsehoods of a profession. Nay, I might have supported the laws which I have now braved; like the Counsel opposed to me, I might have grown sleek on the vices of others, and advanced to honour by my ingenuity in hanging my fellow-creatures! The canting and prejudging part of the press has affected to set before you the merits of ‘honest ability,’ or ‘laborious trade,’ in opposition to my offences. What, I beseech you, are the props of your ‘honest’ exertion,—the profits of ‘trade?’ Are there no bribes to menials? Is there no adulteration of goods? Are the rich never duped in the price they pay,—are the poor never wronged in the quality they receive? Is there honesty in the bread you eat, in a single necessity which clothes, or feeds, or warms you? Let those whom the law protects consider it a protector: when did it ever protect *me?* When did it ever protect the poor man? The government of a state, the institutions of law, profess to provide for all those who ‘obey.’ Mark! a man hungers!—do you feed him? He is naked!—do you clothe him? If not, you break your covenant, you drive him back to the first law of Nature, and you hang him, not because he is guilty, but because you have *left* him naked and starving!—(A murmur among the mob below, with great difficulty silenced.)—One thing only I will add, and that not to move your mercy. No, nor to invest my fate with an idle and momentary interest; but because there are some persons in this world who have not known me as the criminal who stands before you, and whom the tidings of my fate may hereafter reach; and I would not have those persons view me in blacker colours than I deserve. Among all the rumours, Gentlemen, that have reached you, through all the tales and fables kindled from my unhappy notoriety, and my approaching doom, I put it to you, if you have heard that I have committed one sanguinary action, or one ruinous and deliberate fraud? You have heard that I have lived by the plunder of the rich,—I do not deny the charge. From the grinding of the poor, the habitual overreaching, or the systematic pilfering of my neighbours, my conscience is as free as it is from the charge of cruelty and bloodshed. Those errors I leave to honest mediocrity or virtuous exertion! You may, perhaps, find too, that my life has not passed through a career of outrage, without scattering some few benefits on the road. In destroying me, it is true that you will have the consolation to think, that among the benefits you derive from my sentence, will be the salutary encouragement you give to other offenders, to offend to the *last* degree, and to divest outrage of no single aggravation! But if this does not seem to you any very powerful inducement, you may pause before you cut off from all amendment a man who seems neither wholly hardened nor utterly beyond atonement. My Lord, my Counsel would have wished to summon witnesses, come to bear testimony to redeeming

points in my own character, others to invalidate the oath of the witness against me; a man whom I saved from destruction, in order that he might destroy me. I do not think either necessary. The public press has already said of me what little good does not shock the truth; and had I not possessed something of those qualities which society does not disesteem, you would not have beheld me here at this hour! If I had saved myself as well as my companions, I should have left this country, perhaps for ever, and commenced a very different career abroad. I committed offences; I eluded you; I committed what, in my case, was an act of duty; I am seized, and I perish. But the weakness of my body destroys me, not the strength of your malice. Had I—(and as the prisoner spoke, the haughty and rapid motion, the *enlarging of the form*, produced by the passion of the moment, made impressively conspicuous to all the remarkable power of his frame.)—had I but my wonted health, my wonted command over these limbs, and these veins, I would have asked no friend, no ally, to favour my escape. I tell you, engines and guardians of the law, that I would have mocked your chains, and defied your walls, as ye know that I have mocked and defied them before. But my blood creeps now only in drops through its courses; and the heart that I had of old *stirred* and heavily within me.—(The Prisoner paused a moment, and resumed in an altered tone.) Leaving, then, my own character to the ordeal of report, I cannot perhaps do better than leave to the same criterion that of the witness against me. I will candidly own, that under other circumstances, it might have been otherwise. I will candidly avow, that I might have then used such means as your law awards me, to procure an acquittal, and to prolong my existence—though in a new scene! as it is, what matters the cause in which I receive my sentence? Nay, it is even better to suffer by the first, than to linger to the last. It is some consolation, not again to stand where I now stand; to go through the humbling solemnities which I have this day endured; to see the smile of some, and retort the frown of others; to wrestle with the anxiety of the heart, and to depend on the caprice of the excited nerves. It is something to feel one part of the drama of disgrace is over, and that I may wait unmolested in my den, until, for one time only, I am again the butt of the unthinking, and the monster of the crowd. My Lord, I have now done! to you, whom the law deems the Prisoner’s Counsel,—to you, Gentlemen of the Jury, to whom it has delegated his fate, I leave the chances of my life.”

The Prisoner ceased; but the same heavy silence which, save when broken by one solitary murmur, had lain over the Court during his speech, still continued even for several moments after that deep and firm voice had died on the ear. So different had been the defence of the Prisoner, from that which had been expected; so assuredly did the more hackneyed part of the audience, even as he had proceeded, imagine that, by some artful turn, he would at length wind into the usual courses of defence, that when his unfaltering and almost stern accents paused, men were not prepared to feel that his speech was finished, and the pause involuntarily jarred on them, as untimorous and abrupt. At length, when each of the audience slowly awoke to the conviction that the Prisoner had indeed con-

cluded his harangue, a movement eloquent of feelings released from a suspense which had been perhaps the more earnest and the more blended with awe, from the boldness and novelty of the words in which it hung, circled around the Court. The jurors looked confusedly at each other, but not one of them spoke even by a whisper; their feelings, which had been aroused by the speech of the Prisoner, had not, from its shortness, its singularity, and the haughty impolicy of its tone, been so far guided by its course, as to settle into any state of mind clearly favourable to him, or the reverse; so that each man waited for his neighbour to speak first, in order that he might find, as it were, in another, a kind of clue to the indistinct and excited feelings which wanted utterance in himself.

The Judge, who had been from the first attracted by the air and aspect of the Prisoner, had perhaps, notwithstanding the hardness of his mind, more approvingly than any one present, listened to the defence; for in the scorn of the hollow institutions, and the mock honesty of social life, so defyingly manifested by the Prisoner, Brandon recognised elements of mind remarkably congenial to his own, and this sympathy was heightened by the hardihood of physical nerve and moral intrepidity displayed by the Prisoner; qualities which, among men of a similar mould, often form the strongest motive of esteem, and sometimes (as we read of in the Imperial Corsican and his chiefs,) the *only* point of attraction! Brandon was however soon recalled to his cold self, by a murmur of vague applause circling throughout the common crowd, among whom the general impulse always manifests itself first, and to whom the opinions of the Prisoner, though but imperfectly understood, came more immediately home, than they did to the better and richer classes of the audience. Ever alive to the decorums of form, Brandon instantly ordered silence in the Court; and when it was again restored, and it was fully understood that the Prisoner's defence had closed, the Judge proceeded to sum up.

It is worthy of remark, that many of the qualities of mind which seem most unamiable in private life, often conduce with a singular felicity to the ends of public: And thus the stony firmness characteristic of Brandon, was a main cause which made him admirable as a judge. For men in office are no less from their feelings, than their interests.

Glancing over his notes, the Judge inclined himself to the Jury, and began with that silver and ringing voice which particularly distinguished Brandon's eloquence, and carries with it in high vibrations so majestic and candid a tone of persuasion. He pointed out, with a clear brevity, the various points of the evidence; he dwelt for a moment on the attempt to cast disrepute on the testimony of Mac Grawler,—but called a proper attention to the fact, that the attempt had been unsupported by witnesses or proof. As he proceeded, the impression made by the Prisoner on the minds of the Jury, slowly melted away; and perhaps, so much do men soften when they behold clearly the face of a fellow-man dependent on them for life, it acted disadvantageously on the interests of Clifford, that, during the summing up, he leant back in the dock, and prevented his countenance from being seen. When the evidence had been gone through, the Judge concluded thus:—

"The Prisoner, who in his defence, (on the principles and opinions of which I now forbear to comment,) certainly exhibited the signs of a superior education, and a high though perverted ability, has alluded to the reports circulated by the public press, and leant some little stress on the various anecdotes tending to his advantage, which he supposes have reached your ears. I am by no means willing that the Prisoner should be deprived of whatever benefit may be derivable from such a source; but it is not in this place, nor at this moment, that it can avail him. All you have to consider is the evidence before you. All on which you have to decide is, whether the Prisoner be or be not guilty of the robbery of which he is charged. You must not waste a thought on what redeems or heightens a supposed crime—you must only decide on the crime itself. Put away from your minds, I beseech you, all that interferes with the main case. Put away also from your motives of decision all forethought of other possible indictments to which the Prisoner has alluded, but with which you are necessarily unacquainted. If you doubt the evidence, whether of one witness or of all, the Prisoner must receive from you the benefit of that doubt. If not, you are sworn to a solemn oath, which compels you to forego all minor considerations—which compels you to watch narrowly that you be not influenced by the infirmities natural to us all, but criminal in you, to lean toward the side of a mercy that would be rendered by your oath a perjury to God, and by your duty as impartial citizens, a treason to your country. I dismiss you to the grave consideration of the important case you have heard; and I trust that He to whom all hearts are open and all secrets are known, will grant you the temper and the judgment to form a right decision!"

There was in the majestic aspect and thrilling voice of Brandon, something which made the commonest form of words solemn and impressive; and the hypocrite, aware of this felicity of manner, generally, as now, added weight to his concluding words, by a religious allusion, or a scriptural phraseology. He ceased; and the Jury, recovering the effect of his adjuration, consulted for a moment among themselves: the Foreman, then addressing the Court on behalf of his fellow-jurors, requested leave to retire for deliberation. An attendant bailiff being sworn in, we read in the journals of the day, which noted the divisions of time with that customary scrupulosity rendered terrible by the reflection how soon all time and seasons may perish for the hero of the scene, that it "was at twenty-five minutes to two that the Jury withdrew."

Perhaps in the whole course of a criminal trial there is no period more awful than that occupied by the deliberation of the Jury. In the present case, the Prisoner, as if acutely sensible of his situation, remained in the rear of the dock, and buried his face in his hands. They who stood near him observed, however, that his breast did not seem to swell with the convulsive emotion customary to persons in his state, and that not even a sigh, or agitated movement, escaped him. The Jury had been absent about twenty minutes, when a confused noise was heard in the Court. The face of the Judge turned in commanding severity toward the quarter whence it proceeded. He perceived a man of a coarse garb and mean appearance endeavour

ing, rudely and violently, to push his way through the crowd toward the Bench, and at the same instant he saw one of the officers of the Court approaching the disturber of its tranquillity, with no friendly intent. The man, aware of the purpose of the constable, exclaimed with great vehemence, "I will give thee to my Lord the Judge, blow me if I von't!" and as he spoke, he raised high above his head a soiled scrap of paper folded awkwardly in the shape of a letter. The instant Brandon's eye caught the rugged features of the intrusive stranger, he motioned with rather less than his usual slowness of gesture to one of his official satellites. "Bring me that paper instantly!" he whispered.

The officer bowed and obeyed. The man, who seemed a little intoxicated, gave it with a look of ludicrous triumph and self-importance.

"Stand away, man!" he added to the constable, who now laid hand on his collar—"you'll see vot the Judge says to that 'ere bit of paper, and so vill the Prisoner, poor fellow!"

This scene, so unworthy the dignity of the Court, attracted the notice and (immediately around the intruder) the merriment of the crowd, and many an eye was directed toward Brandon, as with calm gravity he opened the note and glanced over the contents. In a large schoolboy hand—it was the hand of Long Ned—were written these few words:—

"MY LORD JUDGE,

"I MAKE bold to beg you will do all you can for the Prisoner at the Barre; as he is no other than the 'Paul' I spoke to your Worship about. You know what I mean.

"DUMMIE DUMMAKER."

As he read this note, the Judge's head was observed to droop suddenly, as if by a sickness or a spasm; but he recovered himself instantly, and whispering the officer who brought him the note, said, "See that that madman be immediately removed from the Court, and lock him up *alone*. He is so deranged as to be dangerous!"

The officer lost not a moment in seeing the order executed. Three stout constables dragged the astounded Dummie from the Court in an instant, yet the more ruthlessly for his ejaculating—

"Eh Sirs, what's thees? I tells you I have saved the Judge's hown flesh and blood. Vy now, gently there, you'll smart for this, my fine fellow! Never you mind, Paul, my arty: I've done you a pure good—"

"Silence!" proclaimed the voice of the Judge, and that voice came forth with so commanding a tone of power that it awed Dummie despite his intoxication. In a moment more, and, ere he had time to recover, he was without the Court. During this strange hubbub, which nevertheless scarcely lasted above two or three minutes, the Prisoner had not once lifted his head nor appeared aroused in any manner from his reverie. And scarcely had the intruder been withdrawn before the Jury returned.

The verdict was as all had foreseen,—"*Guilty*;" but it was coupled with a strong recommendation to mercy.

The Prisoner was then asked, in the usual form, whether he had to say any thing why sentence of death should not be passed against him.

As these dread words struck upon his ear, slowly the Prisoner rose. He directed first toward the Jury a brief and keen glance, and his eyes then rested full, and with a stern significance, on the face of his Judge.

"My Lord," he began, "I have but one reason to advance against the sentence of the law. If you have interest to prevent or mitigate it, for reason will, I think, suffice to enlist you on my behalf. I said that the first cause of those offences against the law which bring me to this bar, was the committing me to prison on a charge of which I was wholly innocent! My Lord Judge, *you* were the man who accused me of that charge, and subjected me to that imprisonment! Look at me well, my Lord, and you may trace in the countenance of the hardened felon you are about to adjudge to death, the features of a boy whom, some seven years ago, you accused before a London magistrate of the theft of your watch. On the oath of a man who has one step on the threshold of death, the accusation was unjust. And, fit minister of the laws you represent! you, who will now pass my doom,—you were the cause of my crimes! My Lord, I have done. I am ready to add another to the long and dark list of victims who are first polluted, and then sacrificed, by the blindness and the injustice of human codes!"

While Clifford spoke, every eye turned from him to the Judge, and every one was appalled by the ghastly and fearful change which had fallen over Brandon's face. Men said afterwards, that they saw written there, in terrible distinctness, the characters of death; and there certainly seemed something awful and preternatural in the bloodless and haggard calmness of his proud features. To his eye did not quail, nor the muscles of his lip quiver. And with even more than his wonted loftiness, he met the regard of the Prisoner. But as alone conspicuous throughout the motions and breathless crowd, the judge and criminal gazed upon each other; and as the eyes of the spectators wandered on each, a thrilling and electric impression of a powerful likeness between the doomed and the doomer, for the first time in the trial, struck upon the audience, and increased, though they scarcely knew why, the sensation of pain and dread which the Prisoner's last words excited. Perhaps it might have chiefly arisen from a common expression of fierce emotion conquered by an iron and stern character of mind, or perhaps, now that the ashy paleness of exhaustion had succeeded the excited flush on the Prisoner's face, the similarity of complexion thus obtained, made the likeness more obvious than before; or perhaps the spectators had not hitherto fixed so searching, or, if we may so speak, so alternating a gaze upon the two. However that be, the resemblance between the men placed as they were in such wildly different circumstances—that resemblance which, as we have hinted, had at certain moments occurred startlingly to Lucy, was now plain and unavoidably striking:—the same the dark hue of their complexions, the same the haughty and Roman outline of their faces, the same the height of the forehead, the same even a displeasing and sarcastic rigidity of mouth, which made the most conspicuous feature in Brandon, and which was the only point that deteriorated from the singular beauty of Clifford. But above all, the same inflexible, defying, stubborn spirit, though in Brandon it seemed the steady seat of

Majesty, and in Clifford it seemed the desperate sternness of the bravo, stamped itself in both. Though Clifford ceased, he did not resume his seat, but stood in the same attitude as that in which he had reversed the order of things, and mingled the petitioner in the street. And Brandon himself, without speaking or moving, continued still to survey him. So, with erect fronts, and marble countenances, in which what was defying and resolute did not altogether quell a mortal leaven of pain and dread, they looked as might have looked the two men in the Eastern story, who had the power of gazing each other unto death.

What, at that moment was raging in Brandon's heart, it is in vain to guess. He doubted not for a moment that he beheld before him his long-lost, his anxiously-demanded son! Every fibre, every corner of his complex and gloomy soul, that certainty reached, and blasted with a hideous and irresistible glare! The earliest, perhaps the strongest, though often the least acknowledged principle of his mind, was the desire to rebuild the fallen honours of his house; its last seion he now beheld before him, covered with the darkest ignominies of the law! He had coveted worldly honours; he beheld their legitimate successor in a convicted felon! He had garnered the few affections he had spared from the objects of pride and ambition, in his son. That son he was about to adjudge to the gibbet and the hangman! Of late he had increased the hopes of regaining his lost treasure, even to an exultant certainty. Lo! the hopes were accomplished! How! With those thoughts warning, in what manner we dare not even by an epithet express, within him, we may cast one hasty glance on the horror of aggravation they endured, when he heard the Prisoner accuse him as the cause of his present doom, and felt himself at once the murderer and the judge of his son!

Minutes had elapsed since the voice of the Prisoner ceased; and Brandon now drew forth the black cap. As he placed it slowly over his brows, the increasing and corpse-like whiteness of his face became more glaringly visible, by the contrast which this dread head-gear presented. Twice as he essayed to speak, his voice failed him, and an indistinct murmur came forth from his kneeless lips, and died away like a fitful and feeble wind. But with the third effort, the resolution and long self-tyranny of the man conquered, and his voice went clear and unfaltering through the crowd, although the severe sweetness of its wonted tones was gone, and it sounded strange and hollow on the ears that drank it.

"Prisoner at the bar!—It has become my duty to announce to you the close of your mortal career. You have been accused of a daring robbery, and, after an impartial trial, a Jury of your countrymen, and the laws of your country, have decided against you. The recommendation to mercy—(here, only, throughout his speech, Brandon gasped convulsively for breath)—so humanely added by the Jury, shall be forwarded to the supreme power, but I cannot flatter you with much hope of its success—(the lawyers looked with some surprise at each other: they had expected a far more unqualified mandate, to abjure all hope from the Jury's recommendation). Prisoner! for the opinions you have expressed, you are now only answerable to your God; I forbear to arraign them. For the

charge you have made against me, whether true or false, and for the anguish it has given me, may you find pardon at another tribunal! It remains for me only—under a reserve too slight, as I have said, to afford you a fair promise of hope—only to—to—(all eyes were on Brandon: he felt it, exerted himself for a last effort, and proceeded)—to pronounce on you the sharp sentence of the law! It is, that you be taken back to the prison whence you came, and thence (when the supreme authority shall appoint) to the place of execution, to be there hanged by the neck till you are dead; and the Lord God Almighty have mercy on your soul!"

With this address concluded that eventful trial; and while the crowd, in rushing and noisy tumult, bore toward the door, Brandon, concealing to the last, with a Spartan bravery, the anguish which was gnawing at his entrails, retired from the awful pageant. For the next half hour he was locked up with the strange intruder on the proceedings of the Court. At the end of that time the stranger was dismissed; and in about double the same period Brandon's servant readmitted him, accompanied by another man, with a slouched hat, and in a carman's frock. The reader need not be told that the new-comer was the friendly Ned, whose testimony was indeed a valuable corroborative to Dummie's, and whose regard for Clifford, aided by an appetite for rewards, had induced him to venture to the town of —, although he tarried concealed in a safe subterranean until reassured by a written promise from Brandon of safety to his person, and a sum for which we might almost doubt whether he would not have consented (so long had he been mistaking means for an end) to be hanged himself. Brandon listened to the details of these confederates, and when they had finished, he addressed them thus:—

"I have heard you, and am convinced you are liars and impostors: there is the money I promised you—(throwing down a pocket-book)—take it—and, hark you, if ever you dare whisper—ay, but a breath of the atrocious lie you have now forged, be sure I will have you dragged from the recess or nook of infamy in which you may hide your heads, and hanged for the crimes you have already committed. I am not the man to break my word—begone!—quit the town instantly: if, in two hours hence you are found here, your blood be on your own heads!—Begone, I say!"

These words, aided by a countenance well adapted at all times to expressions of a menacing and ruthless character, at once astounded and appalled our accomplices. They left the room in hasty confusion; and Brandon, now alone, walked with uneven steps (the alarming weakness and vacillation of which he did not himself feel) to and fro the apartment. The hell of his breast was stamped upon his features, but he uttered only one thought aloud!

"I may,—yes, yes,—I may yet conceal this disgrace to my name!"

His servant tapped at the door to say that the carriage was ready, and that Lord Manleverer had bid him remind his master that they dined punctually at the hour appointed.

"I am coming!" said Brandon, with a slow and startling emphasis on each word. But he first sat down and wrote a letter to the official quarter, strongly aiding the recommendation of the Jury; and we may conceive how pride clung to him to

At last, when he urged the substitution for death, of transportation *for life!* As soon as he had sealed this letter, he summoned an express, gave his orders coolly and distinctly, and attempted, with his usual stateliness of step, to walk through a long passage which led to the outer door. He found himself fail. "Come hither," he said to his servant—"give me your arm!"

All Brandon's domestics, save the one left with Lucy, stood in awe of him, and it was with some hesitation that his servant ventured to inquire "if his master felt well."

Brandon looked at him, but made no reply: he entered his carriage with slight difficulty, and telling the coachman to drive as fast as possible, pulled down (a general custom with him) all the blinds of the windows.

Meanwhile, Lord Mauleverer, with six friends, was impatiently awaiting the arrival of the seventh guest.

"Our august friend tarries!" quoth the Bishop of ———, with his hands folded across his capacious stomach. "I fear the turbot your Lordship spoke of may not be the better for the length of the trial."

"Poor fellow!" said the Earl of ———, slightly yawning.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Mauleverer with a smile. "The Bishop, the Judge, or the turbot?"

"Not one of the three, Mauleverer,—I spoke of the Prisoner."

"Ah, the fine dog! I forgot him," said Mauleverer. "Really, now you mention him, I must confess that he inspires me with great compassion; but, indeed, it is very wrong in him to keep the Judge so long!"

"Those hardened wretches have such a great deal to say," mumbled the Bishop sourly.

"True!" said Mauleverer; "a religious rogue would have had some bowels for the state of the church courier!"

"Is it really true, Mauleverer," asked the Earl of ———, "that Brandon is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer—very unusual in his station, is it not?"

"Manfield's a precedent, I fancy!" said Mauleverer. "God! how hungry I am!"

A groan from the Bishop echoed the complaint.

"I suppose it would be against all decorum to sit down to dinner without him?" said Lord ———.

"Why, really, I fear so," returned Mauleverer. "But our health—our health is at stake; we will only wait five minutes more. By Jove, there's the carriage! I beg your pardon for my heathen oath, my Lord Bishop."

"I forgive you!" said the good Bishop, smiling.

The party thus engaged in colloquy were stationed at a window opening on the gravel road, along which the Judge's carriage was now seen rapidly approaching; this window was but a few yards from the porch, and had been partially opened for the better reconnoitring the approach of the expected guest.

"He keeps the blinds down still! Absence of mind, or shame at unpunctuality—which is the cause, Mauleverer?" said one of the party.

"Not shame, I fear!" answered Mauleverer. "Even the indecent immorality of delaying our dinner could scarcely bring a blush to the parchment-thin of my learned friend!"

Here the carriage stopped at the porch; the carriage-door was opened.

"There seems a strange delay," said Mauleverer peevishly. "Why does not he get out?"

As he spoke, a murmur among the attendants who appeared somewhat strangely to crowd round the carriage enoted the ease of the party.

"What do they say!—What!" said Mauleverer, putting his hand to his ear.

The Bishop answered hastily; and Mauleverer, as he heard the reply, forgot for once his susceptibility to cold, and hurried out to the carriage-door. His guests followed.

They found Brandon leaning against the farther corner of the carriage—a corpse. One hand held the check-string, as if he had endeavoured involuntarily, but ineffectually, to pull it. The right side of his face was partially distorted, as by convulsion or paralysis; but not sufficiently so to destroy that remarkable expression of loftiness and severity which had characterized the features a life. At the same time, the distortion which had drawn up on one side the muscles of the neck, had deepened into a startling broadness the line of derision that usually lurked around the lower part of his face. Thus, unwitnessed and abrupt, had been the disunion of the clay and spirit of a man who, if he passed through life a bold, scheming, stubborn, un wavering hypocrite, was not without something high even amidst his baseness, his selfishness, and his vices; who was less by nature to have loved sin, than by some strange perversion of reason to have deified virtue, and who, by a solemn and awful solemnity of fate, (for who shall venture to impugn the judgment of the arch and unseen Providence, even when it appears to mortal eye the least obscured,) won the dreams, the objects, the triumphs of hope, to be blasted by them at the moment of acquisition!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AND LAST.

——— Subtle,—scurly—Mansons, Rd,
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Dragger, all
With whom I traded.

The Alchemist

As when some rural citizen, retired for a long holiday, far from the cares of the world "*strepitumque Rarus*," to the sweet shade of Pentonville, or the renter plains of Clapham, conducts some delighted visitor over the intricacies of that Dedalian masterpiece which he is pleased to call his labyrinth or maze,—now smiling fitively at his guest's perplexity,—now listening with calm superiority to his futile and erring conjectures,—now maliciously accompanying him through a flattering path, in which the baffled adventurer is suddenly checked by the blind features of a thoroughfareless hedge,—now trembling as he sees the guest stumbling unawares into the right track, and now relieved, as he beholds him, after a pause of deliberation, wind into the wrong,—even so, O pleasant reader, doth the sage novelist conduct thee through the labyrinth of his tale, answering himself with thy self-deceits, and spinning forth, in prolific pleasure, the quiet yarn of his attainment from the involutions which occasion

by fretting eagerness and perplexity. But as when, thanks to the host's good-nature or fatigue! the mystery is once unravelled, and the guest permitted to penetrate even unto the concealed end of the leafy maze; the honest cit, satisfied with the pleasant pains he has already bestowed upon his visitor, puts him not to the labour of retracing the steps he hath so erratically trod, but leads him in three strides, and through a simpler path, at once to the mouth of the maze, and dismisseth him elsewhere for entertainment; even so will the prudent narrator, when the intricacies of his plot are once unfolded, occasion no stale and profitless delays to his wearied reader, but conduct him, with as much brevity as convenient, without the labyrinth which has ceased to retain the interest of a secret.

We shall therefore, in pursuance of the cit's policy, relate as rapidly as possible that part of our narrative which yet remains untold. On Brandon's person was found the paper which had contained so fatal an intelligence of his son; and when brought to Lord Mauleverer, the words struck that person, (who knew Brandon had been in search of his lost son, whom we have seen that he had been taught however to suppose illegitimate, though it is probable that many doubts whether he had not been deceived, must have occurred to his natural sagacity,) as sufficiently important to be worth an inquiry after the writer. Dummie was easily bound, for he had not yet turned his back on the town when the news of the Judge's sudden death was brought back to it, and taking advantage of that circumstance, the friendly Dunnaker remained together in the town, (albeit his long companion deserted it as hastily as might be,) and whiled the time by presenting himself at the gaol, and after some ineffectual efforts winning his way to Clifford: easily tracked by the name he had given to the governor of the gaol, he was conducted the next day to Lord Mauleverer, and his narrative, confused as it was, and proceeding even from so suspicious a quarter, thrilled those digestive organs, which in Mauleverer stood proxy for a heart, with feelings as much resembling awe and horror as our good peer was capable of experiencing. Already shocked from his worldly philosophy of indifference by the death of Brandon, he was more susceptible to a remorseful and salutary impression at this moment, than he might have been at any other; and he could not, without some twinges of conscience, think of the ruin he had brought on the mother of the being he had but just prosecuted to the death. He dismissed Dummie, and after a little consideration he ordered his carriage, and leaving the burial of his friend to the care of his man of business, he set off for London, and the house in particular of the Secretary of the Home Department. We would not willingly wrong the noble penitent; but we venture a suspicion that he might not have preferred a personal application for mercy to the prisoner to a written one, had he not felt certain unpleasant qualms in remaining in a country house, overshadowed by ceremonies so gloomy as those of death. The letter of Brandon, and the application of Mauleverer, obtained for Clifford a relaxation of his sentence. He was left for perpetual transportation. A ship was already about to sail, and Mauleverer, content with having saved his life, was by no means anxious that his departure from the country should be saddled with any superfluous delay.

Meanwhile, the first rumour that reached London respecting Brandon's fate was, that he had been found in a fit, and was lying dangerously ill at Mauleverer's; and before the second and more fatally sure report arrived, Lucy had gathered from the visible dismay of Barlow, whom she anxiously cross-questioned, and who really loving his master was easily affected into communication, the first and more flattering intelligence. To Barlow's secret delight, she insisted instantly on setting off to the supposed sick man; and, accompanied by Barlow and her woman, the affectionate girl hastened to Mauleverer's house on the evening of the very day the Earl left it. Although the carriages did not meet, owing perhaps to the circumstance of changing horses at different inns, Lucy had not proceeded far before Barlow learnt, from the gossip of the road, the real state of the case. Indeed, it was at the first stage that, with a mournful countenance, he approached the door of the carriage, and, announcing the inutility of proceeding farther, begged of Lucy to turn back. So soon as Miss Brandon had overcome the first shock which this intelligence gave her, she said with calmness, "Well, Barlow, if it be so, we have still a duty to perform. Tell the postboys to drive on."

"Indeed, Madam, I cannot see what use it can be fretting yourself, and you so poorly. If you will let me go, I will see every attention paid to the remains of my poor master."

"When my father lay dead," said Lucy, with a grave and sad stornness in her manner, "he who is now no more sent no proxy to perform the last duties of a brother, neither will I send one to discharge those of a niece, and prove that I have forgotten the gratitude of a daughter. Drive on!"

We have said that there were times when a spirit was stricken from Lucy little common to her in general, and now, the command of her uncle sat upon her brow. On sped the horses, and for several minutes Lucy remained silent. Her woman did not dare to speak. At length Miss Brandon turned, and, covering her face with her hands, burst into tears so violent that they alarmed her attendant even more than her previous stillness. "My poor, poor uncle!" she sobbed, and those were all her words!

We must pass over Lucy's arrival at Lord Mauleverer's house,—we must pass over the weary days which elapsed till that unconscious body was consigned to dust with which, could it have yet retained one spark of its haughty spirit, it would have refused to blend its atoms. She had loved the deceased incomparably beyond his merits, and resisting all remonstrance to the contrary, she witnessed, herself, the dreary ceremony which bequeathed the human remains of William Brandon to repose and to the worm. On that same day Clifford received the mitigation of his sentence and on that day another trial awaited Lucy. We think, briefly to convey to the reader what that scene was, we need only observe, that Dummie Dunnaker, decoyed by his great love for little Paul, whom he delightedly said he found not the least "stuck up by his great fame and helevation," still lingered in the town, and was not only aware of the relationship of the cousins, but had gleaned from Long Ned, as they journeyed down to —, the affection entertained by Clifford for Lucy. Of the manner in which the communication reached Lucy, we need not speak: suffice it to say, that

on the day in which she had performed the last duty to her uncle, she learned, for the first time, her lover's situation.

On that evening, in the convict's cell, the cousins met. Their conference was low, for the gaoler stood within hearing; and it was broken by Lucy's convulsive sobs. But the voice of one whose iron nerves were not unworthy of the offspring of William Brandon, was clear and audible to her ear, even though uttered in a whisper that scarcely stirred his lips. It seemed as if Lucy, smitten to the inmost heart by the generosity with which her lover had torn himself from her at the time that her wealth might have raised him, in any other country, far above the perils and the crimes of his career in this—perceiving now for the first time, and in all their force, the causes of his mysterious conduct, melted by their relationship, and forgetting herself utterly in the desolate and dark situation in which she beheld one who, whatever his crimes, had not been criminal toward her;—it seemed as if, carried away by these emotions, she had yielded altogether to the fondness and devotion of her nature,—that she had wished to leave home, and friends, and fortune, and share with him his punishment and his shame.

"Why!" she faltered,—*"why, why not! we are all that is left to each other in the world! Your father and mine were brothers, let me be to you as a sister. What is there left for me here? Not one being whom I love, or who cares for me—not one!"*

It was then that Clifford summoned all his courage, as he answered:—perhaps, now that he felt,—(though here his knowledge was necessarily confused and imperfect,)—his birth was not unequal to hers—now that he read, or believed he read, in her wan cheek and attenuated frame, that desertion to her was death, and that generosity and self-sacrifice had become too late,—perhaps, these thoughts concurring with a love in himself beyond all words, and a love in her which it was above humanity to resist, altogether conquered and subdued him. Yet, as we have said, his voice breathed calmly in her ear, and his eye only, which brightened with a steady and resolute hope, betrayed his mind. *"Live then!"* said he, as he concluded. *"My sister, my mistress, my bride, live! in one year from this day I repeat I promise it thee!"*

The interview was over, and Lucy returned home with a firm step. She was on foot: the rain fell in torrents; yet, even in her precarious state, her health suffered not; and when within a week from that time she read that Clifford had departed to the bourne of his punishment, she read the news with a steady eye and a lip that, if it grew paler, did not quiver.

Shortly after that time, Miss Brandon departed to an obscure town by the sea-side; and there refusing all society, she continued to reside. As the birth of Clifford was known but to few, and his legitimacy was unsuspected by all, except, perhaps by Mauleverer, Lucy succeeded to the great wealth of her uncle, and this circumstance made her more than ever an object of attraction in the eyes of her noble adorer. Finding himself unable to see her, he wrote her more than one moving epistle; but as Lucy continued inflexible, he, at length disgusted by her want of taste, ceased his pursuit, and resigned himself to the continued

sterility of unwedded life. As the months wore Miss Brandon seemed to grow weary of her room and immediately on attaining her majority, when she did about eight months after Brandon's death she transferred the bulk of her wealth to France where it was understood (for it was impossible that rumour should sleep upon an heiress of beauty,) that she intended in future to marry. Even Warlock (that spell to the proud heart of her uncle) she ceased to retain. It was offered the nearest relation of the family, at a sum which he did not hesitate to close with. And, with the common vicissitudes of Fortune, the estate of the ancient Brandons has now, we perceive by the weekly journal, just passed into the hands of a wealthy Alderman.

It was nearly a year since Brandon's death when a letter bearing a foreign post-mark came to Lucy. From that time, her spirits, which before though subjected to fits of abstraction, had been even, and subdued,—not sad, rose into all the cheerfulness and vivacity of her earliest youth: she busied herself actively in preparations for her departure from this country, and at length the day was fixed, and the vessel was engaged. Every day till that one, did Lucy walk to the sea-side, ascending the highest cliff, spend hours, till the evening closed, in watching with seemingly idle gaze the vessels that interspersed the sea: and with every day her health seemed to strengthen, and the soft and luscious colour she had once worn, re-bloom upon her cheek.

Previous to her departure, Miss Brandon dismissed her servants, and only engaged one female, a foreigner, to accompany her: a certain tone of quiet command formerly unknown to her, characterised these measures, so daringly independent for one of her sex and age. The day arrived,—it was the anniversary of her last interview with Clifford. On entering the vessel, it was observed that she trembled violently, and that her face was as pale as death. A stranger, who had stood near, wrapped in his cloak, darted forward to assist her—that was the last which her discarded and weeping servants beheld of her from the pier where she stood to gaze.

Nothing more, in this country, was ever known of the fate of Lucy Brandon, except that to the distant relation who had purchased Warlock, in order for the sum he had paid, was enclosed and signed by her. No farther tidings by letter or report transpired; and as her circle of acquaintances was narrow, and interest in her fate existed vividly in none, save a few humble breasts, conjecture was never keenly awakened, and soon cooled into forgetfulness. If it favoured, after the lapse of years, any one notion more than another, it was that she had perished among the victims of the French Revolution.

Meanwhile, let us glance over the destinies of our more subordinate acquaintances.

Augustus Tomlinson, on parting from Long Ned, had succeeded in reaching Calais, and after a rapid tour through the Continent, he ultimately betook himself to a certain literary city in Germany, where he became distinguished for his metaphysical acumen, and opened a school of morals on the Grecian model taught in the French tongue. He was naged, by the patronage he received, and the pupils he enlightened, to obtain a very decent income; and as he wrote a folio against Locke, proved men had

imate feelings, and affirmed that we should refer very thing not to reason, but to the sentiments of the soul, he became greatly respected for his extraordinary virtue. Some little discoveries were made after his death, which perhaps would have somewhat diminished the general odour of his sanctity, had not the admirers of his school carefully hushed up the matter, probably out of respect to "the sentiments of the soul!"

Pepper, whom the police did not so anxiously desire to destroy as they did his two companions, might have managed, perhaps many years longer, to graze upon the public commons, had not a letter written somewhat imprudently fallen into wrong hands. This, though after creating a certain stir, apparently died away, lived in the memory of the police, and finally conspired, with various peccadilloes, to produce his downfall. He was seized, tried, and sentenced to seven years transportation. He so advantageously employed his time at Botany Bay, and arranged things there so comfortably to himself, that at the expiration of his sentence, he refused to return home. He made an excellent catch, built himself an excellent house, and remained in "the land of the blest," to the end of his days, noted to the last for the redundancy of his hair, and a certain ferocious coxcombry of aspect.

As for fighting Attie, and Gentleman George, or Scarlet Jem, and for Old Bags, we confess ourselves destitute of any certain information of their latter ends. We can only add, with regard to fighting Attie—"Good luck be with him wherever he goes!" and for mine host of the Jolly Angler, that though we have not the physical constitution to quaff "a bumper of blue ruin," we shall be very happy, over any tolerable wine, and in company with any agreeable convivialists, to bear our part in the polished chorus of—

"Here's to Gentleman George, God bless him!"

Mrs. Lobkins departed this life like a *flame*; and Dummie Dunnaker obtained a license to carry on the business at Thames Court. He boasted, to the last, of his acquaintance with the great Captain Lovett, and of the affability with which that distinguished personage treated him. Stories he had too about Judge Brandon, but no one believed a syllable of them; and Dummie, indignant at the disbelief, increased, out of vehemence, the marvel of the stories: so that, at length, what was added almost swallowed up what was original, and Dummie himself might have been puzzled to satisfy his own conscience as to what was false and what was true.

The erudite Peter Mac Grawler, returning to Scotland, disappeared by the road: a person, singularly resembling the sage, was afterwards seen at Carlisle, where he discharged the useful and raiseworthy duties of Jack Ketch. But whether or not this respectable functionary was our identical Simon Pure, our ex-Editor of the *Asinaum*, we will not take it upon ourselves to assert. For ourself, we imagined lately that we discovered his name Roman hand, though a little palsied by age, in an excellent article in Blackwood's Magazine, written to panegyrize that charming romance in every one's hands, called "The Five Nights of St. Alban's."

Lord Mauleverer, finally resolving on a single life, passed the remainder of his years in indolent

tranquillity. When he died, the newspapers asserted that his Majesty was deeply affected by the loss of so old and valued a friend. His furniture and wines sold remarkably high: and a Great Man, his particular intimate, who purchased his books, started to find, by pencil marks, that the noble deceased had read some of them, exclaimed, not altogether without truth,—“Ah! Mauleverer might have been a deuced clever fellow,——if he had liked it!”

The Earl was accustomed to show as a curiosity a ring of great value, which he had received in rather a singular manner. One morning a packet was brought him which he found to contain a sum of money, the ring mentioned, and a letter from the notorious Lovett, in which that person, in begging to return his Lordship the sums of which he had twice assisted to rob him, thanked him, with respectful warmth, for the consideration testified toward him in not revealing his identity with Captain Clifford, and ventured, as a slight testimony of respect, to enclose the aforesaid ring with the sum returned.

About the time Mauleverer received this curious packet, several anecdotes of a similar nature appeared in the public journals; and it seemed that Lovett had acted upon a general principle of restitution,—not always, it must be allowed, the offspring of a robbers repentance. While the idle were marvelling at these anecdotes, came the tardy news, that Lovett, after a single month's sojourn at his place of condemnation, had, in the most daring and singular manner, effected his escape. Whether, in his progress up the country, he had been starved, or slain by the natives—or whether, more fortunate, he had ultimately found the means of crossing the seas, was as yet unknown. There ended the adventures of the gallant Robber; and thus, by a strange coincidence, the same mystery which wrapped the fate of Lucy, involved also that of her lover. And here, kind reader, might we drop the curtain on our closing scene, did we not think it might please thee to hold it up yet one moment, and give thee another view of the world behind.

In a certain town of that Great Country, where shoes are imperfectly polished,* and Opinions are not prosecuted, there resided, twenty years after the date of Lucy Brandon's departure from England, a man held in high and universal respect, not only for the rectitude of his conduct, but for the energies of his mind, and the purposes to which they were directed. If you ask who cultivated that waste? the answer was "Clifford." Who procured the establishment of that hospital?—"Clifford!" Who obtained the redress of such a public grievance?—"Clifford!" Who struggled for, and won such a popular benefit?—"Clifford!" In the gentler part of his projects and his undertakings, in that part, above all, which concerned the sick or the necessitous, this useful citizen was seconded, or rather excelled, by a being over whose surpassing loveliness Time seemed to have flown with a gentle and charmed wing. There was something remarkable and touching in the love which this couple (for the woman we refer to was Clifford's wife,) bore to each other; like the plant on the plains of Hebron, the time which brought to that love an additional strength, brought to it also a

* See Captain Hall's late work on America.

softer and a fresher verdure. Although their present neighbours were unacquainted with the events of their earlier life, previous to their settlement at ———, it was known that they had been wealthy at the time they first came to reside there, and that by a series of fatalities, they had lost all; but Clifford had borne up manfully against fortune, and in a new country, where men who prefer labour to dependence cannot easily starve, he had been enabled to toil upward through the severe stages of poverty and hardship, with an honesty and vigour of character, which won him perhaps a more hearty esteem for every successive effort, than the display of his lost riches might ever have acquired him. His labours and his abilities obtained gradual but sure success, and he now enjoyed the blessings of a competence earned with the most scrupulous integrity, and spent with the most kindly benevolence. A trace of the trials they had passed through, was discernible in each; those trials had stolen the rose from the wife's cheek, and had sown untimely wrinkles in the broad brow of Clifford. There were moments too, but they were only moments, when the latter sunk from his wonted elastic and healthful cheerfulness of mind, into a gloomy and abstracted reverie; but these moments the wife watched with a jealous and fond anxiety, and one sound of her sweet voice had the power to dispel their influence; and when Clifford raised his eyes, and glanced from her tender smile around his happy home and his growing children, or beheld through the very windows of his room, the public benefits he had created, something of pride and gladness glowed on his countenance, and he said, though with glistening eyes and subdued voice, as his looks returned once more to his wife, —“I owe these to thee!”

One trait of mind especially characterized Clifford—indulgence to the faults of others! “Circumstances make guilt,” he was wont to say: “let us endeavour to correct the circumstances, before we rail against the guilt!” His children promised to tread in the same useful and honourable path that he trod himself. Happy was considered that family which had the hope to ally itself with his.

Such was the after-fate of Clifford and Letty. Who will condemn us for preferring the moral of that fate to the moral which is extorted from the gibbet and the hulks!—which makes a man, not a beacon, terrifies our weakness, not warns us reason! Who does not allow that it is better to repair than to perish,—better, too, to stand as the citizen than to repent as the hermit? O John Wilkes! Alderman of London, and Drawcansir of Liberty, your life was not an iota too perfect,—your patriotism might have been infinitely purer,—your morals would have admitted indefinite amendment: you are no great favourite with us or with the rest of the world; but you said one excellent thing, for which we look on you with reverence, nay, almost with respect. We scarcely knew whether to smile at its wit, or to sigh at its wisdom. Mark this truth, all ye gentlemen of England, who would make laws as the Romans made *fusces*,—a bundle of rods with an axe in the middle; mark it! and remember! long may it live, allied with hope in ourselves, but with gratitude in our children;—long after the Book which it now ‘adorn’ and ‘points’ has gone to its dusty chamber;—long after the feverish hand which now writes it down, can defend or enforce it no more!—THE VERY WORST USE TO WHICH YOU CAN PUT A MAN IS TO MAKE HIM!”

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